



Could this be the highest Lambretta mayhem ever?



The T5 happened to be standing there. It has nothing to do with us!



OK, let's see... yeah right. Down. That's to the left.

# The Jetsons Do Italy

There is a special weather condition in Munich when it rains all over Germany but the city gets nothing but sunshine and the inhabitants nothing but a headache. No, it's not the Oktoberfest and the pain isn't caused by the one too many pints of beer the night before. Instead, the Alps appear to rise right behind the Frauenkirche. They loom so closely that the ride there seems like a quick cruise down to the local pub. So why not extend that right across five major passes and end up in Italy enjoying La Dolce Vita and a nice Latte Macchiato at Lago di Garda? That's exactly what got 14 Lambrettisti around the Jetsons Lambretta Club together to attempt the 700-mile jaunt on their little shopping bikes.

## The Long and Winding Road

You just can't help stop and wonder at how scooterists prepare for long distance riding like that. You'd expect everyone to get the bikes ready weeks before take-off, everything planned out and every technical aspect anticipated – the glovebox stuffed to the limit with the usual bits that tend to shake off a Lambretta as you're poodling down the road.

Not with this bunch – a new clutch needed here, a complete restoration with just days left there, a spare TS1 kit for the next rider. This was a first indication that the nice summer ride-out could be more of a torturous scramble down the long and winding road. Altogether there were nine TS1 kitted Lambrettas, two bog-standard SX200s, one auto conversion, one Rapido 225 and a T5. Yeah you read that right, a Vespa. That's what you



One of the many repair stops. The hotel had sorted us out by giving us the entire garage space as an interim workshop. Let the restoration job begin!



A room with a view. Torbole di Garda in its peaceful tranquility.

get shoved down your throat if you can't get the complete restoration job done on time!

Three groups were to take off separately in Ulm, Munich and Austria to meet up at the golden arches of a well known fast food establishment in Imst, Austria. Surprisingly everybody arrived pretty much on time, each taking advantage of the break differently, some to chow on a burger and fries, others by running a quick check on the rear hub of their SX, which would soon turn out to be the latest 'fashion' in European Lambretta riding – busted rear hubs.

After that the next thing on the menu was to be the Timmelsjoch – a 2509 metres above sea level treat with a side order of astonishing views and the pleasure of experiencing that a TS1 kit pulls like a Honda C90 on the pizza route at those altitudes. Let's not even mention the standard bikes. This was also supposed to be the scene for the first 'étape de montagne' which a TS1 won long before anyone else eventually crested for a drink at the restaurant. Everybody? Not quite – just that little AF repro flywheel that sheared off

the boss and left one rider at the first turn. After an irritating descent (just a half dozen overheated rear brake drums), the remaining miles passed by like an 'ode to joy' as the steeds were galloping through the beautiful scenery.

Scores of minor stops later we drew into the hotel near Meran. Dusk was breaking and the time for drinking finally swept us all away and soon a few too many had been emptied. But how can you restrain yourself if you need every sip of alcohol to numb away the day's riding pain?

## Yesterday

All our troubles seemed so far away, indeed. Hung-over and exhausted, four passes over four gigantic mountains were waiting for us on this day. Miha – the only girl on a TS1 – wasn't feeling too well (barf!) so we had to leave her and her boyfriend behind to take the motorway, hoping the paracetamol would kick in eventually. The same applied for the guy with the broken AF who went hunting for spares with the girls in the van. The Internet with all its joys proved helpful as

acquainted Southern Tyrolean local Werner had all the spares people needed – good to know that there still are people out there that happen to have leftover AF flywheels and rear drums just waiting to be dispersed to far travelled Lambrettisti.

After some important style modifications – we were going to Italy after all – on one of the bikes, the remaining 11 were ready to take up the challenge of Passo del Stelvio, a joyride with 87 hairpin bends toward the 2757 metres altitude. Surprisingly it was fun; some even managed to pass a bunch of motorcycles in the tight corners. After coffee, pics, and a piss at the very top, the cowboys again got on their horses to fly down and up the next pass called Gavia.

## Dear Prudence

Summer is a funny thing really. Usually it is meant to be hot in August, but somehow fortune was not on our side and it rained almost all the time. On top of Passo di Gavia we received our share of August snow (!). So this time we skipped coffee and pics and rode straight down, which was



The Austrian pondering what to do with this line-up – drink it on my own hoping the others won't notice what I've done? Hmm, they might be able to tell by my tipsiness afterwards... Might as well get them their share then.



Ride me! I know you want to!



Lining up to tackle Stelvio.



The standard breakdown on this trip. Read drum failure.

easier in theory than in practice since the road was sometimes only three feet wide with no guard-rails whatsoever. Downhill we could only watch the mountain bikers passing by at much greater speeds. Oh yeah, the run up this pass was won by a bog standard SX200! Due not to the bike's performance or the rider's riding savvy, but the fact that everyone except him got lost going out of the small town before the ascent!

I managed to get down the other side first so I had time to accept an invitation for cheese and wine from some Italian motorcyclists at a lay-by.

On the third pass KC (runner up) slipped into a guard-rail in heavy rain and bent his forks back by about three inches. As a result one couldn't even move the handlebars, but the brave Swabian refused to call the AA and went all the way (80 miles!) to the Lago on this unrideable bike. Dear Prudence, let us be smarter than that in the future.

## She Loves You

So yes, in the end everybody, including the sick

and misshaped, managed to get to their Forst beer. In fact we enjoyed a little more than that; we wined, dined and serviced our scoots. We bathed and broiled, we danced and pulled. In short, we enjoyed La Dolce vita in its purest form for a couple of days.

Only downer was the constant rain and rough weather – not what one would expect from August or even Italy for that matter. But it seems to be that this summer coldness has come to haunt the group as we ran into the exact same conditions on our way to the Euro Lambretta last year.

The journey back was rather unspectacular. It rained all the time, but we were travelling at speed. I remember vaguely overtaking a Ducati on the motorway but memory tends to warp at those speeds anyway. So the only question that remains is would we do it again? I am sure the answer will be of one voice – 'where do I sign!' **SC**

Words: Arne, Poppa



Personalised plates are fetching silly money even in Europe these days.

## Riders and bikes

Marcello AF S-Type replica TS1, Schmiel Servetta TS1, Füllboy SX200 TS1 231, Miha LIS125 TS1, Onkel LIS TS1, Lummy LJ TS1, Poppa LJ150 "Moyerin" TS1, Arne LIS 172 Skipper auto conversion, KCR GP TS1, Andi SX200, Lacknase SX150 Rapido 225, Otto SX200, Klaus GP TS1, Hans-Günther on ... eh!hr ... T5.

## Table of breakdowns

3 rear hubs  
10 hub nut holding kits  
1 AF flywheel  
1 set of break pads  
1 GP fork  
1 light lens chrom ring  
1 throttle cable  
1 wiring loom  
Various bits and pieces to be found spread across the alps



The duct tape is already out... What can I bodge next?