

**EDITORIAL**

Since I have been doing this Mag for two years, a few things stand out in my mind.

Firstly, it always seems to be the same few doing the lot in the way of articles. But now is the time for me to hand it all over to Lance Roberts. So I hope more members write and get behind this magazine. Owing to the fact that the magazine takes a fair piece out of the club funds, we would like to see more people putting in articles and getting their money's worth.

So how about helping Lance out and getting the ball-points working.

**BOB**

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**COMING EVENTS**

**Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> Oct.**, Combined club run to Anakie Gorge and Steiglitz. Make sure M.S.C.A.V is well represented. This run has roads to suit all tastes.

**Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> Oct.**, Parents Day. You Yangs, barbecue lunch. This is our one trip per year when we invite the families of members to mingle in and find out how the other half lives. Last year's was a great success, so this year's should be better still.

**Friday 4<sup>th</sup> Nov.** General meeting. Auction night. Bring anything associated with motorcycles and see what price you get. This is your chance to buy something on the cheap.

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It is with deep regret that we inform members of the recent death of our vice captain Paul McKenna. He was killed while on a trip around the Orange, Parks area. Paul was pillion with Hans Lentfert. Hans is in the hospital at Orange. His injuries are very serious indeed. The committee extends its condolences to the McKenna family and all members know it is a loss that cannot be replaced. It is sad that a young life has to be ended in this way. Paul was a friend to all of us.

**Bob Evans**

I would like to support Bob's remarks about Paul and add that he was a very competent and reliable member. It was a shock for me to hear of Paul's death. I know that the loss of him will not be replaced. As I am at a loss of what to say I would just like to remember Paul as a great friend and club member. My most humble condolences to family and relatives.

**Big D.**

## BAIRNSDALE WEEKEND 17<sup>th</sup> – 18<sup>th</sup> SEPT

Travelling beneath a clear blue sky I made for Hallam. Not long after Gayle and Graeme arrived. After the usual procedure, the three of us left. With Graeme leading, we headed for Sale. After filling up, we went down the road for coffee and sweets. We sat on the nature strip for 20 minutes before riding on to Bairnsdale.

We went to the main caravan park hoping to meet up with other members. But to no avail. We toured around before booking in. I, living a little, stayed in a motel, which was just a minute's walk from the Camp.

Greg arrived in his campervan not long after we settled in, followed by Ken on his Suzi, who after talking for a while, said he was going back to Melbourne. He had come down simply for the purpose of wearing his "tyre" down.

The remainder of the day we just took it easy until tea time, when we walked up for a counter tea; most enjoyable. Greg did some cooking back at camp. Wandering back later, we converged into Greg's unit, listening to his C.B and some tapes, during which time, tiredness seemed to be taking its toll, Graeme, then I had trouble keeping our eyes open. But after a cuppa we were revived until a tape was finished before heading off to bed.

On Sunday, we left after a light lunch with a newcomer named Merv on a 500 Rotary Suzi, with his little dog tucked into his jacket. Greg was having trouble driving his van because of his knee, which went the day before.

At Stratford we stopped briefly then went on. Just on the outskirts of Sale, Graeme's new Yamaha broke down with some sort of fuel problem. At his request, Merv and I carried on arriving at Dandy at 5.30pm, where we parted. Gayle stayed to give Graeme moral support. A later telephone call told me they had got home alright.

It was a very quiet and relaxing weekend, as the only names mentioned were there.

### **BIG DADDY**

## ALEXANDRA & LAKE EILDON      Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> September

With Bob Evans leading, we went along the Maroondah Highway to Lilydale. From there our intrepid little band headed towards Yarra Glen. Pushing on past Yarra Glen towards Glenburn we went towards Yea. Bob Evans and Mick Fagan came into Yea at a pace which caused Paul McKenna's knuckles to turn white.

Leaving Yea at a sedate pace, we headed towards Alexandra without any undue fuss. The Smithmobile was sighted at Alexandra with namesake in it, where, led by Bob, we proceeded towards Eildon, where we proceeded to satisfy the inner man.

Mick Fagan found out, much to his sorrow, that his aerial was bent by someone who we will not name.

After munchies we went to have a look at the top of the dam where a good view was to be seen. Filling up at Eildon, we headed towards Yea once again. Leaving Yea we headed towards Flowerdale where the dirt roads sorted some of them out. The road from Flowerdale to Kinglake West to Whittlesea satisfied the speed freaks. Sanity prevailed from Whittlesea to Bundoora where we split up and found our own ways home. It was a pity a few more didn't come as it was a fair day for motorcycles.

### **GAYLE**

## WOOL WOOL Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> September

Leaving K.B.C.P and heading towards Geelong, we were once again led by Bob Evans with Big D rear rider. We then headed towards Colac where some of us filled our tanks. While having lunch, Mick Fagan found that his C.B still worked, and proceeded to call all and sundry.

We were fortunate to meet a local lass who took us on a tour of the area, which eventually found us on Red Rock, where Mick again called all and sundry on his C.B. John 750/4 found the corners around that area rather "interesting". While on top of Red Rock, we spotted another C.B freak in a van across the way. Mick immediately got into his ear, and we went across to say hello.

After talking with the gents for a while we went back to Colac where we dropped off our navigator. Filling up at Colac we headed towards Geelong once again. After waltzing around Geelong both ways, we finally re-grouped and headed towards Melbourne.

Once again a good day was had by all, the weather was fine. The only thing that marred it was the lack of numbers

### **BOB EVANS**

#### AROUND AUSTRALIA ON A DUKE – April – May – June 1977

The Duke (Ducati 750 Sport) and I finally left Melbourne for our 3 month sojourn after Dennis McKenzie's 21<sup>st</sup> on 3/4/77. First stop was a day's track marshalling at Winton motorcycle races with the RMOA on the 4<sup>th</sup>, then it was up to Albury and Flasher's (Albert Fleming) place. On the way I broke the first Speedo cable of the trip. (One of four.)

I stayed at Flashers for two days before leaving for Bathurst and the Mt Panorama circuit on the Wednesday before races. The following two days were wet, windy and cold (8°C), but it cleared amazingly for a fine weekend's racing.

The next day, (Monday), Les Stevenson (500/4) and I left for Sydney to be the guests of NSW Four Owners' Rod Riley for a few days, thanks Rod. The weather was great but Sydney traffic was rotten, so Les returned to Melbourne two days later, and I headed north soon after.

I only got as far as Windsor, however, before my gearshift return spring broke. I had a spare with me, but at that time didn't know how to install it (foolishly) so I rode for several days returning the lever manually. I continued north and reached Brisbane a day later.

In Brisbane I bought a canteen and a petrol container for the more remote areas ahead and generally bummed around for a few days, including paying Howard Higham a visit in Toowoomba and getting the bike tuned at T.T. Montague, who did a good job and cost \$60.

The next stop was the Rainforest Rally, held near Kenilworth (north of Brisbane). The rally was a real success and I was happy to see Ken Markham (Suzi 750), Paul McKenna (650 Yam) and Don (BMW 750/7) there too.

After the rally Ken, Don and Greg (Rickman 750, Willoughby Club, and NSW) and I spent a few days at Noosa Heads, where the weather is fine and so are the topless birds. Another guy from the rally named Greg Harris (Suzi 750, Vic) showed up and after the other three turned up we continued 'ever northward'.

Unfortunately, it rained often for the next few days as we went through Rockhampton, MacKay and Townsville towards Cairns, which was no good for sightseeing, so we kept moving. We stopped only long enough in Rocky for Greg to get a new front tyre and me to get a back one, a Continental K112 for \$45 including tube.

We got then from a character called Harry Rumph, who is a really good bloke, and has even better prices; so see him if you go up there.

Even the pleasure cruise of the Islands Greg and I took was marred by rain, so after reaching Cairns Greg moved on back to Melbourne, via Alice Springs would you believe, and a day later I left for Normanton and the dirt.

Stop off at the Atherton Tableland area out of Cairns if you can. I didn't and it's so good an area I wish I had. There is 300km of dirt on the way to Normanton with plenty of dust and ripples and I quickly found that dirt is not Duke territory. Talk about a handful!

On this section I met Rob (Honda 750 F1, Vic) and Steve (Yam 400, SA) who were going to Darwin and then to S.E. Asia and England, leaving their bikes in Aussie. I didn't get that far with them though, because they got jobs on a prawn trawler at Karumba on the Gulf to supplement their money and I left them there.

The trip continued via Mt Isa, Tennant Creek, Katherine (the gorge there is great) to Darwin. I took a surface tour of the Mt Isa mine and broke another speedo cable on the way. I also nearly wiped myself off near Larrimah, because I looked at the map in my tank bag whilst travelling along and left the road for a while before regaining control. There are far more dead tyres and tubes than animals in this section.

A number of things happened in Darwin – I discovered I hadn't reset my watch at the QLD/NT border and had been riding at the wrong time for days; I went for a swim in THE warmest water; and I found that there is no Ducati dealer in the place, although the local Yamaha shop will order stuff in if you want it.

A few days later I left Darwin and rode through Katherine and then west to the Victoria River. The next day I crossed the NT/WA border and headed to Wingham via Kununurra, enjoying great weather (27 - 32°C) all the time. Life in a place like Wingham is completely different. Like for instance, open air picture theatres, numerous crocs on the river bank and a slower pace of life in general. Great stuff.

The next night saw me at Halls Creek, with only a short section of dirt just coming into town. It was necessary to put two pieces of rubber between the frame and petrol tank to stop them hitting on the bumps. The next day I was glad I did as the 300km to Fitzroy Crossing was all dirt and not at all good.

Fitzroy Crossing fits the title 'a hole of a place' perfectly, because the aboriginals and flies are plentiful and in this area neither are attractive! It gets dark soon after 5pm and it's hot in the tent by 7am, which gives you good reason to retire early and leave earlier still.

The next day I put some petrol in my spare container for the first time, (you don't need to do it often with the Dukes' 300km plus range), and went to Broome, via Derby. A couple of days in Broome saw me swimming among many jellyfish at nearby Cable Beach, (I had been assured that they were the non stinging type); going to a local gymkhana (rodeo) for 20c; eating mud crabs a few of us caught; seeing a barefoot local footy match; and seeing the Broome Tourist Bureau, which is situated inside a DC3 aircraft in a park on the outskirts of town. No need for a sleeping bag here; it's so hot even the butter becomes drinkable overnight.

Before leaving Broome I fitted a new Avon Roadrunner 4.10x13 tyre for \$45. 4.10 was the biggest tyre size in town. That Continental K112 had lasted only 7,000kms! I fitted the new tyre because there was 600km of dirt between Broome and Port Hedland and the racing slick I had wasn't really good.

This section was diabolical on the Duke because of the patchy dirt road surface – some was deep sand (here you must keep to the wheel tracks or get bogged); or very good 80-90kph cruising dirt; or corrugations and sand patches and holes. I had intended taking 2 days to do this section but pressed on from the halfway mark named Sand Fire Flats and arrived at the De Grey R at 7.30pm. Pitch dark! I swore I wouldn't ride at night outback again, because with so many animals about, it's just not worth it. I also needed to use my spare petrol for a total of 25km in this section.

The De Grey R had been in flood for months (since the last cyclone) and it was still over the road. This meant that an alternative route had been made over a nearby railway bridge, complete with raised spikes and all. It was worth it though because a couple of miles later it was bitumen, beautiful bitumen for the rest of the trip.

Port Hedland was my unintentional night stop because I got my first flat tyre for the trip as I was leaving there for Karratha and Dampier. I patched it and was setting off again the next day, when would you believe it, I got my second and last flat of the trip whilst still in the caravan park. I don't think that I like Port Hedland.

Later in the day I headed off again and reached Nanutarra roadhouse for the night, after passing many dead roos, sheep, cattle and cars along the roadside. The next day saw me lob in Carnarvon, a really nice place with sandy beaches, palm trees, and a real pier. It wasn't long before I met Francis and Peter (TAS) touring by car and tried to cure a recurring miss in the Duke donk by changing plugs.

Geraldton on the WA coast was a place I was glad to see as there was only \$3 in my pocket when I walked into the bank there. Not much, huh? I met another Duke 750 Sport owner here, in the caravan park, Neal Hill (TAS) and just ridden across the Nully and he came to the same caravan park as me in WA. Some coincidence. One day in Geraldton it was 27°C whilst in Melbourne it was 8. I was glad to be there.

A day or two later I reached Perth. What a great place. I soon found the Duke dealer in town and arranged (mistakenly, I later found) to have the bike tuned. When I came to collect it on the Friday afternoon, I was told it had a burnt-out exhaust valve in the front pot. Bummer. I was now stuffed, as I had been going to the Black Duck Motorcycle Rally nearby that weekend.

I was lucky enough to mention it to a member of the WA Ducati Owners Club who was there at the time, though, and before I knew where I was, I was a guest of that club's president Tom (Toad) at his house. The rest of my stay in Perth went like magic with a party that very night, a lift on the back of Jug's 860 Duke to the Rally etc. The members of the Duke Owners Club in WA are a really good group. Perhaps outwardly a little rougher than some, but they call themselves scumbags and have club names like (Jug, Bulk, etc). They're really a good bunch.

The Black Duck Rally was good, with a slippery track being the only downfall of many solos, while Toad on his Duke 860 outfit and Murray on his Kawa 9 outfit had a ball in the conditions. I saw a few people I knew from Melbourne and the BMW Club of Victoria actually won the best interstate club attendance award. Say no more, hey Mick? A good idea was when pies and pasties and bread rolls were handed out by the organisers. Ever seen a pastie being toasted on a stick?

I picked up the Duke on Monday for \$90! Although I could have done the work at Tom's place if I had known beforehand. That's life. I replaced the front fork oil and headlight brackets there anyway, and filled up and recharged my bone dry battery which I didn't think to check the whole trip. A bad mistake.

I left Perth on 16<sup>th</sup> June and headed for Augusta, near where I visited some very good caves and saw a waterwheel which had turned to rock because of high calcium content water. Albany came next and the view from the Anzac Lookout was breathtaking. Here I also visited the only whaling station in Australia, an experience in itself. Two guys from Melbourne were at the whaling station

too, going the other way on an R90S. The brand new Norton 850 of one had packed it in at Esperance, although I didn't see it there later in the day.

I rode to Norseman the next day and saw three bikes going the other way. One had three spare tyres aboard! Later, I saw another four bikes going the other way, five if you include the Triumph T'bird 650 seen sitting in about one gallon of oil at Balladonia Roadhouse. I was starting to think that I was going the wrong way until I met Simon (Suzi 550,WA) at Caiguna. He was going to Adelaide, so we rode together for a few days through Eucla, Nullarbor Homestead and Iron Knob to Port Augusta. The new road near Eucla is perfect and it was along here that we were passed by a Kawa 900, two up doing about 150kph. We later saw this machine in Port Augusta after it had crashed with a blown front tyre. The bike was a mess and the guys were in hospital. Bad luck.

I stayed in Port Augusta a day and went on a trip to Iron Knob mine and Whyalla, and then headed into Adelaide where a few days passed, mostly cold and wet. One day I wandered along to a Ducati Owners Club of SA meeting and was warmly accepted. There were a number of Dukes at the meeting with oil coolers, something I hadn't seen before. They're fitted for approx \$150 by 'The Bike Factory', a shop run by a club member and a local Duke distributor.

Eventually the Duke and I headed for Mt. Gambier and home. We arrived in Melbourne on 30 June in peak hour traffic and crawled out to Bourke Road where I met Flasher! Later, I continued homeward and arrived at 6.05pm having covered over 21,170kms in 3 months.

P.S If a Duke and I can do a trip like this, so should some of you four owners, Ducati Owners and MSCAVists. It's great fun.

**RON JARMYN**