

# Bevel News



*Ducati Bevel Owners WA*

Issue 1

March 2010



Helpers on the day,  
always needed, never  
praised enough.  
Thanks from the  
Bevel Bunch.

*The Northbridge Rotary Club of WA wishes to thank us in helping them make the All Italian Car Day such a success. They praised our efforts and said we had one of the best, most colourful and presented displays on the day.*

*The organisers announced a record breaking event with nearly \$25,000 dollars raised, which is \$5,000 dollars more than last year.*



**Welcome to an addition of the bevel newsletter basically prompted due to the overwhelming success of the All Italian Day out at Mulberry Farm last weekend.**

**By far the best display on the day and dare I say the biggest collection of bevels I've seen in the last 20 years. Well done.**

*peter markus*

THE ALL ITALIAN BIKE, CAR AND SCOOTER DAY by Kevin MacKinnon

Tasks were being handed out for things that needed to be done on the day of the Rotary Italian Car, Bike and Scooter Show. All sorts of things had been discussed and I was laying low. Pete and Paul were discussing trailer and Ute transport logistics for bikes, display space allocation, marquees, Italian coloured bunting, timing to set up on the day and lots of other things. I was laying lower than Fremantle's white Shoei XR1000 helmet thief (I'll find you, pal!). Eventually, even that wasn't low enough to avoid a job.

"Hey, Kev. Can you lead the ride from South Perth to Mulberry on Swan?"

..not sinking in yet..

"Umm. What??"

"The ride to the event. Can you sort out the route and lead it there. You know, Rootmaster?"

The brain started to kick in. Let me see now...Get up at sparrows, help load up bikes in trailers, get eskies sorted, liaison with event organisers, set up marquees, bunting, flags, etc, etc...

...or...

---Get up at a civilised hour, ride a bike down to South Perth, grab a coffee, have a chat with other bevel owners and a leisurely ride to Mulberry on Swan, coast into our arranged parking spots and grab another coffee.

"No worries", says I.

So after a Saturday spent cleaning Italian iron and alloy, it was up at 7am for a coffee and a read of the paper. A quick call to Pete to ask him to call through and pick up some stuff to take for me – shorts, hat, thongs, chair, sunscreen and a few other bits and pieces. After last year's sweltering experience, I was going to be a bit more organised this time. The weather was looking perfect for a morning ride. Paul Randell rolled up on his S2 SS special as planned just before 8:00am and we headed off down West Coast Highway and on to the Reid Highway entrance to the freeway. The perfectly symmetrical 180 degree U bend was treated by us both with the distain it deserved at that time on a Sunday morning. From there it was a clear freeway run over the Narrows and into the Windsor Hotel car park, coming to a halt under the Morton Bay Fig trees.

Paul and I were the first there, so we decided to leave the bikes and go and grab a takeaway coffee. I noticed a nut fall from the tree onto the ground and looked up.

"If one of those birds shits on my bike, I don't care how protected they are." After a good part of Saturday spent cleaning, Paul was clearly thinking the same.

Anyway, Paul and I grabbed a coffee each and headed back to the fig trees. Sure enough a few more bikes had arrived. We stood around chewing the fat as bevels thundered in to the car park. By about 8:50 we had 12 bikes there. I rang Paul to let him know and to make sure he allocated enough space for us all. Meanwhile, more bikes were arriving. By about 8:55 we had about 16 bikes. Fantastic! We gathered around to discuss the route as GT George coasted in to the car park at 8:57 for a 9:00 start. They do say he's pretty good at timing.

I had two options I presented to the group: either go straight back onto the freeway via Mill Point Road and a straight run up to Reid Highway, to West Swan Road, Hamersley Road and we're there...or...we could go up Canning Highway, Great Eastern Highway and go through the tunnel.

Everyone looks at me like I've grown two heads. "Oh yeah. Sure. Let's just go straight down the freeway." Even at that time on a Sunday morning, my rapier-like mind is rapidly able to detect sarcasm.

"Right, the tunnel it is, then. Mount up!"

And mount up we did, and with a minimum of fuss headed out on the ride to the accompaniment of a cacophony of bevel exhausts. I noticed with some satisfaction out of the corner of my eye we had scared the living daylights out of the cockatoos in the trees and they were scattering in all directions. Man, this was going to sound good in the tunnel!

We got a pretty clear run up to the Graham Farmer freeway entrance, with minimal split of the crew and hit the entrance at the appropriate velocity and lean angle. Everyone did a good job of staying together as we approached the tunnel entrance, assisted by motorists moving out of the way of a wave of approaching thunder.

Down the entry slope and into the tunnel! The noise was amazing! 18 bevels amplified by a bloody big pipe in a symphony of sound. Yeeeee ha! The bitumen surface in the tunnel must have been soft and sticky, as it became necessary for everyone to drop down a gear and apply some throttle. You could feel the vibrations on your clothes. I don't know how long that tunnel is, but I was wishing it went all the way to Mulberry on Swan, and everyone I spoke to certainly enjoyed the experience. What sort of idiot would put up an option to go straight down the freeway?

Anyway, we popped out the end of the tunnel with ears sighing with relief, lungs appreciative of a few less unburnt volatile organic compounds, and into the bright sunlight. Down the freeway we went on an uneventful cruise, just enjoying a balmy summer morning. Exited at Reid Highway and once again had a pretty good run with lights, with only a few minor splits and reforms. Somehow GT George found himself at the front of the pack and with no idea where he was going. I was locked in two back on the inside rail as George was going slower, and slower.."For F@# sake, George, get a move on!" Mercifully, George was overtaken by one of the MHR guys who clearly either knew exactly where he was going, or at least had a damn better idea. Either of these was an acceptable improvement, and I concluded it was the former when he duly turned into Hamersley Road. We were welcomed by the Rotary parking organisers and filed in to our impressively set up display area like a well oiled machine.

Sure beat putting up marquees!!!

Kev





Richard's '74 Sport. All the way from Mandurah. 250 racer, very loud!



Tagliani's finest – 2 of 4 G/F's in the state



'Rootmaster' Kev '74 GT



One of the finest example Darmah's in the state.



'75 750 SS – 1 owner!





Marco's '73 Sport – beautiful



5 of 15 known 750 Sports in WA



Nice example 900 MHR



Jake's Darmah bitsa – days of old, daily runner



Another fine example Darmah.....



Bevel alley

.....finally these bikes are getting the attention they deserve as a good entry level starter into big bore bevel twins with more reliable ignition, bottom end and spare parts a plenty.





Some of WA's finest bevels on display – bevel heaven!



Ducati singles, Tagliani's first gems. These bikes have a beauty all their own with so much character and poise. Collectable – yes, joy to own – brilliant. The very essence of where Ducati started.