

ISSUE
#300!

RIDE ITALIAN

ISSUE 300

ITALIAN MOTORCYCLE OWNERS' CLUB NEW ZEALAND (INC.)

AUTUMN 2020 | IMOC.CO.NZ



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Ducati 900 NCR Replica bevel drive in action... Always a winner! This was flood number 10. The high tide mark was my front cylinder carburettor. As deep as I could go... It never missed a beat! The trick was to find the correct speed to create the right bow wave to minimise the water around the engine. Did 5000km going to the Burt and back on the ole bevel. Never missed a beat... Still going strong. Will take it down to Gisborne to the IMOC rally in 10 days. Note Ducati made outboard motors... Before radios... Before motorcycles

Mike Hood.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

WORDS BY HORACE HARTNETT



Welcome to everyone.

To start I would like to remember those of us that have had injuries or illness this year. This is a part of what we do and we are grateful to the people that help us through our recovery.

It has been one hell of a year for me and Lisa but it's nice to be back in the land of the living. It has been an eventful Year 2019 - it was a tough one for a lot of people. I would do it all again if I had to, but I would rather not. I had my last Chemo Treatment for my Esophageal Cancer in December and had the all clear from My Oncologist on the 29th of January. Thanks to the club Members that made the effort to visit or send messages of support; it was appreciated.

Thanks to the members, supporters and to the executive committee and our advertisers for another great year with the club. Our 46th year has been a huge success. It has had its highs and lows. I would like to welcome and introduce the committee members, many of you will have met them, others not so much. We work so closely that I sometimes forget this.

Mike Spiers, Hamilton. Ducati rider, Magazine Editor.

Christiaan Leibenow, Auckland. Ducati, Lambretta, Vespa rider. Treasurer and Coordinator of the Moto TT scooter event.

Gary Richards, Auckland. Ducati rider. Magazine layout, Webmaster and Brand Manager.

Daryl West-Hill, Auckland. Ducati rider. Membership Secretary.

Brent Topine, Auckland. MV Agusta rider. Ride calendar, Whip, Coordinator and team leader.

Neville McGrath, Auckland. Moto Guzzi and Ducati rider.

New committee member: Mario Brazza Aprilia rider. We welcome him on board to help out with local rides in

the Auckland area. Thanks pal

Brian Hewitt, Auckland. Aprilia and Moto Guzzi rider. Ride Leader and Event Coordinator.

Vice President, has stepped aside this year. I would like to thank him for all of his efforts.

Brian Hewitt put together an outstanding year of riding all over the country during the last year - a huge thanks for this. We are a riding club; that is what we do best; that is the reason we exist and why we belong to the club. The ride calendar is the backbone of the club. With Brian stepping down we are looking for help with the ride calendar for the coming year. I will try to step in as much as I can, but will need assistance.

I just got word from Brent that he will be stepping down from the Committee this year as he has too many other commitments. We are most sad to see him go as he has been a huge help with keeping us in line and keeping the club informed over the last two years. We wish him well with whatever he gets into.

A huge thanks to Gary Richards for his vision for the magazine - it continues to amaze, and for all of his work on the website. This has taken many hours to build and maintain it and has been a lot of work. The magazine is now issued four times a year as a quarterly. This has given us more time to gather stories, ads and content, as it is now three times the size that it was when I started. It is the club's biggest income earner other than membership, and our greatest cost. We have enlisted the help of Daryl's son Travis to help with distribution he stuffed envelopes for us. Thanks to all of our contributors and advertisers to the magazine - it has been awesome. It is a lot of work for all of those involved and I thank you for all for your efforts.

Thanks to Mike Spiers for his work as our editor for the magazine. Thanks

to Christiaan for his work as Treasurer this year he has streamlined our invoicing for the magazine and for membership renewals.

We have remained within our budget for the past year and will be using the money received in this New Year to purchase software to help reduce the workload of the committee members.

Thanks to Ricky Stewart for his organising of the Burt Munro event this year. It was Great fun, 4,400 kms. Special thanks to Stephen Leggett and Sandra from MotoMovers. They ran the support van for the Burt Munro year; it was fantastic to have you both along for the journey. It was the first time we have had them with us and it was awesome not to have to carry all of our gear all of the time. Also handy when we had a couple of mishaps with bikes.

Thanks to everyone that came along for the adventure.

Thanks to all our Regional Coordinators - they have the toughest jobs of all and we appreciate your work. Please let us know how we can assist you this year.

To the members. We need feedback from members when we put up rides and events. We have no idea of how many are coming or are even interested in coming. Please let us know your thoughts; it would help us with planning and give us some validation that we are at least doing something that is wanted. This is especially needed in the regions, as it can be a very lonely task for them.

Members: we need your help. We need committee members, ride leaders and event coordinators. And for the magazine we need writers, journalists, photographers and advertisers. If you have any of these skills we would love to hear from you.

Chur, Horace. 🇮🇹



RIDE ITALIAN

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COVER Ducati 1199R on top of the Crown Range, South Island. Photo by Reece Polglase



COMMITTEE REPORT

WORDS BY **DARYL WEST-HILL**



BY CHANCE DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING about this edition's cover. If not, go on have another look...

Give up? Well we've reached a milestone with this being our 300th issue. Not too shabby for a bunch of people who'd rather be riding.

This being our 300th issue, our inhouse creative genius (a.k.a. Gary Richards) took it upon himself to give the already fantastic magazine a makeover. Big thanks G, it's looking "sick" (I hear this is "youth-speak" for "awesome").

Other IMOC news is after too many months of wrestling cancer, our club president Horace is officially cancer free. Just as well as this was the only outcome the club was prepared to accept. Congratulations to Horace and Lisa and thank you for sharing your journey.

No sooner did Horace get the clean bill of health (except his cracked ribs that Lisa didn't know about), then he joined a bunch of IMOC'ers to the deep dark south to the annual pilgrimage to Burt Munro Motorcycle Festival. I hear they found a drop or two of rain and maybe the odd road closure. On the positive side, at least it wasn't dull, and all got home again safely.

Don't forget our annual AGM is almost upon us. Somewhere different this time - Waikanae Surf Lifesaving Club in Gisborne. Emails have already been circulated with our last minutes, constitution and Calls for Motion. Any questions, please drop a line to one of your user-friendly committee members. Lastly, don't forget to book your accommodation. We're looking for to seeing you. 🇮🇹



NEW MEMBERS

IMOC is delighted to welcome the following new members to the Club

Tim Wells

Hamilton

Dave McLean

Auckland

Andrew Levens

International

Noel Priestley

Auckland

Paul Fredrick and Donna Bailey

Auckland

Dave Garlick

BOP

Clint Knox

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Michael Holloway

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Mike Ensor

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Peter Drummond

BOP

Jeremy Morgan and Suzanne Morgan

Auckland

Karen Molesworth

Auckland



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IMOC MEDIA PACK

2019 Magazine Advertising Rates

Please find our advertising rates for 2019. If you have any questions or queries, please do not hesitate to contact Horace Hartnett on 021 108 6889 or contact him by email on president@imoc.co.nz

Regular Advertising Rates

Double page spread	\$200
Full Page (Single)	\$110
Half Page	\$80
Quarter Page	\$50

Specifications (depth x width in mm)

Trimmed Page Size	297 x 210
Full Page Type Area	262 x 180
Full Page (with bleed)	303 x 216
Double Page Spread (DPS)	420 x 297
DPS Page Type Area	360 x 262
Double Page Spread (with bleed)	426 x 303
Half Page Horizontal	180 x 131
Half Page Vertical	90 x 262
Quarter page Horizontal	180 x 66

Advertisers are invited to submit advertorials to be published in our magazine. These need to be purely informational about a specific product or service. The written content should be no less than 500 words and must be accompanied by quality photographs or graphics.

Rates above are effective from January 2019

All artwork to be emailed to secretary@imoc.co.nz.

If artwork is too large for email, go to www.wetransfer.com and upload the files to secretary@imoc.co.nz

Payment is due 20th of the month following invoice.



PROFILED

MICHAEL HOLLOWAY



Where were you born? Born Kettering, UK (lived in Auckland since 2004)

Bikes I own: 2018 959 Panigale (ex-demo Cyclespot bought July 2018) done 6,500 kms R&G tail tidy, removed pillion pegs
2008 Sports Classic DS1000 (bought May 2019) done 7,100 kms revised seat and tail
Previous bikes in recent times, Z1000sx, GSX-s1000f

Favourite Ride: 959 is the best ride

Worst ride: GN125 that it got my full licence on in 1990!!

Other interests: road cycling, karate (2nd dan black belt), skiing, coffee and anything to do with my young family.

Favourite pasta: Ravioli



DUCATI MUSEUM AND FACTORY TOUR, BOLOGNA, ITALY

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY HOWARD MANSELL

You know the saying...when in Rome – well we were in Croatia, putting some planning together for our next Croatian tour and felt we were too close to Italy to not wander across the Adriatic Sea and have our fill of pizza and wine.



UNFORTUNATELY, WE WERE 7 DAYS TOO EARLY to enjoy the Misano MotoGP but looked for some things to do nearby.

While Ferrari, Lamborghini and Maserati are reachable from Bologna, none are actually in the city (there's an organised day-trip that can bring you to all three, and back to your hotel). Ducati, on the other hand, is 100% Bolognese.

When you first arrive in the neighbourhood, you know you are in the right place as you will see the huge brick walls surrounding the factory and museum, displaying images of all the world championship racers on their winning Ducatis, in the Superbike and MotoGP class.

DUCATI HISTORY

Not everyone knows that Ducati was

initially a transmission industry before building two-wheeled vehicles. In the early days Bologna was a big producer in the electronics industry. Guglielmo Marconi was world-renowned for the invention of radiotelegraphy and so the Ducati brothers (Adriano first and then Bruno and Marcello) began to produce a small condenser called Manens. The success was spectacular and in 10 years the factory was employing thousands of



workers in the radiotelegraphy industry.

The arrival of World War II proved a disaster for the company, as its factory was razed to the ground during heavy allied bombing. Bad news for radio, perhaps, but good news for motorbike enthusiasts, as the Ducati brothers spent the immediate post-war period looking to develop into different markets. Like Fiat, Ducati immediately saw the need for cheap

and efficient transport in a country rapidly industrialising, and so the Cucciolo (puppy in Italian) was born, a world famous small motor that could be attached to a bicycle. Its popularity was almost instant, and soon the Bolognese company was developing its first small motorbikes and scooters.

The success of the first motorcycle racing on the road soon began to show the Italians an object that, beyond

being an economic and reliable means of transport, could also be a symbol of beauty and speed.

SLICK MUSEUM

The Museum was renovated in 2016 and it looks slick and modern. It is divided into 6 different halls which tell the history of the Ducati brand from the foundation in 1926, up to today's road and race models.

The history of motorcycles consist of a permanent exhibition in six halls: the **First Room** tells the origins of the brand until the Second World War; the **Second Room** shows models and technological innovations up to 1960; the **Third Room**, on the other hand, brings us back to the 60s and 70s, to the motion as a symbol of freedom, to the first Ducati Scrambler, until the late '80s. The **Fourth Room** is dedicated to the most recent Ducati, from the first Monster to the mythical 996 (considered one of the most beautiful bikes of the century). The **Fifth Room** is dedicated to the latest models and big

motorcycle rallies, such as the World Week. Here the enthusiasts will find the most modern Ducati brand creations, the solutions imported from the racing world as well as the latest models of Borgo Panigale's home.

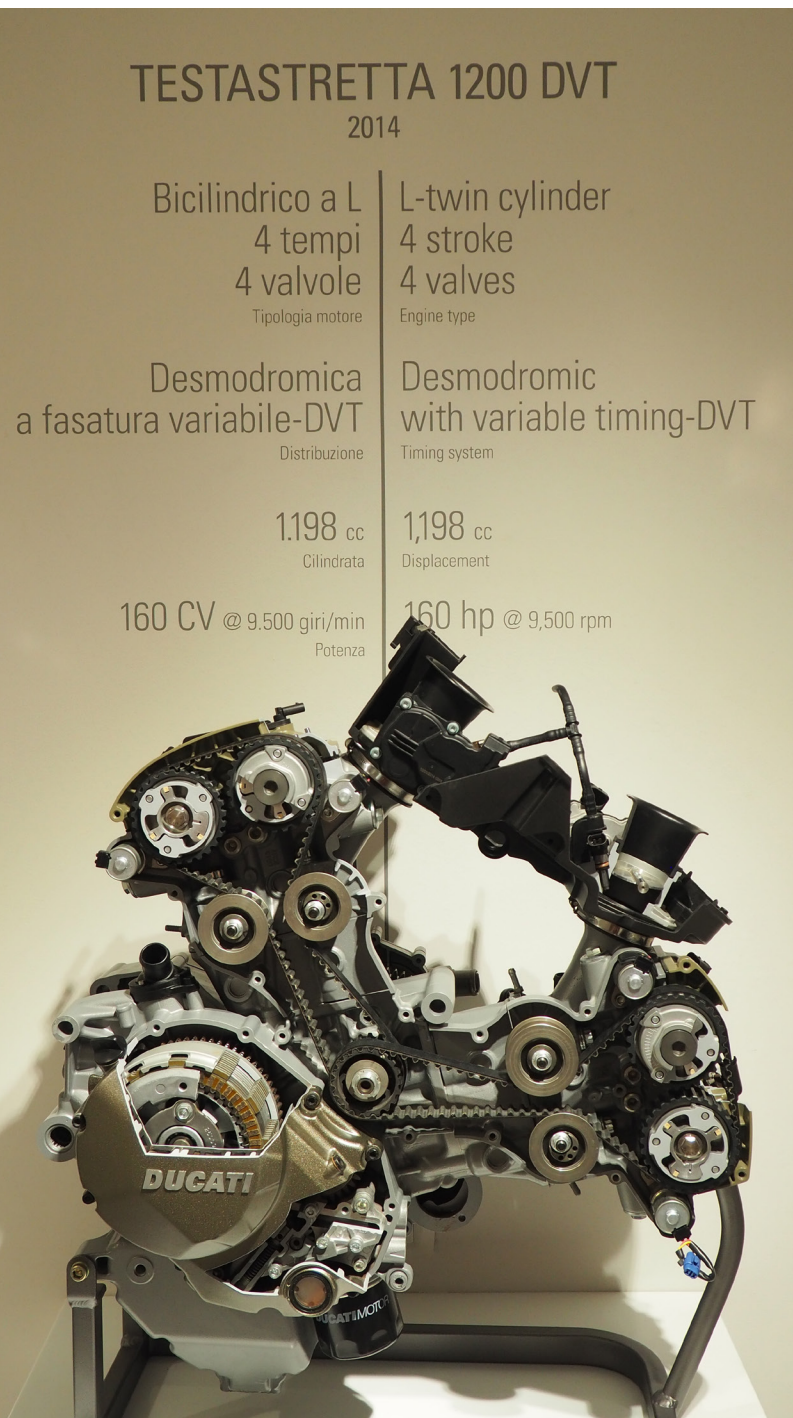
The **Sixth Room** or the Central Room is a tribute to the Racers, from the first "Cucciolo" moped up to today's racing models, telling the most important moments of the motorcycle factory and the great champions of the past. There are the classic racers of the '60s, the World Championship Super Bikes and the latest MotoGP racers. There is also an example from every

year of their WSB championship wins. Then there is also a separate section for Moto GP including the Desmosedici GP07 model which helped Australian Casey Stoner to win the MotoGP world title in 2007.

What is great about this museum is that the bikes are very accessible, you can stand right next to them, get down low and look underneath them etc and you are allowed to take pictures of everything.

There are no road bikes in the museum apart from some models from their current range in the foyer.

There is also a small shop at the



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4 tempi
4 valvole
Tipologia motore

L-twin cylinder
4 stroke
4 valves
Engine type

Desmodromica
a fasatura variabile-DVT
Distribuzione

Desmodromic
with variable timing-DVT
Timing system

1,198 cc
Cilindrata

1,198 cc
Displacement

160 CV @ 9,500 giri/min
Potenza

160 hp @ 9,500 rpm



entrance to the museum. Down the street, there is a much larger Ducati Dealership.

We did not visit the Ducati factory as that has to be booked in advance, so if you want to do both, bookings are essential. It's a worthwhile visit and showcases the Ducati brand in a stunning display of class and beauty. 🇮🇹



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HORACE'S BURT MUNRO CHALLENGE 2020

WORDS BY HORACE HARTNETT

HI EVERYBODY, it's nice to be back in the land of the living. As I said in my report, 2019 has been an eventful year - it was a tough one for a lot of people. I had my last Chemo Treatment for my Esophageal Cancer in December and had the all clear from My Oncologist on the 29th of January. Tick Tock... Not much time in the saddle before the "Big Ride". Oh well... they say it's just like riding a Superbike!

My return to riding was to lead the 4,500 km charge to the mighty Invercargill and back for the 2020 Burt Munro Challenge. We set off from Auckland with a small but hardy group of IMOC members: Me on my Aprilia RSVR, Reece Polglase on his Ducati, Debbie Tapper on her Ducati and Edwin the Lone Wolf and dear friend of mine from the Every Sunday Riders was on his spanking BMW R Nine T. It is European, so he had style points to burn. Plus he rides the wheels off it, so that works for everyone that matters.

This year the Mainland threw all of the physical challenges that it

could throw at us, including a weather bomb that would not quit. Luckily we had Stephen Leggett and Sandra from MotoMovers with us driving their huge van for the entire trip. Stephen is a hardcore Aprilia race fanatic, so his main agenda was to get his RSV4 down to circuit race at Teretonga Park and then have a bash at the Street Races on the Sunday. He managed to take out second place, which was a pretty awesome outcome. He will be back next year to take another swing at the Brass Ring.

We had a near perfect day as we set off from Auckland bound for Wellington. I like to get it done in one hit, with our first stop planned for Te Kuiti for coffee and gas. But a teenager in a Police uniform had other ideas and stopped me for a chat about some lunatic speeding on a clear and quiet open road with a total disregard for his own or other people's safety. I mean really! I told him I would be more careful in the future, as the rest of my riding "mates" rode on

past me with their very tricky and expensive radar detectors lit up like Xmas trees and screaming in their ears. The lesson learnt that morning was that I need to invest in a better radar detector. So with that part done, we proceeded with my original plan to Te Kuiti for coffee and to rejoice that my demerit points had magically grown back while I was in hospital and having treatment for my cancer last year. Whoever says cancer is a bad thing is misinformed - I lost 38kgs and my bike picked up about 30 more horses from my weight loss and to have 100 demerit points is pretty cool no matter how you slice it.

We made it down to National Park around noon; time for another splash of gas before we hit the Paraparas. This has got to be one of my favorite pieces of road in the North Island. We popped in to see Stephen and Sandra when we reached Whanganui for a moment to swap out some luggage, to rearrange the packing of some bikes and to investigate the fluid that was



leaking out of one of the Ducatis. This was soon sorted and we moved on to Bulls for a quick burger and a coke. We then got to finish the day off with the horror that is the “straights” then on through the Kapiti Coast and its lost world charm though to Wellington. It has got to be the most boring part of the trip.

We got into the Ibis Hotel at about 6pm and were welcomed by our men in the windy city, Andy McIvor and TeRangi, the fearless Moto Guzzi riders your mother warned you about. With them was John Bolland an Aprilia/MV/Aermacchi-Harley Davidson riding son of a gun! He is one of our longest serving members who is still riding. He drove in from Masterton, as he is under doctor's orders not to ride for a few weeks. He just wanted to see us off :-).

Darrin Archer on his Triumph Tiger and Geoff Daddly on his Moto Guzzi Norge were in from Tauranga. And we caught up with some of the Auckland crew: Dave McLean this

year on a huge BMW as is Gavin Houston; they look like a couple of badass Popo on their white BMWs. Joe Maccambridge was cruising on his Harley D and Royce Timms was riding his Moto Guzzi California.


They had left on the Saturday and had a rather gentlemanly half day of riding. We went out for dinner at a very nice restaurant near the hotel and turned in. We had an early night, as the 4:30am start seemed like a very real thing. As we waited in line to board the ferry we met up with Donald Senior on his Moto Guzzi Breda and Andy McIvor on his Super Tanker, the Moto Guzzi Stelvio.

We regrouped in Picton once we had landed and rearranged some luggage and wet weather gear while we had some time with the van. The route planned for the day was Greymouth via Nelson and on to Murchison and then Greymouth to meet up with Paul Wilkins on his Ducati Multistrada and my Uncle Richie and our cuz Nick, both riding matching Triumph Speed

Triples!!!

The plan was to ride down the West Coast through the Haast Pass the next day, but the weather was just too crazy – 300mm of rain in one night, crazy. We chose to go back over Arthurs Pass and to take the inland route through to Tekapo, Twizel, Omarama, the Lindis Pass and on to Wanaka for the night. Mike Hood was somewhere on his classic Ducati, ripping about on his dream machine. As the day progressed I heard from Murray Cross who was on the Milford Track and got evacuated out to Queenstown, but his bike was in Te Anau. So he had to take a bus from Queenstown to Dunedin, then another bus to Te Anau. This was the first few days; it just gets better from here. You will have to come along to experience it yourselves.

The deadline has passed for this article to be in, so that is all I have time to write. Till next time.

Chur Horace. 





ME & MY BIKE

DUCATI 350

SPORTS DESMO

WORDS BY DARYL WEST-HILL

1977 was year of the Snake. Snakes allegedly have both wisdom and insight. With unusual social skills, they are extremely active and like to play the leading role in all ridiculous behaviours.

RIDICULOUS BEHAVIOURS? Without doubt my Ducati 350 Sports Desmo was born in 1977.

Take the twin Brembo disc brakes up front as an example. With twin discs and Brembo callipers the bike looks like it's turned up to party. Sadly, from the first squeeze of the right front lever something important went home just before the fun started. It's not that the bike doesn't stop, it just happens like a slow-motion replay.

At the other end of the equation is the go button... I haven't found it.

However, before we dive further into the ridiculous behaviours of the

350 Sports Desmo, it's time for the compulsory history lesson...

THE COMPULSORY HISTORY LESSON...

Ducati made its reputation on singles, so in true Italian style the suits-in-charge decided to phase them out and replace them with 350 and 500 parallel twins. The idea of a 350cc bike arguably was sensible, as the government at the time provided a huge tax break for such motorcycles. And building a 500 version would be inexpensive, as all the hard work would have gone into the 350.

But a parallel twin? The suits-in-charge thinking was too simple. The suits clearly had no idea what was really driving the market for Italian motorcycles, as history has shown the sporting semi-exotica, like Ducati's 750SS, Laverda's 750 SFC, Moto Guzzi's V7 Sport and Benelli's 750 Sei ruled.

The first versions of the parallel twin were designated as GTLs (Gran Turismo Lusso). This earned the unfortunate reputation of being a boring engine combined with boring styling, and ultimately left them gathering dust in the back of showrooms.





This is where my 350 (and the 500) Sport Desmo comes in. The suits finally came to their senses after two years of bad sales, asking Fabio Taglioni (father to Ducati's desmodromic 900 V-twin) to please beef up the engine and turning the chassis design over to a fellow named Leopoldo Tartarini, who ran his own successful firm, Italjet.

Taglioni immediately turned to his mystical desmodromic valve actuation and redesigned the heads. He also used a pair of Dell'Orto carburettors. A whole slew of go-faster options were also offered.

It was Tartarini who had the major fun. For the Sport Desmo, the seat got racing styling, with an upturn where a passenger might sit. To add to the sporting image, the footpegs were set back and clip-ons replaced the previous flat handlebar. Fenders were abbreviated and the gas tank was given appropriate curves. The exhaust system was all black. He revised the frame, this one with twin downtubes going to the engine, all the better to get around the corners. He tossed the spoked wheels and put on attractive Borrani cast-alloy items, with six spokes. Marzocchi shock absorbers and fork handled the suspension quite well, and as mentioned three Brembo discs, 260mm each, brought the Sport Desmo to a halt.

Unfortunately, all this added to the price tag. And the Sport Desmo was a little too sporty for some, especially those who wanted to have a young extra hanging on tightly. So, the final iteration was the 1977 GTV, which came with a longer seat, passenger pegs and flat bars—a melding of the GTL and the Sport Desmo.

Then in 1978, Taglioni's half-litre L-twin came on the market, the Pantah 500 SL, which later grew to 600 and 650 sizes. What little interest there had been in the parallel twins soon vanished into the pages of history.

HISTORY LESSON OVER.

More importantly how did one example of the 350 Sport Desmo find itself in my stable? It's time to tell my tale of discovery...

MY TALE OF DISCOVERY ...

Rumour has it my 350 Sport Desmo was ridden in Japan for several years



unregistered. The kiwi owner heading back home, added it to a friend's container full of forklifts and exported it to New Zealand.

Unfortunately, on the bike arriving into New Zealand, someone forgot to get the required compliance certificate to confirm the 350 remained within the relevant approved vehicle standards. It seems the importer was more focused on the forklifts, which not being road registered didn't require compliance. My bike got

missed. More on the forklifts later.

I found the Ducati 350 Sport Desmo on TradeMe with a relatively low reserve to obviously attract buyers.

HOW NOT TO SELL A MOTORBIKE ON TRADEME?

- have the auction close midway through an All Black test match.

WHEN TO BUY A MOTORBIKE ON TRADEME?

- buy the bike midway through an All

Black test match when most normal people have their attention on other matters.

The previous owner was hoping to get a couple more \$\$\$ for it.

MY TALE OF THE REBUILD...

When I got the 350 home, she wasn't running. Dusting off my extensive knowledge of mechanical engineering, it was apparent a missing battery and an absence of petrol was to blame. These obstacles were soon rectified, but alas there was still no sign of life. It was apparent her health issues went deeper, much deeper. Time to employ some real talent.

SOME REAL TALENT

To get the old girl singing again it took a team effort. My dad (Peter West-Hill) predominantly worked on the cosmetics while Tim (ex-IMOC club member from 1980's & 90's) worked his magic on the remainder.

Tim's first challenge was low compression in one cylinder. Pulling the head off showed a leak through a valve. One head rebuild later the problem was solved, but she still had secrets to unveil.

Defying logic, some home DIYer some years ago decided to swap the points for an electronic ignition from a 1970's Harley Davidson (really?!). Which do you think is more cursed, a Ducati from the 70's or a retro Harley Davidson electronic ignition? Regardless, rather than risk fate with Harley Davidson parts, a new electronic ignition was added to the mixture (and hopefully some improved reliability).

Other odds and ends were also sorted, such as the front brake master cylinder, new braided brake lines, steering head bearing, new chrome forks, a repair to a wheel and so on...

The bike was now running. I sincerely thank Tim and my dad for their time and talent breathing life back into the old girl. Without their input, the 350 would most likely still be sitting in the garage gathering dust. These guys are stars!

I got the 350 Sports Desmo back home and then was time to get her legal. Let's talk about the forklifts.

THE FORKLIFTS

As mentioned earlier, compliance is only required for importing vehicles





that will be road registered. The importer's keenness to get their hands on the forklifts to on-sell, resulted in his mate's 350 missing the required paperwork.

To avoid turning the Ducati into a garden ornament, more talent was required to navigate the mysteries of vehicle registration. Believe it or not, help came in the form of a Paul Keesing. Paul recently had a similar problem and found Mike from VTNZ Rosebank Road Avondale rather helpful.

Mike was more than helpful, Mike is a legend. Mike spent an hour of his time translating the process into English suitable for us mere

mortals. With the paperwork emailed to our NZTA friends, compliance was obtained a little over two weeks later.

I'm not sure what happened to the forklifts.

HOME AND HOSED?

Well... not quite. On the positive side, the 350 Sport Desmo is now running, registered, warranted and even insured. The only remaining issue is sometime in her past the Dell'Orto carburettors were swapped with a pair of Japanese two stroke (really?!). While she runs, she's not running as well as she could.

The 350 is also missing an airbox. In its place are a couple of K&N pod

filters so not much lost there.

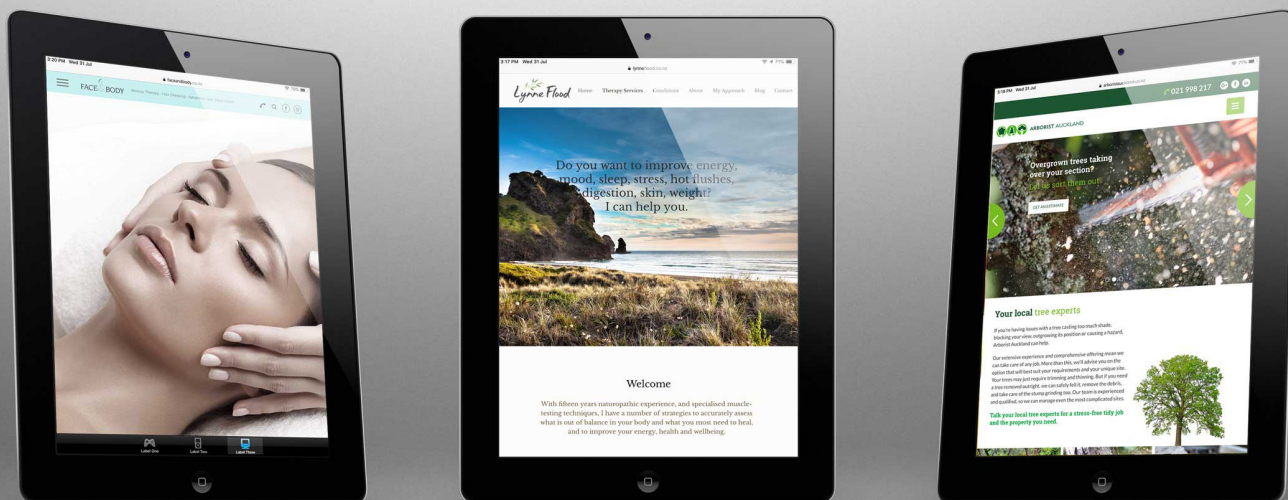
If by chance you happen you have a spare pair of 26mm Dell'Orto carbs in your workshop, we should talk.

THE BENCH MARK

To sign things off, no good bike review is complete without some form of benchmarking. It would be appropriate to line the 1977 Ducati 350 Sports Desmo against something from Japan from the same era. However, in the spirit of retaining the genre of "ridiculous behaviours" let's benchmark it against my Panigale V4...

Concluding, for 5 extra kg you get 188 horses. With discoveries like that, I should be a scientist. 🇮🇹

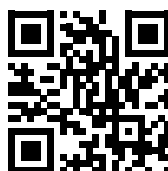
	1977 350 Sports Desmo	2018 Panigale V4
Displacement	350 cc	1,103 cc
Power	26 hp @ 8,000 rpm	214 hp @ 13,000 rpm
Engine type	Parallel twin, four stroke	90° V4, four stroke
Weight (wet)	193 kg	198 kg
Top speed	148 km/hr	Mach 4



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MOTOR ? BIKE FAIR GO?

WORDS BY **PENI FARVING**

A motor-less-bike has many advantages and certainly preferential treatment. So take the motor out of your motorbike and reap the rewards of being just a bike.

- A bike can use the footpath (even though you aren't supposed to as an adult, you just need a leaflet to distribute).
- A bike can be ridden in parks and on reserves.
- A bike gets cycle-ways and special bridges built to use.
- A bike can use the road and in many places special dedicated cycle lanes on roads (so you can use either or both).
- A bike can use most bus lanes.
- A bike gets designated marked spaces in front of other traffic at traffic lights.
- It would appear that on a bike you can ignore most road rules and go through red lights with impunity (I've never seen a wanted poster for red light evasion).
- A bike can cycle across a pedestrian crossing without feet touching the ground and have right of way. (Actually you are supposed to dismount, but try telling this to a judge if you hit someone cycling across).



- A bike can go to the front of a queue of traffic and can alternate between the road and the footpath or even the berm.
- A bike doesn't need indicators, doesn't have brake lights, and despite being one of the slowest road users doesn't have to have a rear view mirror.
- Bikes don't have a warrant of fitness or any compulsory safety checks.
- Bike riders don't have to pay registration, and don't pay road user charges.
- Bike riders don't have to contribute to the cost of roads, cycle-ways, or even cycle-lanes (even though they are the only ones allowed to use them).
- Bike riders don't pay for the special bridges built for them or even footpaths.
- Bike riders don't pay ACC and don't require insurance.
- Bike riders don't have a rego or identification or ownership papers.
- Bike riders don't need a licence.

- Bike riders don't have to sit a proficiency test or demonstrate competency to be on the road.
- Bike riders don't have an alcohol drinking limit.
- Bike riders don't pay fines, have no name or number and can't be traced.

Bicycle riders are user no-pays.

BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE!

- A bike can use electricity to power it (electric motor) but is still not a motorbike.
- As an e-bike we can have all the benefits of being propelled and still not have to comply with any other vehicle regulations - cool eh!
- We can also e-scoot around and we mostly have the rights of bicycles but we are blessed with the legal use of the footpath.
- NZ Transport Agency states that e-scooters can be used on the footpath or the road except in cycle lanes that are part of the road,

and which were designated for the sole use of cyclists. Does this make sense?

- An electric scooter with wheel diameter larger than 355mm is considered a recreation vehicle and is not allowed on the road, footpath or shared walkway, despite having better traction and brakes than other e-scooters.

Does this make sense?
E-bikes and e-scooters are also user no-pays...

DID YOU KNOW? WHAT DO YOU RECKON?

- There is currently no legal minimum age to cycle on the road, although police recommend children under the age of 10 should not ride on the road unsupervised.
- The braking /stopping distance is considerably greater for a push-bike than a car or motorcycle and yet

push-bikes ride very close behind each other in groups.

- The braking distance for a bicycle and a trailer is considerably greater than for the cycle alone.
- A bicycle can legally tow a trailer on the road.
- The maximum trailer length including drawbar and load is 12.5m.
- The maximum overall length of cycle and trailer is 22m and the trailer can be up to 2.55m wide.
- The Guinness record for the longest bicycle is 35.79m.

Legally there is no restriction on how many babies of any age or size can be carried on a pushbike. The law states that a container or seat for an infant must protect their legs from the wheels. (Yes a container!) And you can even put your babies in a trailer and tow them on the highway whilst having a baby on your front and one on your back while you're cycling.

There is no weight limit for loads on a pushbike. The load can be carried up to a metre in front of the front wheel or a metre behind the rear wheel, or 500mm either side of the bike.

The speed limit for pushbikes, e-bikes and e-scooters should be the same as for a car or motorbike, however generally speaking, on normal public highways the speed limits do not apply to bicycles. The Road Code and the Land Transport Act

speeding limits only apply to motor vehicles and their drivers.

There are specific designated traffic lights for cyclists. A "B" traffic light signal applies to pushbikes as well as buses.

It is perfectly legal for cyclists to ride two abreast, however the Road Code states that you cannot ride more than two abreast and you can't do it when on narrow roads or when cycling around bends.

Two-way Separated Cycleways: Instead of having a cycle lane on both sides of the road, a two-way cycleway is on one side of the road and cyclists can travel in both directions within it. This means that any motorist or pedestrians crossing the cycleway will need to look both ways for cyclists. What happens when groups of cyclists going different directions meet each other is questionable.

In Christchurch the final cost of 13 cycleways is likely to be \$252 million.

Auckland Transport provided the information below on cycleway costs:

Regional connections such as GI Tamaki, skypath, NW cycleway, New Lynn - Avondale are costing \$30 - \$80 million, or \$7 - \$10 million per km.

Urban connections that include town centres, e.g. Waitemata, K Rd, Hurstmere Rd, Otahuhu - around \$20 million, or about \$3 million per km to deliver.

Auckland Transport may have used exaggerated figures to receive

taxpayer dollars for four cycleways in the city, according to an internal Auckland Traffic report. The cycle demand was overestimated in all the four business cases for Quay St, Nelson St, Grafton Gully, and Beach Rd cycleways. The business case for Nelson St predicted 986 cyclists would use the cycleway daily, but in January last year the count was 333 with the latest figure being 448 cyclists a day using the cycleway. The divergence between the forecast and actual figures for Grafton Gully was also significant, said the report. The business case forecast 975 cyclists and the actual count was 292.

Auckland Transport has plans costing between \$23 and \$35 million to fix a controversial cycleway through Grey Lynn and Westmere that hardly anyone uses. A Herald time lapse video recently showed six cyclists using the cycleway between 7am and 8am on a fine weekday. A further two cyclists ignored the cycleway and rode on the street. In Wellington, the Council voted unanimously to push ahead with a cycleway project in the southern suburbs including Island Bay at a cost of \$32 million.

E-scooter claims have now cost ACC more than \$6.2 million since October 2018. There have now been 4,281 claims to ACC for e-scooter injuries - or nearly one for every 4,975 rideshare scooters on the country's streets. Studies have indicated





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disturbing trends when e-scooters are compared to other forms of transport. Vehicle related injuries were 172 people in a 6 week time frame in 2018 and 228 in 2019. University researchers found 56 people were injured in 52 e-scooter accidents in 2019. Car and truck related injuries were at 52 and motorbikes and mopeds 21. The largest group was bicycle-related at 62, which included bicycle vs car collisions.

A study of Auckland City Hospital's e-scooter related acute surgery costs were \$360,000 from 15 October 2018 to 22 February 2019 as e-scooters caused more serious injuries than motorbikes. Of 708 acute orthopaedic operations at the hospital, 98 of which related to vehicles excluding cars, 23 operations were for e-scooter riders, 34 for bicycles, 20 for motorbikes, 11 for skateboards and 10 for mopeds.

OBSERVATION/SUGGESTIONS/ DISCUSSIONS

It would appear to me that designated motorcycle areas at the front of the queue at traffic lights would make

more sense than having cycles there. The current situation is that the slowest road users (cyclists) go to the front of the queue and then every car, truck and bus is forced to go at cycle speed or pass the cyclist often having to go into the oncoming lane to do so. It may be better to have a place back from the lights and traffic on the very left side of the road to start off the cyclists at traffic lights.

Cycle lanes and buses: We currently have a situation where bus stops are in cycle lanes. So the bus will stop to let down a fare-paying passenger and the cyclists following will, instead of stopping and waiting behind the bus (carrying many people), swerve out and overtake the stopped bus. The bus then moves away and is behind a cyclist and the bus (with all its passengers) is forced to either go at the cyclist's speed or risk overtaking the cyclist. Having overtaken the cyclist the bus will then stop again to let down or pick up a passenger so the cyclist will overtake the bus and hold it up yet again. Can we improve upon

this situation in the interests of public transport and road safety?

Cyclists, e-bike and e-scooter riders using the road should all be required to have passed a vehicle handling competency test, demonstrate that they know the road rules by having a license, have their vehicle uniquely identified and contribute to ACC and road costs (especially for lanes dedicated to cycles).

I suggest a ban on cyclists on main highways to increase road safety and flow of traffic travelling at sensible similar speeds (trucks, petrol tankers, logging trucks, etc.) At present we have a situation where a laden cyclist (even towing a trailer) can slow down and hold up trucks and motorised traffic accelerating to get up hills or approaching narrow bridges.

Allow e-scooters to use cycle lanes and not have to use the road or footpath when cycle lanes are present. Cyclists should have to use cycle lanes when present and not the road; at present cyclists use the road and/or the cycle lanes when cycle lanes are present. Cyclists should ride single file as close as practical to the left side of the road and (unless overtaking) maintain a distance between them large enough for an overtaking vehicle to do so without difficulty. Basically, I suggest that the road is a place where motor vehicles have priority and preferential rights (so the majority of main road users, freight transporters and multi-passenger vehicles are not held up or inconvenienced!)

Perhaps it would save money, be safer, ease congestion, help buses, etc. if, instead of cycle lanes, cycles were to use the footpath (staying on the left side in the direction being travelled). So, each footpath on either side of the road would only have cyclists going in one direction. This would be safer and more predictable for pedestrians, cyclists and children. It would clear the road for motorised traffic and be safer for most with more closely related speed travelers in the same space. Pedestrians should still have priority use (after all it is called a footpath).

Cyclists, e-bike and e-scooter riders should be included in drink drive legislation and not be allowed to be drunk on the road. 🇮🇹





TESTIMONIALS OF SOME SATISFIED CYCLISTS

I'm **LARRY LYCRACLAD** and I like to ride on weekends and public holidays. I choose roads without cycle lanes or shoulders that are hilly with corners like the Scenic Drive or Piha road. I really enjoy giving other road users a fright when they suddenly come upon me. I like to ride side by side with my mates and I like to create a spectacle by riding in a brightly coloured group all overtaking each other at random without indication. I love the audience attention I get from the queue of traffic watching me admiringly.

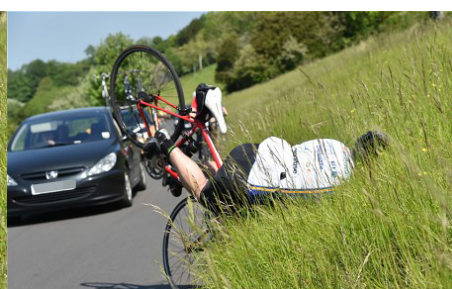
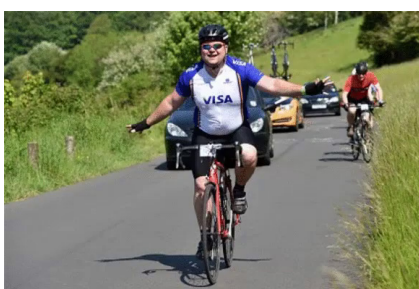
I'm **EK SENTRIC** and my thrill is riding my bicycle sitting as low to the road as my bum will go and I like to look up at everything. This helps with my understanding. I often tow a trailer because it helps me balance, rather like trainer wheels really. In order to be a courteous road user I have taken all necessary safety precautions (I have a miniature flag). I love the feeling of being almost invisible until the last minute and the study of human hand gestures.

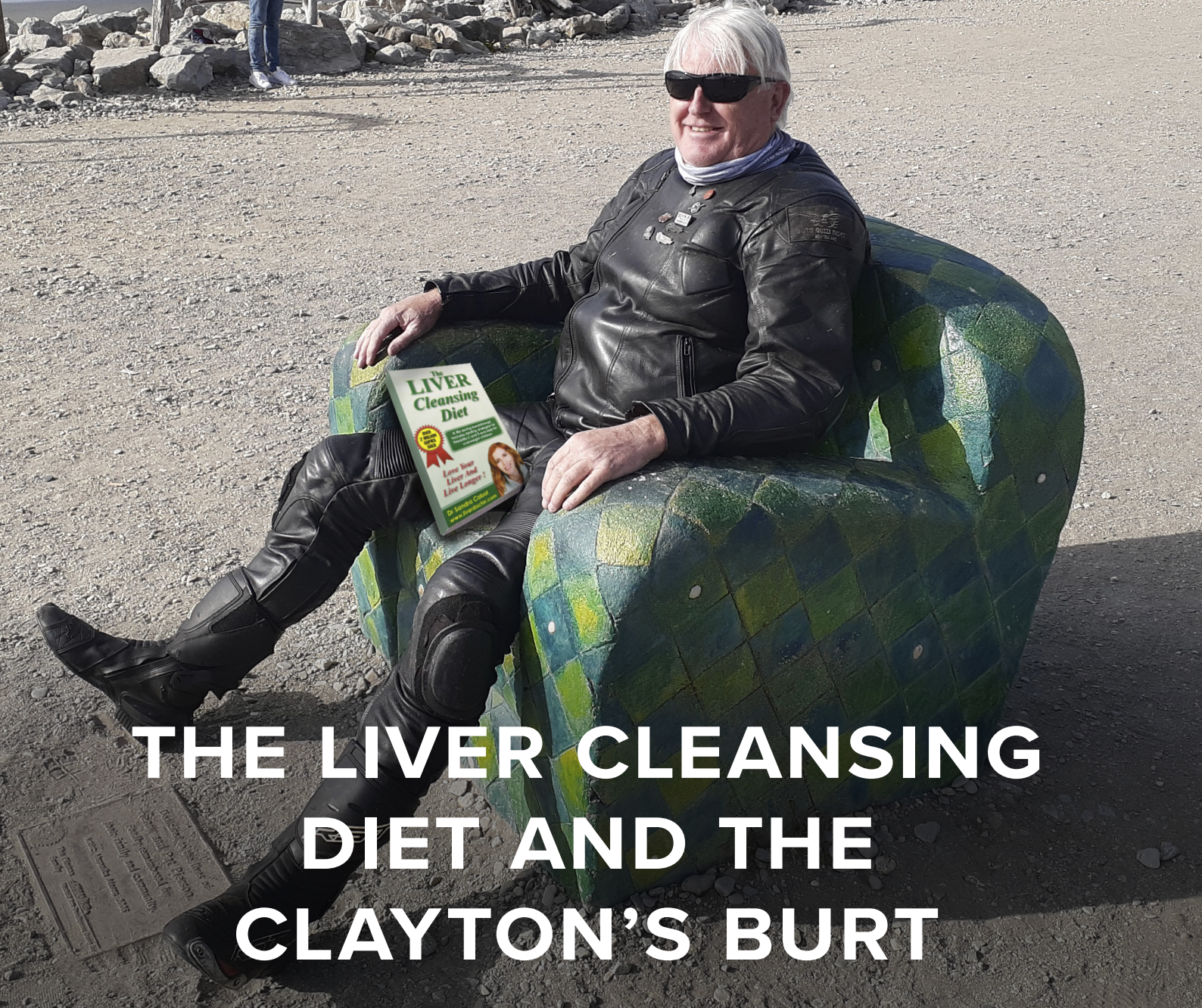
I'm **DOIT INDABUSH** and I'm a cycling tourer. I like to be self-contained (except for a toilet). I carry a tent and sleeping gear, a cooker, pots and pans and everything necessary to slowly ride the State Highway. I carry much more than a motorcycle and sometimes even tow a trailer. What I really enjoy is the expression on truck drivers' faces as they come from either direction as I approach bridges and hills. I have the right of way so it's up to everyone else to adjust to me. I love the screech of brakes and horns and friendly gestures and waves I get. I can't always get to a toilet so I just go beside the road wherever it suits me. Push-biking like this in NZ is the ultimate freedom cycling camping experience.

I'm **ANDY CAP** and I pedal my bike by hand and marathon road trips are my gig. I love the amazed expressions of drivers as they distractedly swerve off the road wondering how I do it. I don't really have time to wave to all the friendly toots I get, but they make me feel special.



Great, now I've got those cyclists, e-bikes and e-scooters out of the way, I'm off for a proper ride on my **MOTORBIKE** once I check I'm up to date with my licence, WOF, Rego, fines and demerit points!





THE LIVER CLEANSING DIET AND THE CLAYTON'S BURT

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY RICHARD PYKETT

This is not a story about not drinking, but it is a story about the Burt you have when you are not having a Burt.

NEITHER BRIAN (Hewitt) nor I were planning on going to The Burt, but Brian happened on a 4 day motel cancellation in the main drag of Inver-bloody-Cargill, spanning the main days of the festival and unfortunately the die was cast...

Then Brian ended up needing to be in Christchurch a few days before the natural departure date to do a day's work for a major battery client, so a plan was hatched to head down earlier and thus leave time for a good poke around the South Island.

I jacked up some software client

visits, also in Christchurch, and then as well in Invercargill and Cromwell – so it was a full-on work trip all right?

New tyres for both of us given the expected 4,000kms plus and 20ltr Kriega tail bags for the extra undies and socks. Whilst Motomail had the bags in stock, they didn't have the required fitting kit for the Panigale. Why doesn't everybody tour on a Panigale? Because they have more sense, that's probably why...

Two sets of Kriega straps arrived direct from the Aussie distributor with only a day to spare after Aus

Post misplaced the first. I think they probably operate as a branch of NZ Couriers, as their software just shows pickup from the sender (a generous 14 days before the required use date) and the first dispatched item doing a nice jaunt around the outer moons of Jupiter before being found and arriving a day before the second set sent 8 days later. Oh well...

Tyres were also a drama. Suddenly realised that my new and much beloved and now correct profile Michelin Power RS's had in fact done 3,000kms and a track day. Oops.

The likelihood of getting new boots fitted in Invercargill or Hokitika and them not being knobbly farm tyres, prompted a premature change of boots. Bugger, no Power RS left in the country, so reluctantly a set of Pirelli Rosso 3s were fitted. Urgghhh... Brian also realized that he wouldn't get around, so a new set of Pilot Road 5s for him.

Wednesday the 29th, multiple undies and socks crammed into the tailbags and off shortly after sparrow fart to Wellington.

Off the main drag as much as possible – Pirongia, Te Kuiti, National Park, Taihape, Ohakea, Levin etc. and into Wellington to a motel just off Courtenay Place in time for a shower, a few beers and some Argentinian grub at the El Matador – as recommended by Andy McIvor. Top spot and the 8 hour smoked lamb is to die for. Big day with circa 700kms.

Ferry the next morning to Picton and my very first overseas cruise. Are we there yet? What about now? Are we still not there yet? Why the fuck are we slowing down? Look, the mussel beds probably like a nice bit of agitation, so just pin the bloody thing. I don't think that Cunard are going to be getting a call from me anytime soon. Maybe I could board with a large can of Brasso and just polish their handrails for 10 days. Can I bring my welder on board?

After what seemed like several days at sea and me earnestly researching the long-term effects of scurvy, we finally disgorged onto the sublime South Island roads. The road lice who disembarked prior to us were soon dispatched, as we headed off at a steady 95kph along the swooping hills towards Blenheim, both grinning like demented Cheshire cats.

No time to dawdle around Marlborough and sample a few fine Chardonnays, it was a push to Kaikoura for some Kai and benzene, before turning inland through Lyford, Waiau (unfortunately spurned in our attempts to get a tour of Rodin Cars) and Rotherham (ay up chuck!). Stunning amount of civil engineering going on around the Kaikoura coastline after the recent earthquakes and much evidence of the big shake as we headed inland. But talk about hot and windy Trev! Hard maintaining 95kph along those straight roads with

such huge crosswinds. Quick stop to visit Brian's cuzzie just south of Mr Dicker's Rodin Cars racetrack gaff at Waiau and both of us just about arsing off on some unannounced and unswept pea gravel on a newly resurfaced series of downhill hairpins.

A fairly testing 360km.

Digs in Riccarton for two nights as we both had a full day of client visits on the Friday. Couple of beersies both nights at the Fox and Ferret Down your Trousers at Riccarton (braised ox cheek and more than one Emersons Pilsner). Yummy! The accommodating accommodation purveyor providing us with some soapy water and cleaning cloths to rid the sickles of cursed cement splashes and other varying road and airborne detritus.

Left booking more South Island accommodation until we had more of a handle on the wevver and given that the West Coast looked pretty 'orrible, elected to loop down the East Coast. I'd never been to Timaru before (Brian's early childhood locale – note I elected to not state this was where he grew up...) and had never been to Oamaru, where I was keen to visit Rod Tempero in his series of semi-suburban chook sheds where he builds period replica Ferraris, Maseratis and Aston Martins to order.

Took the inland road to Timaru from Christchurch – West Melton, Windwhistle, side trip to Lake Coleridge and Terrace Downs, Geraldine and Temuka. Been to the golf resort at Terrace Downs a couple of times with the kids when they were in golfing mode, but never visited the power station at Lake Coleridge. Amazing development in the late 1800's, NZ's first major hydro scheme, with all of the materials dragged in from the railhead at Coalgate by horse teams and traction engines. Bloody clever and tough people.

Lunch at Terrace Downs where we looked quite out of place in our splattered riding kit at the genteel wood paneled clubhouse.

Pretty easy 270km run to Timaru.

Timaru has been a wealthy place based on the impressive architecture dating from its whaling origins in the mid-1800s.

Next day dawned fine again, but we were mindful of the approaching inclement weather, so off to Oamaru via the inland road. 300kms via



Fairlie, Burke's Pass, Tekapo, Pukaki, Omarama and a side visit to the Benmore Dam. Oohh look, a steam train as we headed out of Fairlie. Model T railcar and a bunch of stationary engines as well. Bloody hot – 36 degrees and then an instant 10 degree drop as we hit Burke's Pass.



Brian complaining about the cold. Epic roads for a steady 95kph.

However, we were in less salubrious digs, but Doris the Motelier was very accommodating and sorted our washing for \$10 whilst Brian and I went in search of rehydration and sustenance.

Off to see Rod Tempero on our way out of Oamaru the next morning. Epic craftsmanship and some great tips for me in my quest to master oxy-acetylene welding of aluminum sheet. Don't wear jandals as you are learning, was tip one...

Cold and foggy as we made our way towards Palmerston. Then inland again up the Pig Route and back into 30 degrees plus by the time we hit Ranfurly. I'm starting to have Emersons Pilsner hallucinations as we pick our way towards Alex. Had a poke around Naseby and then to the historic Hayes Engineering at Otarehua. We were going to take the \$12 guided tour, but a mischievous gaggle of octogenarian gals triggered the fire alarm, no doubt from smoking crack in the corner. So we didn't get to see more rusty shit in dingy surroundings and split before the Bikers for God



got back on their Harleys to ride sanctimoniously down the middle of the road. We blasted along towards Poolburn at a steady 95kph.

Checked into Alex and immediately the draught lager keg ran out, which was to be a feature of our entire run. Not bad stuff, that Frog Kronenbourg. Two nights in Alex waiting for the rain to pass through and then Brian, full of expectation that he had found a secret route to get us to the Burt, eager to test his theory, did exceed 95kph and made an unscheduled contribution to the local constabulary as we departed Alex. This made Brian quite grumpy and even more determined to leave the locale.

Luckily we gassed up at Ettrick and turned up Moa Flat Road in a quest to get to Riversdale. By this time Gore was being evacuated and the warehouse full of toxic waste stored close to the rapidly rising Mataura

River, was in danger of becoming damp. The resulting chemical reaction of said waste with H2O threatening to gas every badger within a 400km radius. This mattered not to Brian in his sacred quest for the Grail. The fact that a local copper chased me up a back road with flashing lights ablaze to impart grim travel advice, further spooked Brian who maxed the Ape to depart the scene. As the copper and I chatted about washed out bridges and submerged rental cars, one could hear the surrounding hills echoing with frenetic Aprilia song – staccato bangs on every maxed upshift. It was hard to focus on what the chap was saying, his head swiveling to the hills with each successive gearshift. He was quite adamant that there was no way through, but I reiterated that I was with Brian and the copper immediately interjected and said “Brian the Messiah?” “No” I said,





Into the grandeur of Oamaru and the extensive use of the local sandstone.

Brian loitering outside of the public loos

“he’s not the Messiah, he’s just a very naughty boy”.

Well of course, the local bobby was right, so after turning several tanks of gas into noise and finding some epic, epic back roads, washed out bridges and submerged rental cars, we admitted defeat, backtracked and bunked down in a sleepout in Roxburgh. Thankfully a respectable distance from the main IMOC crew at the same gaff, who had been furiously imbibing from early afternoon.

Took the opportunity to head up to see the Roxburgh Dam spilling. Only one gate was open (4.5mtrs) but the downstream pounding was utterly spectacular.

A route was available via the outskirts of Gore the next morning, so along with 50 million other Burt goers and assorted road lice, we set off for Inver-bloody-Cargill. Pork Pie got a Mini there, so there would be nothing stopping a couple of lager fueled near-geriatrics on our Italian scooters. Well, nothing other than a sharp stone through Brian’s rear tyre. Plugged it up, got 18psi into it with three gas canisters and then quietly backtracked to Gore to top up. Held the rest of the trip at 40 psi.

Finally to Invercargill!

A day late, so we had missed the hill-climb activity and the drag racing.

On the advice of the motelier we booked for dinner at the Saucy Chef – the top local pub and restaurant according to Kevin. Only issue is that it is a separate pub and a very separate restaurant. So whilst we had a beer in the pub, when it came time for our table, we were led by a gnarled, stooping Sherpa Guide through a maze of dingy passageways joining the two adjacent businesses (both of us carrying our half-finished beers) and were met halfway by the Maître d’, who produced fresh glasses for our

half-finished beer, as the glasses from the pub were deemed just too uncouth to be seen by the high society of Inver-bloody-Cargill. It was a bit more formal than the pub/restaurant image we both had, Brian remarking that he felt he was being groomed for sex. Not until I have finished these sweetbreads Brian...

I had to work the next morning, so we met up at the Classic Bike Museum for a late breakfast and spent several hours wandering around the magnificent exhibits. The collection was moved there in 2016 from Nelson when the American owner became ill. Not only a Britten, but several Broughs, Manx Nortons and everything in-between. Brian insisted on peeing on Burt’s lemon tree, despite protestations from Museum staff and the fact that the tree was artificial.

Friday afternoon was the Yak 3 speed attempt at the beach (WW2 fighter) followed by the beach racing. Only trouble was that when we got to the beach, there was a 400mph onshore wind and loads of people holding up motorcycle frames into the wind having them sandblasted for free. I lasted about 30 minutes in this extremely unpleasant environment before remembering an urgent appointment back at the motel with a bottle of brandy. Leaving just before the racing started.

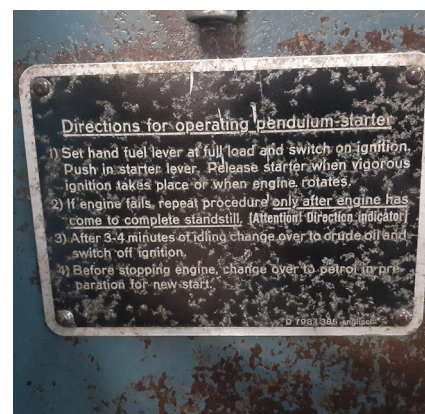
Saturday was still bloody cold and windy, so we both agreed that a warm wander around the Bill Richardson Transport Museum, a very good coffee and a giant cheese roll or two, was a better proposition than getting cold and wet at Teretonga for the sprints. Brian full of wistful remembrances from his early long-distance truck driving days. Great inspirational story of how the Richardson transport empire was formed, grown and still thrives today.

Still blowing a gale in the afternoon, so neither of us fancied standing out in the open for more sandblasting at Oreti Park for the speedway. Off to Bluff, we rode at a jaunty 45 degree angle. Brian having never been there previously. Posed for the ubiquitous shot by the signpost, poked our noses into the local pub and settled for coffee, the largest slab of bacon and egg pie known to man for Brian and a burger for me, to which there was no reference to size thereof on the menu. It came with its own dagger which the chef may plunge into your heart at his discretion, should you fail to finish the entire creation.

OK, so we haven’t seen any bike racing at all yet...

Perhaps the Street Races tomorrow (Sunday)? More Shiraz Brian?

Err no. Sunday dawned wet and cold again and by this stage we have both had quite enough of being wet and cold. The Cromwell forecast for



Plaque for Guzzi starting and stopping instructions...

sunny and a balmy 21 degrees that afternoon, was deemed much more appealing. So we packed up and left Inver-bloody-Cargill without ever seeing a race.

By the time we got 30kms north to Winton, the rain had stopped, the sun was shining and we were again at



one with the world. Thrumming along towards Lumsden for breakfast and a call into Kingston to see where the new owners were at with the Flyer. Thankfully she is apparently a runner again, but waiting for the inevitable red tape to be sorted before she starts passenger runs. Hopefully very soon for the new owners of the café there. Lots of water in the lake with the jetty underwater. The road north was now clear through the Devil's Staircase – big scars where the road had been gouged, but the crews doing a great job to get traffic flowing again. Called into Queenstown, but despite the lower Asian tourist numbers with the Coronavirus scare, there was nowhere to park even a bike.

Arrowtown for lunch then, and a coffee. Epic run at a steady 95kph through to Cromwell (more Cheshire cat impersonations from us both) where we basked in the sunshine, were upgraded to the honeymoon suite at the Colonial Motor Inn, rehydrated and refueled at the nearby Five Stags.

A couple of hours for me the next

morning with one of our software clients, then off to Haast and then Hokitika for the night.

Epic running in the sun, but the run to Hokitika marred by somebody having quite a nasty accident on a Harley just out of Haast. Looked pretty serious, but we didn't see any news of how they were.

Good ride the rest of the way into Hokitika. Met up with a hard case bunch of Aussies from Adelaide who were on rental bikes and doing day rides from various locations. One of them must have been a crim as he has a vast stable of bikes including a Ducati Desmosedici RR which he bought new and has put 8,000 track kms on. Crime obviously does pay. Lots of laughs and just the odd beer or two after a fairly hard 470kms from Cromwell.

Greymouth for breakfast, Westport for lunch with a stop along the way to check out the weird layered rocks at Punakaiki and the memorials out towards the bar at Westport. Lots of lives lost there as well as in the various mining disasters over the years. Fairly

demanding 350kms to Nelson via the Buller Gorge, all at a steady 95kph. Brian grinning again like a proverbial Cheshire cat. My wrists less happy with now persistent Panigale deceleration syndrome (PPDS).

Overnight in Nelson and a stop in at AB Ducati on the way in. Andy very kindly checked my chain tension, pronounced it was still within spec and wouldn't take anything for his trouble.

Next morning, a leisurely sailing time of 2:15 pm allowed me to call in to see Bruce Verdon at TT Industries, who are the suppliers of our sequential gearbox for the race car. However Bruce (another bloody ex-South African dirt bike rider – do they come in any different configuration?) is a very clever engineer who developed replacement race gearboxes for classic motorcycles. He has many Classic TT winners who use his gearboxes and basically has this space all to himself. His latest creation is a lightweight magnesium box for the Norton and Matchless 350 and 500 singles. His heavy-duty Norton Commando box

Heavy-duty Norton Commando box



Lightweight Magnesium box – circa 6kgs



Lightweight gears vs std





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now handles more than 95hp with some of the top competitors. The car gearboxes are a development of the engineering in the bike boxes and are rated up to 800nm of torque/750hp.

Ride to Picton late morning, onto the ferry, no bike tiedowns or wheel chocks left (lots of bikes) so out with my own straps I'd been lugging around everywhere. This gave me an opportunity to now worry about the Panigale falling over mid-crossing and took my mind off the scurvy research during the four day voyage. Docked at 5:30 and straight into the horrid Wellington northbound traffic. We took the decision to head to Palmerston North that evening in order to shorten the next day.

Left the chain smoking permanent Social Welfare inmates at the very

shabby motel as early as we could the next day and pushed on to Taihape mate for breakfast. I can see why Cleese made the controversial comments he did about PN and why any planned exodus is taxed at the airport.

Thankfully by contrast, Le Café Telephonique at Taihape mate serving up delicious liver and bacon with sautéed peach – offal with a French twist. Brian I think considered it for a millisecond, but concluded he would need several glasses of Shiraz, both before and after. We had probably both consumed quite enough Shiraz for a while...

Bosco's at Te Kuiti for a lunch stop and then on home to Saaf Auckland and Little Pretoria respectively, before Auckland homebound traffic caused

complete arterial sclerosis.

A totally epic 4,500km, 15 days of stunning scenery, swooping roads, great company, fantastic interesting folk we met along the way, but the Burt you have when you are not having a Burt.

Our hearts go out to the organisers of the Burt who were hammered with the weather and the people of Southland who have ended up with damage from the deluge.

Would I do it again next year? Probably in a heartbeat. But perhaps not on the Panigale...

Holy shit, I might need to buy an Aprilia.

But for now, it's back to the lentils and soda water to detox. No wait, Bogle is on special!


I'm so weak willed... 🇮🇹






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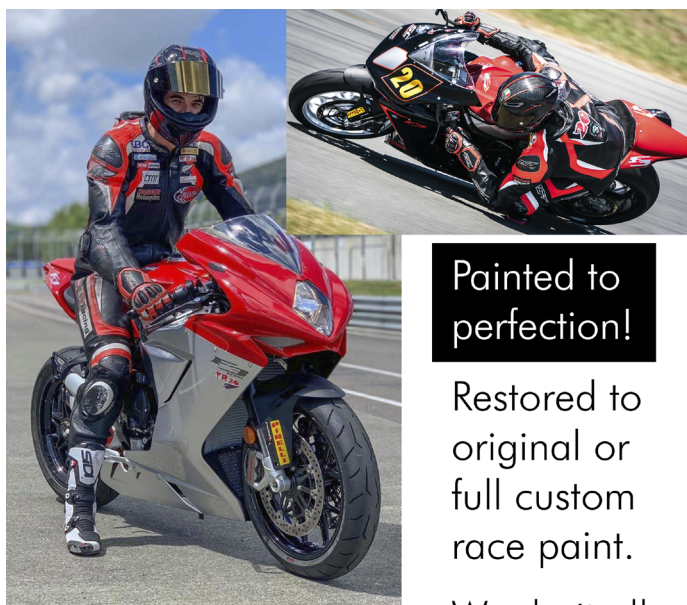
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