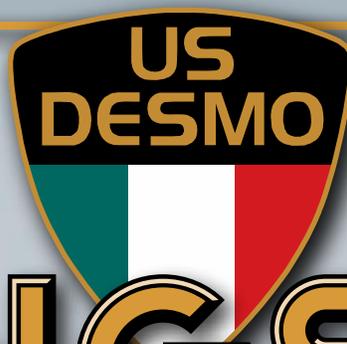


DESMO LEANINGS



The Official Magazine of the Ducati Owners Club of the United States

Volume 9 Issue 1

Spring 2011

How I Spent My Summer Vacation
Indy MotoGP 2010 Review
Sport Classic Hot Seat
Sprocket Repair
Whoa!



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Greetings from il Capo

As I sit in my office to write this, there is snow on the roof of my garage, and I can see it slowly melting. I am glad I forced myself to get up on New Year's Day and go for our annual NYD ride. We all met for breakfast at the Hill Top Restaurant we have been using for this event for the past five or six years. Six Ducatis, three Moto Guzzis, and one BMW managed to make it, and we ended up doing a 100-mile ride after our late lunch. We had typical North Carolina winter weather with just above 50 degrees. We also had the typical threat of rain. We did manage to get home just as it started to rain, so it was a perfect outing. I did manage one more ride before our two January snows fell. The moral of the story is, if it is not a perfect day and it is January, you had better go anyway.

Our second annual Charlotte Mafia 120 Kart Race is in the books. This is something that one of our members, Larry Haber, organized for us last year and was a big success. What better way to fight off the winter blahs than an indoor Kart track. Larry does a nice job with the T-shirts and dinner after the two-hour endurance race. The Charlotte Mafia reference comes from Sportbike Track Time asking most of our track day staff to be instructors for their track day program back about eight years ago. Most of their staff rode Japanese bikes, and when the six of us showed up, the name just came up and it stuck, even though Clyde Romero actually lives in Atlanta. If you are local, you should put this on your calendar. If not, think about something for club members in your area that can provide a winter diversion.

We are already planning for next year's calendar, and a few bikes have already been selected. We need more bikes so we can have a diversity of years and models. Do not hesitate to recommend a bike you have or know of for consideration. You can never be too early for this, so start shooting photos now. Winter can provide some special light when the air is dry and crisp. Just be careful to have a good background and not have a tree growing out of your gas tank. We would like to see some race bikes and older models, so drop me a note if you are interested. It would be best to have any submissions to me by no later than March 1, 2011. Earlier is fine, but we need a lot of time to do the calendar. This one took about three months longer than planned.

2011 is the ninth year of US DESMO, and if you count the years we were a regional chapter of the Ducati Owner's Club of Canada, our group is now seventeen years old! Hey, one more year and we are old enough to vote. =/8^] Membership was down last year, the first time since its inception that has happened. Event participation was also down. This is not really a surprise when you see how motorcycle sales are off, but 2011 looks to be a better year, so come out and ride with us.

Jim

il Capo



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Piazza Del Mercato

1994 900SP, very nice bike. Has been gone through from one end to the other by SMC, new belt,tires chain etc. \$3000.00 worth of work done by SMC. This bike needs nothing, truly a gas and go bike. **\$5000 obo contact Andy Rounds 704-309-6298 email arounds@carolina.rr.com**



1995 Ducati 916 This bike is in very good shape as evidenced by it being chosen "Miss May" in the 2011 US DESMO calendar. It has been upgraded with a 2000 996 engine. Less than 13,000 miles on the bike and less than 14,000 miles on the engine. Other upgrades include Heli bars, Sargent seat, Marchesini wheels, Ohlins shock, FIM chip, Arrows exhaust cans, EBC discs, and a ventilated clutch cover. All original components and other extras come with it. **\$5,200. Craig Hunley, Charlotte, NC. cchunley@gmail.com or 704.576.3447**



2007 Ducati S4RS Perfect condition, 2700 miles. Full Termignoni exhaust w/race ECU and air-box. STM slipper clutch, slave cylinder and oil breather. Custom two-tone CycleCat rearsets and CRG mirrors. 520 chain conversion w/gold DID chain. Loads of carbon fiber, titanium and DP parts. Maintained by Touring Sport and Ducshop. Volume of records, receipts and provenance. 23 k+ invested. Health forces sale \$12,500 obo. Will include custom trailer for additional \$2,000. Contact **Ray, beechcreek2000@netscape.com or 912-232-2815 or 912-308-7493**



1999 ST4, 30,800 mi. great cond., NEW Avon Storms, Arrow, chip, Zero Gravity, SS fastener kit, SS clutch and front brake lines, Barnett, MPL slave cyl. HD battery conversion, billet axle adjusters, more. Asking **\$4000**. located in E. Tennessee, near Knoxville.



David Rhynehart, 865-573-7416, smokndav23@charter.net

2008 Ducati 848 with 5800 Miles. The bike is extremely clean with slip-on Termignoni exhaust, adjustable rear suspension link and 7500 mile service. It is on consignment at **Motorcycles of Charlotte. 704.882.6106 Asking \$10,500.**



1998 916 three spoke gold rear wheel for sale. \$100 OBO Jim capo@carolina.rr.com 704.843.0429

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Like new. **Held Phantom gloves**. Red, white & black. Spectacular gloves. Size 8. Retail \$300, will sell for **\$150**.

Like new. **Shoei "Rich Oliver" replica helmet**. WW2 fighter planes theme. Clear & dark gray shields & padded case. Retail \$700, will sell for **\$250**.

Like new. **"Draggin' Jeans" kevlar long sleeve tee shirt**. Black.Size medium. Retail \$135, will sell for **\$50**.

Never worn. **"Draggin' Jeans" kevlar armored jeans**. Size 34x30. Retail \$100, will sell for **\$35**.

New. **Red anodized billet oil filter wrench**. Retail \$40, will sell for **\$20**.

New in box. **CRG Hindsight mirrors**. Retail \$150, will sell for **\$95**.

Like new. **Ducati Performance "rubber coated" mirrors**. Retail \$160, will sell for **\$85**.

Please contact Ray 912.308.7493 or beechcreek2000@netscape.com

2005 Multistrada 1000DS with S conversion. Ohlin Forks with recent Ducshop service and Ohlins Shock. Black bodywork with Red frame and Silver wheels. Full Termignoni Carbon muffler system, Race ECU, Open clutch cover, Corbin seat (Extremely comfortable), higher bars and taller screen. Ducshop serviced 10k miles. **\$8250 OBO email Ducatierv@aol.com**

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Whoa!

by Michael Knight, Member #01188, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

PAY ATTENTION, CLASS. Our word for today is *whoa*, as in “stop,” “halt,” “freeze,” “avast,” “mush-nay,” etc.

Example: “Whoa, Silver. Steady, big fellow.”

However, *whoa* is one of those words whose meaning is determined by how one says it. For example, the line, “Whoa, Dewd!,” once delivered by a young but eloquent

Keanu Reeves, clearly conveyed an unspoken, “You’re going to eat that!?”

And, of course, when spoken softly, *whoa* can express awe, similar to when you first saw the Grand Canyon...or your newborn, as in, “Whoa...Nice work, God.”

But I have reached a new *whoa*. Ride along with me:

It’s early on the Saturday after Thanksgiving. The weather is perfect: a clear, crisp, fossil-fuel junkie’s dream of a morning. And, as I’m firmly convinced that we have here in Rutherford County the finest paved roads in the state of Tennessee, if not the world, I’m out enjoying one of them on the old Ducati.

I’m on Midland Road headed to the fly-in breakfast at Shelbyville. Midland Road sneaks out of Murfreesboro pretty much due south and roughly parallels US 231, which, by contrast, swaggers noisily out of town, confident in its fast, four-lane presence. Yet Midland Road has merely to slither through the scenery. From there, it quietly beckons to the Duc and me...like Kaa to Mowgli.

I’m not WFO, by any means, but the groove is certainly on, enhanced by the wide-screen, surround-sound of this morning’s choice of goggles and an open-face helmet. My PBM has just segued out of Krupa’s drum solo in Benny Goodman’s long version of “Sing, Sing, Sing”...

(“PBM”? That’s “personal background music,” a kind of mental accompanying soundtrack. Whether Goodman, Gounod, or tuneless humming, we all have a portfolio.

Bill Cosby is famous for his. And who can forget the pioneering and entertaining graphic novel and celluloid super-hero known professionally as Mighty Mouse? Surely, he was one of the very first to truly exploit, enjoy, and share with us the contents of his PBM.)

...into Nelson Riddle’s more sedate, though no less appropriate, theme to “Route 66.” And a good thing, too, as I have just crossed into Bedford County where attention to the paving arts can be poorly paid.

Just as I’m getting in touch with my inner Tod-and-Buz, I crest a small rise. About forty feet away and ten degrees off my port quarter is...a very large wild turkey. I’m heading due south at over 50 mph, he’s heading southwest at an all-ahead



waddle. I become acutely aware that things are now transpiring at a rate inversely proportionate to the actual speeds of the parties involved. It’s evident that Tom and I are about to debate a basic law of physics and common sense: solid objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

(Somewhere, someone whispers, “Hey, ya’ll, watch this.”)

I don’t have time to brake, swerve, or pucker. My PBM is flipping through the 45s like a ramped-up Rock-Ola. Tom’s wattle is about to become intimate with my left footpeg...or my left boot, if only I can remember how to kick. But that ain’t gonna happen as Tom has somehow loosed the surly bonds of earth and, in a remarkable display of aerodynamic efficiency, goes from the speed of dark to rotate...and vectors straight for my head.

The opening strains of “Nearer My God to Thee” are coming up over the PBM. I’m fully prepared to be covered in feathers and strawberry jam...and hurt a lot. (Note to self: wear full-coverage helmet on crash days.) I

now make my only evasive maneuver: I duck. And we miss each other. *We freakin' miss each other!*

"Whoa!" This new *whoa* is an explosive whoop, a cross between "Wow!" and "Holy Shit!" I'm still upright, still at speed.... and not a little disappointed that I'm alone. No oncoming traffic, nothing in my mirrors, no witnesses to say, "Whoa! Did you see that!?"

"WH-O-O-A!" The explosive *whoas* taper off and cease in less than a mile. I realize that I have a terrific appetite.

Now before you wonder if you have time to dash out to AutoZone and do your Christmas shopping before I make my point, let me introduce you to my co-worker, Toni. Her real name is "Wynona," a Cherokee word meaning "damn fine cook." Not really, I made that up. The Cherokee part. But, the cook part you can take to the bank. She can whip up a mess of greens that'll make you smack your granny.

She's also a single mother raising four boys, ages 4 to



15. Toni is good people.

So, back at work the Monday after Thanksgiving, she tells me that her second boy, her 9-year-old third grader, AC, is in big trouble at school. AC *slapped* his teacher. In the *face*. Apparently, this occurred just before the weekend, and AC held this secret all through the holiday until Toni found the note from school. There was to be a meeting concerning this matter

on Tuesday.

Cutting to the chase, AC's story was that a bully in his class threatened to beat him up if he didn't slap his teacher. He also claimed this kid would beat him up if he didn't step on his new glasses. So AC did both.

I'm firmly convinced that peer pressure is the strongest power on earth. If harnessed, that generated by the world's third graders alone would meet all our energy needs. Children, and too many adults, don't know to walk away, that a bully will loose interest. AC could just have



said, "Man, you crazy! Don't you know I got *brothers*?" But the concept of relying on one's wingmen is hard to grasp when you're a third grader in terror. Hearing Toni and remembering my sons' experiences with bullies, and my own at their age, takes me back. And makes me angry.

My nemesis from the fourth grade on was Bobby Knox, until that day in the eighth grade when he horned in on our afternoon football game. As an athlete, I was not encumbered by speed, agility, or quick thinking. However, as I discovered, I had a damn fine granny gear. When the ball and I first encountered Bobby Knox, we were head-on at a closure rate inversely proportionate to the actual speeds of the parties involved.

So I ran through him. Through him and over him. Every time. It was intuitively obvious to the most casual observer that Bobby Knox couldn't tackle. Best of all, he couldn't tackle *me!* And I gained a nickname, not the usual "4-Eyes" or "Spastic," but an honest-to-God, rich-in-attitude-and-attaboy nickname. For one brief, shining moment I was "*Tank*." How sweet it was. And, although I didn't know it at the time, it was my first *whoa*.

Sadly, when last I saw Bobby Knox, it was at a draft physical. He had put on about a hundred pounds since eighth grade. Said it was so he could stay 4-F and out of the army.

But I digress. On Wednesday morning Toni, all smiles, tells me, "Everything is *fine*." My PBM quietly moves out of "standby" and snicks into "load," all circuits aquiver. I think I hear Zarathustra spraching.

She and AC had arrived at school with the family wingies: AC's grandmother, *great*-grandmother, two aunts, two uncles, their pastor, and Jerry Mathers as

the Beaver. AC had "back." But in a surprising display of preemptive heads-uppery, the administrative powers-that-were had already determined that AC was indeed the victim, and his veracity was undeniable.

In fact, the bully had been targeting AC for some time, hitting and slapping him regularly. Most disturbing of all, it was found that the bully, too, was a victim, having been abused in a home with his prostitute mother, now in jail. Toni was informed that the boy had been removed from school to live in Florida with his father and would be receiving counseling and care.

AC got off with a warning and could go back to being a third grader.

But not before receiving some heated words, not from Mom or the school, but from his *brothers*. Fifteen-year-old Craig was particularly livid. As the oldest guy in the house, he takes his big brother position very seriously. Second grader Jerome was ready to step up, too.

However, four-year-old Zane was most eloquent in the simplicity of his support. And, remembering Captain Midnight's Code of the Secret Squadron, I know from whence he cometh. Zane, a devoted student of the teachings of the Green Power Ranger, said, "AC, why didn't you come to *us*? We're *Power Rangers*, and Rangers take care of each other."

Booyah!...*in Power Ranger*.

"Justice Through Strength and Courage!"

Whoa! (Cue PBM: "Pathetique," 3rd

movement, *molto vivace*, for those taking notes.)

So, not a bad Thanksgiving. One great ride. Two old



turkeys spared. Two young men saved. Whoa... Nice work, God.



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2010 Indianapolis MotoGP

by Frank E Wiedmann, Member #01020

I've been following MotoGP racing for years—on television. Flying to a foreign country or even cross country to Laguna Seca to attend a race didn't appeal

every year since. It's not always easy to get away from work, but I manage.

I was looking forward to this year's ride having just finished reassembling my ST3 after laying it down in June to avoid a driver who didn't believe in stop signs. The broken ankle and ribs were mended and my Duc was running well, but this would be my first ride since June—Beemers don't count, right?

Most of the first day, Wednesday, was spent riding across Pennsylvania. The turnpike is pretty boring until you reach the mountains on the western



Dave Barr at the AMA Museum, in Pickerington, Ohio

to me. If I was going to be at the races, I wanted to be there on two wheels. So when I heard there was going to be a MotoGP race at Indianapolis in 2008, I was on board. I bought my first and current Ducati in 2007. The



Desmo Owners Club Central Hotel



Indy Ducati Open House

race gave me an opportunity to ride my ST3 to Indy and to hang out with other Ducatisti. I've attended the race

side of the state, then you ride through several of the mountains. The experience was enhanced by several miles of near zero visibility due to fog. My destination for the day was the AMA Museum in Pickerington, Ohio. The exhibits there change every year. This year they had Hall of Fame motorcycles and a design and engineering theme featuring significant street and racing machines, including a number of Ducatis. The high point of this year's visit for me was catching up with a fellow long-distance rider, Dave Barr, who was filming a documentary and promoting his next ride. Dave is a Guinness Book of Records holder for his prodigious rides and an AMA Hall of Fame member. Okay, so Dave does his record-breaking rides on a Harley, but look him up on the internet before you hold that against him.

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It's a short ride from Pickerington to Indianapolis, so I got a late start on Thursday to avoid rush-hour traffic. My plan was to hang out at the Ducati Indianapolis dealership's open house. There's food, music, and an endless parade of Ducatis in and out of the dealership all day. It's a great place to renew acquaintances, swap lies, and kill time until they hand out the Ducati Island parking passes.



Ducati Island

The final stop for the day was checking in at my hotel that was set up as the center of Ducati activities. The entrance and lobby were suitably decorated with vintage Ducatis, including a Cucciolo, the predecessor of all Ducatis. After checking in and unpacking, I went down to the lobby to see who I knew.

Early Friday morning, I rode out to the Speedway



Ducati Island Hospitality Tent

for a track lap. It was included in the Ducati "Project Mugello" ticket package. Motorcycles started lining up outside the gate at least an hour before they were to open. No one got in early. Once the gates were opened, things didn't move much faster. Eventually they collected your ticket and let you onto the track. A lead motorcycle and corner workers kept the speed down to about 35



Friday practice

mph. It's not very exciting, but you are riding on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Unfortunately, even at 35 mph the lap ends way too soon, and everyone is directed to the parking area on the back straightaway. Everyone, except Ducati riders. Since we park on Ducati Island,



Ducati Island fashion show

we get another partial lap to get us over there. As soon as we passed the corner workers they gave us the signal to speed it up. I hit about 80 mph before I had to grab a handful of brake at the entrance to turn 2. I've watched a number of riders go down there over the years and didn't want to join them. I'm riding a touring Ducati with hard bags and a top case, not an 1198.

Ducati Island is THE place to be at the Indy MotoGP. The Island is packed all day—many are Ducatisti, most are not. The draw is the huge assembly of Ducatis, from Monsters to Desmosediccis and everything in between. Parking on Ducati Island is for DUCATIS ONLY. A volunteer worker will even give you an official Ducati kickstand plate to make parking on the gravel a little easier. From there you can go to a volunteer-staffed gear tent to drop off your helmet, jacket, or whatever. The volunteers really help promote a sense of Ducati community.

It doesn't take long to realize that the Ducati

presence at Indy is first class. The Island features a number of Ducati clubs, dealers, and aftermarket companies. You can see everything from the latest models from the factory to an exotic NCR custom. A stage with a DJ and fashion shows several times per day is very popular. The fashion show had everything from bikinis to leathers. There were also service demonstrations and suspension upgrade giveaways.

Some of the best parts of Ducati Island were the reserved grandstand and the hospitality tent. The grandstand gave a great view of turns 1, 2, 3, and 4. And



DucStock Friday Dinner and Bench Racing Soiree

then there's the hospitality tent. It's for Ducati owners only, and it's a great place to get a break from the crowds without missing out on the action. Get there early in the morning for a continental breakfast. Or stop by later for a cappuccino or a snack. You can play foosball or a motorcycle-racing video game or just kick back in the shade to watch what's happening on Ducati Island. There



Saturday Qualifying

were a couple of seemingly bottomless coolers of bottled water, very welcome in the August heat.

Several autograph sessions throughout the weekend with Ducati riders drew crowds that exceeded the allotted time. Get there early.



Saturday Qualifying

All of the activities on Ducati Island almost make you forget why you're at Indy. There are riders to watch



Red Snake Ride

as they feel out the track during practice. You get a real appreciation for the phrase "racer's edge" when you see



Peter Lenz #45

them push too hard and slide through turn 2, ending up in the grass. Casey Stoner visited the grass during

practice in Hurricane Ike rain in '08. Valentino Rossi went down in a shower of sparks during last year's race. Many others have done the same. Fortunately, turn 2



Moto2 crash

appears to be forgiving, and most riders injure just their pride.

All of the Ducati action moves to the DOC Central



Moto2 race

hotel on Friday night. Each year, George Betzhold undertakes organizing what has come to be known as the DucStock Friday Night Dinner and Bench Racing Soirée. George never disappoints. There's always plenty of food and drinks. George always recommends trying some corn with your spaghetti. Trust him, it's very good. Or just enjoy the variety of other menu items. You won't leave hungry. The party goes on into the early hours of Saturday morning with live music and an ongoing raffle with lots of Ducati and motorcycle-related prizes. Of course, the night wouldn't be complete without scrutinizing the Ducatis in the parking lot.

Qualifying on Saturday turns everything up a notch. All of the Ducati Island activities continue, but the real action is on the track. Most of the riders have dialed in their machines and are much smoother and faster.

The young 12- to 16-year old United States Grand Prix Racer Union riders on their Honda-powered Moriwaki MD250Hs are fearless. They ride emulating the styles of their racer heroes. One day they may be the next Nicky Hayden or Valentino Rossi. We got a sample of their skills late in the day when they ran the first of two scheduled races for the weekend.

In the lull between practice sessions, you can visit the Hall of Fame Museum or go to another part of the infield where there are other motorcycle manufacturers displaying their latest offerings. The SPEED channel stage had live interviews with the riders and Gasoline



Ducati grandstand NICKY card stunt

Alley had vendor garages with everything motorcycle imaginable.

By the end of the day, Ben Spies had taken the pole position for Sunday's race as fastest MotoGP qualifier.

Saturday night offered several options. You could go



MotoGP lap one

in town to cruise or watch stunt riders, or go out to the Indy Mile to watch dirt-track racing. I heard that Nicky Hayden turned in some hot exhibition laps. I opted to hang out at DOC Central as many others did.

Sunday is race day, and race day starts with a Ducati tradition—the Red Snake ride. The first year I



MotoGP Race – Rossi, Stoner, Hayden

attended the MotoGP, I participated in the ride. Way too early on a wet Sunday morning, everyone met at Ducati Indianapolis to ride en masse to the Speedway. The sight and sound of so many Ducatis roaring down the highway was awesome. Unfortunately, once we got to the track entrance we were stopped to show our tickets, disrupting the appearance of a horde of Ducatis descending on Indy.



MotoGP Race – Stoner and Hayden with Ducati Island in the background

Since then, I've made a point of getting to the track before the Red Snake ride to give security a heads up. I coordinate with the folks at Ducati Indianapolis, and the Red Snake arrives intact. It's very impressive from the roadside.

There were four races on the schedule for the day: 125cc, USGPRU, Moto2, and MotoGP.

The day started with the 125cc race. They attacked the track with the buzz of an angry swarm of hornets. A well-run race ended without serious incidents.

The second USGPRU race of the weekend was next. It tragically resulted in the loss of a promising young rider, Peter Lenz, #45, in a crash on the straight after turn 4.

The Moto2 race started with the closely matched spec machines going into turn 2 in a dense pack. The

result was a monster crash. No one was injured, but a few motorcycles were taken out of the race. The area was cleared, and a restart went off without a hitch.

Finally, it was time for what all of the Ducatisti came to see, the MotoGP race. During the sighting lap, the Ducati grandstand performed a "card stunt" where everyone held up either a red or a white card to spell out NICKY. The card stunt, a tradition at the Mugello race track, had never been done successfully at any other race track until Ducatisti spelled out DUCATI in 2008.



Nicky Hayden knee-puck wardrobe malfunction

The race got off to a fast start. Early on, Nicky Hayden tore a knee puck loose from his leathers, hampering his ability to stay up with the front runners. Casey Stoner went out on turn 11 in lap 5.

Ultimately, Dani Pedrosa took the checkered flag, comfortably ahead of Ben Spies. Eventual 2010 MotoGP champion Jorge Lorenzo finished third ahead of teammate Valentino Rossi, who outpaced Andrea



Winner Dani Pedrosa

Dovizioso. Nicky Hayden finished a creditable sixth for Ducati, despite his wardrobe malfunction.

I'm looking forward to the 2011 race. See you there in August.

Piazza Del Mercato continued...

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How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by Ken Reece, Member #00042

This past Spring was the perfect motorcycling season for me, almost. It included track days at VIR, Roebing Road, and Barber Motorsports Park. Also included were rides to Ducks Along the Blue Ridge (a US DESMO event), a nice 200-mile day that included lunch in Pinehurst, and a few other local excursions. I was reminded of how much better life is when spent motorcycling with friends.

Now, on with the story. My trip to Barber did not turn out anywhere near perfect. I have been to Barber several times in years past, and it is one of my favorite tracks to ride due to its configuration, elevation changes, smooth pavement, and beautiful landscaping. I did have one issue with Barber though: the last time I went there resulted in a crash (just a minor lowside). My plan for this trip was to ride safely and get that crash monkey off my back.

Conditions for this year's trip were optimal: weather forecast was good (maybe a little too hot on the first day, oh well), bike had been running really well, I was on vacation so travel time to/from was not an issue, and

bank (it wasn't really a choice to be in the following position, as Tom rides quite a bit faster than I do). At the



riders' meeting, it was announced that there would be 45 riders in each group (that sounded like a lot to me as US DESMO is closer to 30 per group), and as we entered the track it did indeed look crowded. As I followed Tom around the track, everything looked as I remembered, and I was soon touching my knee down here and there. All was right

“Conditions for this year's trip were optimal: weather forecast was good, bike had been running really well, I was on vacation so travel time was not an issue, and my friend Tom allowed me space in his enclosed trailer to make the trip with him. What could possibly go wrong?”

my friend Tom was generous enough to allow me space in his enclosed trailer to make the trip with him. What could possibly go wrong? It had been two years since I had ridden the track, so we decided that I should follow Tom for a few laps to get the proper lines etched in my memory

with the world for several laps as we passed a few riders, slowly picking up the pace. It didn't take too long for Tom to begin pulling away from me though, and now there were several riders between us. No big deal, right? After all, it's only the first session of the day.

Since I was feeling so comfortable on the bike, I began to ride more aggressively, dragging my knee in practically every corner, passing on the brakes, getting on the gas hard. Man, this is fun stuff! Well, they say all good times must come to an end, and I reached the end of my good time much sooner than expected.

As I was passing a bike on the outside of a right-hand turn (turn 10), he got on the gas pretty hard, so I did the same, not remembering that I was already on the gas hard. The increased throttle did not work out well for me. The rear tire spun up and stepped out to the left VERY quickly!

As I was being launched up into thin air, things started to happen in slow motion: I noticed the gleaming red paint on the gas tank, just look how far that front wheel is turned to the left (surely it is at full lock), and the engine noise isn't as loud a few feet above the bike either. I also noticed how hard and unforgiving the pavement looked. I had a few random thoughts while



in mid-air, too: What an idiot! I know better than to WHACK the throttle open at full lean, but who knew that 118 hp could spin the rear tire in 4th gear (must be those new magnesium wheels)? Is this really the first session of the day? How much will this cost to fix? What will the wife have to say about this?

The impact wasn't too bad pain-wise, initially. After a couple of tumbles and a lot of sliding, I came to a stop still on the track. My bike had passed me and was further down the track. When I looked back, I was surprised at how far away I was from the launch site. There were a few riders coming my way, and here I am lying on the track. What to do? My ankle hurt quite a bit,

so I held my ground and waved my hand in the air. All the riders nodded their heads indicating they saw me (or so I hoped). I am sure they were not too happy with me, since I just ruined their session.

I ended up with a broken ankle and a broken bone in my hand, and I had my bell rung pretty good (according to my pit mates and the back of my helmet). The bike wasn't too bad though: everything cleaned off the left side, including the water pump. Luck was with me in that the bike didn't flip like you see on television. It did slide quite far though. Gear-wise, everything did its job. My helmet was trashed, boots trashed (the sole was coming off the left boot), gloves took a real beating on all sides, but my leathers didn't look too bad at all. I didn't even get road rash.

On the way to the hospital (yes, I took the ambulance), I was amazed at how big an ankle can swell (and hurt). I can verify that University Hospital in Birmingham is a great facility with docs that know how

to screw an ankle back together (the hospital serves a good key lime pie, too). As good as my experience there was, I would prefer to stay away for awhile. Leaving a track day without crashing is much more fun, and cheaper too!

Was there a lesson learned here? You betcha: Never, and I mean NEVER, whack the throttle open! Even in 4th gear with sticky tires! Just roll it on and off, always being smooth. I need to say thanks to a few good friends who really helped out that day: Tom

B., for taking care of all my stuff (pit area and hotel) and dragging me home from Birmingham; Trudy G., for helping out in the emergency room; Lewis G., for taking my bike to the DucShop; and George from STT for checking on me in the hospital. You probably already know this, but motorcyclists really are a great bunch of folks willing to help out at all times.

As I write this, I am halfway through spending 8 weeks with no weight on my left ankle. What a way to spend my summer vacation!

[Ken is a pilot with Federal Express and usually confines his flying to when he is at the controls of one of his employer's aircraft—Ed.]



Tek Talk

Split the Cases? We Don't Need to Split No Stinkin' Cases!

By Terry Boling, Member # 00297

I seem to put my ST2 through a lot of punishment, and most of the articles I have been writing for Tek Talk tend to reflect this. Since I have been on a roll, I figured I would write another article based on the woes of my poor ST2.

About 20,000 miles ago, I had a front sprocket retainer fail. If I remember correctly, I reused an older sprocket retainer with a new set of sprockets because it appeared to be in pretty good shape. My opinion of the retainer's condition must have been skewed by some unknown desire to continually do maintenance to our bikes, because it apparently was not in the condition I tricked myself into believing. A few thousand miles later, the teeth on the retainer that prevent it from moving along the output shaft wore excessively. They wore badly enough that the sprocket was able to move freely along the length of the output shaft. The potential problem with this is two-fold: 1) the sprocket could walk toward the end of the shaft and tear up the clutch slave or attempt to leave the shaft, and 2) the sprockets are no longer aligned and premature wear of the chain and sprockets occurs.

I had read about retainer failures in online forums, so I was not too shocked when I made my discovery. The problem with the failure on my ST2 is that the retainer chewed up the splines on the output shaft. The result of these bad splines is that a new retainer does not allow 4-6 mm of sprocket free play on the shaft. The ideal repair for this is to remove the engine, split the cases, and replace the output shaft. This would be quite time-consuming and costly whether you did the work yourself or had a shop replace the shaft. With the condition and (lack of) value of my ST2, I preferred to find a cheaper alternative.

I attempted a fancy retainer system using a couple of custom spacers and an end plate that used the threaded hole in the end of the output shaft as retainer, but a few hundred miles proved to me that, not only does the sprocket need to have some wiggle room between the splines, but this alternating force between acceleration and engine braking jack-hammered my nifty design loose, and the rogue bolt cut a nice hole in the sprocket cover. My defensive play was to safety wire the bolt—only to have the jack-hammering effectively break the safety wire multiple times. I abandoned this fancy design with hopes of going back to it later, and I simply installed a new retainer.



The misaligned chain with the chain guide on the swingarm



Showing how badly the sprocket has drifted toward the engine case



Shows the teeth on the sprocket retainer worn to a point



Shows the wear on the inside of the tranny output shaft splines



Failed attempt at using the end of the output shaft to hold the sprocket in place



Sprocket drift from the second retainer failure

perfectly fine. A measurement of the distance from the sprocket to the inside of the retainer groove was taken, and then a measurement of the width of the drive sprocket was taken. Subtracting the distance from the worn sprocket to the groove from the width of the drive sprocket calculates the amount that needs to be removed from the old sprocket to turn it into a spacer.

A machinist friend wanted to help with the project, so I gave

Much to my dissatisfaction, I discovered that the new retainer failed in less than 6,000 miles. This failure had the chain rubbing my new 180mm rear tire, which removed rubber from the edge of the tire, giving it almost a "jeweled" look like a slide on a custom firearm. I knew I had to do something that should last longer.

After the first failure, I started a thread on an Internet forum about the dilemma, and some others chimed in with their experiences. I shared my fancy design, its failure, and consequential abandonment of said design. Now, with a repeat failure of an OEM retainer in a much shorter amount of time than I had hoped, I thought of a solution that one of the forum posters had shared. His dealership had made a spacer out of an old sprocket to place behind the drive sprocket. The way the grooves for the splines ramp up to the outside diameter of the shaft before entering the engine case, a sprocket can only go so far toward the case before it has physical resistance. I decided this may be a quick and simple solution—and one I probably needed to do earlier.

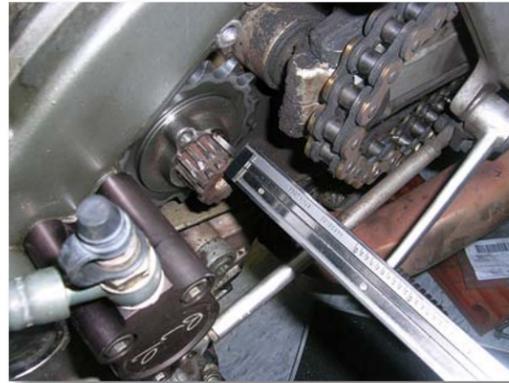
I slid a worn sprocket (I admit I'm a packrat—you never know when "junk" may come in useful) onto the shaft and pushed it as far as it would go to check clearances with the engine case, which were



Spline wear after the second failure



Worn sprocket pushed as close to the case as possible



Measuring the distance between the worn sprocket and the inside of the retainer groove

him the worn sprocket and told him the amount to remove. As a word of caution, he later informed me that the sprocket is completely hardened with the teeth seemingly harder than the rest of it. He decided to cut the teeth off with a die grinder before putting it in the lathe. In a couple of days, I had the modified sprocket to use as a spacer.

The spacer fit beautifully with about 0.05mm to 0.15mm of free play between the retainer and the sprocket. The biggest drawback to this is that removal of the retainer is more difficult because it is difficult to grab, rotate, and align with the splines on the shaft for removal. The 4-6mm of free play was now reduced to about 0.05mm, and I could not have been happier with the results. With almost a 100-mile test ride, the bike was ridden to the Ducks Along the Blue Ridge Rally and back without any issues or concerns. At the time of writing this, it has several thousands of miles on the new arrangement.

As an afterthought, the OEM retainer is designed to prevent the sprocket from drifting toward the end of the shaft and the two screws prevent the sprocket from drifting toward the case by holding it captive on the retainer. Now, with the sprocket spacer preventing drifting toward the case, a simple snap ring can be used to prevent travel toward the end of the shaft. A snap-ring is considerably cheaper than the OEM retainer, is easier to get at an auto parts store, and will not rock back-and-forth in the same location and wear as quickly as the OEM retainer.



Measuring the width of the sprocket



Showing the difference between the worn retainer and a new one



The modified sprocket/spacer and a sprocket for comparison



Measuring the distance between the worn sprocket and the inside of the retainer groove



Spacer on the output shaft



Spacer, sprocket, and new retainer test fit on the output shaft



Putting blue Lockite on the retainer bolts



Final assembly

Do you have a Ducati story you want to tell? A technical article? Your motorcycling autobiography? A touring account? A humorous story? Whatever it is, contact Jim Calandro at 704.843.0429 or email him at capo@carolina.rr.com. US DESMO Leanings is published four times a year. Spring issue deadline is February 14. Summer issue deadline is May 19. Autumn issue deadline is August 19. The winter issue is the US DESMO calendar which features high quality photos of member's Ducatis. The sooner you submit your motorcycle for consideration, the more chance you'll get a month!

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TinyTekTip #1

What's for Dinner or Tech tips for the Cook

by Jim 'il Capo' Calandro, Member #00001

Preface by Bob Lattanzi.... PS do this when your spouse is not home. Don't ask me how I know. The Kitchen to a Women is the Garage is to the Man.

I just bought myself a new bike and the fairing screen did not have the mounding many of them have. Closer inspection revealed that there had been one but it had departed sometime in the past. The bike may have been new to me but as a 2000 it is now eleven years old and something need fixing.

As I have done before I went to Auto Zone and bought their 18 foot roll of black vinyl door edge guard. It is the right size and much cheaper than any part Ducati or any other Italian manufacturer would ever sell you. As I had done in the past I cut it to length and began trying to fit it on. With the cold weather and the tendency for plastic to have a "memory" it just did not want to bend to follow the compound curves of the screen.

Bob Lattanzi, a long time riding buddy and the second member of US DESMO, suggested that I put it into the microwave oven to heat it. Now I know most plastic items you put into the microwave oven do not get hot on their own only the item in them so I was skeptical. But not being one to look a gift horse in the mouth I tried it. You know what? After about one and a half minutes on high it was warm to the touch and very flexible. I pushed it around the edge of the screen with some very tight curves and many changes of direction and it fit fine and stayed in place. One hundred and forty miles later it looks good as new and held up to some speeds I might deny. Thanks Bob. This was just too good not to share.

We have a ton of these TinyTekTips, and we bet you do too! Send us your favorites and we'll print 'em and collect 'em on the web site.

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Ducks Along The Blue Ridge (DABR), April 29-May 1, Mt Airy, NC

Carolina Motorsports Park Spring Track Day, May 16, Kershaw, SC

Georgia Ducks Head West (DHW), August 12-14, Erwin, TN

Ducks Fly South (DFS), September 16-18, Hiawassee, GA

Carolina Motorsports Park Autumn Track Weekend, October 1-2, Kershaw, SC

Roebling Road Autumn Track Weekend, October 29-30, Savannah, GA

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Track days are low-key, high-fun non-competition events open to riders of European and American bikes. These are not timed events. There are 3 groups, with a maximum of 30 riders in each group. The white novice group is designed for experienced riders who have never been on a track before. Passing is only allowed on straights. The green intermediate group offers a faster pace and allows passing on the outside of turns. The red expert group is for fast riders, ex-racers and racers. Groups alternate 20 minute sessions. Experienced instructors/control riders are on track at all times. Individual evaluation and instruction are available. Ambulances, professional corner workers and starter are provided. Camping is available.

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Ducati Heated Seat Mod? or Sport Classic Hot Seat

by Jim 'il capo' Calandro Member #00001

Not too long ago my mechanic, the ever-jovial Rory McGuire, confided in me that he had seen several of the Ducati Sport Classic series have the voltage regulator get hot enough to melt wires. It is mounted under the seat, so there is little air flow to cool it. I checked mine and it looked fine, but after a ride I discovered it was so hot you could not touch it for more than a second. I decided it was time for action.

I took the voltage regulator out and then pulled out the sub-fender so I could look at everything up close and get an idea of how I was going to get the regulator in the air stream. Some folks had mounted it up front on the bike, but it involved some pretty creative wiring and looked more difficult than I wanted to become involved

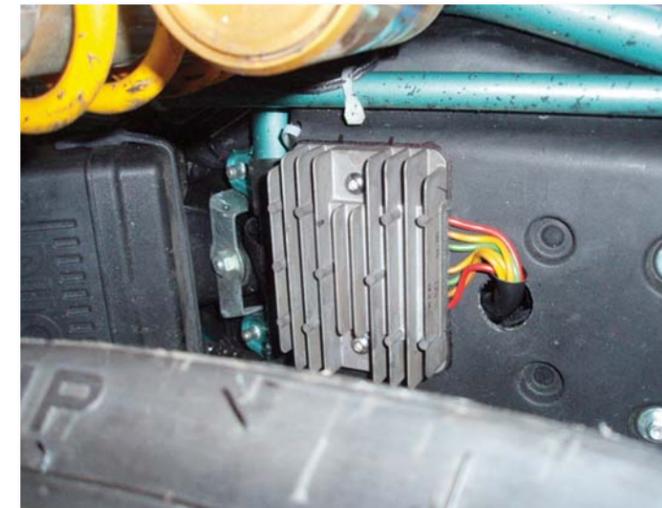
Now I was able to run the mounting bolts through the regulator and then into the sub-fender from the bottom. After I looked at it, I decided that there was a



First try top view with wire routing. Notice the brass capture nuts that have the regulator bolts coming up from the bottom.

good chance chain lube, tire dust, and just general road grunge would coat the fins on the regulator and make it less effective at cooling. As hot as that regulator was, I did not want anything to impede the air flow and cooling effects.

What I did now was make a small aluminum plate that would be a little larger than the footprint of the regulator. I then found some aluminum spacers and longer bolts and mounted the plate so it was about a half



First try with the regulator under the seat pan. Wire routing is easy to see.

with. Then it hit me: why not just mount it under the sub-fender? There was room and, as thin as it is, no danger of the rear tire coming into contact with it. What I did is so simple it would be just too selfish to keep to myself.

First, I found a drill bit that was small enough to just fit into the capture nut on the sub-fender but not damage the threads. I then drilled all the way through the back of the nut. Then I took a larger drill bit that would make a hole big enough for the bolts mounting the regulator to pass through from the back. I was careful to make sure I did not drill so far that I damaged the threads in the capture nut. This did create a little problem in that by not drilling all the way through, I left a little bit of metal that was at the bottom of the existing threads. I just took a tap from my tap-and-die set and worked the threads clean all the way through.



Grommet has now been added to protect the wiring. Those of you with sharp eyes will note I need to find a bigger grommet.

Buckles by Tom Rolland



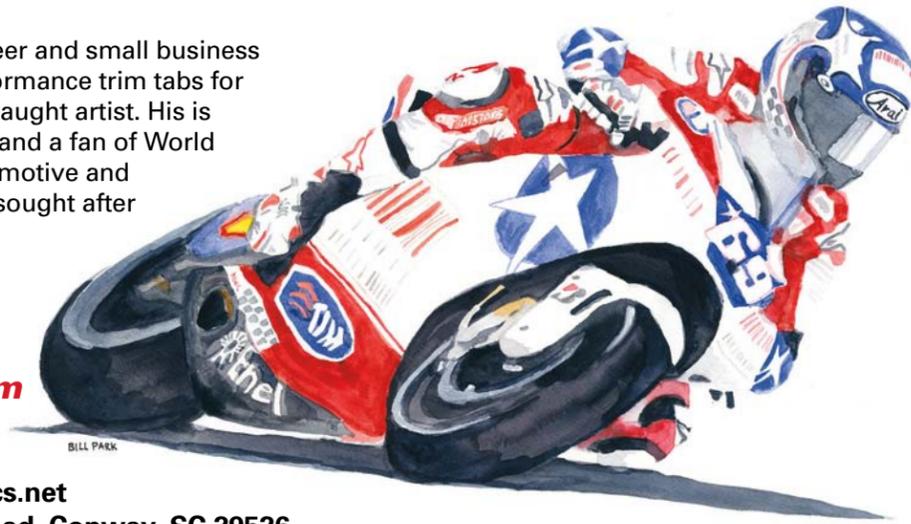
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inch above the top of the fins. I used stainless steel bolts that would not corrode now that the regulator was out in the air. I then decided to give the plate a little bend to ensure it would not allow debris to come up over it. The result is simple, light, and easy to achieve with home shop tools.



Second try with cover plate to protect the regulator fins. You can see some of the debris on the cover. Extra holes are there because I used some scrap aluminum I had lying around.

My next problem was the wiring harness. I looked at running it around the front of the sub-fender but was afraid it would get pinched by the frame and cause new problems. I instead drilled a hole in the sub-fender that was just big enough for the connector to pass through. I added a rubber grommet to keep the edges of the fender from damaging the wires, and, with a few zip-ties to keep things orderly, I was all through.



Side view of the cover shows the aluminum tubing I used to give the cover some stand off from the fins to promote air flow. Black lines were to mark where to bend and drill.

Epilogue: A few months after doing this I was contacted by Russell Theinpont with a story about his Sport Classic actually catching fire! See the damage he had on the right. I would recommend this modification! ⚡



BENCH RACING

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

Down shift... Orbits...

by Neale Bayly, Member #01174

Growing up on a damp overcrowded island in a seaside resort that rarely saw the sun, a ride through the Rocky Mountains under a cloudless, blue sky is still a semi-mystical experience to me. The vastness of the land, the brute strength of the huge, muscular mountains that dominate the near-endless skyline is just such a harsh contrast to England's green and pleasant. On a recent trip to Colorado I was once again afforded this pleasure as I rode up over Independence Pass en route to Aspen. With a light, maneuverable motorcycle beneath me, I found my internal dialogue turning to mountains and memoirs, not

as we crossed Independence Pass before beginning our descent. Tumbling, falling, twisting, and turning, the road plunged down the mountains as a river finds its way to the ocean. Progressing cautiously, Dave was close enough for me to see his smile in my mirrors and I thought back on our meeting. Like planets in orbit we were making our way through the solar systems of our lives when we aligned, and for the next couple of hours we would remain orbiting together as we shared this short journey. Then we would part, perhaps never to meet again. But it was not important, because for a short time we shared the road as we traveled together.

"It has happened to me before, and this thought took me back to a ride across Turkey with a gentleman by the name of Diccon Martin. He was riding a Royal Enfield to England from India."

the daily chores of life for a change.

In my mirror, a fellow sojourner was also enjoying the Alpine fresh air and soul-warming sunshine as we unhurriedly made our ascent. A chance coffee stop in the mining town of Leadville had introduced us; the result of our conversation was some company for my ride to Aspen. Showing the tell-tale sunglass lines and wind-burned cheeks of the road, my new friend, Dave, had been heading in the opposite direction when we met. His journey was nearing its end, but he had no desire to stop riding, so it was a natural decision for him to change direction and join me.

It has happened to me before, and this thought took me back to a ride across Turkey with a gentleman by the name of Diccon Martin. He was riding a Royal Enfield to England from India. I was riding to the four corners of Europe. As I was leaving Istanbul a chance meeting resulted in my joining Diccon for a four-o'clock appointment at the Le Le Palas in Ankara some days later. Here, over Turkish tea, we decided to ride together to the Syrian border: a four-day adventure through the incredibly varied Turkish landscape.

The Colorado scenery moved into a new dimension

The road flattened out a little as we passed through forests lit golden by the sun's searching rays, and I thought of loved ones who orbit with us for a lifetime; inexorably connected, even when great distances keep us apart. Then the friends we spend time with drift apart, before coming back together, our lives destined to orbit together at certain times. Later, neatly tended gardens signaled our arrival in Aspen, where we found an outdoor café to eat lunch and watch the world go by. My thoughts drifted back again to the ride with Diccon, this ride with Dave, and the many other kindred souls I have spent time in alignment with on the road. And, as always, it came back to the same common denominator: Motorcycles.

There is an unspoken language among riders. An immediate common bond that allows two strangers to embark on a journey as friends. A knowing, a trusting, and a level of spontaneity that seems rare in our regular lives. And, riding back up toward Independence Pass, I was truly thankful to once more enjoy a perfect day in these majestic mountains. With a cloudless blue sky, enjoyable company, and a wonderful motorcycle beneath me, I simply couldn't have asked for more. 



Ducati Performance Apparel:

Meccanica Collection

Introduced in 1954, the Ducati Meccanica logo with its distinctive wing and laurel design pays homage to Ducati's Bologna home and proud heritage. The Ducati Meccanica apparel collection combines vintage details and contemporary styling in both technical riding gear and fashion garments for men and women. For the complete Ducati apparel line and to shop online, visit store.ducatiusa.com.

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Endless Transformations

Multistrada 1200. A dream Ducati: 4 bikes in 1. A sport bike, long-distance tourer, urban machine and an adventurous enduro are now all one click away. With the Testastretta 11° engine, the Multistrada 1200 is a masterpiece of sport, comfort, safety and handling, ready to transform itself for every new ride, for every new thrill.



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