

DESMO LEANINGS



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

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*Meet The Member • Becoming A True Believer
New Blue • Tech Talk • Jennings News • The NCR*


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Greetings from il Capo

I have been riding motorcycles for the last 37 years. During that time, I went five days where I did not own a motorcycle. Motorcycles have been a big part of my life from the early days on my Yamaha Enduro, later to a Yamaha Motocross bike, and then to street bikes. Street bikes begot racing — very amateur racing, but fun nevertheless. Then of course came Ducati, and my motorcycle world was never the same. During all this time, what was constant was the special feelings and friends I got from this hobby.

Whenever I traveled to an event or just went for a short spin around the block, it was sure to be an adventure. My motorcycle has always been a conversation starter and has led to long-term friendships. I had the occasion to fly to California a few years back for a business meeting. I posted on a few lists that I am on that I would be there a few days early and wanted to rent a bike and needed advice on where to ride. Well, two people I only knew through the list offered me a bike, and one even a room for the night. At the time it seemed a little strange, but I took them up on the offers and had a great time.

Later, I had an occasion to invite a "list" friend to one of our rallies and provided him with one of my bikes to ride. Funny how comfortable I felt doing this with someone I had not met in person. You can get a good feel for a person over the internet, but there are risks. However, I have been blessed in that both times I have done this it has turned out well. I have seen others in our club attend a rally and strike up a friendship with someone they spent the day riding with. For future events, they would meet on the road and ride together to the rally. The only real thing they had in common was their love for two wheels, which in this case was Ducati.

When I traveled to a World Presidents' meeting, it took us to the A1 Ring in Zeltweg, Austria. A "list" member from Austria and one from Australia both took time from their busy schedules to look me up at this event. It seems that no matter where I travel, I have a friend or a potential friend. At the same meeting, I met club presidents from all over the world and have had occasion to correspond with many of them since. It is amazing how my life has been touched by my hobby and forever changed. I am truly fortunate to have this as part of my life, and I am sure you have had similar experiences. I think I smell a good story from someone; if you have a story to tell, be sure to send it to me. We can always use one for the magazine.

Come ride with us.

Jim



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US DESMO 2007 Calendar of Events

- Track Day — Monday, April 2, Roebing Road, Savannah, Georgia
- DABR (Ducks Along the Blue Ridge) — May 4-6, Mt Airy, North Carolina
- Track Day — Monday, May 21, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, South Carolina
- DHW (Ducks Head West) — August 10-12, Erwin, Tennessee
- DFS (Ducks Fly South) — October 5-7, Hiawassee, Georgia
- Track Weekend — October 20-21, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, South Carolina
- Track Day — Monday, November 5, Roebing Road, Savannah, Georgia

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MEET THE MEMBER

Ervin Kolleck



by *DucatiErv* (aka Ervin Kolleck), Member #00099

What are your earliest recollections of seeing your first motorcycle? If you contemplate this, it's amazing what you can remember. For me, it was back in my hometown of Peterborough, England. I remember my father's BSA Bantam 125. It was black with crashbars, primitive legshields, and a large windshield. I was four years old. The Bantam looked menacing as it towered above my head. Each morning my father rode the Bantam to work wearing his long trench coat, pudding-base helmet, and huge gauntlets that he had kept from WWII. It was not until many years later that my parents could afford an automobile, as in those days they were considered luxury items. By the time I was nine, I was reading Motor Cycle News, which I still have, along with every motorcycle magazine I have ever purchased. Soaking up the descriptive articles and road tests, I dreamed of owning a superbike. I spent many hours contemplating what it would be like to own a Bimota KB1. Saving my pennies to enter the "spot the ball" competitions, I prayed that I would win that beauty.

I bought my first bike for \$20. It was an early-seventies blue Yamaha YB100 2-stroke street bike that had been wrecked. It had no lights but was perfect for riding around the old disused clay pits. I taught myself to ride. My friend rode it once and broke his leg. Being so proud of my newly acquired abilities, I got a little cocky and

rode my first wheelie straight into the garage door. It took me a decade to finally tell my father why that door was so twisted.

At 14, my godfather, Antonio Martino (US Desmo member #00132), let me ride his newly purchased 1977 Kawasaki Z650C down a quiet country lane. The power was astonishing! And that was it — I had to get on the street! It seemed like there was so much interaction with motorcycles no matter where I was. I recall, while at my auntie's country home, meeting a plumber on a bright-red-and-black 1974 Moto Morini 3-1/2 Sport, which I ended up owning ten years later. He also owned a very loud yellow Laverda Montjuic 500 alongside an early 900SS. Those experiences burnt an everlasting memory of that unique Italian blend of brute raw power and beauty.



By the time I was 16 years old and legal to ride on the street, I had already owned a Grasstrack bike powered by a 200cc Triumph Tiger Cub and a Lambretta GP200 with chrome shields. My first street bike was a Honda CB50J. By that time, Tony had become a STAR instructor and the dealership delivered the bike to their facility. He taught me the basics, and I was finally legally eligible to ride. The bike looked sporty, but it was terribly slow since it was the first year of restricted mopeds. There was many a time I had to go "flat on the tank" to pass 10-speed bicycles on the way to school.

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It was no honor to come out of the local rock concert to find the little CB50J on its side after the lads, in their drunkard stupor, had clambered over it to get to their big-bore café racers. I saved my money by hard-working every part-time job I could find.

I was also in the 5th Royal Anglian Regiment



Superdream for a red 1977 Honda CB400/4 and shortly after, when I was 18 and a student at London University, I bought my first superbike, a red-and-white 1981

Honda CB900F2B.

I clocked up 20,000 miles a year riding with friends. We did everything on bikes, come rain, sleet, snow, and even a touch of fog now and again. Tony now had a beautiful red 1981 Moto Guzzi Le Mans Mk II, and on those long trips across England the Le Mans was in its element. None of our Hondas could stay with her. Owning a car was out of the question. No youngster could afford it, and, besides, who needed a car? We were the fastest ton-up boys in town! While at college I influenced many of my friends to buy bikes as I was always riding something different. I started to buy abandoned, damaged bikes and, with the help of my father, fixed and sold them. It provided additional income to take me through my college years and post-graduate education. I went through so many bikes and at the same time making some small profit that my parents became less concerned with my insatiable passion.

On a visit to see my cousins in Naples, Italy, in the early 80s, I rode my first Italian bike, a Laverda SF750. It wasn't long until I had a 1976 Laverda 3CL and a 1981 Moto Guzzi 250 in my garage. I also found a partially assembled '79 GS750-powered Dresda,



Reserves. One of the lads had just bought a new Kawasaki Z1000. It was a magnificent beast. A few months later, I was a proud owner of a blue 1979 Honda CB250N Superdream. I had my first motorcycle accident, clipping a roundabout (also

called a circle in the United States) while trying to keep up with a Suzuki GT250. In those days we were limited to 250cc bikes. Not until a test was passed could one step up to a larger machine. After passing my test, I traded the



with an 850 Yoshimura kit. The bike handled fantastically and had the edge over the new Kawasaki GPz 900Rs.

By this time, I was going through so many bikes that I decided to become a motorcycle dealer and supply bikes wholesale to the dealers in the area. I was getting a good reputation. My collection was already becoming eclectic, including number 12 of 12 Harris-framed RD500LCs, a Suzuki RG500, several CBX1000s, a Benelli, a Moto Morini, a Triton 750, BSAs, and a Barry Sheene GT750 replica, amongst others. I found two Benelli Quattros, both of which needed





work to get back to splendor. Two brothers had purchased these machines in 1978 from a local dealership. They changed hands, broke down, and were subsequently abandoned. It took me over four months to track down the second Quattro. Parts for them were already obsolete, so my father made me a set of mufflers that looked and performed better than stock. He taught me all the garage skills that I needed to fix my bikes.



It was at this time that I met my wife to be, Marsha. Growing up with two motorcycle-riding brothers and modeling in the motorcycle industry, she understood what she was getting into. We went to the Isle of Man in 1988 on an '86 GSXR1100 and survived Mad Sunday. We saw Joey Dunlop launching the mighty Honda RC30 over Governor's Bridge. I started traveling further afield to places like Le Mans for the 24-hour endurance and Bol d'Or. The trips alone were as entertaining as the races as we blasted through the French countryside at high speed. People in the villages were waving at us as we hurtled by. Other racing events at places like Donnington allowed us to meet many stars such as Barry Sheene and Kevin Schwantz.

After owning hundreds of other bikes, my first Ducati was a 1987 750 Paso. If you can recall, in those days the Paso looked very futuristic, with fully enclosed bodywork and sexy red livery. Everybody wanted one. A blue-and-red 1989 Ducati 900SS followed a year later, sharing the same chassis as the 750 Sport and the dreaded 16 inch wheels with

dreaded Weber carb. But my time with Ducatis was short lived, as in 1991 my company moved us to Atlanta. After only two weeks in the United States, I got the itch and bought a mint-condition 1978 Yamaha XS1100, a new 1993 Honda CBR900RR, and a Harley Softail Heritage. But I wasn't happy. Japanese bikes, even while good, are just missing something intangible. Call it soul, heritage, or just being different; I needed something in my life to rejuvenate my spirit. In 1993 I bought a new 900SS CR from my best friend, John Oliver at Roswell Fun Machines, and fitted it with GiaCaMoto carbon high pipes along with a stage 1 Dynojet kit. Even though the 900SS SP had better specs, the CR just looked cool. Three months later, the 916 was launched, and it was love at first sight! I obtained one of the first 916s in Georgia and still own it to this day with only 6000 miles to show. The first day home, it received a set of GiaCaMoto carbon slip-ons, a Ferracci chip, some carbon heel guards, and an exhaust shield from Chris Clarkes in England. Carl Fogarty was WSB Champion on his 955, so riding a 916 just made it even more special.

My first track day was in the same year at Road Atlanta, with Team Desmo and David Sadowski as the instructor. The 900SS was a great entry bike. Taking Gravity Cavity at 140mph on the speedo, I soon found that standard suspension, tires, and brakes can easily exceed their designed performance. My track day ended with my coming off and flying in the air like Superman, in full view of my wife and spectators, under the bridge at turn 11. This caused thousands of dollars of bike damage. I was more fortunate, just receiving a few bruises and a deflated ego as Sadowski took me back to the pits on the back of his bike. It was my first but not last ride of shame. I painted the bike yellow and decided that if one is to ride on the track, one better expect to fall at some point. Other track days with the legendary Dave Aldana and Deano Swims provided me with valuable tutelage; their abilities on the track just



amazed me and still do to this day. I decided that if I was to go fast, I needed a bike that would be somewhat expendable and set up for full race rather than street use, so I bought a damaged '97 916 and started acquiring used performance parts.

Each time I did a track day, I found something else that needed improvement. I ended up changing almost everything in pursuit of lightness and handling. I entered several mock races and always got one of the top three places. While my street rides went to several 851s, including a 1988 851 "the kit," several 888SPOs including an 888LTD, a 750 Laguna Seca, a Darmah 900SS, a number of



Monsters, and a 996SPS, 748S, MH900E, ST4, and 999R. My collection expanded to include several Bimotas, including an Attack Yamaha 168 rear-wheel horsepower YB11, a '92 944 Tesi, RC30s, and the stunning MV Agusta ORO, amongst other bikes. I acquired a phenomenal 996RS and more recently a fire-breathing, blueprinted 159 rear-wheel horsepower 999R care of Mark at Ducshop. Their work is outstanding, and I must admit that all the expensive parts that seem at first somewhat superfluous come into their own when pushing these bikes hard. It becomes a matter of safety at speed. I am an IT Consultant, and, like all of us, I want to be able to go to work the next day after an enjoyable day at the track! To me, riding at speed is not about winning or losing, it is all about the experience



and having unique fun with friends that share this insatiable interest. I have met many people worldwide from different backgrounds on different bikes. I have never come across any other hobby that traverses such a large spectrum of individuals with camaraderie, crossing every class structure and language barrier.



What do I do in my spare time you may ask? I spend that time building and working on bikes. I ride most Sunday mornings with friends in the North Georgia mountains. I have eight concurrent bike projects, including building another 996SPS, an ex-Daytona-winning 944 to retro-style street bike, and a street-fighter Multistrada. I have often thought about establishing a museum or a combination with a dealership purely focused on Italian-pedigree machines. Perhaps one day I will. I am fortunate to have a loving wife who supports my passion. Often it is Marsha who pushes me to purchase the next project or new bike or do the next event. You will see my family in attendance at most of the Desmo track days. If you do, come by and say hello to DucatiErv.



Becoming a True Believer

by John Parmer, Member #00735

My wife, Carlie, introduced me to Chris Smith in 2005 while the three of us volunteered at a Red Cross shelter for persons evacuating the wrath of Hurricane Katrina. I knew Chris would be a good friend – sometimes you can just tell – and particularly when he invited me to the 2004 Ducks Fly South rally. Our conversation went something like this:

Chris: “You should come to the Ducks Fly South rally.”

Me: “So you ride a Ducati?”

Chris: “No, a Goldwing.”

Me: “Oh...”

Well, why not? I’d been attending British in the Blue Ridge annual rallies for several years with my ’95 Triumph Trophy 900, and any excuse to ride the Hiawasse area twice a year seemed like a good idea to me even if it meant I’d be the guy on the Triumph with the guy on the Goldwing amongst a bunch of guys and gals riding Ducatis.



Chris took some good-natured abuse at the rally, principally from Clyde Romero, but who hasn’t? Nevertheless, Chris dragged his behemoth along War Woman Road with such conviction that any further rally attendees’ smiles were with admiration. By the end of that too-brief weekend, the good Ducatisti had me convinced that the tales I’d heard from the Brit riders about these “dark-side” motorcyclists were only partially true (although some of their clutches did seem to need tightening).

While he was unarguably proficient with the

‘Wing, Chris nevertheless swore he wouldn’t return next year without a more worthy bike. He was astride an Aprilia Tuono when we attended my first track day at Roebing Road the following April. There we had a blast with US Desmo, again. Jim Calandro led me around the race line a lap or two for some smooth, swift carving of the asphalt, but whenever I rode solo the line seemed to have moved



— requiring me to correct in the corners while Duc riders waited patiently for opportunities to pass.

At the 2006 Ducs Fly South rally, Chris with his Tuono was now pulling away from me in the twisties, but I soldiered on with my trusty Trophy holding 6.6 gallons of petrol up high in my lap, and even saved his life on Wayah Road. Let me explain.

Four of us were following Jim smartly through a left-hander when he decided to pull off to the curb. No foul. He had plenty of room. But as each successive rider pulled off behind him, the room rapidly became less plentiful. I was last in line and came around the bend to find four motorcyclists stopped in front of me — stopped really close in front of me — getting closer to me by the second — and not all of them fully off the road. Brake! Downshift, down! I’m proud to say my MSF training paid off as I did not release the pedal and consequently highside when the rear Bridgestone squirmed, thus I gently albeit barely and with a gasp pulled into my comrades’ midst without sending any of us prematurely home.

Only Chris had seen what happened as I grew larger and larger in his mirror and nudged him



with an elbow at the last moment before coming to a stop and turning toward the group with a grin as if to say, “I meant to do that.” No harm done, and they never knew what almost hit them, but the close call spooked me, and when I stood the Triumph up like a newbie and headed for the fog line at the next left-hander, Chris knew I’d lost self-confidence and needed help. He dropped his pace and said for me to follow him, which allowed me time to recalibrate my mental setting before retiring to the hotel, where I would have otherwise had to sleep on the event wondering whether I would be all right on the road tomorrow. I told you; sometimes you can just tell when someone will be a good friend.

So Chris then decided I should buy a Ducati. Maybe he had other than altruistic reasons for recommending I ride a bike at least 100 pounds lighter, but we soon found a sweet ’92 900SS (that’s right, with classic white frame and wheels) on eBay.

My Jeep didn’t have a trailer hitch and Chris drives a Lotus, so we went the 350 miles to fetch the Ducati with plans to take turns riding it home. (Don’t ever do that with a “new” 15-year-old motorcycle.) The woman I bought it from said she used to ride a Sportster, and when she saw the Ducati at a shop she thought it was “pretty,” so she bought it. Her husband told me he thinks it might be Italian, but

he doesn’t ride, and she lost interest. It passed our parking-lot inspection, and for \$3,200 the probably Italian motorcycle was mine.

The ground-down pegs and scraped lower fairing were clues that the old girl was used to playing rough, but I’m embarrassed to admit I didn’t realize how anemic the bike was the first time I rode it beyond a parking lot. I thought since it had about ¼ less horsepower than my Trophy and since I’d never ridden a Ducati, maybe it just needed the carbs sync’d to do better than 80 mph in





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5th gear with the throttle pinned and the motor emitting a 6000-rpm cacophony. Maybe — I hoped. But, when after 50 miles we discovered oil blown all over the back of the engine, it was time to leave for a few days with Bob Mihalko at the Charlotte Ducati shop what looked like a bella but was beginning to resemble a limone.

Fortunately, in a very few days Bob gave me the good news that the bike was only firing on one cylinder, which was remedied with a minor rewiring. The oil leaks were only from the breather valve being loose and the crankcase overfilled. I then learned that the ¼ less horsepower generated by a 2-valve Desmo weighing 440 pounds wet was

more than I expected. The Staintune pipes now sang a melodious baritone with the aid of both cylinders digesting from the 41mm Keihin carbs and the benefit of who knows what other internal modifications yet to be discovered. Now what I had read in the 1991 Cycle World review of the 900SS was realized – with gusto!

Chris all this time had been lusting after a 1098 to acquire as soon as possible, but considering maybe a 999 or 888 or Triumph 675 for his stable. He'd advised me that a '92 bike might be too old, but then he rode my old 900SS with the advantage of both cylinders hot, and he was smitten. Within two weeks we were traveling to Florida to fetch a '95 900SS/SP for him. Not quite as "old" as mine, but we nevertheless didn't try to ride it far before he checked and tightened it nose-to-tail back home. His Duc also has the 41mm Keihins, but in addition a 944 kit among other tasty bits.

We've preemptively dubbed ourselves the Columbus Georgia Chapter of US Desmo while petitioning for il Capo's formal blessing as such.

At the 2007 Ducs Along the Blue Ridge rally, we'll be the guys who used to be the guys with the Triumph Trophy and the Honda Goldwing who now ride the somewhat elderly but still singing Ducati 900 Super Sports. 



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DUCATI NORTH AMERICA AND NCR ANNOUNCE "NEW BLUE"

Ducati and NCR team up to recreate Cook Neilson's 1977 Daytona winner Milan, Italy (November 16, 2006) - Ducati North America and NCR announce today the unveiling of special new project bike called "New Blue". This motorcycle is a modern replica of the historic Ducati 750SS campaigned by Cook Neilson and Phil Schilling throughout the mid 1970's.

Cook Neilson, the editor of Cycle magazine at the time, possessed a unique combination of skills - those of a successful journalist and those of a successful racer. With the help of Managing Editor and ace mechanic Phil Schilling, they were able to build the 750SS into a remarkably successful race bike. This was achieved by trial and error, superior tuning talent and riding skills.

Phil soon gave their motorcycle the nickname "Old Blue", in reference to the team's attractive livery. On March 11th 1977, at the legendary Daytona Speedway, the team celebrated a monumental victory in the AMA Superbike race.

This win stands out as a significant event in the history books as it was the first victory for Ducati at Daytona.

To commemorate the 30th anniversary of this historic event, a recreation of this motorcycle was commissioned by Ducati North America and given to NCR.

"New Blue", which began life as a Ducati SportClassic Sport 1000S, was sent to NCR's factory for a cosmetic replication and race preparation. NCR was able to remove an astounding eighty-four pounds of dry weight and add an additional 30

horsepower to the motorcycle. This was achieved by the usage of lightweight materials such as titanium, carbon fiber and magnesium throughout the project. The revised engine output is 116hp at 8450rpm. The motorcycle is completed with a titanium plate bearing the signatures of both Cook Neilson and Phil Schilling.

"This is a very exciting project, and we are looking forward to seeing Cook and Phil together again" said Michael Lock, CEO of Ducati North America. "We inducted both of them into the Ducati North America Hall of Fame at this year's annual



Ducati dealer meeting, and now we are honoring the special bike that they built as well. The combination of rider, tuner and motorcycle made a very successful team."

The North American introduction of the motorcycle will take place at Ducati New York on Thursday, January 18th. The motorcycle will be on display at the remainder of the 2007 IMS Motorcycle Shows.

In addition, NCR will be building a limited quantity of these special production motorcycles for the American market.



STRANDED BY THE RECTIFIER

by Greg Partin, Member #00737

There's no better way to enjoy your Ducati 916 than to have it out on a crisp fall afternoon riding through the beautiful back country here in North Carolina. I was along with a group of riders on a Saturday afternoon back in October, as we were raising money for a little girl's brain surgery. The ride was a 70-mile scenic route on some country two-lane roads, when with only about three to four miles to go my 1998 916 started hiccupping, backfiring, and finally losing power completely and coming to a stop on the side of the road. I tried several times to fire it again, but there was no use; this Duc was not going to budge. Switching on the key had no effect at all on anything electrical. The panel lights would not light up, the fuel pump refused to pump — nothing! My first thought was the battery, but, remembering that the current battery was less than a year old, I knew that this problem was more than just my battery. Luckily for me, we had a truck with a trailer that followed us in case a situation like this arose. Loading the bike on the trailer, naturally my mind was racing as to what the problem might actually be.

After getting the bike home, the first thing I did was remove the right panel to check the battery. Putting a voltmeter on the battery showed exactly what I thought. The battery was putting out 6.8 volts, or, as you and I know, it was dead! Now I had to find out what had caused a strong battery to suddenly die in the middle of my ride.

I'd had this motorcycle for four years and had never experienced any problems until this situation arose, but I did remember reading years before about the voltage regulator/rectifier problems that

the early 916s had. I'd even read in one article that if you had a 1995-1997 916, you should go ahead and buy an aftermarket rectifier and keep it with you just in case you got caught out away from home. The 1998 models were supposedly the beginning of better electrical components after the Texas Pacific Group had purchased 51 percent of Ducati's stock in 1996. This enabled the company to start using better and more reliable Japanese electronics.

After finding out that the battery was dead, my next thought was to find out how to check a rectifier to see whether it was good or not. Not knowing anybody personally that owned a Ducati or someone who had had a similar situation happen to them, I contacted Desmo

Leaning's one and only Jim Calandro to ask him if he had ever had such a problem with his 916. He was familiar with the situation, but had not experienced it himself. He sent me a back copy of the Desmo Leanings magazine (Winter issue 2004/2005) on how to check the three components of your electrical system. Reading the article, "Charging or Not?" by David Lillard of Redline Performance Motorsports, Inc., helped me tremendously in understanding how the charging system worked.

The first step was to remove the battery box and rectifier/regulator to examine the plug unit between the stator and rectifier. After removing the battery holder and the rectifier from the aluminum plate that it's mounted to, I quickly noticed the plug unit between the stator and rectifier had melted together (see photo). As I attempted to unplug the unit, the two wires coming from the stator side broke off in my hands. The wiring had gotten so hot after the

rectifier failed that it became brittle to the touch. Quoting David Lillard from his article, "All Ducati models from 2000 to current have a 520-watt, three-wire stator. Some older models have a 300-watt stator, which was found on the 851, 888, and the 1995 916. 350 watts was the norm for all other models except the ST2 in 1998, which came with a 420-watt stator."

I replaced my battery first, then I had to decide whether to purchase a new Ducati-brand rectifier or an aftermarket brand. After going on a couple of Ducati websites and pricing original factory rectifiers, I decided to do a little internet searching to see if there wasn't something out there that was a little more affordable. I found two companies that sold reliable replacement rectifiers. The first one was ElectroSport Industries in Oceanside, California, from which I purchased mine, and the second was Electrex World, Ltd., in the United Kingdom. Both companies offered a one-year warranty. ElectroSport charged \$109 plus \$10 shipping for theirs, and I believe Electrex World was about the same price, but naturally it would cost you more to have it shipped from the United Kingdom to the United States [because of the European Value Added Tax. Ed.]. I'm not sure if the Ducati rectifiers come with a warranty, but I never saw anything in writing when I looked at them. MotoWheels in California sells the regulator/rectifier for \$249.95.

Before I could check my stator or the rectifier, I had to replace the burnt wire ends that had broken off when I removed the plug unit. The two yellow wires that come out of the stator are just long enough to plug into the rectifier without leaving too much slack. I had to cut approximately one inch from each wire in order to get rid of all the burnt wiring. From there, I spliced an extra 1-1/2 to 2 inches of new wiring, and I also removed the female plug coupling that came on the new rectifier (see photo). I spliced terminals on the wire ends, so that in case the rectifier ever overheated again, I would not have the plastic couplings melting together.

After the rectifier was mounted and the wiring from the stator was corrected, it was time to perform some tests to make sure that the stator was indeed working and that I had received a good rectifier. There are three test procedures for the stator. The first test was a continuity test between each yellow wire and ground, and the second was a continuity test between each yellow wire and each other yellow wire. I want to emphasize here that the tests I'm explaining came from the article by David Lillard and are easy to follow and understand.

On test one, there should be no continuity from



each yellow wire to ground, meaning no contact to ground. On the second test, there should be continuity between each yellow wire and each other yellow wire. For the third test, start the bike without the stator wire plugged into the rectifier and



measure AC voltage between each wire. You should have 16-18 AC volts per 1000 rpm. So if you have your bike idling at 1000 rpm or a bit higher, you should see 16-20 volts, and at 3000 rpm three times



that voltage. My stator passed all three tests, so next was to check the new rectifier to make sure the bike was charging once again.

After connecting the stator to the rectifier and installing my new battery, I was now ready to perform the ultimate test: would the electrical system charge with the bike running? My new battery was putting out approximately 13.0 volts before I started the bike, so I knew that, once running, if the volts increased the system was charging and if they decreased it wasn't. I fired the bike and ran the engine between 4000 and 5000 rpm, and at this rpm the voltmeter began to drop until it got down to approximately 12.5-12.6 volts. I shut the engine off and knew that there could be only one thing: the rectifier had to be bad. I probably should have performed a diode test on the new rectifier before I installed it, but, if you're like me, you just assume that something new like that is going to work fine. I removed the rectifier, tested it, and indeed it was no good. Testing the rectifier/regulator is also explained in the article by David Lillard, so I won't repeat it here. I called ElectroSport right away and explained what had happened, and the gentleman said there wouldn't be a problem replacing it; he told me he would get another out to me that day, and when I received it I could return the bad one to them.

After receiving the new rectifier, I did perform a diode test before I installed it. This one passed the

test, and now I was ready to install it and check the charging system once again. Once installed, I started the bike and again ran the engine to 4000 rpm. This time, the system was charging: the voltmeter climbed to between 14.2 and 14.4 DC volts right away.

You never want problems like this, especially getting stranded on the side of the road, but solving the problem is a good lesson in itself. I wasn't familiar with how the charging system of my Ducati worked before this occurred, but I want to thank Jim Calandro for sending me that excellent article by David Lillard in the Winter 2004/2005 issue. It was very informative and easy to follow, even if it's your first time tackling an electrical issue. I also want to thank David himself, because when I had additional questions about the charging system, I called him, and he was able to answer them and help me out.

I doubt if there's anybody out there that enjoys his/her Ducati any more than I do. Whether I'm riding it, working on it, or enjoying the artful beauty of it as it sits in my dining room during the winter months (see photo), it is truly a joy to own. The passion for owning a Ducati — there's nothing like it. But those of you reading this article, you already know that!

Ride safe and let's all get together soon.

Feel free to contact me if you have any questions concerning this article.

Greg Partin at 336.570.0060.



The Poets' Corner

Tangential Ducati

Too much time on my hands I guess; the celebration of difference, may mark the boundary between relaxation and boredom. How could a perfect day, with a perfect bike, reading a perfect book, be regarded in any way but worthy of time? This little time we each are given to sow, reap, or reflect; how best to honor?

Mary Oliver stands in her field at the point where harbor reaches to sea, absorbs the familiar, reviews what she has already thought; reflects on what she knows all too well, then chronicles her time with the finest of words. So joyous, so precise, so right! Each phrase turned to the enjoyment of any who will stop and read. What a gift she is. I not only like taking a ride on her mind, but her composition is wonderful.

So where am I in all this? My familiar is the staccato rattle of Bologna's finest, the rush of road, the whine of gears, roar of wind — each its own destination. Then, I sit on the edge of the woods, hear the stream, watch the squirrels bound, the ants crawl, the fox hide; and appreciate the heart and talent of another.

Wasted time? How will the report attend, when I know as I am known?

— Bob Hancock, Member #00011

The Jennings Herald

SENIOR RIDER CREATES HAVOC AT JENNINGS!



Charles Lehing riding way over his head forces Frank Goldoni off Turn One. This photo clearly shows how FAR OFF the racing line Lehing was at the time.

Inquiry Set to Review Reckless Behavior

Story by Giancarlo Desmo

In what appears to be the most blatant display of poor riding ever seen at North Florida's Jennings GP, track officials have said "enough is enough" and have launched an inquiry. "Clearly this has to stop" said track safety officials. "We can't allow this to continue, it will put us out of business if we do." In what had started as a simple track session and school held by Frank Kinsey Racing soon turned into a lesson of what not to do as Charles Lehing forced Frank Goldoni off the track in Turn 1. Only Goldoni's riding skill prevented a sure disaster.

Umbrella Girls Refuse To Be On Same Track As Lehing Citing Safety Concerns

Story by Candy Torta della Pesca



Superbike umbrella girls today expressed their dissatisfaction with Charlie Lehing by refusing to be at the same track with him. "Racing is dangerous enough without this guy around, we're not going to do it"

Crew Cheers Lehing's Removal



Story by Ratto del Pozzo
Word of Lehing's pending ban from motorsports was met with jubilant cheers throughout the superbike paddock.

News Of Track School Incident Reaches Bologna

Story by Luca Termignoni

As news of the Jennings incident rippled thru the motorcycle community, officials at the Ducati factory in Bologna were weighing their options. What is certain is Lehing's removal from the Desmo Owners Club, however far more stringent sanctions were being recommended. Company heavyweights who preferred to remain unnamed were quoted as saying "Questo individuo di Lehing non può essere permesso di cavalcare le nostre motociclette. Questo è un embarrassment per la



fabbrica intera!" We couldn't have said it better.

Factory rider Troy Bayliss expressed disbelief when he heard of the incident. "I'm embarrassed to be on the same bike as Lehing" he said.

Humor by Charles Lehing, Member #00341 and Frank Goldoni, Member #00738

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Poggipolini NCR 1000 Ducati Milona...

by Neale Bayly. Photos by Killboy.

Back in the deep, dark days, when men were men and sheep were afraid, gallant heroes, such as yours truly, would attempt to woo young maidens with our death defying skill on two wheels. We had remote reservoir twin shocks, triple disc brakes, electric starters and were the new generation. Our fire breathing machines boasted electronic ignition, race-profile tires, and life was about racing between country towns, and the things young men do when they finally capture a fair maiden.

The year was 1981, and as the Japanese manufacturers were nailing the British bike industry's coffin shut, along came a motorcycle that immediately became the object of our youthful, testosterone-loaded lust. Unfortunately, due to smoking too much black stuff from Pakistan that the government wasn't too happy about, the details are a tad vague. But, if the remaining brain cell left orbiting between my ears serves me correctly, the reason for our Moto lust was a Ducati racing Pantah. Uhh! I hear you groan. What is Big Nose rambling about this time. Bare with me dear readers; there really is a point to all of this.

A gentleman by the name of Tony Rutter

raced the bike, (his son Michael currently rides in British Superbike) and was highly successful at the Isle of Mann on the said machine. The bike employed a 600cc Ducati Pantah motor massaged to produce 78 horsepower at 10,500rpm, cradled in a lightweight, alloy space-frame. It used a single-shock rear suspension system, and weighed a remarkable 287 pounds dry. The Ducati Pantah race bike was the most sensuous piece of motorcycle artwork ever to roll in front of our young eyes. With filter-less 40mm Dell'Orto carburetors and straight through pipes, we could only imagine what it sounded like.

Piloting a very tired 550-pound Laverda triple at the time, that made 80 horsepower on a good day, the Ducati Pantah F11 bike was quickly elevated to fantasy status. Suitably aided by our small packages from Pakistan, we would discuss how one would immediately be King of the English country roads on such a beast, and of course, what it would be like to ride it. Unfortunately, with disgustingly low wages, a large portion of our paychecks sponsoring families in Pakistan, and the rest going to a couple of local breweries, a fantasy it remained.

Fast-forward 23 years, and I am standing beside the Pahrump, Nevada racetrack outside Las Vegas zipping up my gear while my motorcycle de jour to gets started. The machine in question today is a Poggipolini NCR Ducati 1000 Milona and, as owner/importer John Murray hooks up the slave starter and fires the barely muffled V-twin to life, my mind slides back to the object of that moto lust so many years ago. Here, right in front of me is the chance to turn back the clock and ride





and slick, and I stop for a few moments to set the multi-adjustable levers to my preferred levels of comfort. The gearbox, with its conventional road-shifting pattern, slips easily into neutral, and the basically stock motor idles with ease.

My first session is to get comfortable and scrub in the new slicks. Riding with the novices, I gently roll around to re-acquaint myself with the technical Pahrump racetrack, while trying to forget this is a \$35,000 hand built machine. Six laps later, I return the bike to the pits, where another journalist heads out with the Intermediate riders. This gives me chance to talk to John and learn a little more about the bike we are riding.

In 2001 the Poggipolini Group bought the NCR (Nepoti Caracchi Racing) brand, the Millona you see here being the result of their first project. NCR? Yes the NCR responsible for Mike Hailwood's comeback in '78 and Gary McCoy's WSBK ride

last year. Intended to be one of a limited number of hand built bikes for the well-heeled track addict, the company leaves the Multistrada sourced engine basically stock for reliability: Except for the Magnet Marelli ignition and the HPE Italian titanium and Inconel (F1 material) under tail exhaust.

Poggipolini offers some significant tuning options for those interested in going racing, and another eight large will buy you 105 rear wheel horsepower from an over bored 1200cc motor. The firm is currently developing new camshafts and expects to see an additional 10 horsepower soon as the bike is doing extremely well in a domestic racing series.

It is quickly time to get back onto the track with the advanced riders, and I tuck in behind a GSXR1000 to get up to speed. A

the bike of my youthful dreams. Weighing just 260 pounds wet, and putting 85 horsepower through the massive, gummy rear slick, the space-framed machine is the modern day version of the racing Pantah from 1981.

Climbing on board it is everything I might have imagined the original race bike to be. Tight as a guitar string, no steering lock and no way of restarting if I stall. Making a slow, wide circuit around the pit area to get situated, lightly blipping the throttle to warm the booming V-twin, I feel my mouth go dry in anticipation. The controls feel light



couple of laps later, pulling out of his draft down the front straight I dive up the inside into turn one for the pass, and go in search of my next victim. Forcing some internal dialogue inside the helmet to remind myself this is the first time on the gas, I back off and start experimenting with lines, brake points and such. It quickly becomes apparent that on a 260-pound race-bred motorcycle, I can take any line I want, any time I want.

As the day unfolds, the racetrack is suddenly a very different place as I go faster than I have ever gone before. Where Pahrump used to have

two blind right hand corners that were cause for concern on the Ducati 999R we have with us, they are now my favorite places to attack. Like a WW II Spitfire diving down out of the clouds on its unsuspecting foe, I can stay on the throttle while the

heavier multi-cylinder bikes are on the brakes, and out of nowhere slip passed. With the near linear power curve from the throbbing V-twin, I short shift out of the corners, using the bike's superb mid range grunt to power away before they know what is happening. Putting some serious trust in the front 120/75 Dunlop KR106 slick, I find myself diving into turns at speeds I have never dreamed of, the Millona not fidgeting, or protesting my actions anywhere in this process. It is all too much, and returning the bike to John the words, "I'm ruined" are the only sounds I can utter in response to his questions: This thing is just un-f@#kin- believable.

During my next couple of sessions, I progressively get deeper into the fast right-hand turn at the end of the back straight. Every time I seem to pull up short and have to get back



on the gas. Responsible for this braking overkill is a front end that wouldn't look out of place on a Superbike. Using race spec 43mm Marachozzi forks, the radial mounted Brembo brakes use four piston calipers to grab the dual 320mm wave rotors. With just the lightest brush of a single digit, I can scrub of the desired speed for corner entry, faster than Jennifer Lopez turning me down for a date. There is no dive from the forks, which are so compliant everywhere else on the track they make the surface seem like it could be a billiard table. Later in the day, bouncing and wobbling around on a CBR1000 confirms the track is not that smooth, and I am just more impressed with the Poggipolini's suspension.

While all this praise is being rained on the GP spec front end, I have to add the rear to the kudos committee. It is just as good at keeping the rear wheel solidly in contact with the Pahrump track surface, while not exhibiting any signs of squat or squirm under acceleration. With the fat 195/65 KR108 Dunlop melding with the asphalt exiting corners, it becomes another fantastic place to gain ground on any unsuspecting victims that happen to be in front. Interestingly, the shock is made by





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Double System, an Italian company, and was picked over an Ohlins' alternative by Frankie Chili. Having the advantage of being lighter, it actually uses a cantilever system, compared to the more modern linkage used these days. It works great for me and if Frankie says it's ok, who I am I to argue?

We all know the old adage, there is no replacement for displacement and the same can be said for raw horsepower, so no matter how good my drive down the back straight the open class bikes consistently pull away. This matters not, as I am still accelerating while they squeezing their brake levers and I slip by. Riding hard and fast with

made from magnesium. The Poggipolini Company manufactures parts for Moto GP, World Superbike and F1, so you know this bike has got the best of the best. John also points out all the bodywork and air scoops are carbon fiber, which I personally feel are a little too understated, but who asked for my opinion?

“Advanced class two minutes” comes across the airwaves, and it is time to take my last ride. Normally the boogieman time of the day, I hook up with Jeff Buchanan and Orange County wild man Will Tate, and we go out and do it to it. Passing anything that gets in our way, and running a three-rider freight train this is the most fun I have ever



my buddy Jeff Buchanan on a CBR600 for a few sessions, the Poggipolini just has the nuts to pull him at the end of the back straight. I have to get my best drive and stay well tucked to make the pass though.

Back in the pits, I am higher than coed on Red Bull and Vodka, while jibbering incessantly at John Murray about his incredible machine. He has the biggest shit-eating grin, and tells me about all the titanium goodies sprinkled around the bike. The frame is actually made from chrome moly, but all of the fasteners, nuts, bolts, footpegs, brackets and sub frame are made from the precious metal. Other parts, such as the wheels and the swing arm, are

had on a racetrack, or on a motorcycle for that point. As fast as we are running, it is the safety margin the Poggipolini has that impresses most. I could turn it up a notch and take off, but there is no need. We are having a blast, I know the end of session bullshit fest is going to be animated, and this is what this bike is all about. Aimed squarely at the very wealthy, dedicated track addict who wants to go fast as safely as possible, the Poggipolini NCR Ducati 1000 Millona is one of the most incredible motorcycles on planet earth. Easily able to outperform most riders, it is going to make heroes out of its limited number of owners, while remaining a fantasy machine to me. At least this time I got to actually ride it.



BENCH RACING

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

Trailer Tips, or Did I Check Everything?

by Jim Calandro, *il Capo*, Member #00001

Back in the dark ages when I was just learning about the joys of having a racing motorcycle that could not be run on the street, I bought a trailer so I could take it places. Now I had never loaded or much owned a trailer before, so much of what I did the first few months was by trial and error. And as the saying goes, "Experience is the best teacher." I think that is the politically correct version of what really is going on: "What does not

metal trailer ramp does not have a high coefficient of friction to the concrete driveway, which was on a slight downhill slope by the way. As the trailer had moved down the hill slightly, the tongue was now located over the trunk of my car.

Had this been a street bike, I could have evaluated deploying the side stand and going inside for the car keys and moving the car. But no, this was track bike, and the only thing on the side-stand

As I proceeded up the ramp, it all looked fine until I reached a little more than half way and the tongue of the trailer shot skyward.

kill us makes us stronger!"

I was running late one day and was rushing so I could get loaded and head off to pick up the other riders who were sharing the trailer and motel room. Pulling the trailer around from behind a big bush on the side of the house, I brought it to the car. It was then I noticed I did not have the key to unlock the locking mechanism for the tongue of the trailer. This is truly where things first went bad, as I decided to just rest the tongue on the ball and go back for the key. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." (It seems as if trite sayings are having a big part in this story.) I got called by my wife before I made it to the key, and I went inside.

Coming back out to finish my job, I put the ramp on the back of the trailer and went into the garage, grabbed the race bike, and headed for the trailer. As I proceeded up the ramp, it all looked fine until I reached a little more than half way and the tongue of the trailer shot skyward. I immediately realized what I had done, but all was not lost; I would just back the bike off the ramp slowly and return it to the garage and undo my idiocy. Well, apparently the

mount was a pad and about a pound and a half of duct tape. Good for protecting me in a racing mishap but worthless as a side stand.

I stood there wondering what my next move was. Shouting for help was an option, but public humiliation is not high on my list of favorite pastimes. I looked around for a stick or large rock; I considered just laying the bike on its side in the driveway. I was getting desperate, and the more I tried to move the bike the more the trailer went downhill. As a matter of fact, my whole day was headed downhill.

This all happened before cell phones were common, so I just stood there wondering if there was really a God in Heaven and if He would come to my aid. I did finally resort to pleas for help, and my wife came out to see what all the shouting was about. She got the keys and moved the car, and all was well. Of course I had an audience by this time, so the whole neighborhood knew of my brilliance. This trailer and I have had many experiences, and anyone who is a regular reader of this column knows it has had the best of me on several occasions.



Ducati thanks the Italian Desmo Owners Clubs, the lead actors in the Ducati People 2007 campaign, for their support.



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