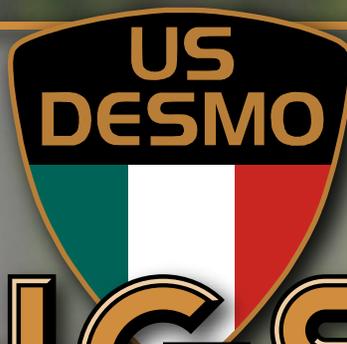


DESMO LEANINGS



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

Volume 8 Issue 2

Summer 2010



*It's All About the Ride • A Father & Son Italian Saga
Did Your Father Ride? • An Inside Look: Arai Helmets*

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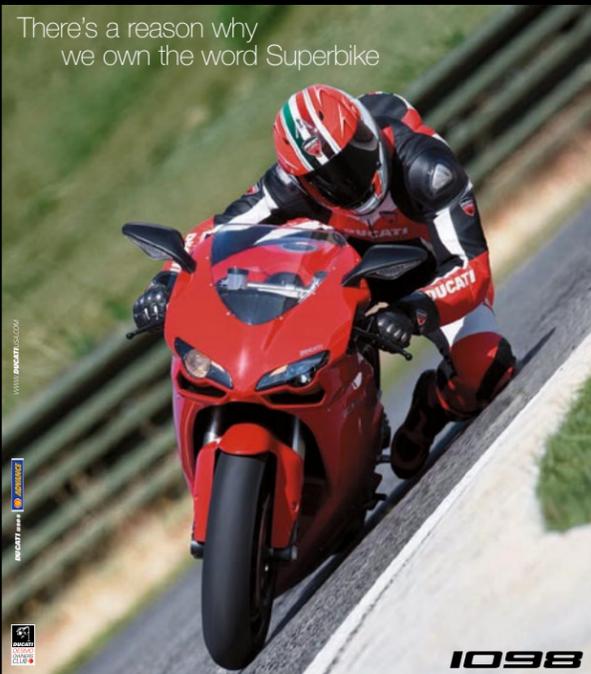
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Greetings from il Capo

As I sit here in my office, it is mid-May and our last spring event, a CMP track day, is only three days away. The rain forecast is 60% chance of scattered thundershowers. Not optimal track day weather, but those who are brave enough will learn a lot more about riding than they think. Being smooth is always important, but in the rain it is essential for a successful day. Funny thing is, we always have the fewest accidents when it rains. Riders pay attention!

Speaking of track days, we have been successful at getting both tracks to reduce their fees and help us find other ways to save money. They appreciate how difficult it is to fill a track day in the current economy. They also like doing business with our club. This is a real testament to how y'all behave at the track. We are always welcome there.

Something we are evaluating is track days that are much less expensive for the club but more expensive for the riders. What this means is we would be restricted to a maximum of ten riders in each of the three groups. The cost would increase from the current \$125 a day to \$150 for Roebing Road and to \$175 for Carolina Motorsports Park. The difference is both the basic fee for the respective tracks, and at Roebing you can use many fewer corner workers than at Carolina. Please share your opinion on this potential change. They would most likely be Monday events and will be easier to get in the fall. It seems at CMP that NASCAR likes to come down in the spring. Who knew?

As a result of the savings we experienced at the tracks plus reducing the number of free magazines we mailed out to dealers, we are doing fine financially and should not have to increase dues next year. Our events still continue to be underattended, but the trend is back toward traditional numbers. Now if the Greek government does not fail, we should all make a happy recovery.

Because of the success with our austerity program, we are no longer considering going to a digital magazine and are keeping the hard copy. Personally, I prefer an actual, in-my-hand magazine, but I am well past my use-by date, so what do I know? :-). We continue to find advertizers and in fact have had to turn some away. Our policy has been and will continue to be 75% content and 25% advertisements.

We are still working on the calendar for this fall and have about half the photo shoots under our belt. Next is finishing up the shoots and starting to pick which bike goes with which month. Then the detail work, which always takes too long.

On a personal note, I am still in remission. This is my third scan in about a year now that has been good. I guess I can go back to buying green bananas. :-)

Come ride with us!

Jim, il Capo



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Piazza Del Mercato

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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 and 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. **\$5,900. Craig Hunley, Charlotte, NC. cchunley@bellsouth.net or 704.576.3447**



White five spoke Marchesini cast wheels from a 2006 S2R 1000 with brake rotors. Will fit 748-998 as well as the S2R and S2R 1000. Very clean. **\$750. Jim Calandro capo@carolina.rr.com 704-842-0429**



1998 916 front forks in perfect shape. \$250 Upper and lower triple clamps for same. **\$100.** Rear gold three spoke Brembo wheel for same in very good condition, **\$100. Jim Calandro capo@carolina.rr.com 704-842-0429**



1993 888SPO 6k miles, recent full service performed. In good condition throughout but has a crack in the upper left side fairing and a few scratches, Ferracci Slipons. **\$9495 OBO email Ducatierv@aol.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**

1999 748S 700 miles. Yellow, Ferracci 853 Kit fitted 200 miles ago by Atlanta Ducati, full Termignoni system, Berringer red anodized front brake rotors and 6 piston calipers, carbon airbox, Ferracci clipons and windshield. New belts. Matching gold anodized clutch cover and chainguard. Absolutely mint one owner bike **\$10,495 OBO email Ducatierv@aol.com**

more classifieds page 26...

Classified ads are free for US Desmo members. Spring issue deadline is February 28. Summer issue deadline is May 31. Autumn issue deadline is August 31. Winter issue deadline is November 30. Please provide an accurate description of about 500 characters, price and contact information, plus a digital photograph. You can also list a classified ad on the US Desmo web site, www.usdesmo.com.

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It's All About the Ride!

by Tim O'Toole, Member #01040

My chiropractor once told me during a bike ride, "Tim, it's not about the bike you ride, it's all about the ride." After recently visiting her and having my back, neck, and knees adjusted, I was ready to take my bike for a ride. At a friend's party, I met up with Bobby Earley, both a dirt- and street-riding friend, where we discussed a trip north for a week. I knew that was just what I needed: a trip on the bike to get away from everything.

We scheduled a departure around the 18th of September, but due to the monsoon season showing up and multiple delays, we didn't leave until the 23rd. Our plan was basic: head north along the Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyline Drive—no expressways—and visit Fallingwaters in Western Pennsylvania. Everything else, wide open. When I reached Bobby's house in Alpharetta, Georgia, I had to bleed the clutch slave cylinder on my 2003 Ducati ST4S, which I noticed was slightly difficult shifting into neutral. After bleeding the slave cylinder, it appeared to be operating okay.



Bobby mounted his 2002 Kawasaki ZRX1200R, which looked like it just rolled off the showroom floor—spotless. We followed our usual Sunday ride routes north toward Helen, Georgia, where we pickup Route 356, continuing north to Route 197 toward Lake Burton, Highway 76 to Clayton, Georgia, and then Route 23/441 to North Carolina. Lunch stop took place at The Jarrett House in Dillsboro, North Carolina. If you're ever in Dillsboro and looking for some good home-cooked food, stop in The Jarret House! The house has been around for 120 years and is a beautiful bed and breakfast close to the Parkway.

After lunch, our bellies full, we headed to Cherokee,

North Carolina, to enter the Blue Ridge Parkway for several days of clear skies, bright sun, and beautiful scenery. Shortly after entering the Parkway, I noticed my clutch was acting up, and Bobby had a thumping sound coming from his bike. Nonetheless, we continued on.

While on the Parkway, it's easy to let your mind wander. I was thinking about this past summer, which I refer to as the "Summer from Hell." On Memorial Day, I had taken a ride to north Georgia on my ST4S by myself for a leisurely ride through the hills. Although most of



these roads I traveled are the usual Sunday-ride roads, this time I was traveling them in reverse order. I had entered Dial Road in Blue Ridge, Georgia, along the Toccoa River, and approached a double-reverse turn at about 9:00 a.m. The night before it had rained, and the roads were still slightly damp. I had set up my apex for the first turn and exited close to the center line. The next



IS A US DESMO RALLY RIGHT FOR YOU?

Ducks Head West (DHW) – August 13–15, Erwin, Tennessee

A three day rally is held in northeastern Tennessee in the Cherokee National Forest near the border with North Carolina with easy access from Interstate I-26. It is one of US DESMO's younger rallies. Saturday is a routed ride of about 250 miles. Pick a group or ride alone. This area has light traffic and beautiful roads. Saturday night features and Italian dinner with door prizes, and more parking lot bench racing.

Ducks Fly South (DFS), September 17–19, Hiawassee, Georgia

This three day rally is held in beautiful north Georgia and is headquartered at the Ramada Lake Chatuge. Some folks arrive early and ride Friday or even Thursday! Friday night is the time for catching up with old friends and making new ones. Saturday is time for the mapped-out ride of about 250 miles. Pick a group or ride alone 'til lunch at the Motor Company Grill in Franklin NC, then ride back to Hiawassee. These are some of our favorite roads so don't tell just anybody. Saturday night features and Italian dinner with door prizes, and more parking lot bench racing.

Visit www.usdesmo.com for rally recaps, track day stories, pdf versions of previous Leanings issues, picture galleries, membership and registration forms, and the discussion forum! Have an idea for a 2011 event? contact Jim Calandro at capo@carolina.rr.com or 1.704.843.0429.



turn I lined up while still on the brake, and I must have clipped the yellow line—down I went. Sliding across the pavement face down, I found myself in the gravel near my bike. I quickly got up to turn the bike off and assess the damage to me and my baby. I don't have to say that



had not been a good day for me.

The day was ending for us, and we found ourselves exiting the Blue Ridge Parkway at route 226 to Marion, North Carolina. Bobby and I refueled and checked into the Comfort Inn. Bobby said his bike wasn't running



properly—seemed like a bad tank of gas—and thought his chain was making a thumping noise. My clutch was still having some problems, and I too noticed a thumping noise. We went to the Fatz Cafe for dinner, which appeared to be the best choice we had. The food wasn't that bad; however, after riding over 300 miles, anything tasted good. After dinner, we mounted our bikes and headed back to the hotel for a good night's sleep. Upon my arrival at the hotel, I noticed Bobby wasn't with me. I waited about five minutes and went back to find him still at the restaurant. Apparently, he found out what the problem was: it wasn't gas—his battery had died.

Across the parking lot there was a Wal-Mart, but not a Super Wal-Mart that we're used to in Atlanta, just a regular Wal-Mart. We looked at each other wondering if Wal-Mart would have a battery for his bike. I bought



some brake fluid for my clutch, and, would you believe it, they had Bobby's battery.

The next morning after our delicious continental breakfast, I bled the slave cylinder, we both oiled our



chains, and we headed back to the Blue Ridge Parkway. The morning was clear and sunny, and things were looking pretty good. "Stop at the Linn Cove Viaduct. We'll be able to see the viaduct and its impressive precast structure," Bobby said.

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Driving along the Parkway, I began to think about Father's Day last year. I had the enjoyment of spending Father's Day in the emergency room at the hospital. At about 11:00 a.m., I suffered this acute attack to my upper-stomach area. The pain was so severe, it almost dropped me to my knees. My wife rushed me to the hospital, and I mean rushed: I've never seen her drive



that fast before and perfectly under control—the boys at Daytona would be very proud of her.

At check-in, I told the attending that I had shortness of breath, a clammy feeling, and severe pain in my lower chest. To them, that meant I was having heart problems, even though I told them it was my stomach. They rushed me back to a bed and immediately hooked me up to check



my heart. They determined my heart was fine, and so I lay there for the next hour and a half, until another attack started again, with severe pain. I asked my wife to get a nurse, but no one was around. Go figure, just when you need them they are not around. Twenty minutes went by, and the pain subsided, during which I could have used some pain killer, and then the nurse arrive to hook me back up and check my heart again. I told her it's my stomach, but they don't listen. "Mr. O'Toole, your heart is fine," said the nurse. Imagine that.

Finally, they gave me some pain killer. After the

pain was gone, they took me back to get an ultra sound. I thought that was just for pregnant ladies. I noticed that they were scanning the liver area mostly, but of course the person performing the scan wouldn't say anything. I got back to my area and my wife and I waited another hour or more until the doctor arrived. "It appears you have gallstones, Mr. O'Toole," said the doctor. Afterwards he explained that meant I would have to remain on a fat-free diet and my gallbladder needed to be removed.

We continued along the Blue Ridge Parkway, and my clutch seemed to be working okay. However, I notice a bumping at lower speeds, like a flat spot in the front tire. Bobby said the viaduct is at mile marker 304. Coming out of a tree covering into an open area along the road, we arrived at the bridge over the viaduct. The engineer in me got excited to see this man-made structure. We stopped along the ridge, and I got my camera, but I couldn't see anything. "Bobby said, "If you look down, you should be able to see it." The only thing I could see was trees. The panoramic view of the mountains with the clouds nestled in between the peaks is breathtaking, the viaduct, not. I think Bobby was pulling my leg.

We continued along the Blue Ridge to mile marker 280, where the parkway was closed. A detour took us off the Parkway and back on at mile marker 270, and



I noticed the thumping noise was getting worse on my bike. We proceeded up the Parkway and got off to Sparta, North Carolina. We filled up with gas at the Alleghany Motor Market on Main Street and had lunch, which was actually pretty good. They have a little kitchen area in the gas station that some local ladies run and cook up a pretty good burger.

After lunch, with some assistance from the locals, I found Audie Moore, the only motorcycle guy in town, to have him look at my bike. We determined that the chain was over stretched and would require removing one link. Also, the master link needed replacement. What was the chance that Sparta Motorcycle and ATV and Small Engines would have a 525 chain or at least a master link, none probably. Audie was able to remove a link and thought he had a master link, but unfortunately he didn't. However, he knew were to get one, twenty miles

away. An hour and a half later, he showed up with the master link. He installed the master link, vacuum bled the slave cylinder, and we were back riding. I think I dodged a bullet that time.

Audie only charged me a third of what a typical Ducati shop in Atlanta would have charged to fix my bike. Audie is an old top-fuel Harley drag racer who ended up in Sparta working on motorcycles and lawn mowers. If you're ever in Sparta, look up Audie Moore;



he's one of the good guys.

Back on the Parkway, we're heading north with hopes of making Waynesboro, Virginia, for the evening. Along the Parkway, we see this beautiful rainbow off to our right—a quick photo moment to capture our bikes



with the rainbow in the background—and stretch over them and take in the view. Back on the bikes, we realize Waynesboro is quite a distance and the clock is late afternoon. While riding along, I was thinking of what makes a rainbow: rain and sunlight. Just then, sure enough as if anything else could go wrong, it began to rain. We stopped, and I put my rain gear on. However, Bobby was about to test the water-repelling integrity of his Aerostitch suit. At this point, we knew we wouldn't make Waynesboro, so we headed for Roanoke. After a couple of hours of rain, we exited the Parkway and found

the first hotel we could just a mile off the Parkway.

After dinner, I sat in the hotel room with Bobby trying to dry off his clothes and listening to him come to the realization that Aerostitch suits are not waterproof. I began to think about my visit to the specialist doctor who was going to remove my gallbladder. When I visited the doctor, he explained the functions of the gallbladder



and the liver, confirmed the findings of the hospital, and concurred with the diagnosis to remove the gallbladder. He tried to calm my thoughts of losing an organ with: "It's one of those things we can live without." Somehow, the thought of losing an organ that I didn't need wasn't calming me. On top of this, what the hospital didn't tell me and now I'm hearing for the first time: "You have something on your liver." The doctor told me there seemed to be a blood clot or something on my liver and we need to get an MRI. "It could just be a blood clot, which isn't anything to worry about, or you could have CANCER."

Friday, September 25th, the roads were wet with just misting rain. The weather report didn't look good for the day. Our intentions were to complete the Blue Ridge Parkway and ride Skyline Drive. Bobby told me how beautiful Skyline Drive is and that I must see it, which I've never seen before. After entering the Parkway, we encountered fog and then rain. In some areas, the visibility was only 20 feet in front, riding in and out of clouds. We would reach a clearing, when our hopes of dryness rose, only to encounter more rain. By the time we reached Waynesboro, it was time for lunch and gas; we had battled rain and fog the entire morning. We stopped at Weasie's Kitchen in Waynesboro, just off the Parkway, for a warm bowl of chili and a sandwich. While talking with a local who works on Skyline Drive, he convinced us that we needed to change our plans. I had hopes of riding Skyline Drive and ultimately ending today's ride near Morgantown, West Virginia. We jumped on Interstate 64 west to Interstate 81 north to Harrisonburg, where we caught Route 33 west. By the time we reached Harrisonburg, the rain had stopped and the sun was coming out.

Riding Route 33 is a beautiful road that takes you

through the George Washington National Forest into the Shenandoah Mountains. The road is covered with a canopy of trees, which kept the pavement dry for our adventure. Finally, onto some dry asphalt and curvy roads through the Shenandoah Mountains and down to Route 220! We turned north onto 220 with hopes of catching Route 50 west. Unfortunately, we would not make Morgantown and had to change our plans, arriving in Cumberland, Maryland, for the evening. We pulled into the Fairfield Inn, dry and ready to eat—well, at least I was dry.

The hotel recommended a restaurant called the Crabby Pig. The food was very good; however the portions were a little small. I was so hungry I could've eaten an entire grouper. Before we left, Bobby bought a fluorescent-lime-colored T-shirt for his daughter that had the restaurant's name on the front. I never asked Bobby how his daughter responded to a T-shirt that said Crabby Pig.

That evening I was thinking about the MRI, which was scheduled for July 14th. On July 10th this past summer I received a dreaded call that I wasn't expecting.

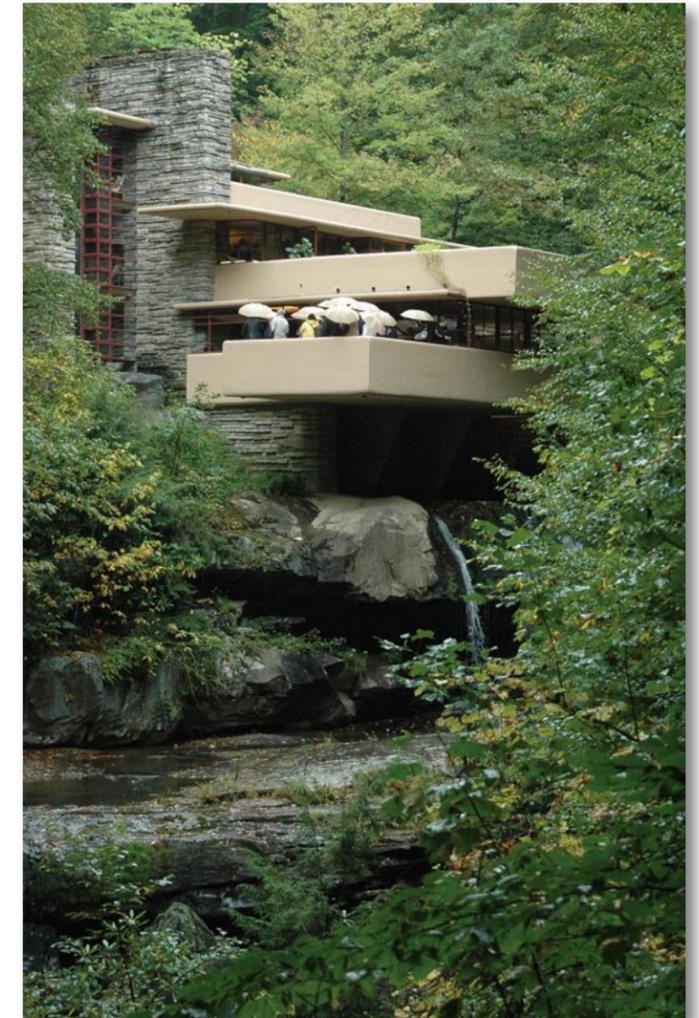


My brother called to inform me that my mother passed away about an hour earlier. My heart fell out of my chest as I tried to find the strength to deal with everything going on in my life. The family and I went to Chicago for her funeral, which postponed my MRI, and I continued my fat-free diet.

During my tenure in college as an architectural engineer, I wrote an article about Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater home. I told myself that one day I would visit this home; after 30 years of waiting, that day has come. Saturday, we would visit Fallingwater. Unfortunately, however, it was raining. Fallingwater was maybe an hour ride from Cumberland, although the rain would make it unpleasant. Once we reached Route 381 to Bear Run, the rain stopped, as if someone was looking over us. Arriving at Fallingwater, we waited over an hour before our tour began—tour buses full of people visited this place every day. I made sure to take pictures of every aspect of this house and the guest house. As the tour completed, we moved over to the area called "the view," known for the famous shot with the cascading

water under the house. I knew I had to get a shot of the house at this position. Just when I was ready to take the critical photo, my camera battery died. I couldn't take the most important photo that I had waited for more than 30 years. Fortunately, a man standing next to me had the same camera, and he kindly lent me his battery pack.

We mounted our bikes to leave Fallingwater, and obviously our luck wasn't getting any better, as it started to rain. As we returned south on Route 381, the rain increased, and my bike was almost out of gas. We made it to a gas station with less than a half gallon. We decided



to head to Morgantown, West Virginia, for the day, approximately 50 miles, ending it early about 2:30 in the afternoon at a Springhill Suites, with a continuous flow of rain for the rest of the day.

We spent the afternoon trying to dry our clothes stuck in a hotel. I think that was the moment when we probably had enough of the weather. The next day's forecast was favorable—clear and sunny—however, more rain was heading for West Virginia, and we knew it was time to leave this state as soon as possible, back to Tennessee. We jumped on Interstate 79 south to Route 19, which would take us to Interstate 77 back to the south. We made one stop for a photo opportunity at the

New River Gorge. It's an impressive steel bridge along Route 19 that's worth seeing.

On our way through West Virginia, I was thinking about the day of my MRI. A friend asked me what



an MRI is like to experience. While I lay in the MRI machine, I thought about how I would explain this experience to someone that asked me, and sure enough someone did. Imagine being packed in a sardine can that is tethered to a tug boat, which is pulling you down river. The chugging of the tug boat's motor constantly running,



the captain calling to you to breath out and hold it, music playing in the background, and unable to move a muscle. Oh, the joys of modern medicine.

On July 24th, I received the news from my doctor that the MRI showed only a blood clot and no cancer. It was like a building was lifted off of my shoulders; there was a



spring in my step as I left the doctor's office. On August 5th, I had my gallbladder removed, and our son wanted me to bring it home in jar to sit above the fireplace. Within two weeks, I was back eating anything I wanted and

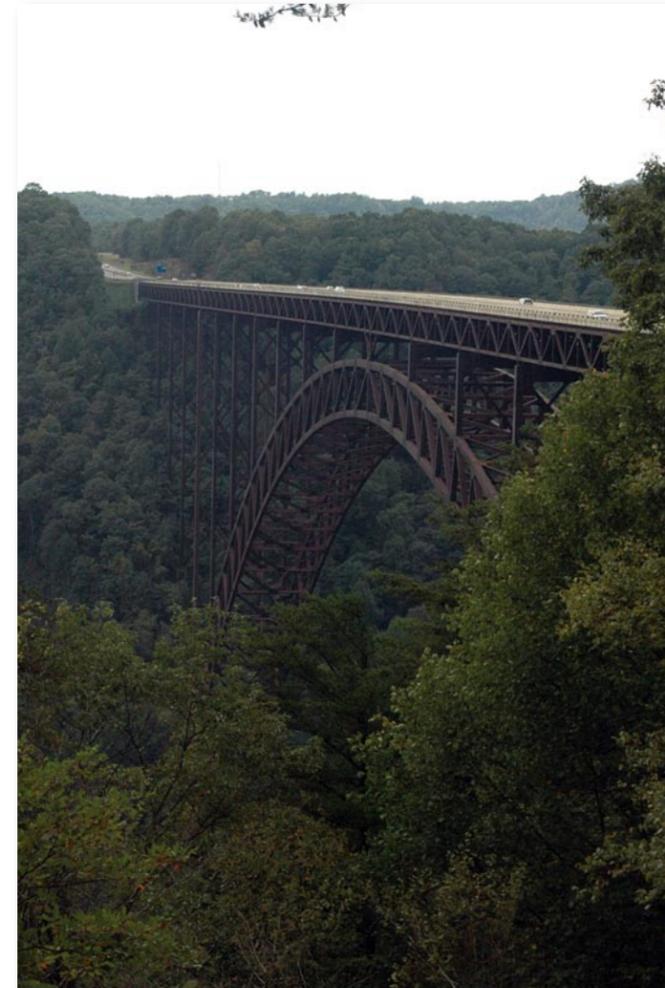
Ducshop Hyper Stacks

Ducshop has one of the most cost effective Ducati Hypermotard modifications that will increase horsepower and reliability.



The Ducshop Hyper Stacks eliminate the stock airbox on the dual-spark motors, replacing it with two stacks and individual pod filters, giving double the air filter surface area over stock filters. The entire kit cost just \$275 and includes stacks, K&N pod filters, crankcase filters and idle filters and boasts a six to eight horsepower increase.

Ducshop – 963 Industrial Pk Dr NE, Marietta GA 30062 – 678-594-7717 – www.ducshop.com



began the difficult process of regaining the twelve pounds I lost while on a diet. I could only think of what else might happen to me before the summer was over.

We managed to make it to Bristol, Virginia, for Sunday evening. I could see in Bobby that he has had



enough of this trip and was ready to get home. Over two days of rain took its toll on our Bobby's spirit; we were tired of fighting Mother Nature.

Monday the 28th was our final day—home in sight,

familiar roads ahead! We decided to ride Interstate 81 south to Route 66, then we picked up 338 to Maryville, Tennessee, where just outside of Maryville we caught Route 129. Route 129 takes you to the famous Deals Gap, the Dragon; lined with photographers trying to make a buck, sports cars and motorcycle enthusiasts, and pieces of debris from vehicles of all sorts. The twisty roads of



Tennessee and North Carolina were enjoyable after all that interstate riding. A quick lunch in Murphy, North Carolina, and we're home for an early dinner!

A friend said to me, as thoughts of Robert Burns, "The best laid schemes of mice and men go often awry." Our trip was an adventure, unpredictable as is life. I find myself bidding farewell to Mr. Summer and embracing my motorcycling journey through the Appalachian Mountains, exploring unseen roads despite Mother Nature's rage. Overcoming the weather, mechanical problems, and monkey butt could not pull down my spirit and enjoyment. I found myself renewed, knowing that I



wasn't suffering from cancer, which weighed heavily on my mind for a month, and knowing that my mother was watching over me. It was a chance to ride my Ducati, which we shared so many miles together. Even if she was suffering, she still took me the distance. The ride was self-enduring.



TRY A US DESMO TRACK DAY!

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. Bike and rider requirements are available at www.usdesmo.com.

Track Weekend, October 9–10, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, SC
Carolina Motorsports Park is 2.3 miles long with 14 turns, 30 feet of elevation change and several hard braking zones.

Track Weekend, October 30–31, Roebing Road, Savannah, GA
Roebing Road is a fast, flowing 2.2 mile track with 9 turns, minimal elevation change, very little hard braking, and a half mile front straight.

Visit www.usdesmo.com for rally recaps, track day stories, pdf versions of previous *Leanings* issues, picture galleries, membership and registration forms, and the discussion forum! Have an idea for a 2010 event? Contact Jim Calandro at capo@carolina.rr.com or 1.704.843.0429.

A Father & Son Italian Saga

story by Steve Terbruggen, Member #00305, and Josh Terbruggen

It began when a friend let me ride his 888SPO in early 1999. After growing up riding dirtbikes and having a plethora of Hondas and Kawasakis, I was enthralled with the sound and handling of the bike. I ended up at a friend's dealership within a few weeks and picked up a 996. After a few weeks of back-road riding, it seemed a track day would be the only way to keep my license. I went to Roebing Road in Savannah and after my first track day couldn't wait to go back. I took the Frank Kinsey race school and decided to go racing with Championship Cup Series in the super twins class. My pit crew (my gorgeous and amazingly understanding wife Lisa and my son Josh, who was 10 at the time) and I went racing for the whole season and managed to win the southeast regional super twins championship on a stock 996 with slip-ons, making all of 112 horsepower!

The next year came the expert class in CCS. Like a lot of Ducati owners, I was constantly in search of lighter weight (thank you

Marchesini magnesium) and more horsepower (SPS cams). I went to Daytona to the race of champions in October and really had my eyes opened to the difference between a 996 and a factory corsa bike when I went from the top four onto the banking only to be passed like I was on my pit bike when I hit top gear! Wow, is it amazing how fast a 180-hp corsa bike will pull away from a 120-hp 996.

I found Bruce Meyers at BCM Ducati in the off season. He built me a 140-hp, 84-lb-ft 996 motor with oversized valves, G cams, and a 54mm exhaust. I launched myself out of the seat so many times learning to control the extra horsepower I thought I was taking an aerobics class!

It was about this time my son Josh and I heard about the 998R, and Bruce and Suzie at BCM sent me number 469 (oh yeah, honey, I did send him a check you maybe didn't



LEFT: Steve and Josh with Frank Kinsey – 2002. TOP: Racing on the last lap – 2002. ABOVE: Racing 2002. BELOW LEFT: The family – 2002. BELOW CENTER: Josh on the Junkyard Dog. BELOW RIGHT: Father and son conference.



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know about). This bike enabled me to get second in the Formula 40 Southeast Championship against an ex-Hooter's Suzuki 750/1000 (yes Croly, I know it was a cheater bike). I owe a special thanks to my son Josh, who



The 998R in the crate.

hailed gas cans, got up early to set up the pit and E-Z Up, worked tire warmers in the 100-degree heat, and changed a rear wheel on the Duc in less than 30 seconds.

It was also about this time that I discovered US DESMO. I have attended the Roebling Road track days for the last few years and am always impressed with the variety of bikes (I also have a '95 900SS/SP I ride on the street that has seen a track day) and how well run the event is. I wish we could go every other week!

In 2008 for his graduation from high school with honors, my son Josh bought a 2008 HypermotardS from



The 998R in race trim with fresh rubber on the way to the track.

our friend Sebastian at Melillimoto. Sebastian has been keeping my race bikes and street bikes running for years, and this was actually the first Hyper delivered out of his new shop in Ocala. Josh also grew up riding dirt bikes from a young age, but I can't tell you how weird and anxious a feeling it is to see your son wheelie by you in second gear on his own Ducati. I guess over a decade of being a pit crew chief and helping with bike setup at the races really gave him a jump start on being a smooth and fast rider. After only a couple of track days

at Jennings and Roebling, it is apparent that it is in the blood. Of course, the Hyper now has been upgraded with Woodcraft rearsets, a Sargent seat, and slipper clutch. The exhaust and cams may be next. I really am looking forward to his first US DESMO track day when he gets out of college. With the current range of bikes, I foresee decades of excitement for the up and coming ducati! I wonder what Josh thinks?

My Italian Saga: Josh Terbrueggen

I've been around motorcycles for years now thanks to the fact that my father and various members of my family ride. I can remember clearly when I really became hooked, that point when the passing interest developed into something more permanent.

I was leaning on the fence along the front straight of Roebling Road on a typical, blisteringly hot summer day. Dad was on the track for an 8-lap sprint race that was well under way, and I was taking lap times—the only thing a crew member can do while the rider is out on the track besides simply watching.

The race was about half way done, and Dad had gotten caught up in a pack in the beginning of the race and had just worked his way through to second place.



Josh at his first Frank Kinsey track day at Roebling Road with control rider and Speed personality Dave Despain.

The guy in first had capitalized on everyone back in the pack holding each other up and dicing, and he worked up a healthy lead of roughly half the front straight. With three laps to go, Dad had separated himself from the pack and second place seemed secured. A good ending to an exciting race, though it was a shame that he couldn't make the break sooner, as he was turning some of the most consistently fast lap times I had ever seen him put together.

The leader was coming onto the straight to start what would be the second to last lap, and, wait a second, Dad had cut the lead in half. I watched him hurtle down the straight toward the first turn, and the now-familiar surge of adrenaline that I get from participating in or watching a good race began to course through my veins. There was no way he could come back from that kind of



gap! However, the leader passed the white flag with Dad a mere fifteen bike lengths adrift. This was swiftly closed to five entering turn one.

One minute and sixteen seconds later, I watched Dad make a draft pass a few hundred feet from the checkered flag and I was hooked. That was it. Every sport has those moments that an athlete is in pursuit of: a hole in one, the buzzer beater, the overtime win. Those are all undeniably exciting in their own right, but that day I found the sport that was best for me.

Roughly half a decade later, I purchased my first street bike with my savings, some help from Dad, and



The garage with the Junkyard Dog (aka 996 Corse) and the rest of the fleet with the newly acquired Hypermotard.



Dad and I on the front straight at Jennings.

the sale of both of our dirtbikes. I was the proud owner of a Ducati HypermotardS. I looked at a few other bikes before choosing the Hyper, including an '05 999S that I really had my heart set on I listened to reason and decided to learn the ropes on something a little more forgiving than a full-fledged superbike. The bike has been great to me and is a blast to ride. Low powered enough to be manageable, high in torque thus forcing me to be smooth on the throttle and have a blast when I'm not, and fantastic components like the Brembo brakes that keep me out of trouble. I have six track days under my belt since I got the bike, and I've loved every minute of it. I look forward to participating in and watching the innovations of this great sport for years to come.



Current picture of the garage with the whole family and all of our Duc's in a row!

Did Your Father Ride?

story by Bill Park, Member #01055

Did your father ride? An unlikely question to come up at a cocktail party, but one I have found myself asking more often at my friends' father's funerals. Could I have chosen a more morbid subject? I think not. But bear with me and see if we can put a more positive spin on the subject at hand. With my aging body shifting into high gear and many of my best friends being motorcyclists, this particular situation has been on the rise.

I most recently found myself asking this question of a close personal friend, coworker, and avid motorcyclist, John Mosley, about his father (pictured next page), who had recently died from complications following a major stroke at the age of 74. John is an unofficial member of the Iron-Butt society. Avid really doesn't

come close to describing his bike-riding habits. He is the real thing—a bike rider through and through. So the question above was a natural part of our conversation. I could have asked, "Did your father influence you to ride?" But that's another column for another time.

My own father died at the ripe old age of 82 following a brief bout with lung cancer back in July of 2001. And I still miss him every day. No one asked me the above-mentioned question at my own father's funeral. Most of those in attendance knew him better than I did. His passion was golf, and anyone who knew him in the least way knew that he loved the game of golf. But if someone had asked, I would

have been ready with a brief but humorous story that my dad shared with me many years ago.

My mother and father were never real keen on motorcycles—especially with respect to the idea of their son's owning and/or riding a motorcycle. My mother had lost a brother, John, nicknamed Tweed, in a motorcycle accident. Tweed had survived World War II, married, had a child, and was attending Auburn University on the newly formed Veterans Administration program. He used a motorcycle to commute to school and work. The bike had a defective headlamp, which was not a big deal back in that era of less government regulations.



But a car driver didn't see him coming and hit him head on, and he was killed instantly. I don't know what it would be like to lose a brother or sister, and, to be certain, I hope I never have to

find out what it would be like. The mere thought of such an event would in fact place a very large burden on my soul and would very much dampen my spirits with respect to motorcycling in general. No doubt about it.

But I digress. My dad told me of his brief encounter and ownership of a certain motorcycle, many year ago, when I was adamant about my new passion for riding. I think he actually thought that his story would help to dampen my drive to own and ride a motorcycle. It never

works. The imparting of vast quantities of accumulated knowledge gained at great expense over the course of one's life is never acted on by the one being counseled. Especially when a parent is imparting said knowledge to his own children in an effort to prevent them from wasting precious time and money.

Anyway, it would seem that my dad and his best friend, Gerald Stabler, purchased an old, rusty, used Indian motorcycle. Now it is at this point that things get fuzzy. I would like to believe that they had stumbled onto and purchased Godfrey's 1911 Isle of Man TT-winning Indian or maybe one of Jake DeRosier's winning Indian

bikes, and that they left it in some barn and I was able to run over and rescue it and now can retire on the proceeds from the sale of said bike. That was not to be. I am assuming that their ownership was around the late 1930s and that the used Indian was maybe 6 to 10 years old. No doubt parts and service in rural Alabama would have been rather limited. My dad told the story, and, by the way, I was never able to learn of Mr. Gerald's side of this story. By the time I was old enough to want to document and hear more of the story, Mr. Gerald had passed away. I have missed loads of great stories by simply being too late to the party. History is never very important until you become part of it.

Dad said, "For every mile we rode that old motorcycle, we had to push it 99." There was absolutely no love lost when he traded the bike for a car. And for



years, I believed from his statement that the term one-percenter came from the ratio of pushing to riding—the true measure of passion for motorcycling. So from my father's very brief observation, one might begin to understand how his passion for speed and the freedom of the open road may have collided with his own latter-day reality. Anyone could become a little jaded from such a traumatic first experience with motorcycles. His

later cars did not require so much pushing and traveling exposed to the rain, and did not result in dampened clothing and spirits. My dad gave up too soon on the motorcycle. Yoshiro Honda was only a world war and a few decades away. Dad likened tending to his motorcycle



to living in a house with four fireplaces for heat and a wood stove for cooking. He grew up in just such a place and spent a great deal of his time chopping and splitting wood. Needless to say, when he grew up and built his dream home, it had forced-air gas heating with a set of gas logs in the living-room fireplace. No more chopping wood and no more pushing a motorcycle. At this point, I have to admit that I have, over the years, pushed my share of motorcycles, most of them merely out of gas. My fault in most cases.

I guess the dark side of me has wondered from time to time just what they may be asking my daughters about their father when it is my turn to take that last, long ride. Will someone ask them, "Did your father ride?" They will most likely be asking this question after taking note that my lifeless body will be dressed in full leather racing gear and my faithful Ducati will be leaning next to my box. My daughters' inevitable answer will be, "Yes, my father was a rider."



US DESMO 2010 Calender of Events

Ducks Head West (DHW) – August 13–15, Erwin, TN

Ducks Fly South (DFS) – Sept. 17–19, Hiawassee, GA

Track Weekend – October 9–10, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, SC.

Track Weekend – October 30–31, Roebing Road, Savannah, GA

Visit www.usdesmo.com for rally recaps, track day stories, pdf versions of previous Leanings issues, picture galleries, membership and registration forms, and the discussion forum!

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An Inside Look: ARAI HELMETS A Family Business With The Same Mission Through Three Generations

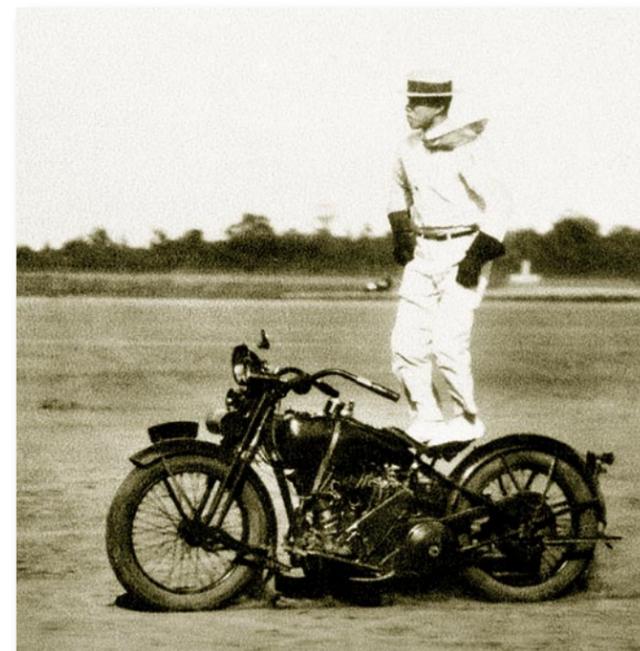
Arai is not your typical helmet company; in fact it wouldn't be typical even if it wasn't a helmet company.

First, in an industry of large, publicly-held competitors, Arai is a comparatively small, family operation, owned by the Arai family through three generations. Hirotaké Arai, a talented rider in his own right and, ironically, a custom hat maker by trade, founded it in 1937 in Ohmiya, Japan. Today, the second and third generations are represented by Hirotaké's son, Michio "Mitch" Arai, the current president, and his son, Akihito, known as "Aki."

Ask Mitch Arai what he thinks makes his company unique, and he takes its multi-generation history to a different level: "We have had the same goal, the same mission, throughout these three generations. Nobody else can have that because public companies change owners and goals." Yet it's not this single mission per-se that makes him proud, it's what the mission is: "Our focus has always been the rider. Other companies might say that, but our history shows that

all Arai innovations have been created to give the rider better protection, comfort and fit. These innovations do not all make news and they are not all fashionable, but this is not our goal. The goal is doing our very best for the rider. Arai is a conservative company. We say the job of

a motorcycle helmet has not changed—protection against impact. You can add things to it as long as you never forget those basics. Every Arai worker knows that a rider is depending on them to do their best. This understanding, and the decades it has existed, has resulted in a very distinctive Arai culture here, built around the goal. We do not ask workers to be loyal to Arai, we ask them to be loyal to our goal: a better helmet for riders. Please remember, we came from a rider, and that rider was my father. It is our family name on the



helmet. How could we do less than our best?"

A quick check of Arai's rider-driven innovations bears out what Mitch Arai says: The first modern ventilated





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helmets; the first helmets with washable interiors; first to offer different interior shapes; first quick-change shield systems; first with removable, custom-sized cheekpads and head liners; first with helmet exhaust ventilation; first diffuser ventilation; and more. Hard to imagine what a “modern” bike helmet would be like today without all those Arai innovations.

So what, you say? Everybody has those features. True, says Arai, that’s because they’ve all been copied by others. But the company feels that if riders have benefited, even those who don’t buy an Arai, it’s a good thing.

Arai people describe their company as both strict and conservative to a fault. There are things it simply



won’t do just to “move product.” This attitude comes from that ingrained, three-generation-long, rider-focused Arai Culture. (“It’s in the walls, in the air. You can’t avoid feeling it; you can practically reach out and touch it. You don’t hear the workers laughing or talking while they work, just some radios here and there. The concentration is that intense. People are here for careers, not jobs. They learn what each other’s role is, so they know what their own contribution makes to building this helmet they can believe in.”) All Arai helmets are built to one standard, not to price points; no low-end to high-end. To those who say Arais are expensive, the response is that it takes so much time and effort to build each one that “the cost to build determines the cost to sell.” The helmets are handmade. Standards and tolerances are so strict that every single Arai shell must pass at least three

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inspections, including shell thickness, before it's even assembled. "A rider must be able to trust what is under Arai paint."

Arai's motorcycle-racing presence is well-documented and spans decades. The likes of Freddie Spencer, Kevin Schwantz, Randy Mamola and a host of others, including perhaps the most famous AMA-racing Ducati legend, Jimmy Adamo. (An example of Arai's "family" loyalty and treatment of its racers is typified by the company's keeping Adamo's famous lightning-bolt helmet design in its line for years after he was killed at Daytona in 1993. All of the profits from the helmet's sales went to Adamo's wife and children.)

Today, the Arai ranks read like a Who's Who, the list probably as long as this article. It includes American MotoGP stars, Nicky Hayden and Colin Edwards II. In World Superbike, Ducati's Nori Haga. Josh Hayes, Tommy Hayden, Danny Eslick, Blake Young, Martin Cardenas, and more in AMA road racing. Most of the pro dirt-track riders, led this year by the first AMA racer in history to put a Ducati dirt-track bike on top of the winner's box, Joe Kopp. Mix in off-road and the rest, and, well, you get the idea.

There are only 15 men in the entire company who make Arai helmet shells. That's 15 for the worldwide market. Clearly, this is not a company out to flood the market with "product." And these 15 shell experts don't just build motorcycle helmet shells. They're also responsible for all of Arai's auto-racing shells. Auto racing? Right, this small, family company's ability and reputation are such that its auto helmets are worn by more than half the drivers on the Formula-1 grid. Not to mention Jamie McMurray, winner of the 2010 NASCAR® Daytona 500, plus Jeff Gordon, Jeff Burton, Juan Pablo Montoya, A.J. Allmendinger, and several more; and the 2009 IndyCar Championship and three of its top-five championship spots. Arai people believe this level of involvement is something else that sets their company apart. It's one thing, they say, to build a good motorcycle helmet. But to possess a capability so advanced that you can not only compete in Formula-1, but dominate the grid—and have four of the last six F-1 world champions and four of the top five 2009 world championship positions—says more than words can about the company's obsession with quality above all. Even more telling, every F-1 driver wears an Arai for free—no sponsorship money.

Arai says it can maintain a more deliberate research and development pace because "there are no public-corporation shareholders screaming at us for bigger profits and lower costs, or marketing departments regularly beating on us to 'Bang out!' something new all the time. In this regard, we have no need for speed." An Arai spokesman points to some of the venerable helmet

brands now outsourcing manufacturing from their home countries to get cheaper prices. He's afraid, he says, that such trends can potentially cause the manufacturers to lose touch with and control of their quality.

Underscoring Arai's staunch attitude is its willingness to forgo sales by not capitalizing on fads or fashion. For example, they prefer to "improve on what's proven" in shell materials rather going with fashionable "buzz-word" materials. New Arai helmet designs are sculpted by hand, not computers. "Computers are very good," says Mr. Arai. "But computers solve mathematical problems. People solve human problems. Our helmets are



designed for humans." Arai stays with its side-pod shield system because they feel it intrudes less into the shell shape than the newer podless systems, letting the shell "do its job better in the rapid dispersal and dissipation of impact energy via a smoother shell surface."

"We really hope people can understand it's not just about more sales around here. Mr. Arai doesn't care about fashion; if the feeling is that something isn't true to our core culture's emphasis on the best rider protection, comfort, and fit we can build, they just won't do it. Podless systems are much easier and cheaper to build than ours is. We know our faceshield system isn't intuitive. But intuitive is not the point. Pod vs. podless isn't the point. Rider protection is. Has been since the beginning."

They readily admit their helmets aren't for everybody. With the manufacturing demands they place on the helmets, they say they couldn't make enough even if everybody did want one. They know cheaper helmets are out there, and some of them are good. An Arai costs more, they say, because more goes into each helmet. "On another scale, though, we think a rider can go through a bunch of cheaper product in the lifetime of a single five-year-warranted Arai. That can make an Arai less expensive in the long run. Plus, you get all the advantages along with it."

BENCH RACING

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

Youth and Wisdom

by Terry Boling, Member #00297

"I was trying to keep up"...

"I almost low-sided"...

"I almost high-sided"...

"Did you see me almost lose it?"...

How many times have we heard these words while at our local twisty-mountain-road hangout? Maybe we have even said these things ourselves on several occasions, but have you noticed that your perception of these phrases have been changing as you log more miles as the years go by?

My wife and I have been riding on the mountain roads of the Southeast for at least fifteen years and have recently started to feel old compared to some of the newcomers to the sport of motorcycling. While talking to some of these youngsters, we started to notice these

more challenging, have less traffic, lower chance of law enforcement, and better scenery than the local road on which he was repeatedly doing laps. He wanted to go on more of these rides with us, and we were more than happy to pull him off the mountain each time we had a babysitter.

When we were not able to get out, he was back riding with the local fast guys and terrorizing the local road. Sometimes Vicki and I would drive the car to the hangout at the base of the mountain with our daughter so she could see all the motorcycles. While at the store, we heard our young friend starting to repeat those familiar phrases. Two months after our first ride with him, he had the crash we were expecting. He launched his bike into a

"I'm riding over my head and am going to crash soon."

catch phrases and kept mental notes of them, especially when some riders stated them with a high frequency. To us, these words are warning signs, and often we mentally rephrase them to state: "I'm riding over my head and am going to crash soon." This has been proven many times over throughout the years, with both personal experiences and through observations of others.

A few years ago, we met a guy who was almost young enough to be our own child. He was not a disrespectful punk that many like to assume all of today's youth have become. We enjoyed talking to him and watching his riding improve and advance quickly. He was starting to ride with some of the really fast guys in the area on a regular basis, but Vicki and I started to hear him use the phrases listed above. As the months went by, we heard the phrases more and more frequently. This raised a red flag in our heads and we discussed not wanting to see him crash and get hurt, as we felt this result was inevitable.

No one wants to be told what to do or how to ride, so a different approach was decided upon. We invited him to go on one of our sport-touring rides. We chose a nice 300- to 350-mile ride from South Carolina, through western North Carolina, up to Tennessee, and back home. The ride is one that we try to do monthly, and, with several options along the route, it is never boring and is nothing for which someone would want to try to memorize every curve.

He had never been on many of these roads and really enjoyed them. He found some of the roads to be

creek, fractured his wrist, and had a mild concussion, and his bike was trashed.

He sat out of motorcycling for nearly a year as he recovered and slowly found the parts to piece his bike back together. We kept in touch during this period, and when it came time to get back on the road again, he kept telling us that he wanted to ride our routes and learn new roads. The desire to storm up and down the local road had been greatly reduced, as we showed him many new and exciting roads in northern Georgia and western North Carolina. He has even found a few roads that have become favorites, and he looks forward to riding on the roads when our route takes us through them. These roads will remain fresh and exciting for a long time, as we only travel on them once during our more-than-three-hundred-mile rides.

Over the last couple of years he has been getting smoother and faster and still rides on the local road a few times a month. He now stresses leaving "room for error" and does not try to push the envelop to the 110% realm as he had been. We have had many discussions about riding fast and track days and racing, but also of the small, yet personable, rallies of US DESMO. In the fall of 2009, we took him with us to the Ducks Fly South rally. He really enjoyed the rally, the people, and the conversations he experienced. I believe he will be a positive motorcycling advocate for the sport in the future. Now if I can only get his butt on a Ducati and get him to become a member of US DESMO!



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