



DESMO LEANINGS

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

Volume 10 Issue 3

Autumn 2012



DESMO LEANINGS FINAL ISSUE
Ducati 848 Project Bike • West Coast Tour

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Greetings from il Capo

Well, the big news is, this is the last magazine we will publish either in print or on line. It is just too much work for me right now. Unless someone else volunteers to keep it alive, it is over. I got a smile out of a note David Grogan sent while he was proofreading my Bench Racing story. He said it was like reading an obituary. I do hate to see it discontinue because it was one of the hallmarks of our club, but I would rather be out riding.

On a brighter note, we will continue with our events and have actually added a new one for 2013: Barber Motorsports Park is the premiere race track in the Southeast and possibly the United States, and, as a club, we have not gone there. Reason being it is very expensive and requires a lot of money up front. Clyde Romero, our VP, has volunteered to take on this task. Mark your calendar for April 15, 2013, and come celebrate your freedom from the tax man with us.

The year continued to be a challenge for the club in that most of our events are running at 50 to 75% of their normal participants. We need your support to make these events successful. Please come out and join us and also help us to spread the word.

Jim
il Capo



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2005 Ducati 749R #50 of 500 produced in 2005, Full 57mm Termignoni exhaust system + Power Commander installed and tuned by The Ducshop, EVR slipper clutch, Ohlins suspension set up by Cogent Dynamics including; 25mm Ohlins fork piston kit + new Ohlins springs front & rear for 175 lb rider, Woodcraft 53mm clip-ons, CRG adjustable brake & clutch levers, NCR magnesium ventilated clutch cover, New #520 15/39 sprocket & chain conversion, valves & belts service at 8,500 miles, 3 keys including red key, 9,100 miles, **\$10,995, Contact: Bill Birchfield, cell (704) 617-1835, e-mail: billb@Qmarketing.biz**



For Sale: **2000 MV Agusta F4S** Under 11,500 miles. Very early 2000, serial number 00039, and it still has the Euro headlight on and off switch. Exhaust polished and cored in England and has a nice wail to it. Later side stand spring and plate installed to eliminate auto retract. Carbon fiber covers over the air intake runners and a carbon fiber under seat inner fender. Insulation cloth installed under the seat and tail section for a cooler ride. Lower three silver body panels touched up to look brand new. Charlotte area. **Asking \$7,000. Contact Jim Calandro at capo@carolina.rr.com or 704-843-0429.**



For Sale: **1995 Ducati 916** This is the 'project bike'! If you're looking for a 916 to; restore, customize, dedicated track/race, or a spare to keep your 916 going, this is the ONE! Solid frame, good motor (needs a new alternator- 2 phase and battery), running train, wheels, suspension and full street parts. Ohlin's forks and 25mm super bike valve kit. Willing to sell with OEM Showas for a discounted price. New chain/sprockets, etc. The body work is not in great shape, but it's there. **Asking \$4,000 OBO. Contact Si at Email: sam@mriaes.com Direct: 770.834.4237 Carrollton, GA**



For Sale: **2010 Ducati Streetfighter S** Purchased at Atlanta area Ducati dealer. Bike comes equipped with Ohlins Suspension front and rear, lightened Marchesini rims, front and back, Brembo brakes front and rear, Ducabike bar risers, Ducati performance seat. Bike has 19,003 miles on it and has been regularly serviced and maintained. Last had full service done at 15.5k at Ducati of Greenville SC. New front and rear sprocket installed at last service, 2 teeth up in the rear. Bar end mirrors installed, Currently has stock exhausts re-installed, New Rear Tire, front tire has 70% life left. New chain at last service, Tail bag included. New Ducati fuel tank installed at last service. Bike comes with Ducati special tool for rear wheel removal and owners manual. Bike has been very well cared for, always stored inside, regularly cleaned, and has had only one owner. There are no major (or minor for that matter) issues with this bike. Regular service by qualified mechanics. Bike has never been used on the track, only street riding. Contact **Michael Sullivan, 803.902.0003 or mgspclaw@aol.com**



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Part Uno **DUCATI 848 PROJECT BIKE COMES TO SPEED**

Text by Neale Bayly, Member #01174, photos by Neale Bayly and Mack Baker

The day I picked up the 848 EVO from Ducati of Charlotte, it was not a bright, sunny start to the long-term relationship we were about to embark on. Sure, from ten paces the Dark Stealth bodywork looked wicked, and the huge inverted fork with the massive Brembo mono-block radial calipers had my mouth watering. But once up close, the bike looked pretty badly neglected. The wheels, swing arm, and forks were encrusted in road grime, and the chain was dry, rusty, and filthy. The Pirelli tires had certainly seen better days, and the rubber on the badly tarnished exhaust pipes said either burnouts or hard track miles. A deeply gouged engine cover that someone had hand-painted the scratches black made it clear it had been dropped at speed at some point, and a few other areas from the bar

ends to peg tips confirmed this. In contrast, the tank and bodywork were all brand new, which meant it had been crashed badly enough for them to need replacement.

As I flipped on the ignition, pressed the starter button, and fired the engine to life, the healthy roar of the 140-horsepower, 848cc Testastretta V-twin told me all was well with the heart and soul of the beast, though, and got me eager to jump in the saddle. The oil level was fine and everything appeared to be straight and tight. As delivered, the Ducati had no license plate or paperwork, so with a road test out of the question, I loaded up and headed for home to prepare the 848 for its first track outing.

Before I made the trip, though, I had an appointment with the lovely Laura West to shoot some photos, so



This is the last issue of US Desmo Leanings. You can list a classified ad on the US Desmo web site in the discussion forum at www.usdesmo.com.



I gave the bike a good clean-and-detail so it would be looking its best. It took some scrubbing and various solvents, but with a little elbow grease, it left the garage heading for the studio looking like it had never been off the showroom floor. The shoot went well, and the pictures turned out great, so we were



off to a good start. As we were going to run it during a fairly quiet club track day at Carolina Motorsports Park, I taped and disconnected the lights and mirrors before taking it back to Motorcycles of Charlotte to slip on a set of Pirelli Diablo

Rosso II tires. There was no way I was going near a racetrack on the shagged tires the bike came with.

The Rosso IIs made a logical tire for our first track test, as they are predominantly a street tire, with enough chops to handle a track day if you don't go mad. Having never ridden the 848 EVO, this seemed like a good chance for me to get to know the bike without feeling as if I needed to push hard enough to exploit a set of race-compound tires. With the Pirellis mounted and balanced



and all the Ducati's important little places checked for safety, it was time to go.

My weekend at Carolina Motorsports Park was a mixed one. I immediately liked the super-strong V-twin engine and was blown away by how strong the brakes were, but the handling was just plain weird. The bike needed a lot of muscle to turn into the corners and didn't give me any confidence, which is something that's needed for a fast lap at CMP. It ran wide out of the turns and made me think something might have been bent when it was crashed. The fueling was spot on, though, and the rush as the power seemed to keep piling on all the way to the 11,000-rpm redline was seriously addictive. If you have lived on a diet of inline four-cylinder motorcycles for track work, you are going to be hitting the redline a lot as this rev ceiling is comparatively low. For me, having recently put in some seat time on one of Fast Frank Shockley's air-cooled Ducatis that doesn't rev past eight grand, it was bliss. And I was actually surprised how little outright grunt there was at lower rpm for a big

twin, but what happens when it gets spinning more than makes up for any disappointment.

Riding position was all race bike, with a very much sit-on, not sit-in feeling. Seat area is roomy, though, and allowed me to slide forward to feel comfortable with the reach to the bars. Transmission was good. It's not super slick like a modern 600cc sport bike, but it shifts positively and didn't find any false neutrals. Clutch is not the lightest I've ever pulled, but the throttle action is smooth and precise, and I like the sharp, immediate action from the adjustable front brake lever. And, while all of these things are important, I think it was the roar of the engine through the surprisingly loud stock



pipes that was the most addictive part of the Ducati experience. One interesting thing to note was no dry-clutch rattle as the 848 system runs in oil, and it is a slipper clutch: that wonderful device that saves your hide when you downshift too early hammering into a turn.

Leaving CMP at the end of the weekend, I called Fast Frank to discuss my findings, and he said the first thing he would do before we added any performance parts was to take a look at the suspension and perform a more detailed inspection of the bike. Besides, we needed to get rid of the radiator fluid, and the brakes looked like they could benefit from a cleaning. So I marked the date in my calendar and took the 848 home to await my appointment with the surgeon.

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Part Due DUCATI 848 EVO PARTS INSTALL

Text by Neale Bayly, Member #01174, photos by Neale Bayly and Mack Baker

So with a big box full of goodies from Ducati, I aimed the trusty rusty four-door south and headed for Fast Frank Shockley's workshop. For those who don't know Frank, he has built, tuned, and raced his air-cooled Ducatis to a couple of Moto-ST championships



in recent years, and he now builds, tunes, and fabricates parts for racers who want to go fast. He is still an active racer and certainly lives up to his name. Rolling the bike up on the lift, our first order of operation was to take a look at the suspension. As we prepared, Frank told me a



lot of people jack the back end of the 848s to help them turn faster, so it was no surprise that he found the rear ride-height adjuster wound all the way out. Lowering the adjuster, he then put it back to a more neutral setting.

The idea behind this was that I should just try it like this before we started making any major changes to the suspension, and when we did, we should do it trackside.

Next, he changed the oil and filter, dumped the radiator fluid for WaterWetter, and performed a detailed safety check to ensure everything was in order. Brakes were cleaned and bled, and we had plenty of pad life left



so didn't need to think about a change. Then it was time to check out the shiny new parts. A pair of Termignoni slip-ons came out first, followed by a Ducati racing ECU and a beautiful set of Ducati racing rear sets. You have to see these to believe how beautiful they are and



the quality of the machine work and finish. A different windscreen came out, which emptied the box, and Frank



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went to work. I had sourced a new battery from Racing Batteries, which saved us a little over seven pounds compared to the OEM item. The pipes took another six and a half pounds off, and losing the mirrors, passenger foot pegs, and license-plate holder slimmed the Ducati down a further 5.2 pounds, for a total weigh saving of

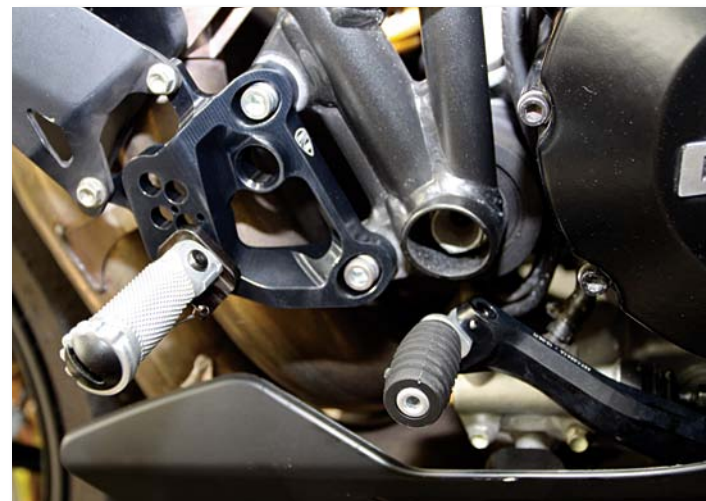


close to 20 pounds. If the equation of ten pounds equaling one horsepower is correct, this was not a bad gain, especially as Frank reckoned we should gain around eight horsepower with the exhausts and ECU. While this is not like a full-race tune, any time you add a chunk of horsepower and lose significant weight, you are most definitely going the right way. And these gains don't sacrifice reliability.

Frank had everything installed and buttoned back



up in no time, and I have to admit, looking at the EVO on the bench, it certainly looked a whole lot leaner and meaner. The rear sets, as I already mentioned, are purely and simply pieces of artwork, and the detail in the components of all the Ducati parts is first class. The Pirelli Diablo Rosso II tires looked just fine, so with a quick test to see if the battery was doing its thing, Frank applied the final touches: white Fast Frank Racing



stickers that looked superb on the flat-black paintwork. He told me they were worth a second a lap, although I think it's his attention to detail and mechanical skills that will bring the lap times down.

At Roebing Road a couple of days later, I joined my good buddy Jim Calandro for a US DESMO track event, and the Ducati performed noticeably better. It just felt

sharper and more focused thanks to the recent diet, and the power was crisper and more abundant, with a noticeably stronger surge up on the top end. While I had never noticed any deficiency that warranted attention in this department, the addition of the pipes and ECU certainly made sure I would never want to put it back to stock.

Roebing Road is a beautifully flowing track. No point and shoot here, although there are some bumpy areas and a couple of places that can get the front



end chattering if you are off line. The front fork seemed compliant and also did a great job of allowing me to keep increasing my speeds and extending my braking marker in toward turn one without any excess dive. I was still a little out of my comfort zone with the rear end, even though it felt much better, and I easily equaled the lap times I set last year on our Honda CBR1000RR and the year before on our long-term R6. This was encouraging, as the Yamaha had been on race-compound tires and the Ducati is giving away some horsepower to the Honda.

The test at Roebing Road also allowed me to start



understanding how the Ducati needs to be ridden. Don't let anyone tell you there isn't a learning curve when you first ride a Ducati on the racetrack. It also had me totally addicted to the sound of the engine, especially with the Termignoni pipes in place, and super impressed with the engine's massive ability to pull off the corners. Roebing certainly doesn't require a lot of braking, but when it does, you really need some good equipment with the speeds the bike reaches on the long front straight, and the Brembo setup is enough to have your eyeballs popping out of your head.



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Part Tre DUCATI 848 FINAL TEST VERSUS TRIUMPH 675

Text by Neale Bayly, Member #01174, photos by Neale Bayly and Jackie Semian

Fast Frank Shockley, Julian Taylor from *All About Bikes*, a Sportbike Track Time weekend, and the two hottest Euro middleweights on the planet wearing brand-new Bridgestone racing slicks. Add in a race-prepped Ducati 999 for on-board camera duties by a film crew from Speed.com and rolling south to Carolina Motorsports Park in South Carolina at the end of last year, and a mad weekend was clearly in the works.

With Fast Frank blasting the 999 out of turn 12 with the rear squirming as the Ducati hammered its horsepower to the ground, the 999's rear end filling my view slid violently sideways. The flash of white in front of the Ducati told me Fast Frank was inches from the back of Julian's rear wheel, and as the wily old fox took a short flight out of the seat, he quickly feathered the throttle and got both wheels back in line. I let go of the breath I

curb, throwing the 999 on its side for the next turn. Riding wheel to wheel at this pace for 20 minutes out on the Carolina Motorsports racetrack was the finale to a



brilliant weekend of riding, testing, and comparing to see whether the Ducati 848 EVO or the Triumph 675R gets the job done better at the racetrack.

With two days on the track at a Sportbike Track Time event, there was no hurry on the first morning to



was holding and stayed hard on the gas barreling into turn 14. Using the Ducati 848 EVO's superior brakes, I slid by Frank and slipped in behind Julian, as the Triumph Daytona 675R scythed through the turn and started the run down to turn one.

Frank wasn't having any of this nonsense, and using his superior riding skills out-drove me off the turn. The 848 EVO was able to make quick work of the 999 down the long straight, though, and holding Frank off again on the brakes, I managed to tuck up on the rear of the 675 as we entered turn one. Twisting the throttle as hard as I dared, I began looking for a place to make a move on Julian before Frank wriggled between me and



go out and brave the cold. As the usual crop of Stoner wannabes hit the floor in the chill morning, Julian, editor Scott Betten, and I made sure the bikes were all prepped, through tech, and ready. It was the first time I had seen the new Daytona 675R in person, and I was

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immediately attracted like a magpie to shiny objects to the Öhlins suspension. My 848 EVO was still running stock equipment, but since being worked over by Cogent Dynamics, it was not quite stock. Plus we had lost some significant weight removing all the road gear and gained some power with the pipes and the ECU, so stock was not the right word. With one machine being a 675cc inline three-cylinder, and the other an 848cc V-twin, there is no way to completely level the playing field, even if both bikes were original, but we felt happy neither bike had a unfair advantage as we went head to head.



As I'd cut a lot of laps on the Ducati, I convinced Julian to let me on the Triumph first, and with the track temperatures rising and our fresh Bridgestone slicks toasty warm from the tire warmers, it was off to work. Immediately the difference between the Triumph and the Ducati was massive. Where on the Ducati it feels as if you sit on the bike leaning down and forward to the bars, the Triumph feels much more as if you are sitting inside the machine. The bars are still low, and you are certainly in a racer's crouch, but it's much more conservative than the Ducati. The bike also feels lighter and smaller and way softer, as if it's a road bike compared to a racer. The stock pipe helped with this impression, as the 848 is certainly roaring like an angry lion with the less restrictive pipes, whereas the Daytona is super quiet. Once on the move, the three-cylinder engine rips up through the revs much faster as well, and I had to re-adjust myself to a higher rev ceiling and less mid-range grunt.

The whole approach to the Triumph was radically different, as it felt so much more nimble and able to take tighter lines or change lines at will. The Öhlins



suspension did a fantastic job of taming some of Carolina Motorsports Park's notoriously bumpy parts, and I physically had to stop turning in too early. The brakes felt somewhat softer, which made manic, late braking less of an option, but not one that was needed. Where on the Ducati I felt as if charging hard to the outside of the turn, slamming on the incredibly strong Brembo brakes, and then using a lot of muscle to throw the machine on its side was the quickest way around the track, the

Triumph needed different tactics. Approaching with less braking force, I found myself in the turn and back on the gas much earlier and with less effort than the Ducati.

Taking advantage of the Triumph's electronic shifter, I'm sure I was shaving off a little time on gearshifts, and overall I never felt as if I was working as hard on the Triumph. It is not as forgiving as the Ducati if you don't keep the rpm up, and I'm not sure if it is quite as fast in a straight line, but what it loses on the swings it makes up on the roundabouts, as my old mother would always say.

At the end of the test, I came away most impressed with the ease with which I adapted to the Triumph and how quickly I was able to go fast. The Ducati might have gotten the slightly faster lap times with me in the seat,




but it had certainly taken a lot longer to get to this point. Given more time with the Triumph, some light tuning, and a little less weight, I think I could do some damage. Or at least keep Fast Frank in sight a little longer when he was on the 848.

Back on my familiar Ducati 848, its larger feeling was never more evident than after climbing off the Triumph. Roaring off around CMP with the fire-spitting beast pounding the South Carolina asphalt, I had to get my upper body muscles back in action and re-adjust my riding style. Riding shoulder to shoulder with Julian and Frank all day, we got down to some respectable lap times and were pushing as hard as we could. The harder I pushed on the Ducati, the more it made sense. The wickedly powerful brakes helped lower my lap times, the stable wheel base made this late braking a delight, and the way the big V-twin pulled off the corners was thrilling. The whole experience of the Ducati was visceral, raw, and as exciting as any motorcycle can be on a racetrack.

By the end of the day, knowing it would be the last time I would ride the bike in anger, I have to admit to being very sad to say goodbye. It had not been a perfect love affair from the start, but the longer we had the bike, and the more we rode and refined it, the better it



became, the more I got used to it, and the faster we went. Of course, the last and most important detail was the Bridgestone slicks. Giving incredible levels of grip and confidence, they sharpen the handling and allow you to get the power to the ground in a way that is close to a religious experience if you've never tried them before, so big thanks to Bridgestone for a fast, safe, and fun weekend.

It's not a machine for everyone, but if you don't mind some set-up work and are looking for a totally unique experience without any loss of reliability and dependability, the Ducati 848 EVO should be on or at the top of your list. You won't be disappointed. 

US DESMO Leanings will not be published as a printed piece except for the winter issue which is the US DESMO calendar featuring high quality photos of member's Ducatis. The sooner you submit your motorcycle to Il Capo for consideration, the more chance you'll get a month!

Do you have a Ducati story you want to tell? A technical article? Your motorcycling autobiography? A touring account? A humorous story? We will consider including them online at usdesmo.com. Contact Jim Calandro at 704.843.0429 or email him at capo@carolina.rr.com for details.

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The Coast With The Most: Touring through Oregon and California

Story and photos by Michael F. McQueary, Member #01159

Happy Landings

The Multi was waiting patiently for me at MotoCorsa, Portland's excellent Ducati dealership. I'd shipped the bike out from Atlanta in mid-May, and it arrived safe and sound a few days before my June



The Columbia River Gorge was one of those roads I'd read about and now was finally getting the chance to ride. Maybe you know the story: of how the road was the first planned scenic highway in the country, built between 1913 and 1922, of how promoter Sam Hill and engineer Samuel Lancaster laid the road out with no more than a 5% grade. Designated US Highway 30 in 1926, a large portion of the scenic road was bypassed (and lost) when I-84 opened.

The rain more or less held off until I arrived at Vista House atop Crown Point. At least the rain clouds made for a dramatic photo background. I was surprised to learn the beautiful Vista House, built in 1917, was designed as an elaborate rest stop—or "comfort station" as they were called back then—or a place for travelers to take shelter from the elements (as I did) and warm up with a cup of coffee. [Lots of car and bike television commercials—such as a currently running commercial by Kawasaki—are filmed at Crown Point and along the Columbia River Gorge Scenic Highway. Ed.]

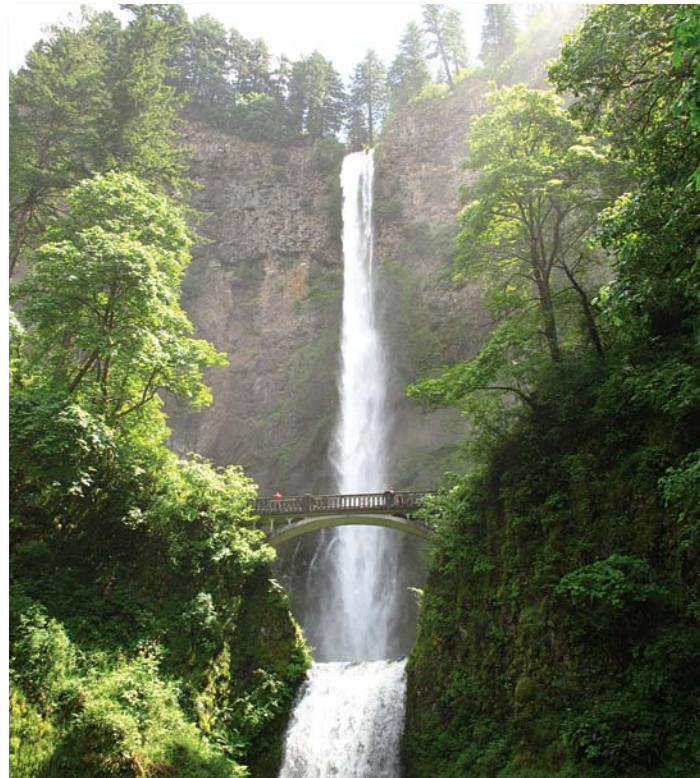
There are literally dozens of waterfalls along the Gorge, but the most famous is Multnomah Falls. This

visit. My box of riding gear had arrived via UPS just a day before my arrival—that was cutting it close! But so far, my elaborate planning was all on schedule. Now if only the weather would cooperate: It wasn't raining...yet.

Leaving the dealership with a souvenir MotoCorsa T-shirt, I pointed the Multi toward Troutdale and the beginning of the Columbia River Gorge Scenic Highway.



"double cascade" drops a total of 620 feet and is the most-visited spot along the Gorge. The history of the Falls includes one day in 1995 when a 400-ton boulder fell from the face of the Falls during a wedding! It made quite a splash and sent over a dozen folks to the hospital. Talk about crashing a party! By the way, I had lunch at the Multnomah Lodge, and I can highly recommend the food.



I-84 cuts old US 30 in half, forcing me onto the Interstate. You have the option of crossing the Columbia River at Cascade Locks and riding along Highway 14 in Washington until you can rejoin US 30 and the scenic route near Hood River. The scenic route goes out with a bang atop the Rowena Crest with what is known as the “Rowena Loops.” A couple of weeks after my return, I saw this very section of road used in a Lexus commercial!

Riding into the central portion of the state, I was greeted with blue skies and white clouds. This is rural ranch country—dry, lightly populated, and lightly trafficked. I could haul the mail and did. The grassy, wind-swept hills were covered with row after row of spinning wind generators as far as the eye could see.



I spent my first night in the little town of Condon, Oregon, in the Hotel Condon, a restored old hotel I can recommend: They let me park my bike in back and offered me old towels to clean it off. I dislike chain hotels

and avoid them to the extent I can whenever I travel.

The next morning I worked my way back to the Pacific coastline, but not before making a run up the south side of snow-covered Mount Hood. Timberline



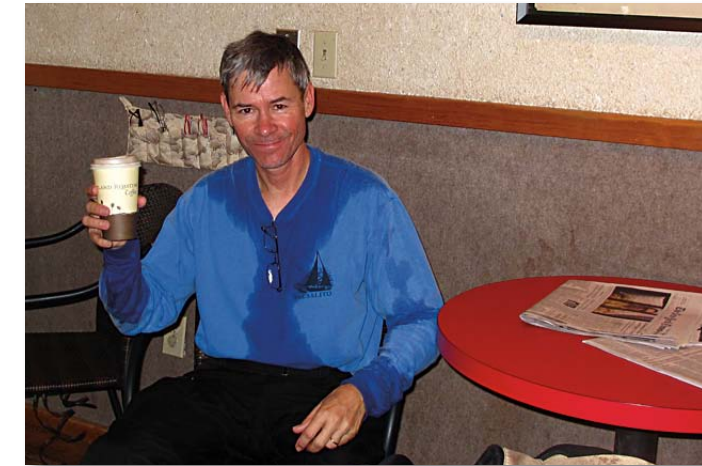
Lodge sits on the side of Mount Hood at 6,000 feet, well above the snow line in June. Needless to say, I was the only motorcycle in the parking lot. Snow skiers and Ducatis really don't mix too well.



Why, Hello Officer

I was pelted by wind and cold rains as I rode south from Astoria on US Highway 101. Bands of rain would move through, leaving me with a few peeks of sunshine so I could stop and admire the rugged coastline. Unfortunately, the rain wasn't enough to prevent me from getting a speeding ticket just north of Newport. Hunkered down against the rain, I was startled to see the flashing lights of a state trooper in my mirror. Then surprised again when he got of his car because he looked

so young. “Sonny, does your father know you're out driving around in his patrol car?” Okay, so I didn't say that, but I thought it. Being clocked at 55 in a 35 dinged my budget for an extra \$160. It turns out Newport is the county seat, so after a restful night letting my not-so-rainproof gear dry out, first thing in the morning I found the county office building and paid the fine. First ticket I've gotten in years. Easy come, easy go.



By the time I'd ridden as far south as Coos Bay, I'd pretty much had it with the wet weather and decided to ride inland to Grants Pass. The decision paid off: For one, Grants Pass is a great little town to visit, and two, I didn't see another raindrop (or state trooper) for the remainder of the trip.



California, Here I Come

US Highway 199 runs 80 miles from Grants Pass southwest to Crescent City, California. It's called the Redwood Highway for a very good reason, running as it does through Redwoods National Park and other numerous stands of mighty redwood trees. That such spectacular living things exist defies adequate description. The giant redwoods are one of those things every rider needs to put on his “bucket list.”

I had a reservation at the Victorian Inn in the little town of Ferndale, California. It was another one



of those places I'd read about in various motorcycle travel magazines over the years. Just finding it was an adventure, as Ferndale is a bit off the “beaten path,” as it were, and the Victorian Inn turned out to be another fine vintage hotel that was anything but cookie cutter. After a good dinner and a quiet night, I rose early Sunday



morning. When I pushed the starter button on the Duc, imagine my surprise and horror when nothing happened but a faint “click..click.” Oh No! My Ducati has let me down! And it's a Sunday! (Why do motorcycles always break down on a Sunday? In the middle of nowhere?)

Of course, on closer inspection, the Multistrada hadn't let me down, I had let it down—stranded by operator



error! Having to park on the street overnight, and little Ferndale, being the motorcycle-theft capital of California (I'm joking here, folks), I elected to lock the forks. And



having never locked the forks on my Ducati before, it seems I turned the key one notch too far: to the "Park" position, leaving the tail light on all night, or at least until the battery died. Oops! Luckily for me, the hotel manager's son had a set of jumper cables and was kind enough to get up on a Sunday morning to help out a really dumb motorcycle rider. "Yeah, he said, I saw the tail light on your bike when I drove by last night, I and figured somebody was going to have a dead battery this morning." After only about a 30-minute delay, the Multi was idling contentedly with that wonderful dry-clutch rattle we all know and love, and I vowed never to lock my forks again.

The Lost Coast

My reason for staying in Ferndale was to ride Matole Road through what is known as the Lost Coast. When the highway engineers laid out US 101, they took one look at the difficult topography here and turned their bulldozers inland. Hence, no traffic, no tourists: the lost coast. The road, known as "the Wildcat" by locals (and for good reason, I would find out), runs along an undeveloped and unspoiled coastline for nearly 60 miles before climbing back up the coastal hills through the Humboldt Redwoods State Park to rejoin US 101. I knew the road would be sketchy, but I was unprepared




for just how rough and bumpy the road turned out to be. Matole is a county road used only by local farmers (and the occasional loony tourist on a motorcycle!) and is thus poorly maintained. In several places I rounded a corner to find no pavement at all, only a gravel road bed. All of this equaled a ride that kept me standing on the pegs most of the time. In spite of its "dual-sport" pretensions, I know the Multistrada is just a street bike. To my amazement, bike and rider survived intact, if a bit worse for the wear. Even though the last few miles through the redwood trees is a beautiful ride, I have to conclude that, unless you're riding a true dual-sport—say a KLR or GS—the Lost Coast can stay lost. GSXRs and Panagales need not apply.



The Rollercoaster Ride

We've all seen those highway markers with the crooked arrow indicating a twisty road ahead. As motorcycle riders, we crave them. There's one in California that makes a rider's eyes bug out: Next 140 Miles! Now that's what I'm talking about... welcome to Highway 36. Regarded as one of the very best motorcycle roads in California, 36 runs from Fortuna to Red Bluff. Some California motorcycle riders claim it is the road, the best of the best.

Time was running short, so I rode at a "sporting" pace. Highway 36 was everything I'd read about and more; the perfect road to conclude my trip. California is our most populous state, but you'd never know it by the light traffic on this road. So, is 36 the road? There are so many roads in California I have yet to ride, so I will have to withhold judgment. But it is one fantastic motorcycle ride.

After reaching Red Bluff, I had to superslab down "the Five," as locals say it, to the Bay. My wife was flying into San Francisco the following day and expected me to pick her up—we had planned a few days in Marin County to see how the beautiful people lived. By late afternoon, I was checking into our hotel in Tiburon, which had a commanding view of the Golden Gate Bridge. In spite of my best efforts to kill it, the Multistrada had run perfectly, with nothing worse than a badly stretched chain. In a few days, it would be strapped to a pallet for the long ride back home. I'd be strapped into an airplane seat. 

Motorcycle Shipping: A Mixed Bag

Story by Michael F. McQueary, Member #01159

I had three choices: rent, ride, or ship. My rental choices were mostly limited to Harley Davidsons. No thanks. Riding across county would eat up tires and time. Like most working folks, I had a limited amount of vacation and didn't want to spend it droning along the interstate. I elected to have my 2005 Multistrada shipped from Atlanta to Portland, Oregon, using Federal Shipping. My original idea was to ship one way and ride back. The one-way shipping cost was just under \$700 using my AMA discount. As it turned out, I had so much fun riding out West that I overstayed my welcome and ended up shipping the bike back as well.

Most motorcycle shipping companies ship the bike strapped to an open pallet. Obviously, this method puts the bike at some risk of damage during transport. The problem is the bike doesn't stay on just one truck, but is moved from truck to truck, and warehouse to warehouse, along with other household goods, as it makes its way across the country. Each time the bike is fork-lifted from one truck to another is a chance of damage, as I would find out.


Anything fragile that sticks out on your bike should be removed or well padded prior to pick-up, and particularly hard bags and mirrors. Bags can be left attached, but wrap them with padding of some sort like foam or heavy towels.

I was lucky to be able to supervise the loading of my

bike when the truck came to pick it up. I already had the Multi's bags covered with foam. I watched as they used proper attach points from the fork clamps and frame to strap down the bike. Thus, the bike arrived safe and sound in Portland without a scratch. I would not be so lucky on the return.

For the trip back, I had a flight to catch, and I could only drop the bike off with the local Ducati dealer. I'd called first, and they had no problem with my dropping the bike off for pick-up several days later. Of course, that meant I didn't take the time to prep the bike, nor would I be there to supervise the loading. Being in a rush turned out to be a **big** mistake.

About two weeks later, I received an email that my bike had arrived at the shipping warehouse, and I could pick it up. My jaw hit the floor when I saw my bike strapped to a pallet **with the sidestand down**, straps running from the handlebar across the bodywork, and a large scuff on the right saddlebag. Luckily, the load on the sidestand didn't crack the engine casing. I'm sure steam was coming out of my ears! I currently have a claim pending against Federal for the price of a new saddlebag. We'll see how that turns out.

So, shipping a motorcycle is not without its risks. I think that if I had taken the time to prep the bike for both directions, the damage could have been avoided. Would I do it again? Maybe, but I'd send the saddlebags and mirrors ahead via UPS in a sturdy box. 



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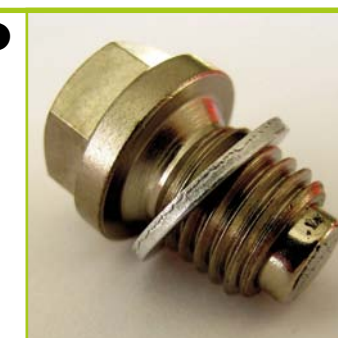


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Monday, May 20, Kershaw, South Carolina

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September 13-15, Murphy, North Carolina

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PRODUCT REVIEW:

Glacier Tek Coolvest RPCM Product Review

by Clarke Fowler

About the Author

Born and raised in northeast Ohio. Been living in Florida since 1997. In my mind, I tolerate the summer heat here okay, however my body thinks otherwise. When the temperature and humidity reach that certain "tropical" threshold, let's just say it's not a pretty sight. As such, most of my riding happens during the non-summer months, with summer rides limited to really early mornings, and even then it is a sweat-fest.

Test Location

Merritt Island, Florida. 28 degrees latitude, "Where Dreams are Launched." My house is basically in the Indian River Lagoon just a dozen miles south of Kennedy Space Center. While we benefit from the slight cooling effect the breeze gathers over the water, we also benefit from the highest humidity. Most of my riding, whether commuting or just joy riding, is along Florida's East Coast. In summer, the heat and humidity is unbearable in full protective gear. Additionally, our latitude makes for nuclear-like solar radiation.

The Ride

2008 Hyper Motard S with DP cams, ECU, and Termi exhaust.

The Environment

A typical Florida summer morning, just standing in the garage with jeans and a T-shirt for five minutes, and the flood gates open. I wanted to perform the test ride after the sun reached elevation, so the test began at around 9:15 a.m. with a planned duration around 1.5 hours. The humidity was 84%, temperature in the upper 80s. The sunshine, of course, was unrelenting.

Attire

I never ride without proper protective gear. I feel naked without my favorite Ducati leather jacket, calf-high Hein Gericke leather boots, and Dainese Full Metal Pro gloves. I have a silver-and-white Joe Rocket mesh jacket for summer riding, but for this test I chose the black Ducati leather, for reasons I'll discuss later (and it looks so much better, sorry JR). On the bottom half, just a pair of blue jeans—I need to work on that department. And, of course, a full-face lid.

Article Under Test

The Glacier Tek Coolvest RPCM (Renewable Phase Change Material) desert-camo style. Glacier Tek is a small business located in West Melbourne, Florida,

and has been in business for 16 years. All of their products are manufactured right here in the Melbourne area, including the sewing of the garments and the fabrication of the coolant packs. You can view their products at www.coolvest.com.

Each coolant pack consists of 4 sausage-like cells each



Vest assembled with cool packs

6" x 2" in size. That allows the charged (solid) packs to "hinge" both horizontally and vertically to conform to your torso. Glacier Tek states the packs were tested to 30,000 freeze/thaw cycles with no degradation in performance or reliability. Let's examine this specification. For me, a maximum duty cycle would be four rides/week, twice a day (daily commute), for about four months. That would equal about 128 cycles per year. It would take 234 years at that duty cycle to reach 30,000 cycles. Glacier Tek also stated they drove a full-sized pickup truck over a coolant pack, and it did not break, a test I did not perform. They do feel rugged, however.

The vest is a simple design with wide-elastic, adjustable side bands with 6-inch-wide Velcro closures. The shoulder straps are also fully adjustable, again with 5-inch-long Velcro patches. The sewing quality and general workmanship look high quality. The garment portion of the vest is machine washable, and the vest, fully assembled, weighs in around five pounds. The coolant packs fit into pockets sewn into the inner liner of the vest. There are two packs in the front, one on either side of the zipper, and two adjacent packs in the back. The coolant packs' physical properties are the key technology to this product. It is an all-natural, recycled material that is reusable and biodegradable. Glacier Tek specifies the coolant packs

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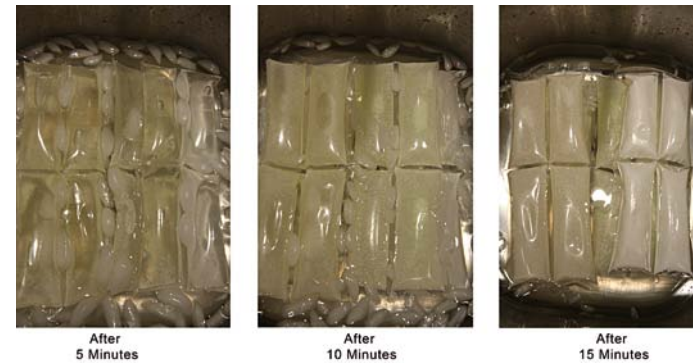
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freeze solid at 59°F. The 59°F. freezing point was chosen as the optimum temperature to balance cooling capacity against the comfort factor of something really cold against your skin. Glacier Tek also specifies the coolant packs freeze solid within 20 minutes when submerged in ice water, the subject of the first part of our test.

Charging Test

I filled a sink with about two quarts of water and added about two trays' worth of ice. I laid the four coolant packs



out as evenly spaced as possible. I was amazed as I watched them solidify before my eyes. Within 15 minutes, the coolant packs were all but completely frozen; therefore, I think it is fair to say the 20-minute claim is quite accurate. Beware throwing these things into your buddy's beer cooler, however, because they are engineered to melt that ice or otherwise steal the cold from the beer. I observed that one of the coolant packs is slightly less yellow in color. This pack solidified a little slower than the others, indicating that it may have a slightly lower freezing point than the others. This is probably an issue of tolerance in the manufacturing of the material.

I pulled them out of the water at 8:15 a.m., dried them, and inserted them into the vest. Now you may think, wait a minute, he's not going to start his ride for another hour, what's with that? Tom Swiney of Glacier Tek informed me that when sitting around at room



temperature, the coolant packs remain solid for hours. I had already tested this claim Friday and Saturday. I froze them at work in a small refrigerator—it took a couple hours (fridge temp around 44°F.)—put them in my truck

in the sun for an hour or so, and then let them sit on the guest bed all night. They were still half-frozen the next morning!

From an engineer's point of view, this is a factor of simple heat transfer. In order for heat (or cold) to flow from one object to another, there needs to be a temperature difference between the objects, what we refer to as ΔT . The higher the ΔT , the faster the heat flow. So when comparing the Glacier Tek coolant to other petroleum-based products (or even water), which freeze at much lower temperatures, it is natural that the Coolvest RPCM coolant gives up its "cool" at a naturally slower rate than colder products. In the case of the Coolvest RPCM sitting in an 80°F room, the ΔT to the Coolvest RPCM pack is 21°F, whereas a pack that freezes at 32°F would have a ΔT of 48°F. All factors equal, the



colder pack would thaw faster than twice the rate as the Coolvest RPCM pack. Now consider the vest stored in a closed position with fully charged (frozen) coolant packs—the packs are face-to-face inside a slightly insulated vest—the ΔT is almost zero. With a ΔT of almost zero, there is almost no heat flow and therefore almost no thawing. These packs can sit around in contact with themselves for HOURS without any signs of thawing: very cool (pun intended). This means you can charge extra packs, keep them slightly insulated, and they'll be ready for use hours later.

The Fit

The fully assembled vest does add some bulk to your

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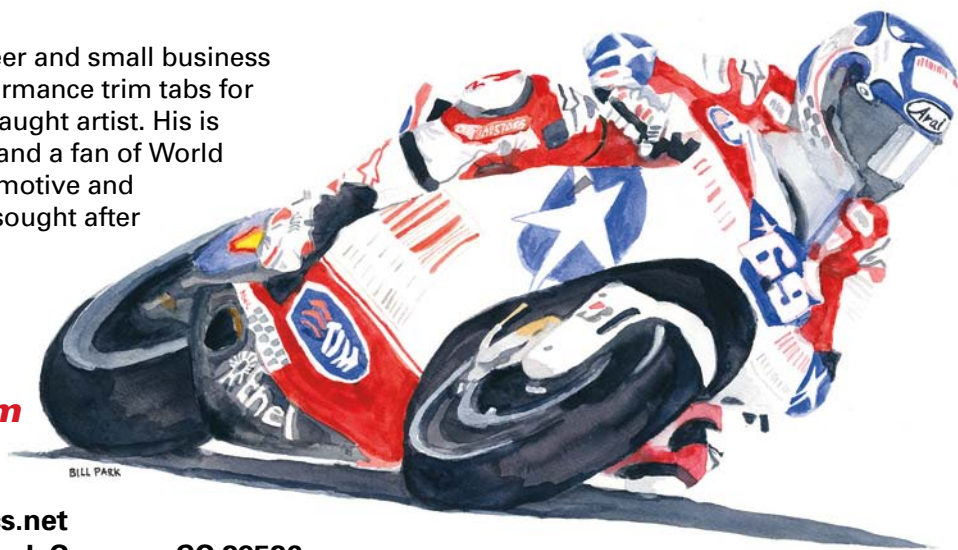
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torso; therefore, it probably wouldn't fit well under a jacket that is a tight fit. My Ducati jacket had just the right amount of room in it with the liner removed. In hindsight, the coolant packs would likely have lasted longer if I had left the liner in because it would have insulated the packs better from the radiant heat load of the sun (which was a large factor in this test). I tried it on underneath my Joe Rocket mesh jacket also, and it just fit, although a little snug. The added bulk did not limit any arm or head motion, and it is quite comfortable. I did feel I looked like the Hulk or perhaps the Michelin Man.

Vest Performance

Suiting up over the vest in my garage, I was already getting a little sweaty in the extremities. As such, I was a little apprehensive about the vest's cooling capabilities. The vest definitely was keeping my torso a nice, cool temperature, not too cold.

Once on the road, however, the extremities cooled right down and it felt like I had air conditioning inside the jacket. The cooling effect the vest had on my torso seemed to keep most of me very comfortable. Sitting at long traffic lights in the direct sun was still a bit hot under the helmet, but, all in all, it was a comfortable ride. When I got home after the prescribed 1.5 hour ride, the coolant packs were pretty much spent and almost completely thawed. The back coolant packs were completely thawed, and the front packs had just a little solid left in them. (In riding posture, the incident angle of the sun on my back is severe, whereas my front side is in partial shade or at least a low incident angle). It was still providing just a little cooling effect, but another 15 minutes in that heat would have been it.

Glacier Tek states the vest is effective for 2.5 hours in 100°F. heat. I think it's safe to say, with the sun beating directly on my black leather jacket, the temperature inside the jacket with no cooling vest would rapidly exceed

100°F. Looking back at our simple heat-transfer lesson, higher ΔT relates to faster heat transfer and thus faster thawing. At times during the ride, I would reach into the jacket and could feel that the Coolvest RPCM was indeed cooling "outward" and was working hard at keeping the leather cool from the sun's radiation.

Conclusions

Given what I've documented, I think it's fair to say the company's claims are well founded and accurate. To fully appreciate the Coolvest RPCM's capabilities, one must take into account all heat sources, level of insulation from scavenging heat sources, and overall convection heat transfer. Insulating the vest from the radiant solar load would squeeze out significantly more cooling time. So would a lighter, more reflective jacket. The solar load induced in this test was indeed significant. Also, this would not be an effective product to wear underneath a mesh or highly breathable jacket while riding a motorcycle. At speed on a hot day, you are essentially applying a giant hot-air blow dryer to your body. The more hot air you move over your body, the more heat transfer. Therefore, the way to maximize the effectiveness of this product is to wear it beneath the maximum amount of insulation.

The vest is priced at \$179. Additional cooling packs are available for \$129 as spares or to be used in your own garments. The only improvement I could suggest is beefing up the insulation on the outside of the coolant packs. This would help the vest's performance regardless of what outer jacket is being worn.

My overall conclusion is the Coolvest RPCM lives up to the manufacturer's claims and is an effective product for heat management. Its weight and bulk would not be suitable for competitive racing, but it would be great for cooling down between races and for four-wheeled competitions where five pounds shouldn't break the bank.

The End of Leanings continued...

in each of three groups. After years of having a waiting list, we now have trouble getting as many as 60 riders to show up. My thought is to lower the number permitted to 60 and establish a lower breakeven number. That will mean a slight increase in the cost of our track days, but we are currently the cheapest track-day supplier. That coupled with our low numbers of participants and very low crash-to-participant ratio should make this increase possible. It might mean a ten-to-fifteen-percent increase for the track day, but I think we can do this, still be competitive, and provide a superior experience. I welcome your thoughts on this concept.

Nate Kern of BMW fame has a small event he holds at Roebing Road that only has two groups of ten. It is more expensive than a full track day, but it is a favorite of many. It might be a way to look to the future. Again, this is just brainstorming right now.

The website will continue as it is, so the back issues of Desmo Leanings will still be available for viewing. Hard copies of many issues are still on my bookshelves,

so contact me if there are any you want. I would mostly want postage to cover the mailing. I had considered just posting an electronic copy of future magazines, but there is still considerable work involved in that, so it is not going to happen unless we find a volunteer.

Because the magazine was such a large part of the club expenses, membership dues will be reduced. The plan is to roll them back to \$15 a year and see how this affects the budget as the year progresses. This will cover the cost of the website fees, administrative expenses, postage, and the calendar. If the track days can regain their former status as a club profit center, then the dues can be reduced more or possibly eliminated. I feel it will take a stronger economy for that to happen.

Just to be sure, I am not going anywhere and plan on riding more, working more on my bike projects, and sharing my wife's hobby. Thank you all for your support over the 17 years since we started as a DOCC regional club and turned into US DESMO. I think we have lots of fun things to do down the road.

Jim

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BENCH RACING

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

End Of Leanings

by Jim 'il capo' Calandro, Member #00001

Late in 2002 it became apparent that my employer would be making a major downsizing. Don't you just love it when they have such sanitary words for firing people? I was getting tired of doing the same thing year after year and had been diligent enough with my contributions to my 401(k) that with the right offer I could leave early. After many discussions, the company made me an offer I could not refuse, so I retired at the end of the year.

As luck would have it, Ducati was looking to have someone to form a United States club to mimic the Ducati Owner's Club of Canada. Clyde and I had been working with the DOCC as regional representatives to promote some rallies and a track day. After seven years, we said goodbye to the DOCC and started a United States club named US DESMO. 2003 saw the group take off with 250-plus members. We also introduced the club magazine, Desmo Leanings, and added another track day. The club continued to grow to 350 in 2004 and eventually settled

is only once a year rather than four times a year.

If some brave soul with time on his hands would like to take over the magazine, I am more than willing to help him—or her—get started. Each issue costs around \$5,000 to put out, and the club so far has had the financial resources to pay for it. The time factor associated with soliciting articles and ads, getting advertisers to pay their bills, getting the articles proofread, getting high-quality, high-resolution photos and captions, having the magazine put into a rough layout, then put into a final layout on disc, printed, stuffed into the envelopes, address labels and return address labels as well as stamps applied, and then mailed can be overwhelming. By no means have I done this alone, and I have had many wonderful volunteers over the years, but I am always involved with it, and I am just worn out.

If you have an interest, please contact me directly, and we can discuss what is involved and how I will continue to support the magazine. If not, then this issue

Ducati and the club have been very good to me, and when I had cancer, it always amazed me how close I had become to many of the members and how supportive of my trial they were.

out at around 600 active members by 2007. In these ten years, we actually have had 1,600 memberships, but some have not renewed. The magazine grew from 16 pages half black and white and half four-color to 32 pages all four-color. Events grew from two rallies to three, and track days from two Monday events to include an additional two weekends.

All this has been fun, and I have met a ton of folks whom I now call my friends. Ducati and the club have been very good to me, and when I had cancer, it always amazed me how close I had become to many of the members and how supportive of my trial they were. Now after ten years, not just the club has gotten older; I have, too. I find that I am spending more time on the club's clerical requirements than I am riding my bikes. I find it difficult to complete the projects I had planned, and I am spending too much time in front of the computer. The biggest time consumer is the magazine. As a result, I am planning on ending it with the close of 2012. My goal is to keep the calendar, because it tends to be less work and it

will be the last. It is a sad moment for me, personally, but I want to spend more time with my wife of over 38 years. Ann has been very understanding of my passion for motorcycles and Ducati in particular. She has two horses and does not get to ride them much because she is not comfortable riding alone. As soon as I can figure out where the brake pedal is, I will attempt to join her so she can enjoy her hobby as much as she has allowed me to enjoy mine.

At this juncture, I have no plans to dramatically change the event structure. Rallies are mostly variable cost, so they are not a problem anyway. They usually pay for themselves, and as long as I do not seriously over-order on the event memento items, we are fine. Track days, on the other hand, are just the opposite, in that variable costs are negligible while fixed costs are through the roof. Attendance has been down the last few years, and the breakeven point has been missed on a few occasions. We currently limit the event to 90 riders, 30

continued on page 27...



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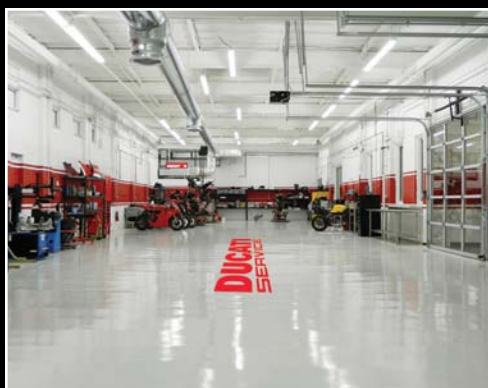
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