Racing Con't.

ONTARIO SIX HOUR RACE REPORT

by PAUL RITTER

Only one Ducati twin was entered in the AFM's 6-hour endurance race on April 23 & 24, yet it took 4th place overall and was first in the 750 class, beating the next 750 by 4 laps. The bike jointly sponsored by Euromart and Torco 0il, was a 1975 Ducati Sport owned and prepared by Paul Ritter and ridden by Ritter and Vance Breese. The bike was beaten by three Kawasaki Z-1s: one ridden by Keith Code, Reg Pridmore and Cook Neilson; a Yoshimura Z-1 ridden by Wes Cooley and Tony Murphy; and a Kambayashi-prepped Z piloted by Dave Emde and Harry Klinzmann. Tough competition!

The Ritter-Breese Ducati completed 147 laps, or 469 miles, for an average speed of 78 miles per hour, including 5 stops for gas and rider changes. During the entire six hours the bike averaged approximately 24 miles per gallon of gas and used only 3/4 quart of Torco Racing 50 oil. The high gas mileage and low oil consumption allowed for minimal number of stops and let the bike place higher than many faster bikes who had to stop more frequently.

The bike ran like a train the entire way. There were only two problems, both of them minor. At the 5 hour mark, Vance missed a downshift and ran off the track briefly (this was the only missed shift in the whole race) and at 5.5 hours the hose clamp holding the tach in place broke. The tach spent the last 30 minutes of the race tucked behing the headlingt.

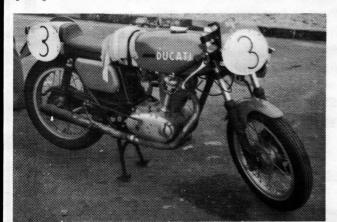
The bike was very close to stock with a couple of notable exceptions. Modifications to the engine included removing the flywheel, fixing the ignition advance at 36 degrees, disabling the pumpers on the carbs (to increase gas mileage), and fitting 115 decible megaphone exaust. The exausts, which were legal under this year's rules, gave the bike a bit more top speed and a very distinctive sound. The gearbox, crank, pistons, cams and heads were STOCK DUCATI SPORT ITEMS.

The chassis changes included longer shocks (13") to increase ground clearance, a WM3 rim in the front and WM4 (2.5") rear laced to stock hubs, and a Super-Sport style half fairing, also letal under the new rules. The stock frame, tank, forks and seat were used and worked fine.

It was a very successful weekend. The bike wasn't the fastest at the track, but it ran strong, handled superbly and never skipped a beat for the whole six hours. It was the right combination of reliability, handling and power.

RACING INFO WANTED

Once again we would like to remind all of you members that if you attend a race meet or if you read about some race report where Ducatis have been involved in competition to clip the damn thing out, or write a report for us so we can pass it on to the other people. As you can see from this issues race report, we have been doing very well, and I would like to extend my thanks to those who sent in all this great racing info. Its always good to hear about Ducatis whacking the tar out of the four into one garbage cans.



Ducati

HOW I BECAME A DUCATI FREAK by Pete Skony

Despite, or perhaps because of, my advance age of 34, I've been more or less devoted to Ducatis for over 15 years, I purchased my first Ducati in the very early 1960's at a full 18 years of age. True, it wasn't much of a Ducati, but it had the name on the tank nonetheless.

Some amplification is in order. At the time, our whole neighborhood group (commonly called "those no-good kids" by our fellow residents) were heavily into motorcycles. We didn't own any, understand, but all the people we truly respected did. Now this was just before the days of "meeting the nicest people", and everyone in the local area was firmly convinced that the only kind of people you were likely to meet on a motorcycle were the worst. Looking back they may have been right.

At any rate, we spent an awful lot of time hanging around the local cycle shops, admiring the BSA and Norton twins, worshipping the still available, true Gold Stars, and falling into absolute ectasy over the occasional Vincent. Everyone at the time just knew that even an old English "V" twin was better than the current American ones. Why, I don't know to this day. Aside from being frightenly fast, the Vincent I once rode had appalling suspension, and brakes that would have been a joke onthe average bicycle of the time.

Nonetheless, we were all--despite a total lack of experiencestrue enthusiasts. So, when the local shop took on the Ducati line we were truly impressed. At last modern engineering! True, the biggest displacement you could have was 200cc, but it was--hold your breath--an overhaead-cam engine! Needless to say, not a one of us could afford the bike Ducati had whimsically titled the "Americano", but there was a solution. Ducati was also offering the "Falcon 50". It was everything and no more, than its name implied. Af full 50cc's of raw power, cunningly styled like a miniature motorcycle. So clever was the subterfuge, that from a distance of, say, half a city block, you might mistake it for a genuine exotic European motorcycle.

Needless to say, it won our hearts. It was available for only \$250, a sum even our menial jobs could support, and it looked (almost) like a real motorcycle. Never mind that, thanks to the evil Italian electrical system it was almost impossible to start. And, never mind the fact that a good 35MPH was pretty much all you could hope for. We were motorcyclist without ever touching the hated Whizzers or Cushmans.

Well, summer in the start of the sixties went quickly, and even my meager riding talents quickly exceeded the roadability of that poor Falcon 50. So, before the summer was out, and while I was still flush with the proceeds of my summer job, I purchased a brand new 200cc Elite. It was a delight. A combination of candy-apple red and chrome, it had the legendary Ducati overhead-cam single, complete with ram-tube (velocity-



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