

# LETTERS

Gentlemen;

Ever since I started wearing racing leathers on my 750S nobody wants to play anymore, not even Turbo Carreras or Commonsakis. Admittedly the visual impact implies serious motoring, but certainly not "killer". Besides, don't my carburetor covers clearly state "SPORT"? What's the matter with people? Things were never like this in Europe. Over there everybody wants to play and as most of us know, those at all serious about it also wear leathers. We should too. The pedigree of our mounts virtually demands it. It's cheap insurance and very sexy, and if the lady in the 450 SL won't race, well how about dinner?

Actually, I'm not a racer. I'm an exhibitionist, which is normal and healthy with Italian machinery. I'm also a preservationist, and that keeps me and my Ducatis from breaking. Occasionally.

Which brings me to this - RESTORATION, the really obsessive area of my Ducati involvement. There must be more of you out there, and if so will the owners of early machines - particularly road racers please make their presence known? Especially those sharing their lives with Formula III's of which I have a '66 250. A nice positive response would probably make me jump up and down on my desmodromic feet.

Joel, when you say you want pictures, stories etc. does that include old stuff? I've got this absurdly large collection of mostly prehistoric photos, road-tests, adverts etc., etc. which I began accumulating before God invented ear wax. If you have a use for that sort of thing, wunderbar, but let me know what and I'll be glad to run some decent clean copies on the bosses Xerox which I'm not supposed to touch. I might even throw in some Q-tips.

This tremmer about unperpendicular cylinders is hard to take. (DIOC March-April issue). Actually it's more like unbelievable. Peeling chrome and fading paint I can deal with but damn it, the heart of the works is where they're SUPPOSED to be spending their money! My Sport is starting to notice my cold stares. I pretend not to notice. Idiosyncrasies add color but nobody needs shrapnel for breakfast. ARIVERDERCI!

Robert Hageman 15308 NE 13th PL. #231 Bellevue, Washington 98007

## YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BETTER!

I look forward to receiving each newsletter, and my only complaint is that it isn't monthly. I appreciate the amount of work that goes into it, however, and since quality is better than quantity I won't press the issue.

Speaking of quality vs. quantity; last summer my wife bought a Honda CB 400 4 cylinder. But everytime I rode it I dumped it (it does not handle like my 750 sport!), and my wife didn't care much for it's top heaviness. She sold it a month later, and bought a '63 Diana 250. Now this isn't just a ratty old Duke. It has 564 miles on the odometer, and looks like the day it was made! What a beautiful machine. And talk about handling; this thing is the essence of motor-cycling! As soon as it warms up a little around here (-10) I'll get a few photos of this bike to send you. After we had owned this bike about a month, I went to an antique cycle show nearby. Imagine my surprise when I came upon this fellow with a '62 Elite 200cc with 450 miles on the odometer, and in just as nice shape as ours. Unfortunately I had ridden my Vincent that day to exhibit it, but I felt like going back home and bringing back the Diana. Two early, low mileage Dukes side by side would have been quite a sight! Wait til next year. Neil & Debi Donovan, Evanston, Illinois 60201

## CANADA OR BUST

Last August '77 myself and 5 friends were getting together for a bike trip to sunny Florida. There were going to be my 750 GT, 3 450 Hondas, and a couple of Yamahas going. However one week before we were set to leave, one guy has an accident wrecking his bike and getting pretty banged up. Another guy starts having trouble with a shoulder he hurt earlier in the summer, and two other just decide they can't go.

This leaves me and one guy on a chopped 450 Honda to figure how to get everything we need for the trip assembled on only two bikes.

Anyway the day before we're set to leave we're looking at a map figuring our route and decide it's a nice time of year to see some more of Canada.

We leave Riverton about 8:00 am and ride about 400 miles that day up to Adirondac Park where we camp. When we left there we went up into Canada, past Montreal, out along the St. Lawrence Seaway, past Quebec City, and from there we rode through New Brunswick to Nova Scotia. We saw the Tidal Bore come up the Bay of Fundy at Tryro.

We caught a ferry from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia to Bar Harbor Maine. It was six hours of uninterrupted ocean with only a bar for entertainment. There was a lousy movie and a room full of slot machines, but why bother. Needless to say, we camped at the first place we could find that had room left. From there, homeward.

The first leg of the trip we were running about 55.65 mph and I was getting a solid 52mph.

The scenery was all beautiful and we mainly stayed away from cities and enjoyed the people in the small towns and villages along the way.

We covered 2700 miles in 9 days and half. An hour after we got back a friend stopped over and we went for a two hour bike ride to see some people. It was nice, when it wasn't raining. Maybe I'll get to Florida this year.

Pete Neely GW Butler Ave. Apt. 6C Chalfont PA 18914

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