

features

The original tank was put on the shelf, and I put on one of our replacement 750SS type tanks. The seat and rear fender are also of our manufacture. A Honda 750 headlight shell with a Quartz headlight provided the forward illumination necessary for high speed canyon work at night. I live in the mountains just north of Los Angeles so there's plenty of time to make good use of a powerful quartz light.

The last go-round fixing up my bike resulted in the Duke being apart for five months. The main reason it was apart for so long is that I wanted to think things out clearly on exactly how I wanted to finish it up. I'm glad I took the time because after assembling it six months ago, I haven't changed a thing. It took me a long time to decide on the actual color scheme as an example. Also the small detail stuff takes countless hours as many of you already know. But all the work was worth it. It runs and handles just like I wanted it to. I'm still finalizing the fork springs but that's all that's left.

So, after a couple years of work, we've reached the point where there isn't much left to do. Sure, there's always some little picky thing you might want to massage or modify, but for the main part, the bike is pretty well done.

I've often wondered what would happen if someone came along and offered me a lot of bucks for the bike. Well, I found out. About the time our bike appeared in print, a fellow calls me up and says he really liked my Duke and he'd be really proud to own it and would I consider selling it? So I tell him how I've had several offers but no one would pay me what I think it's worth, that is if I actually wanted to sell it in the first place. This guy asks what I consider to be a fair price and quick as a wink I tell him \$8,500.00. Just as quick he says that sounds fair to him and he'll send a cashier's check. All of a sudden panic sets in. I hastily tell him that would be the price if I were to sell it, but I'm not sure I want to part with the bike. Anyway, he says he'll send the check and if I want to sell the bike just ship the Duke, and if not return the check. That boy was a clever lad. Can you imagine getting a check for \$8,500.00 and then giving it back? A few days later sure enough there was a letter from this guy but I never opened it up. I held it up to the light and sure enough there was this check for 85 big ones. The envelope was slid into a drawer and it stayed there for a week. I did all the rationalizing stuff about how it was only a bike and all that stuff. But in the end I sent the check back. I just couldn't sell the Duke. I would be like selling one of my kids.

I told our esteemed DIOC director about this one day when he called me and he promptly informed me that perhaps a trip to a shrink might be in order. However, I found out he also has a bike that he won't sell for any price. So I guess I'm not the only fruit cake in town.

That's about it. That's the saga of my much massaged Super Sport. Let this story be a lesson to you. Don't get too involved with your Ducati or someday soon you'll be treating it like one of the family, a very frustrating disease indeed.

LETTERS Cont. "Going Nuts".....

Essay wit th' side car. Well he got tired of that thing and the pigs would crap all over the place and once inna while he would take his fat wife into town and he would deliberately tell her the truck wasn't running just to get her into da side car and she would come outa that thing smellin like ten days of hay and forty miles of bad road. She made him sell that thing on account that she threatened to poison him or burn down the house with him in it which ever was more convenient for her.

Well I had a lot of fun with that old Beesa and one day I decided to bore it out and make it go faster than 34 mph which is all she ran on account that so much crap had go^r into the crabureitor and all that pig shit clogged up the air breather and it had oil all over, some one told me this was good cause it wouldn't rust. Well with the help of my uncle Ferbis I made a deessasster out of the project and the thing immediately decided t'self destruct itself when it blew up, caught fire and quickly burnt to the ground.

After this I decided to move into town and seek out my fortune by becoming a clerk at a Mount-Gummary Ward Store. I wore a bow tie that was always crucked and a shirt that nearly choked me t'death. This is when I started making some big bucks and I went out and bought my first good bike. A Norton Electra 400cc English bike too, like that Bee Essay. I rode this thing a couple of times and pushed it the rest. The lectric starter never worked right on account that it was made by some guy named Lucas, it leaked oil like it was made to from the factory, when it ran it vibrated the fillings outa my teeth, the lights would conk out in the darkest parts of Kansas, (that's where I lived) and I would take unscheduled rides into someones corn fields or a ditch, usually the lights would pre-arrange goin on the blink when the ditches would be full of mud water from a previous rain.

Though I struggled with the thought I think I had a lemon and that my dealer wasn't too crazy to see me, which was most of the time. I almost bought an old trailer that was for sale behind his shop and took up permanent residence there. I also found out that this wasn't one of Nortons most illustrious models, as a matter o'fact I found out that this was the worst model Norton or anyone had produced since any one could remember. I considered these little bits of information about how lousy ma bike was as par for the course of how my excitin car-rear as a motosycliss was shappin up. But despite all this I kept on ridin that stupid thing and I jus figured that it was me. One time I tried to do some of the work since my dealer was racking me over the coals, but havin a friend kick the bike over with me hagin onto the plug wasn't a very brite idea and the shock almost made one of my eye-balls pop outa my head and I almost had a cardiograk arrest.

Well it didn't take me long to figure out that this wasn't the bike for me and I ended up trading it after having it up for sale for two and a half yeats for a Ducati one-stroke woods bike with a headlite that has a little grill on it, a seat thats a shade harder than a rock and an electrical system that defies figurin out, but I really like it cause it runs most of the time no matter what and I can still see at night, ever since my uncle Ferbis loaned me the battery from his Volkswagen, and I tied it to the luggage rack I made for it and I run the light offa that. So I want to become a member and see if I can get some help with it. Thank Cue. Albecombrie Mergaph, Drislide Drive #3, Box 112, Holey Moses, Kanapas. ?.