



N O S T A L G I A
C O R N E R

By Uncle Joel

Featuring the Ducati
750 Sport

Photos by
Zeke Jagst

Well, Well, guess what gang, I am going to do another Nostalgia Corner. I know, what your saying... "Oh Noooooo, not again. Puleeeze!" Now, now kiddies, you will all feel a lot better if you go into your den, if you have one of course, and fix yourselves a Vodka and Orange juice, it's not just for breakfast anymore, you know, or roll yourselves a number. Oh, hell, here come the letters. Uncle Joel is urging the kiddies to to get dopey, and get to drinking just like that nutty little duck Thersday. No, no, that's not at all what I'm saying here gang, I just want you all to get into the mood for this rap I'm goin to be laying on you.

"Well, what do we have here? "What do we have here, what do we have heeere, I don't know but I think they call it love, yes I think they call it love"... This is a Ducati Sport. More than any other Ducati ever made the Ducati Sport represents to me what motorcycling is all about. A lean, powerful machine that has the power to trasport the soul not the body. Ooooooh gads. I can't take this. To think I once owned one of these rare beauties and now she is gone and all I can do is sit here and remenis...? jeez I hope I spelt that right. Anyway, remember is what I meant.

I useta remember those shiny round cases and that bright school bus yellow paint job, with not a flaw anywhere on it and the shiny chrome parts. Jeez! I would go to these nice restaurants, you know, that have the guy up front to open the doors and all, and all the other guys would park their Jap bikes in the parking lot and I would park mine right by the entrance of the restaurant on the freaking side walk, and man that guy, wouldn't say a word. "Good evening sir. Nice motorcycle you have there. No it's alright, you can leave it there, no problem."

Some times we would go riding with other Dukes and there were some 900 and 750 Super Sports, and a couple GTs, but everybody wished they had my Sport. Cause it was so neat and it ran so well, it just seemed special. I never got caught in the rain with that Sport, no siree, God wouldn't dare rain on that bike, no siree. Those Conti mufflers gave out this music that was so beautiful, at times when I would cruise the expressways on the way back from the races, these guys would pull long-side of me turn their Stereos down and just listen to that Sport. "But now it's gone, and I'm on my own, my love's gone, it was there all the time....."



Well, that is all for now in this Nostalgia Corner. I know some day I will find a Sport just like the one I had. Maybe if I get lucky and score some cheese I may buy another one, Good night gang. It's late and I'm goin to bed, Maybe I'll dream of some California mountain roads, and I'll be in my Bates Leathers and Stadium goggles carvin my way to somewhere and.....