

# BITS+PIECES

How I came to be associated with a Ducati Super Sport. This is a true story. Really, with minor liberties taken, of course.

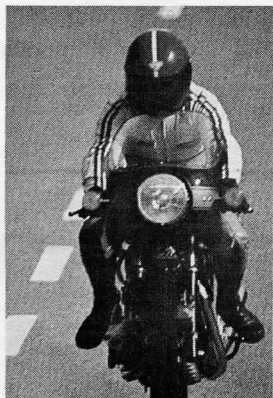
## LADY MARSHA AND THE BLACK BARON

By Marsha Penner

Once upon a time, November '79 to be exact, which wasn't so long ago, in a magic land by the sea lived a fair damsel known by very few actually as Lady Marsha. Now this damsel wasn't really in any distress. Her life was quite comfortable in this place as a matter of fact, except that she occasionally thought it might be nice if Prince Charming could see his way (through all this smog?) to casting a glance in her direction. She reckoned it would be exciting romantic to be carried off over mountain and valley, across river and shore, or what was left of them, riding into the sunset although not too far. Remember, the sea is in that direction.

At any rate, this land she lived in really was magic, and one day she chanced to meet someone who wasn't exactly a Prince, but was nevertheless tall dark, and handsome, and who would do quite nicely. In fact, the more she looked at it, the more she could see, that this was like a dream come true. But wait! Damsels can't rush boldly into things! They must be demure. They must be cautious. So she decided to think this whole thing over carefully. But the longer she thought, and the longer the time that passed, the greater was her longing. Until she could bear it no longer. Off she raced, keeping a sharp eye out for the local highway patrol, to keep a secret rendezvous at his castle in the Woods Motor Shop where everything was being arranged. Yes, they would escape together, and so it was that a fantasy was fulfilled. Lady Marsha was carried off by the Black Baron from that remote kingdom of Glendale, across the L.A. aqueduct and the San Fernando Valley over the mountains of Camp Pendleton and as close to the shore of the San Onofre Nuclear Power Plant as you can get without a security clearance.

So I guess you could say that they lived happily ever after. At least so far. Though they do appear to be a strange couple. For if you listen on the backroads some Sunday and look quick, you might see them trying (trying?) to traverse the territory at 110 (those who can't succeed can at least always try). But if the spell has worn off for you then, you'll swear you just saw a motorcyclist on a black Desmo Ducati go by.



This poem was inspired after many a breathtaking ride on a Super Sport. It always felt this way, and still does, especially now that I have my own. Just reading this brings it all back for me instantly and sends me looking for my jacket and helmet.

## DESMO

A mans machine with a woman aboard  
Solo seat and half-fairing, good Lord!  
Toes on the pegs and heels tucked back,  
Good sense is all we really lack,  
Big D and I.

Pray for luck and a little more nerve,  
Empty roads and clean tight curves,  
Lean on the throttle for a bit more gas,  
Slip around that Chevy for an easy pass,  
We're flyin'.

Across the tank to those clip-on bars,  
Feeling carried off by a pavement czar,  
We take a turn like there wasn't one,  
Incredible creature was born to run.  
On the backroads.

A giggle of glee rising in my brain,  
A blur of speed we can't be sane,  
The dotted line spins past these wheels,  
Thundering beast, this can't be real.  
Half crazy

There's nothing in the world quite like this thing,  
The engine throbs adnt the tires sing,  
Rushing wind laughing in my ears,  
Reason enough to forget my fears.  
It's freedom.

Those  
who  
smoke...



And those who own Ducatis might want to add this sand-cast brass ashtray to their collection of Italian odds and ends. It's bead blasted with a brush finish highlight and measures 4" wide, 5-1/2" high and stands 3/4" above the table top...\$16 apiece, postpaid, orders of 5 or more, \$13 each. Send check or M.O. (allowing 6 weeks for delivery) to:  
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