

LETTERS

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- Cont'd.

instance, he was chewing gum getting on the Freeway on his bike doing 85 or so, well the car on the road behind him was a Highway Patrol officer. The officer was quite perturbed at him and pulled him over. Gus stopped, took the gum from his mouth wrapped it in the silver wrapper. The patrolman opened with "who the hell do you think you are?" To which Gus looked at the gum in the wrapper handed it to the cop and replied "would a silver bullet give you a hint?"

One time in Santa Barbara Gus turned on a one-way street going the wrong way, we chased him and caught him a few blocks later, stopped and said "Gus didn't you see the arrows?" and he quickly retorted "I didn't even see the indians!" and then he took off. To this day I don't know how he got those people in Ojai to open those pumps-but it got us home.

The ride we take quite often is north up the famous Highway One towards Big Sur. In our country there are some beautiful, twisty roads running parallel to Hwy 1 and on roads right near these roads are...wineries. Well, tasting wine one Sunday we left a little wilder than we came. We were going down the road just as innocent as you please when all of a sudden...just what we had been waiting for since that article written by some dude for Cycle World magazine. Two 750F Hondas and a CBX going the opposite way!

We stopped, discussed the situation for a couple of seconds, turned around and went after them. Well, I heard after the fact, that while we were chasing the Hondas a CHP was following us. We caught up with the Hondas, the Highway Patrol never caught up with us though,

We stopped for a couple of seconds at a screeching wild halt, discussed the situation for a couple of seconds and we all agreed to go chase the Hondas and give them some hell. I could just imagine the view from up above as one could see from a plane, these wild guys speeding down the highway at break neck speeds, the sound of those Contis echoing through the valley. It wasn't long before we caught the Hondas as they turned into one of our favorite twisty road, Cypress Mountain Drive. They must of have seen us coming in their rear view mirrors cause they decided they weren't about to be passed, so the race began. Those Hondas handled better than one would think but we knew our bikes and we knew the road and one by one we picked them off, passed them and started pulling some distance on them. For the rest of the way they saw nothing but our taillights. For that brief encounter it was undisputed that the "legend" of Ducati handling officially changed hands. ("Cycle Guides' stupid comparison test"). Ha!

It wasn't till afterwards that we found out that a Highway Patrol was hot on our trail, from the onset of our chase. He never did quite get a chance to even catch up. At the rate we were going, Cook Neilson would have been proud.

By the way I am looking for a 750 Sport Poster, or tests from magazines on this model. Please write or call me if you can help. Joseph Kasparowitz, 151 Casa St., San Luis Obispo, CA 93401 (805) 544-8209.

Going Nuts

Dear Joel this here is my first contribution to your magazine. I first started riding bikes when I was thirteenth, I started out with a Harley

Davidson 1200 with the sue-e-side clutch. I had a real hard time keeping the dam thing up and a few trips into my uncles corn field, on account that I lost control like some damn fool. But my uncle Ferbis Mergaph, who useta be a farmer but now is retired and starving on account that his socio security aint enuf for him t'live on, anyway old uncle Ferbis was head-set on making me learn to ride the damn thing. I just kept right on tryin. Next I got a chance to learn howto ride a moped and this was really exciting since it was made in France with one of those little chain saw moters that go on the front wheel.

I really enjoyed riding this thing even though it was old beat up and it needed rings real bad and the fire wasn't all that hot and it would just burn half the mixture and the rest would go out the exhaust which the old owner had aiming up towards the sky instead of down into the ground, well my uncle Frebis thought it would be a good idea if I aimed the exhaust down and he did, right over the front wheel and that damn wheel would get a buncha o'dat two cylinder oil on it and one day while I was hangin a corner in town I slid and went flying under an old Studibaker and nearly got kilt, the damn thing don threw me a couple of more times before I decided to aim that stupid exhaust upwards like it useta be. Well this didn't help matters much either cause the first time I tried to ride it I was hauling ass around the barn by the chicken coop, man I had that hunka crap really moving and olavasudden I gets my left eye fulla that two-cylinder oil and jeez I couldn't see a damn thing and I assidently ran over my aunt Agathas' goat and then things really got escitin cause I lost even more control than I had before and since my uncles house was sorta on a hill wit the road below I went flying down one side of the hill and into the road and nearly got runt over by a semi when that piece of crap hit the embankment and sent me flying right into the middle o the road and here comes this damn semi, man lemme tell ya it didn't take me long to figure out that I had to get the hell outa the way real quick.

A few years went by and I survived my uncle Ferbis' ole Harley and that damn slowed. As I grew up I ran across an old Bee Essay and it had this humongus side car made in Check Old Slavackia that was bolted and welded on and it useta belong to this ole butcher who useta haul pigs in it whenever they gots under da fence and started running around the field like a buncha damn fools and onto the highway and we'd all be sittin on the front porch staring down the front of the house onto the road and here be that old butcher chasing them pigs all ove the place on the Bee

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