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“Do you, Harold Hotdog, take this motorcycle...”

As we understand it, the story of Harry Hotdog's second marriage began when Harry bought his first motorcycle.

Prior to that time, Harry was just like the rest of us. A happily married man who found nothing more pleasurable than a quiet evening with his wife, Harriet, or perhaps a weekend together in the country.

But then the motorcycle entered his life.

We are sorry to report it was one of ours; a shiny new Yamaha RD 350.

When Harry brought it home, Harriet was delighted. As she finished the evening's dishes,



A happy beginning for Harry and his bride.

Harriet went on to say that she felt the solution to their problem wasn't that Harry get rid of his motorcycle, but that she be given one of her own.

"I've been to the Yamaha Learn to Ride Safety Program for Women, Harry. And I love riding. When you come back, I could get a small enduro, or maybe even a street machine like yours."

She was telling Harry how the idea of women riding motorcycles was quite acceptable these days, when the conversation was interrupted by what Harriet thought was static on the line. Actually, it was the sound of Harry's mufflers, disappearing down the road.

That's pretty much the story. When Harry came home a year later, Harriet was gone. It was rumored she'd joined the International Powder-Puff Racing Circuit, but no one knew for sure. Harry, after a dedicated week-and-a-half search for his wife, married his motorcycle.

It would be nice if we could say that Harry's life with his RD 350 was a happy one. But we've heard rumors of problems with oil in the morning coffee, cold fenders in bed, and so on.

And anyway, there's no absolute proof that this story is even true. Frankly, we doubt that it is.

After all, things like this don't happen in real life, do they?

YAMAHA MODELS FOR WOMEN.



There were problems with cold fenders in bed.

she talked excitedly of weekends of riding together on quiet country roads.

But when she looked up, Harry was gone.

At first, he went riding only on Saturdays. But later, Harry came home only to eat his meals. And even then, he'd leave his helmet and goggles on.

It was during his third solo round trip to Nome, Alaska, that Harriet began to feel that something was wrong.

"Harry," she said to him on the telephone, "I think it's fine for you to enjoy your motorcycle, but I've forgotten what you look like."



Her first motorcycle, the LT3 500 Enduro. A full size machine light enough for any woman to handle easily.

If you'd rather ride alone, don't buy her the RD 250. Because only place you go on your touring bike.

The AT3 125. If you're riding a 175 or 250 Enduro, this is the machine for her. With her weight, you only have to worry about her passing you.

For getting her started, there's no better motorcycle than the RD 60. If she can't keep up with your bike, she can use the RD 60 for running around while you're running around.

Someday, she'll own a Yamaha.