

### THE OPENER

Over 50 bikers took part in the opening ride to Prescott on April 28, some even stayed until April 29. It was a good ride and none of you who went along seem to have lost any edge in your riding skills over the long Winter - getting reoriented to riding in two long lines isn't easy. Thanks to Marni the City Park campgrounds was opened early to accomodate us and we had the place to ourselves. Course Marni always did have that nack of getting what she wanted from guys - in this case the city cop with the campground keys...(guess that should be "the campground keys from the city cop"- sorry Ken). The line-up in front of the Joint was as good a demonstration of good old American deficite financing as could be found what with all the new bikes, accessories and paint. Yet some comfort could be found if you looked hard enough for some old (old) familiar scooters - hunching over the oil spills as their drivers set about mooching tools, tape and sympathy. And alas, it wasn't only some bikes that got a little rusty over the lay-over - Gretchen and her usually able side-kick Carolyn put on a tent erection demonstration that would have, well, caused a dinasaur to go limp? Paul Schall got his bike running so well the only way he could describe the experience was VOOMBAH (however, later in the evening a one-time passenger, Gay, further refined that phrase into something like, "I'll never complain about Mike's Harley again"). Dave Zeman exhibited (no, keep reading) a possible need for remedial tent-site-selecting help when he glowingly announced his site was located in a quiet spot below the hill between two long pieces of steel that romantically faded off into the sun-set. And of course the opening ride wouldn't really have been official without the exhuming of the lower third of the baby face of our own Richie (hell, even Bear had sense enough to shed in the Spring). And the remains of that which clung to his chin for so long are this year being sent to Wilma Linenkugal, chief bottle washer at the family's brewery, who we understand had her scrub brush budget cut by 10% for 1979. All in all, we're off to a good season.

### WHERE TO GO OR, WHAT TO DO

Where we often go on Wednesday rides (Ramsey County) we can no longer do what we often do once we get there. So we can either come up with some alternate "where's" where we can do what we used to do or, keep going where we used to go and come up with something else to do once we're where we're used to going. (If you'd have been on the Wednesday ride May 2nd to Turtle Lake you'd better understand all this) In other words, we can either change the social program on rides to Ramsey County Parks or keep the program and change the Parks. If we do the latter, we're going to need your help in coming up with locations. On the other hand, let's hear from some of you social scientists, we have here some fertilegrounds for new theory- The Effects of Stimuli Substitution on the Median Behavior of Scooter Trash. Whatever, we do need to make some choices before putting together the next ride schedule. Let your ideas be known - to Lee or any Road Captain!!!

### HOW FAR IS IT FROM MAY TO OCTOBER?

You may recall, if you were there or read the summary of the General Membership meeting elsewhere herein, that we've decided to initiate a little side contest this year called who can put on the most miles during the season. Anyone who wanted to take part would kick-in 4 bits and have their mileage recorded by the secretary. Then at the end of the season, probably year-end party time, another official odometer reading and naming of the winner. We were going to initiate the thing on the first ride but didn't until the second. You can get in anytime but obviously the sooner the better. See our secretary, Carol Fisher, if you want in. Any and all miles count, not just Club functions. You'll be in with some good competition - Larry "Las Vegas" Stitzel, Harald Nendza's new BMW RT (tho his dining room miles were discounted), Ron Widell who annually has to pay an additional road use tax on 101, Walt and Squeek if they decide on another million-state tour, Richie who has redefined Wallingford, Ia. as a bedroom community to So. Mpls., and on the outside, one Dick Debough who has already this year increased his number of Club rides by 200% over last year.

