

A friendly, active and open group.

Boy, did we have a bunch of snow over the past week or so. I still get pooped just thinking about how much work it was to move all of that fluffy white stuff. The good thing about the snow is that now we can get out into the bush and enjoy nature at its best again this year. Bev especially enjoys this type of outing as I am the one who has to break trail, which means doing all the hard work, while she gets to follow in my tracks and have the time to look about and enjoy the scenery. Must be nice, yet despite my trying for years to get her to break trail, she still insists that she prefers to follow in my footsteps. Sometimes she is too smart for my own good blast it, 😊, but I wouldn't have it any other way to tell the truth.

I traveled to the Motorcycle Dealers show in Toronto last Friday with a friend who is looking for a new bike to replace the one on which he has accumulated roughly 160,000 km. This is a man who rides for about a month every year with his wife perched on the pillion seat. They usually leave in late spring and arrive back here a month or so later. They choose that time of year to travel as the roads are not clogged with summer trippers, the air is still fresh and not overly hot, and they are back here in time to enjoy the rest of the summer with family and friends at their home on the lake. While at the Show in Toronto, we spent considerable time

looking at all there was on offer from the manufacturers before coming across a bike that really caught his interest. It was not something that was of much interest to satisfy my particular needs and desires, but I could certainly see where it would satisfy virtually everything he was looking for in a new bike. For the next couple of hours we continued to check out all of the other bikes on display, however we somehow repeatedly ended up back at that particular location where this jewel was on display.

I liked the bike myself, but as I said before, it was not one I would be tempted to purchase as it represented a style of riding that does not appeal to my interests. Now my friend, Dave, on the other hand, obviously felt differently. I have got to respect that. The sales people there were reasonably knowledgeable, except for one standout who really seemed to have the *low down* on this particular model. He answered every question, and the one question he could not answer that my friend had asked, he answered after calling someone on his cell phone, and then relayed the answer he was given to us. Now that is impressive. Too many of the other sales people we spoke with at many of the other displays were only marginally knowledgeable about their range of products on display. My friend sat up on the bike many times. He would slide back to the pillion seat, then back to the rider's saddle then back once more. He was obviously checking out how much room, and what comfort level the rear seating area would offer his wife. He went on to ascertain when he would be able to see the bike at the dealership, would he be given the opportunity to take it for a demo ride, and most importantly would his wife find it comfortable enough to sit there for hours on end while traveling. When in the process of purchasing their current bike, he had chosen a bike that he wanted to purchase, but she vetoed that plan by saying the pillion was very uncomfortable and she would not ride there. She picked out their current bike once she had decided it was comfortable to ride on. Now that is teamwork, and that is pretty much how Bev and I work 98% of the time, which I guess is why we have been such good friends and companions for a half century. The moral here? You reap what you sow.

The Glen Alda Seniors had a good month in February. We unfortunately had to put off the first meal of the month until the next day, as the significant snowfall we had on the Tuesday of that week would have made it very difficult for many to attend the following day. Thursday it was then, with President Barry back from the south to oversee things, the OPP in attendance to give us a talk on scams, and finally, (perhaps most important), Marilyn cooking up a feast of spare ribs

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