

HORRA News

The Official Newsletter of the Halton Off-Road Riders Association

P.O Box 15, Georgetown ON L7G 4T1

www.horra.ca

June 11, 2007 Meeting Minutes, Limehouse Community Centre

Directors present- Tim Middlehurst, Dennis Lever

Members present- Pat Steed, Don Nevett, John Van den Hoek, Eric Knoespel, Marcus Knoespel, Stan Carter, Al Johnson, Dwight Egerter, Lucas Blair.

Dave Armstrong

As you know, Dave passed away on June 1st. Although many of you were at the Funeral services, many of our members and those included in the distribution of this newsletter were not able to attend. With the assistance of two of Dave's best friends, Ken Langdon and Bob Turnbull, I have included the eulogies that they gave at the services. For those that knew Dave personally they will bring back some very vivid memories of the man. For those that didn't know Dave that well they will give you an insight into an outstanding individual who was a key founding member of HORRA.

Dave Armstrong by Ken Langdon

I told my stockbroker of Dave Armstrong's death. Right away he said to me: "Sell all your shares in Tim Horton's."

One of many sad, little things that are, perhaps, not so little in the scheme of things, that I already miss is the routine, maybe ritual is a better word, when I needed to see Dave early in the day. I would arrive and park next to the garage at about 8:00 AM. Now if I had wanted to see John Armstrong, Dave's dad, he would arrive at 8:00 AM sharp. Dave however, usually arrived between 5 and 12 minutes after 8.00. I think the message was that if either Father Time or Dave was to be in charge, then it would be Dave.

I would see Dave amble, he did not walk, along the path he had beaten across his front lawn, behind the post and rail fence, cash box in hand, Hazel's breakfast just beginning to digest. He arrived at the door and inserted his key. He stooped to pick up any car keys customers had dropped through the mail slot, then placed the cash box under the counter. He flipped on the breaker, let there be light, and turned on the business computer. Next, he opened the office windows, unhooked the shutters and gave them a smack to send them outwards like some white, wooden butterfly. My job, and it had never been discussed, it was simply assigned, was to secure those venerable shutters, vintage 1939, with their hooks and eyes – save only the one next to the electrical meter, which had a specially fabricated wire, because the meter blocked it opening all the way back. Four shutters on the south side and two on the east.

By the time I got back to the “office” Dave, in recent years, i.e., since the advent of the E-mail computer, was already back in the addition-slash trailer, checking his morning funnies. Next he’d emerge and put on his coveralls.

Notice that no conversation had yet occurred though each of us was aware of the other. That was part of the ritual. Silence. It did not matter how important was the business about which I needed to see Dave. It usually was not important, maybe make an appointment for an L.O.F. More likely it was trivial. Most likely, I just needed a morning fix of reality before disappearing down the rabbit hole into the world of courts and law.

It was just after Dave donned his coveralls that speech was permitted. Again, that was never discussed, just understood. About half the time I’d be able to communicate my reason-slash-excuse for being there. Half the time I’d be interrupted by the first phone call of the morning.

One thing we all will miss in this modern world of hateful and irritating message machines and voice-mail, is that you never got a machine at Dave’s. Life was for him simpler and more direct. If you called and got no answer, he wasn’t there; try again. I can understand that. If he was there, you heard his voice: “Armstrong’s”. He gave you the benefit of the doubt; if you called you were business. He was there to do business, not, as he would say, to piss people off.

Dave also beat down his path across the lawn at noon and finally at 5:30. He was like the tide, that way, arriving and retreating three times a day, five times a week, year-in and year-out. It has not really penetrated yet that the tide has stopped.

Another ritual I shall miss is my morning and/or afternoon run to Tim’s. No wonder the shares are down. The order invariably included, one large coffee - small cream and often a banana-nut or carrot cake muffin, for the guru.

This offering, whether brought by me or one of the many other worshippers, was dutifully placed on the bench beside The Altar of Carburetors, the metal bench at the southeast corner of Armstrong Garage, not far from the vice. That was just a step away from the engine stand containing the ever-present small block Chev engine, housed in plastic. It was close enough to the Varsol tank, so that, occasionally, the contents of the tank imparted a certain, je-ne-sais-quoi to the flavour of the coffee.

The break did not start straightaway. Gradually, perhaps when the phone stopped ringing, perhaps when Dave emerged from the pit, perhaps when Adam got that stubborn front disc brake apart, all would assemble at the desk to drink our beverages, solve the world’s problems, comment on its idiocies, always in plentiful supply, discuss motorcycles and tell assorted lies. We might have called it the Armstrong Hot Stove League or the Armstrong Liars’ Club. I don’t think we ever formally named it. There wasn’t the need.

Those who assembled at the workbench were a varied and motley lot. Every one of them will miss it, I can guarantee. When he was not traveling in Scandinavia or the rest of the world, Jonathan Cornwell, complete with three of the scruffiest dogs ever to grace the face of the planet, Ken Rockwell, seeking escape from the constant demands for parts at CarQuest, Tim Murdock first when he was Adam’s counterpart, and later when skiving off from municipal duties, before him, Steve Duff, Al Johnson, that retired and argumentative civil servant, John Bierstaker, a.k.a. “Cousin It”, Ed Rouse, John VandenHoek, John Tibben, former Mayor Bill Smith, and not, infrequently I am proud to say, a certain judge who seemed to be far less interested in the law than in ancient and venerable Chryslers. If I named every member of that club, I would be here for 20 extra minutes. I apologize to those of its many unnamed members I have omitted.

What kept bringing all those varied people to this uniquely male milieu? It was the guru. For Dave, being Georgetown's automotive guru was bred in the bone. His grandfather, Matthew, built the building and began the business in 1939. I am proud to say that my father was one of his first customers and remained so until his death in 1981, for a mere 42 years.

My dad was principally connected to Johnny Armstrong, Dave's father, who also was a consummate repairer of cars and of "anything" else you cared to bring to him. The "k" on anything is deliberate. If you knew Johnny, you'll remember.

Though John and Dave were not related by blood, they might as well have been. From my earliest years I remember, if anything needed doing to an automobile, my dad said, "I'll take it to Johnny." And he did. In all of those 42 years there was never a cross word or a dispute that I can think of. Johnny fixed his Terraplane, his Plymouths, his Packards, and his Cadillacs. The hallmark of their relationship was trust, absolute and unwavering trust. If John Armstrong said he would do something or that he had done something, you could take it to the bank. My dad taught me that.

The fruit falls next to the tree.

One Saturday morning in summer 1957, an 18 year old student, in possession of an 18 year-old Dodge and no money, drove in to Armstrong's Supertest. He couldn't get his brake light to work. John was otherwise engaged, but a mere kid, maybe 11 or 12 years old, wearing a pair of bib overalls, ambled over – Did you ever see Dave hurry? I thought not – and inquired what the student wanted. I explained the problem and that I had found and installed a new brake switch to no avail.

Dave looked at the car. He said nothing. Sound familiar? He turned and sauntered, ambled, into the garage. He emerged with a ball-peen hammer and a shingling nail. Without a by-your-leave, he hammered that nail into the welting of my left rear fender. He said, "Try that." I did. The light worked. Dave said, "Bad ground."

I guess I still owe Dave for that repair. You will notice that, even at the age of 10, Dave was at once eloquent and laconic. He preferred actions to a lot of words, but when he spoke, he had something to say and he said it directly and with great economy.

If we stretch a point, we could say that our business relationship began then. It lasted 50 years. It took death to end it. Our relationship too, was characterized by absolute trust and confidence. I don't think we ever exchanged a cross word. He never disappointed me and I'd be hard put to think of a problem I brought him that he did not solve. Some of those were not automotive.

That is something else that bears remembering about this truly exceptional man. He had an I.Q. that could easily have got him into and out of university magna cum laude.

Some of his teachers recognized this and tried to persuade him to go the route of formal higher education. He declined. For as long as I knew him, he never expressed the least doubt that he was doing precisely what he wanted to do. If he hadn't been, he would not have done it. That is how Dave was.

He learned well and long at John's side. Alas, John, too, died far too young. I was a pall bearer at John's funeral. I was both honoured and sad to do that. Here we are again.

Dave had a prodigious memory, one that matched his intellect. That is why I call him the guru. He is as at-home, sorry, he was as at-home with my ancient and venerable Chryslers as he was with today's models. Almost every mechanic in the vicinity of Georgetown, with a thorny mechanical problem, new-car or old, that he could not solve, wound up bringing it to Dave, sooner or later. More often than not he was not disappointed. The solution was often not one that could be discovered between the pages of a book. But Dave had usually encountered it, solved it and remembered it.

When I got sick and tired of being bled dry by marina mechanics who seemed unable to repair a problem with my boat engine, I drove Dave up to Penetang. He opened the engine cover, took a quick look and said: "There's the problem. The primary leads to the coil are crossed". He saw that instantly, even though they had been that way from the factory. They were painted into that configuration. Dave could see beneath the paint. He fixed it. I never had another moment's trouble with it. I once called Dave from Kentucky when my car quit there. He couldn't do anything about it, of course, but I felt better for telling him.

Did you ever see Dave, standing at the metal topped bench, the one I call the Altar of Carburetors, take one apart? That was poetry in motion. A carburetor has more parts than grandpa's pocket watch. Dave had already got the right screwdrivers and it was almost as if he simply waved his hand over the thing and it fell apart into a thousand bits. Abra Cadabra. It was about the same when he got the kit and put it back together. Today one is hard pressed to find a mechanic who knows what a carburetor does. Dave was the Tiger Woods of mechanics. He made a very difficult task look dead easy, the mark of a true pro.

Because of our age difference and career-choices, we were not close during his teen years and early 20's. That might explain why I survived. I have heard rumors, likely false I am sure, that he may have done a bit of street racing. He definitely developed a taste for Captain Morgan's dark rum. Fortunately, he was never caught doing anything seriously illegal, immoral or fattening, so we must give him the benefit of the doubt and say that his teen years and early 20s were plainly exemplary. I had returned to the fold just before he got that brand new 72 Thunderbird, a two-ton cream puff if ever there was one.

I did not share Dave's passion for motorcycles, particularly Husquvarna trail bikes. Again, however, whatever Dave did, he did well. He raced fiercely and hard and continued racing to an age that I considered insane, and still do. He became a force in national and international trail bike racing. With Hazel he has traveled all over the world to motorcycle rallies and events. He is respected on and by the executive of many such associations. Typically, he had scant patience with the politics they engendered. He always tried to find a way to cut through the you-know-what and to get the job done.

One of the things that Dave could have done, and done well, was to be an advocate. He had a keen intellect and a logical turn of argument that was truly razor sharp. Over some 44 years at bench and bar I have heard a lot of arguments by some very good counsel, but rarely have I heard positions stated so forcefully and so logically, and yes, so tersely, as Dave could state them.

His most recent triumph in that regard was his vehement opposition to the hated licensing by-law that the Town sought to impose on businesses like his. It was a joy to hear him, in five minutes, demonstrate beyond any doubt that paying the tax, or obtaining a municipal licence, would do nothing by way of protecting the public, its alleged justification; that it was discriminatory in that it was not to be applied to professions like medicine or law, just to businesses like his; that would-be regulators knew nothing about the businesses they would be regulating; that it was in substance nothing more

than a bureaucratic tax grab that would accomplish nothing that was not already done by the phone book. I do not think Dave ever paid a dime for a business licence. He is, I am sure, smiling about that as I speak. We will not discuss 'the sidewalk'.

He had a wonderful cache of expressions to describe many things and situations. I wish I had written them all down. They were brief, funny and often direct to a fault.

A completely worthless person was "an oxygen thief" or "a waste of skin".

An engine or car that truly lacked the requisite power "would not pull the skin off rice pudding".

Permission to proceed with a plan or idea was granted with: "Fill your boots".

Something truly filthy or disgusting was "covered in mung and drool".

An auto riddled with rust was "pretty skanky".

Information that surprised or delighted him was met with "well, fiddly bleeping dee".

My wife, Lynda, drives a "Tragic Wagon".

He always said about his summer Friday afternoon racing excursions that he was "going to Rancidville".

Or his most memorable: "There are three ways to repair a car: Fast, good and cheap. You can have any two." Those seventeen words summed up his business. Accurate, direct and short. Not a word wasted. Thought fully expressed. Take "thought fully" as one word or two.

Dave got married once. He watched many of his friends suffer the trials and tribulations of wrong choices in the matrimony department. I know that at some level those events amused him in a distant way, though he never mocked a friend in distress. He was never other than helpful.

As in so many areas of his life, Dave did not rush into matrimony, but when he did it, he did it right the first time. I have watched Dave and Hazel from a respectful distance. Never have I heard one disparage or belittle the other. Teasing is another matter but Hazel gave as good as she got. Never have I seen or heard harshness or meanness between them. I have sat with them at the breakfast table and the dinner table and have quaffed more than a few drinks with them. Always I have observed that mutual comfort and companionship that a husband and a wife are supposed to have of, and to be to, one another. Do I think they never quarreled? Of course not. Do I think their marriage was as solid as the rock of Gibraltar? I do. The ensuing months will be a hell on earth for Hazel as she adjusts to the emptiness that Dave's passing will leave. It leaves me in tears. I cannot even begin to imagine what it will be like for her. I am confident, however, that this strong and loving woman, will, with the support of her friends and family, emerge whole and stronger. And she will have a lifetime of memories of Dave Armstrong, a truly exceptional man, to cherish. They will eventually comfort a lot of us.

I know that Janet, too, is heartbroken that Dave has been taken from amongst us so early. We are all helpless in the face of death and can do no more than to offer our condolences our support and friendship.

Dave was not a religious man; nor am I, though recently in the deep south we have become involved and seen the church at work in the community. We put Dave on the prayer list at Peace Lutheran Church in Foley, Alabama, last fall. He went into remission. I told him I put him on the list. He said he'd be the last person to say it couldn't help. He was doing so well that we took his name off the prayer list in April. I wish we hadn't. He did not win his battle with leukemia but he got another 8 or 9 months of pretty decent living. And we got another 8 or 9 months with Dave. I thank God for those extra months and for the 50 years I knew him.

Dave was not a great supporter of government and politics at any level. He was downright cynical. It was hard for me to believe my ears when I heard him praise the personnel at, and the institution of, Princess Margaret Hospital. For the first time in my memory Dave had found that the government had somehow done something that was not simply right but truly and astonishingly good. I know that Dave believed that if the folks at Princess Margaret could not save him, then no one could. I mention, too, that he was also grateful to Al Ashenhurst for his almost instant diagnosis of his condition and for his dispatch in getting Dave to the right place fast.

For all his cynicism, Dave, at heart, was a true believer in this great country of Canada. He accepted human imperfection and all the warts that come with it, but recognized the good and the bounty that we all enjoy because we are here. He always tried to buy something (he certainly never shopped) at Zellers first. Wal-Mart was the last option. If more of us were like Dave Armstrong, this would be a truly amazing country.

Dave and I talked about the inevitable. I know with certainty that the last thing he would want is for Hazel, his family and friends to walk about in a huge, black, never-ending funk. Dave lived life on his own terms. He enjoyed every moment of it. He had a strong sense of who he was, where he belonged and what he did. He was comfortable with it all. Like Ulysses, he drank life to the lees. He spoke last year, at his 60th birthday, of how blessed he was to have so many friends and to have had such a good life. It is not possible for us to recognize his death, by having a party. That has nothing to do with Dave. It has to do with us, because we can't overcome our grief so quickly. The grief is ours, not Dave's.

What would Dave say about the possibility of such festivities? Well one might notice that facial tic he developed. Almost simultaneously he'd seem to wink, twitch the corner of his mouth and wrinkle his nose to one side. Then he'd say, somewhat inelegantly, I admit, "Hey! Party till you puke!" If he could see all his friends and family here now, he'd be cracking out that bottle of 100 proof rum, that he kept in the cupboard between his kitchen and the TV-room addition. No doubt about it. Let none of us be overcome with grief. Let us celebrate his life and the wonderful things that knowing him has done for us.

Dave, ride that brand new Husquvarna in the sky. I guarantee that one won't break down. I know you won't be happy until you have covered it with mud. Here is the good news: Reverend Cooper assures me, and I accept, that where you are, that new Husquvarna will clean itself after every trail ride. So enjoy. We'll be along to join you, by and by. Till then, farewell, my friend.

Dave Armstrong by Bob Turnbull

Dave Armstrong was my best friend. It is a measure of the man, that there are several people here today that would say the same thing. Dave engaged us with his knowledge. He engaged us with his humour. He engaged us with his intelligence. He engaged us with his enthusiasm. He engaged us with his tenacity. He engaged us with his irreverence. And he engaged us with his generosity of time.

Dave knew things. He knew how things worked and he knew how to fix them if they didn't. He knew where get stuff, and if he didn't, he knew somebody who did know.

Dave loved to laugh and he loved to make us laugh. In the three decades that I knew him I had very few conversations with Dave that were not spiced with a humorous slant on whatever was the topic of discussion. While Dave could and would laugh at simple "potty" humour his greatest delight was in literate and ironic humour that required some thought and thus rewarded a quick witted participant such as he.

Watching Dave work, whether it was building a new race engine or doing simple routine maintenance I marveled at Dave's attention to detail. Whenever he encountered a new device or machine his curiosity about how the equipment worked was boundless. When others may have been impressed with performance alone Dave was not satisfied to know that something worked well or badly, he wanted to know what made it that way. Chuck Beatty once told me "Turnbull, sometimes you don't need to know how it works, you just need to know that it works". Dave had a difficult time with this concept. He just couldn't get over the hump of having to know why. Had he not chosen to be an automobile mechanic, Dave's sharp analytical mind and methodical work style would have seen him succeed in any number of other professions. For my part I know that he would have been an outstanding engineer.

This thirst for knowledge did not abate after Dave was diagnosed with leukemia. His doctors promptly admitted him to Princess Margaret Hospital where he underwent a grueling program of chemotherapy. Dave reveled in the technology. He happily related to his many visitors, all the details of the "Hickman" line that was feeding the poisonous chemicals into his body. He became conversant with the terminology used by his caregivers and could describe, in intimate detail, the correct procedures for flushing the IV lines sprouting from his body. He was particularly impressed with the miniature "quick connects" used to join the IV bags to the lines in his body. Even in the midst of the fight of his life his curiosity of how things worked never left him.

Activities in which we participated were conducted with more passion when Dave was involved. His enthusiasm for the task at hand was infectious and those around him would invariably elevate their game to match his. If help was needed, Dave not only gave help, he rallied the troops to the call. When you asked for Dave's help you didn't just get Dave. You got Dave and whoever else he could summon.

Although Dave loved the sport of enduro riding I would venture to say he loved no part of it more than the Terra Nova Enduro. Nothing in the sport was more important to him than the successful completion of a quality Terra Nova Enduro. For three decades Dave devoted countless hours to negotiating land permission, cutting new trail and laying out the course for this event. He was relentless in preparing for this event. I remember one day by Glen Huron, while doing course mileage

(back when there were miles) it began to rain quite hard. The paper route sheet we were using rapidly become a sodden, useless mess. We had, however, set a goal for mileage that day and apparently we were going to reach it. We found a discarded plastic fertilizer bag in the ditch, and, using the ball point pen as a stylus to imprint the mileage indelibly in the thick plastic of the bag, we continued on in the pouring rain. There was never any excuse adequate for shirking responsibility for any Terra Nova function.

When you saw Dave greeting the Masters and Experts at the last check each year with the celebratory shot of Yukon Jack, beaming like the proud father of another successful event you might think that he was feeling a sense of self satisfaction for a job well done. In fact this was not the case. Nothing gave him more satisfaction than being able to relate the story of a club member's contribution to the event. It truly pleased him when other people did quality work in support of his beloved Terra Nova.

There was not a single identifiable group in society against whom Dave was not prejudiced and whom he would cheerfully disparage. On the other side of the ledger, every individual that Dave encountered in his life was afforded a clean slate. No matter who you were, no matter what baggage you were toting, if you earned Dave's respect, he gave it. If you were nothing but honest and hard working, you were o.k. in Dave's books. On the other hand, it is not enough to say that he did not suffer fools gladly. He did not suffer them at all. Having the ability to carry your own weight and failing to do so would buy you a quick dismissal from Dave's consideration.

I talked to Dave a couple of months ago about dying. In view of the circumstances it seemed appropriate. My assessment of that conversation is this. While Dave's passing is a great tragedy for us all, because we no longer can look to him for the help, the knowledge and in the case of his family, the love that he provided, it is not as great a tragedy for Dave himself. This is because Dave never waited for there to be enough time, or enough money or the right time to do what he wanted to do. He did what he wanted to do all day every day. There are things he would have done, trips he would have taken if he had survived the cancer but he could not look back on his life with regret for having passed up any opportunity to engage in any activity that he wished to do because when opportunity knocked Dave always answered the door.

Dave was an avid participant in the sport of enduro riding for many years. For those of you here today who are not familiar with this sport I will tell you that these events are conducted over public roads and public and private off road trails. Riders are scored on how they adhere to a pre-determined schedule by logging them in at check points distributed about the course. Penalty points are assessed for being late or early at a check point. To prevent speeding on the public roads penalties are much higher for being early than being late. Knowing this I will now get to my point. Dave Armstrong was a pretty good enduro time keeper, not Bill Sharpless good or maybe even Ross Lennox good, but pretty good. How ironic is it then, that Dave, in going wherever old endure riders go, is going in early. That's going to cost you a bundle of points, my friend. What were you thinking ?

Old Business

Many remarked that they had a good time at the Mini Pine enduro. It was pretty much the same course but some rain had made the conditions excellent. Don Nevett was 1st in Super Vet, Brian Murphy was 2nd and new member Trevor Hoogendoorn was 2nd in Novice A. We may have had other good showings but I don't have a copy of the results.

The Jim Kelly Ride was another "First Class event" not my quote but one used by many of the riders checking in at the end of the day. The other often used quote was "I always think that it's not possible to make this event better but every year but you always do!" These quotes are a testament to all the hard work that "you" put in each year on this event. THANK YOU to everyone that helped out!! As for numbers, we had 121 total riders and \$2320 went to Heart and Stroke. The final total for the Six Day Gold Fund is still being tabulated but it will do very well too. Many of the improvements suggested after last year's ride were implemented with positive results and we have a few more to add for next year.

The Family Ride portion of the Jim Kelly was also a great success. Keeping everyone in the tract across from RJ's seemed to provide the necessary challenge with approximately 15km of trail for all to enjoy. SCORRA did a great job of looking after this section. THANKS SCORRA!

New Business

The club kids bike (JR 50) is available for paid up members who are looking into getting their youngsters on a bike and trying one out. If you would like to borrow it please contact Marcus at 905-877-8158.

The Hare Scramble is planned for September 2nd and John Van den Hoek is looking for volunteers to help with course marking on Saturday and scorning on Sunday. If you can help, please contact John at 519-853-1025.

Planning has started for this year's Terra Nova. Dennis and Tim have volunteered to be the contacts listed for information on the entry form. If you would like to help out, let me know and I'll put you in contact with one of the section leaders.

There will be stickers made up to honour Dave's memory. More details will follow.

Dates for Future HORRA Events:

The next meeting will be in Limehouse on July 9, 2007 at 8:00 pm.

Upcoming dates are: Hare Scramble September 2 and Terra Nova October 14 .

Classifieds If any of these items have been sold please let me know.

2000 KDX220 Very Good Condition - blue plated, hi & low beam, brake light & horn, FMF pipe & FMF ISDE silencer with spark arrestor plus unused stock exhaust system, boysen rad valve & other spares. **NEW PRICE \$2,950.00** call **John (days) 416-989-6956** (evenings) 905-702-9027

2003 KDX220R Excellent condition . Original Factory Bars, headlight and exhaust never used can be put back on Bike. Options : FMF Pipe and Silencer, Enduro Engineering Hand Guards, Acerbis Headlight Kit, and Rad Shrouds, W.E.R. Steering Damper, Renthal Handlebars, Skid Plate, new Michelin tires front and back, heavy duty tubes, Front Rotor Guard, and shock covers. **NEW PRICE \$ 3600.00** **Brian Murphy (519) 941-1497** Boysen Rad Valve available as an extra

2004 Husqvarna WR 250 2 stroke. Hand guards, pipe guard, skid plate and newer Pirelli MT32s front and back. Plated for the road. Low hours. Excellent condition. \$4,500.00 Call **Jim @ 905-702-1287**.

TIRES FOR SALE 70/100-19 and 90/100-16 (front/rear) Dunlop 752 \$150.00 or best offer
Manny 905-880-7051

1984 GS550EF Suzuki - full fairing, very clean, low miles. \$1500. Contact **Marcus** at marcus@artcast.com or **905-877-8158**

2004 CRF150 \$2500 Please contact **Jake at 905-702-4768**

05 Husaberg FE450e electric start, good condition, not many hours, some spares[springs etc] \$6000.

02 Husaberg FE400e electric start, good condition, many hours, but well maintained, many spare parts. \$2800.
Call **Malcolm 416 460 2203** Burlington. Also have auxiliary fuel tank that will fit either bike.

2005 Honda CRF250X Very good condition, used very little in 2006. \$4700

2001 Suzuki DRZ400E Back up bike used mostly to do trail prep work. Make an offer.

1992 Yamaha WR200 used only once or twice a year for last 14 years. Still a good trail bike and very quiet. \$1700

1991 Honda XR250 Still a good straight trail bike. \$1500

All bikes have been enthusiast maintained and have been blue plated.

Contact **Rick 905-878-4439** or rickandglo@aol.com

Wanted to buy: Front and Rear Fenders, right and left side covers, headlight, tail light, chain guard and centre stand for 1977 Can Am Qualifier Series I (the red one). Contact **Al Johnson 905-877-1565** or afjohnson@sympatico.ca