



I'VE BEEN DRIVING for her family six years now so I know if things don't go the way she plans, Miss Katherine gets furious. This evening, when we pulled into the Pullium's driveway her plans were very definite. "No need to wait," she said, "David will take me, uh, home."

"Pardon, Miss Katherine, but I don't see his car," I said.

"He's simply later than usual," she said. "Good night, William." And into the party she went. I waited, just in case. And ten minutes later, David arrived. I've never seen anybody show up at a classy party riding a motorcycle.

Jimmy — he drives for the McCormicks — he said it was hardly proper. But Roland scoffed, "Nonsense, man, that's a Z-1." I asked him, "What's a Z-1?"

"Maybe the finest touring bike ever made, that's what," he said. And he launched into an emotional monologue, I'd call it, about the bike's 4-stroke, 4 cylinder, 903cc engine, its prestige, world records and how money talks. Even Jimmy was impressed.

So all I can do now is wait for the storm after the party, when Miss Katherine finds out she won't be going anywhere in the back of David's limo. And I'm wondering if David would consider putting a side-car on his Z-1 and hiring a second driver.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.