



A publication dedicated to the preservation of a classic and timeless vehicle

March 2001
Number 27

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GOOD NUDISTS LEAVE NO STERN UNTANNED

by William C. Anderson

One of the greatest perks of writing this column is the interesting mail that comes from you folks cruising this great land in your migratory mansions.

Case in point is an intriguing letter that came from a charming couple who reside in Southbridge, Massachusetts. The communiqué concludes with: "I do not know if you or your wife and Rocinante have ever visited a clothes-optional RV park or not. I do, however, recommend it to you. I am sure Rocinante would appreciate not having her shades drawn." The letter was signed, "Yours in the sun."

Big Red and I have galloped Rocinante across the length and breadth of our homeland, but in all our travels have never encountered a clothes-optional RV park. It grieves me to confess this ignorance, but I didn't even know such a thing existed. Needless to say, I lost little time in contacting "Yours in the sun" for more information.

Further information was quickly provided. I suddenly found myself the recipient of a handsome, full-color publication titled *North American Guide to Nude Recreation*. In addition to showing lots of pictures of people who like to run around barefoot up to their dewlaps, it lists nude recreational areas in most states of the Union, and many provinces in Canada. And, I'm happy to report, many of the landed clubs contain full RV hookups and amenities.

If the photos are to be believed, everyone seems to be having a great time indulging in all manner of activities, completely oblivious to holes in the ozone layer. A sense of humor seems to dominate the nudists as they slug their clubs with such names as Bares-N-Cubs, Free Spirits, Full-Tan Sun Club, Solar Bares, Garden of Eden, Rawhide Ranch, Tanfastics and Bare-B-Ques.

Now, how does one go about checking into an RV park where one may play volleyball wearing nothing but a large grin? It's easy. Call the American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR) at 1-800-Try-Nude or visit the association's web page

at www.aanr.com. They will send you a packet of goodies, including a list of clubs, the AANR philosophy and an enrollment form. For a modest charge, you and your mate may become properly certified nudists, which entitles you to make your reservations at one of the many RV facilities listed in their recreation guide.

Not to be outdone, the AANR even offers a line of products for sale, including a raft of nudist books, gold pendants with the AANR logo, and—oddly enough—T-shirts. The latter, however, is tastefully lettered with these words: I'M COMPLETELY NUDE UNDER MY CLOTHES.

Also enclosed is a handbook that answers most of your questions, such as "My figure is less than Greek. Will I feel out of place?" Answer: "No. About one figure in 20 at a nudist park will be exemplary." And judging by the nudists depicted in the *North American Guide to Nude Recreation*, this should be underscored. Dyed-in-the-wool bare buffers seem to have a penchant for meat and potatoes, which has produced some torsos so large they shouldn't back up without a beeper.

Further research discloses that even the most bombastic nature-lover, however, feels it is prudent to don raiments when conducting certain chores. According to one nudist interviewed, prudence dictates that some types of coverage should be worn when frying bacon, and well-endowed women should consider wearing a halter when pounding poi.

In spite of its many attractions, I'm afraid airing one's privates in public is not in the cards for the Frau and myself. Dortha is so modest she still wears her bathing suit with the holes in the knees while taking a shower, and I have bought surgeons so many Porsches that my manly torso looks like an aerial map of Bangladesh. So for the Andersons, the days of skinny-dipping are probably behind us.

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