

The Toronto Wing's



Kickstand



Toronto Wings – Chapter “T” of the Gold Wing Touring Association
November 2007



Chapter Director Nedda Lash
<mailto:bobandnedda@rogers.com>

Co Director: Kevin Welsh
<mailto:kevw@interlog.com>

Assistant Chapter Director Linda Pennock
[Mail to:bikechick222@yahoo.ca](mailto:bikechick222@yahoo.ca)

Secretary: Sam Grzesh
<mailto:sgrzesh@sympatico.ca>

Treasure: Steve Daiter
<mailto:badrider@rogers.com>

Webmaster: Bill Hobbs
<mailto:bill@torontowings.com>

Communications Director & Store Custodian
Linda Pennock
[mail to:bikechick222@yahoo.ca](mailto:bikechick222@yahoo.ca)

Newsletter Editors: Linda Pennock
Rose Ruprecht

Coffee Nights
Every Thursday 8:00 p.m.
Tim Horton's
4400 Dufferin Street
(on Dufferin – south of finch)

Breakfast Meetings (in the winter)
(Date & location determined each month) check out our webpage for changes as we often try new locations in the winter

Web Site: <http://www.torontowings.com>
(check regularly for meetings and changes)

More riding left in this season

Ramblings from the Editor(s)

Wow we are still setting temperature records here in Ontario. It was 25° C October 23rd. It is still to nice to put the bikes away. Rose put my Burgman away for storage but when it is not raining she still rides her bike to work and visits her athletes with it!

Ajax Pickering hosted another wonderful Halloween Event for us. It was great to see friends all dressed up in their costumes.

The October CD/ACD meeting gave all the opportunity to share what each chapter was doing. Recruiting of new members was a big part of the discussion.

Paul Cuddy has a new baby in the family. His 2004 1800 makes me drool! He has surpassed me in bike turnovers in 1 year. Maybe when he decides to buy a new 1800 I'll buy his used one.

Our chapter is getting ready for the Manufacturers December Bike Show. Despite the high costs to our little chapter we feel the GWTA presence is important. This event rallies us all together and helps us promote GWTA and our sister chapters. Preparations continue for this event!



Close Encounters with the “Blue Line Kind”



by Linda

.... the conclusion...

I had a few moments to think about my situation and kept replaying this scenario in my mind. The big officer would come back to me and ask “Ma’am can I have your registration please”. I would try to explain to him I did not have it on me and why. He would simply pull out his handcuffs, cuff me and throw me in the back of his cruiser! I would never see Bill and Rose again. Panic Panic! ...Heart Pounding Panic!!!!



The senior officer came over to me and asked “How fast can your Suzuki Burgman Scooter go? I thought I better not tell him I had my bike up to 178 k/hr or 104 mile /hr in Colorado. Instead I told him “it can go 80 miles/hr”. He was surprised and said “You don’t have to go that fast”. All I could do was shrink back in my seat and think thank God I didn’t answer him honestly!

The officer then told me that he was not going to issue me a ticket because he was feeling lazy and did not want to do all the paperwork. The bikers across the street had their cameras out and were taking pictures of me being intimidated by the police!



The officer then asked me if I was happy that he was being lazy and not going to issue me a ticket. Because I was so stressed I answered without thinking “I am very happy you are lazy”and 2 microseconds after I said it I knew I had just put my foot in my mouth....

I stuttered and tried to correct my statement by saying “It is such a nice day and I know you have better things to do then waste your time on me”.



He then asked “when you enter a new town do you not look at the speed limits?” This time I thought first and replied “I was so enamored by the surrounding scenery that I had not paid attention. Being from Canada I wanted to absorb it all and I would make sure I always checked speed limits in the future”.



“I really don’t believe your friends are coming back. Where are you staying in town?” he asked. Wow don’t change your mind about the ticket I thought, but still could not remember where we were staying. Still feeling intimidated and upset I stuttered “I don’t know”. Then I blurted out “The Comfort Inn”. He told me to stay on the main drag obeying the speed limit which was 30 miles/hr in town. I would find the accommodations at the east end of town. By this point the 2nd officer had returned with my license. I was dismissed and told to have a good evening and to be safe.

As I drove off (30 miles/hr) the bikers who had been watching were still snapping pictures. I was shaky and relieved not to



have gotten a ticket but the anger was growing since Bill and Rose had not returned to save me.

Heading east to the Comfort Inn I passed Rose going west. I proceeded to the Inn and pulled into the parking lot and began removing the luggage from my bike.

Another biker came over to me and asked if I was with the other 2 Canadians. I said “yes” and he told me this was not the hotel we were booked at.

I re-straped the luggage back onto my bike and was by now was fuming! I rode back west through town when I saw Rose coming towards me. We both pulled over to the side and Rose told me she did not know where we are staying? I told her I was sure it was the Comfort Inn. Again we headed east through town.

In the Comfort Inn parking lot Rose was laughing and asked me where I was all this time. I proceeded to tell her about my ordeal with the 2 officers when Bill came over. He too asked where I was. This triggered my volcanic explosion. I proceeded to tell them both to take a hike (in not nice terms). They both walked away from me into the hotel and located our room. I went into the lobby and sat down to cool off.

The moral of the story is. **Friends that ride together should stay together.** If you get separated you better go back looking for your friends. I was sore at my friends for quite a while but now we all laugh about my experience.

Rose’s version of this experience *Bill and I proceeded to the Comfort Inn. I had seen Linda in my rear view mirror as she entered the town (before the cops nabbed her). Everyone was tired as it was a very long day and we had been up almost 12 hrs by the time we made it to Red Lodge. When Bill and I got to the Comfort Inn I*

went inside to get our room number. I had made the booking the night before and forgotten I had placed it under my name and not Linda’s. Since there was no Linda listing I thought we must have booked our accommodation at the west end of town. (Yup I was really tired). I told Bill we were in the wrong place.

On our way to Red Lodge we had ridden behind a couple on an 1800 Goldwing. After following them we each passed the black wing. This couple now pulled into the Comfort Inn parking lot. As the town was full of Harleys it was natural for us Goldwingers to gravitate together to chat.

After a few more minutes Linda still had not arrived in the parking lot. I told Bill I was going to go to the other hotel. I thought that was probably where Linda was. I told him he could chat some more but I was going to the other end of town to look for her.

Linda spotted me on my way east after finding out we were not booked at that hotel either. Together we headed back to the Comfort Inn at her insistence that we were booked there. As we were unpacking in the parking lot Linda let loose like Mt. St. Helens (which we did not get to see because of the foggy weather but Linda made up for it). I tried to explain I was looking for her when we met up in town but she had really been shaken by the whole police experience and needed to blow off some steam.

Linda no longer asks me to carry her bike registration, her CB is working and she acknowledges I was going back “even if it was to check on the other hotel”. We have a story to talk and laugh about. This one we will remember even if Alzheimer sets in. Yes friends that ride together better check on each other and stay together.

Jokes

submitted by

Paul



A rookie police officer pulled a biker over for speeding and had the following exchange:

Officer: May I see your driver's license?

Biker: I don't have one. I had it suspended when I got my 5th DUI.

Officer: May I see the owner's card for this vehicle?

Biker: It's not my bike. I stole it.

Officer: The motorcycle is stolen?

Biker: That's right. But come to think of it, I think I saw the owner's card in the tool bag when I was putting my gun in there.

Officer: There's a gun in the tool bag?

Biker: Yes sir. That's where I put it after I shot and killed the dude who owns this bike and stuffed his dope in the saddle bags.

Officer: There's drugs in the saddle bags too?!?!?

Biker: Yes, sir.

Hearing this, the rookie immediately called his captain. The biker was quickly surrounded by police, and the captain approached the biker to handle the tense situation:

Captain: Sir, can I see your license?

Biker: Sure. Here it is. It was valid.

Captain: Who's motorcycle is this?

Biker: It's mine, officer. Here's the registration.

Captain: Could you slowly open your tool bag so I can see if there's a gun in it?

Biker: Yes, sir, but there's no gun in it. Sure enough, there was nothing in the tool bag.

Captain: Would you mind opening your saddle bags? I was told you said there's drugs in them.

Biker: No problem. The saddle bags were opened; no drugs.

Captain: I don't understand it. The officer who stopped you said you told him you didn't have a license, stole this motorcycle, had a gun in the tool bag, and that there were drugs in the saddle bags.

Biker: Yeah, I'll bet he told you I was speeding, too.



Four old-timers were playing their weekly game of golf, and one remarked how nice it would be to wake up on Christmas morning, roll out of bed and without an argument go directly to the golf course, meet his buddies and play a round. His buddies all chimed in and said, "Let's do it! We'll make it a priority, figure out a way and meet here early Christmas morning."

Months later, that special morning arrives, and there they are on the golf course. The first guy says, "Boy this game cost me a fortune! I bought my wife such a diamond ring that she can't take her eyes off it."

Number 2 guy says, "I spent a ton, too. My wife is at home planning the cruise I gave her. She was up to her eyeballs in brochures."

Number 3 guy says "Well my wife is at home admiring her new car, reading the manual."

They all turned to the last guy in the group who is staring at them like they've lost their minds. "I can't believe you all went to such expense for this golf game. I slapped my wife on the butt and said, 'Well babe, Merry Christmas! It's a great morning for either sex or golf'" .. and she said"Take a sweater."



Why Parents Get Grey Hair

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed nicely made up and everything neat and tidy. Then he saw an envelope propped up prominently on the pillow. It was addressed, "Dad". With the worst premonition, he opened the envelope and read the letter with trembling hands:

Dear Dad,

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend because I wanted to avoid a scene with you and Mom. I've been finding real passion with Joan and she is so nice. I knew you would not approve of her because of all her piercing, tattoos, her tight motorcycle clothes and because she is so much older than I am, but it's not only the passion, Dad, she's pregnant. Joan says that we are going to be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods and has a stack of firewood, enough for the whole winter. We share a dream of having many more children. Joan has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it and trading it with the other people in the commune for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want. In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS so Joan can get better; she sure deserves it! Don't worry Dad, I'm 15 years old now and I know how to take care of myself. Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit so you can get to know your grandchildren.

Your son, Chad

P.S. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Tommy's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the report card that's in my desk drawer.

I love you! Call when it is safe for me to come home.



In a Texas Courtroom....

In a trial, in a small Texas town, a prosecuting attorney called his first witness to the stand. She was sworn in, asked if she would tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, on the Bible, so help her God. The witness was a proper well-dressed elderly lady, the grandmother type, well-spoken and poised.

The prosecuting attorney approached the woman and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?" She responded, "Why, yes I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, cheat on your wife, manipulate people and talk badly about them behind their backs. You think you're a rising big shot when you haven't the sense to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pushing shyster. Yes, I know you quite well."

The lawyer was stunned and slowly backed away, fearing the looks on the judge's and jurors' faces, not to mention the court reporter who documented every word. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?" She again replied, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, has a bad drinking problem. The man can't build or keep a normal relationship with anyone and his law

practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. Yes, I know him."

The defense attorney almost fainted and was seen slipping downward in his chair, looking at the floor. Laughter mixed with gasps thundered throughout the court room and the audience was on the verge of chaos.

At this point, the judge brought the courtroom to silence, called both counselors to the bench, and in a very quiet voice said, "If either of you crooked bastards asks her if she knows me, you'll be jailed for contempt."



Motorcycle Safety

After our 12,000 km trip this summer I was helping Linda bungy her gear on her backseat one morning when I lost control of the cord. It hit her around the outer part of her eye. It hurt like hell and it scared the 2 of us. We have been using bungies for years and never had an incident. We try to be careful but it is bound to happen and most importantly you can lose your eyesight.

Bungy Cords are Dangerous

By James R Davis

Most of us have at least one set (usually far more) of bungee cords and/or stretch nets to help us secure items to our bikes when we travel. Even with large luggage compartments on some bikes, the bungee

cord/stretch net need exists as these are used to secure items that will not fit into those compartments (tents, folding chairs, Christmas presents ...)

You should realize that one of the most frequent forms of injury to motorcyclists is damage or loss of an eye - from a bungee cord or net that breaks or slips from your hand while trying to attach or detach it from the bike.



Eye protection is NECESSARY when handling bungee cords and stretch nets but may be essentially useless against the impact of one of the metal ends of a bungee cord that snaps directly into your eye.

When you remove whatever you have secured to your bike with those cords, **REMOVE the cord(s) right then and there!** (At least reattach it so that it cannot come loose even without that item.) It is oh so easy to fail to notice a dangling cord when you start your next ride. A dangling bungee cord wants nothing more than to find a way to wrap itself around your rear axle and the odds are good that you and the bike will not find that a pleasant experience if it's successful in its quest.

November Birthdays

Linda Pennock 22 November

Club Meetings 7:30 start

November 15 Kevin's home
January 17 Tom and Joan's

Video clips to make you smile: click the links below

The 1st link shows motorcycles being assembled at the Honda plant. Passed on to us by Nedda



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xVJXtYoGk9I>

<http://www.maniacworld.com/Awesome-Skills-With-a-Hammer.html>

Summer 2007

by Rose

I've spent some time creating some flash animations of our trip to the USA this summer. I decided to highlight each individual on the trip and put it to music. If you click the graphics below you should connect with our adventure. Hope you enjoy them and you may have to adjust the volume and wait a minute till they load! We continue our adventures this edition with :

[Bob and Nedda 2007](#)

[She's got the Look: Linda](#)



On Sunday, Oct. 21st, the temperature soared to 26° C. What does any sensible person do when it gets that warm in late October? Go riding of course.

Submitted by Paul

Seven bikes (Kevin & Pat, Rose, Sam, Paul & Janet and guests from SCRC & CMC) met Sunday morning for a day of riding. We left Toronto at 10:30 a.m., and slowly worked our way towards Elora. We arrived around 12:30, and after some shopping, settled on lunch at the Elora Mill Inn. We sat on the outside balcony, overlooking the Elora Gorge. Beautiful day, wonderful people, what could possibly go wrong? Well, despite having prime seating and the fabulous view, in a word the lunch was TERRIBLE. It took about 1½ hours to get lunch. And that was with certain elements of positive reinforcement from us to them. The result was our schedule was out the window, and those who planned on being back by 3:00 (our original return time) had to miss previously made Sunday afternoon plans.



Rose & Janet playing with their food (tsk, tsk)



In the Elora Mills Inn parking lot

What does any sensible person do when their plans run amuck? Go riding of course. Kevin led us from Elora to the West Montrose Covered Bridge, which is the only remaining covered bridge in Ontario. (Also known as the kissing bridge).



The group in front of the West Montrose Covered Bridge

From there we wiggled our way north-east along lovely country roads, taking in the brilliant fall colours. We worked our way to Belfountain, where we and about 200 other motorcyclists decided to have coffee. Again we were fortunate to get great seating, and this time we got our coffee too.

Rose discovered that The Forks of the Credit Road was open. What does any sensible person do when the Forks of the Credit Road is open? Go riding of course. After a relaxing and enjoyable break in Belfountain, we proceeded to tackle the Forks of the Credit Road. The traffic wasn't too heavy, but there was enough that we had to ride sensibly.

Home by early evening. It was another superb day of riding, made possible in part by the wonderful camaraderie within the Toronto Wings.

On behalf of Toronto Wings, thanks are extended to Paul for taking on the leadership role and being our new ride captain. Kudos for a job well done!

2007 December Bike Show Dec 7th – 9th

*****Come join the Toronto Wings at Rider Nation**

click link <http://www.sportsmensshows.com/tms/visitor.htm>

Paul's latest GoldwingI'm eating my heart out!



2004 1800 Goldwing

2007 Pickering Halloween Dance Photos

What a boooooootiful party! All of us from Toronto Wings had a wickedly good time. Music, food, bartending, decorations, prizes and other haunting touches were appreciated. Great ghoulish team you have! **Nedda** Happy Hallowe'en,

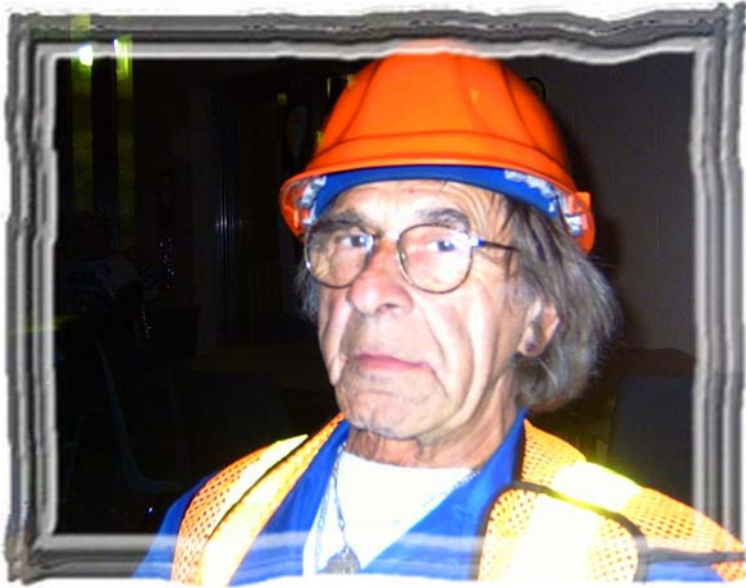
The party was a blast. There were spiders all over the tables - decorations were everywhere. Food was plentiful and the chili was great. Music was good too. Tom and I won the first spot dance.

Tom, Biker Bill and I got there early and got to watch everyone arriving in their costumes. In the competition, I was one of the seven finalists. The lady who won was dressed as a hillbilly and she was really funny playing the part. (I don't remember her name; she is John's wife from the Mississauga chapter).

There were lots of door prizes. I won a Goldwing jacket that fits Tom perfectly (ha ha). Biker Bill won a Goldwing travel mug and he had a couple of offers to trade it for something else, but he wisely kept it.

Free pop was available all evening which I thought was a really great idea to cut down on alcohol intake. Much effort must have gone into the planning because everything went so well it looked effortless. Jason outdid himself again. All in all, a good time was had by all. **Biker Joan**

Biker Bill



Biker Joan



Bob and Nedda



Paul H



Tom above Paul H and Sharon below



Can you read this?

Food for thought for us teachers in the crowd!

Only great minds can read this

This is weird, but interesting!

fi yuo cna raed tihs, yuo hvae a sgtrane mnid too

Cna yuo raed tihs? Olny 55 plepoe out of 100 can.

i cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacilty uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg.

The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in waht oerdr the ltteres in a wrod are, the olny iproamtnt tihng is taht the frsrit and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it whotuit a pboerlm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Azanmig huh? yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmorantt! if you can raed tihs forwrad it

FORWARD ONLY IF YOU CAN READ IT.

**December Holiday get together
Mark it on your calendar Toronto Wings**

**Saturday Dec 15th at the Lash Residence.
6 pm POTLUCK.....details will follow**

A final smile

for the women in the group

Click [here](#)

and enjoy...

