

The Toronto Wing's



Kickstand

 News and views of the Toronto Wings – Chapter “T” of the Goldwing Touring Association 
AUGUST 2006

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Coffee Nights
Every Thursday 8:00 p.m.
Tim Horton's Donuts
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)

HAPPY Civic Month

Ramblings from the Editor(s)

Summer is here and this is truly a riding month as everyone is scouring north america on two wheels in different directions.

Bill returned from his 2nd trip to Pickle Lake. Nedda and Bob of course were off to Newfoundland. Joan and Tom ventured to Watkins Glen in New York Rose and I were off to Tennessee to buy some mesh riding jackets. Ok yes we will also seek out ice cream shops for our Thursday evening rides(ha ha). Haugens and a visit to Ajax Pickering will have to wait until we all return.

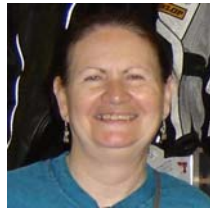
Can you believe it...Rose is finally breaking down and selling her “bad ass” 84 1000cc virago and keeping the 95 1100 virago. There will actually be some room in the garage when its gone.

As for the new editions-my Burgman is not the only new arrival to Toronto Wings. It seems Tammy and Steve have a pearl white 2000 loaded goldwing... Be safe and ride carefully everyone and now you all owe us pictures and articles.



Incident on the way to Kevin's Barbecue

by Biker Joan



I had an incident on the ride on Saturday June 17th, 2006. I was at the back of the pack and was entering a curve. I did everything wrong. I grabbed the front brake and then told myself to let go of the brake, Let Go Of The Brake, LET GO OF THE BRAKE but my hand didn't listen. Then I made another mistake - as the bike was drifting to the side of the road I looked down to see if I was still on the pavement. By then I wasn't. I think I may have closed my eyes when the bike went down.

I remember hearing my helmet scrape on the pavement, but at this point I was going slow so it didn't scrape very long. I got up and made sure all my toes and fingers worked. Then I looked at the bike. It was on the edge of an incline and impossible to pick up without sending it sliding down. The rest of the group was ahead of me and didn't see me fall. I opened my side bag on the left side (the bike was on its left side) and got out my cell phone while a bunch of dirt and stones tumbled into my side bag. I didn't use the phone as a car saw me and pulled over. A man and lady got out. The guy said he had had a bike.

The three of us dragged the bike closer to the road so that we could stand it upright. The guy pulled the crash bar back from the broken floor board so that I could reach the shifter. The left signal light was bent in, so he pulled it out somewhat. The signals still worked. He reassured me that the crash bar had done its job and the damage to the bike was

mostly cosmetic. The bike started with no problems and I could reach the shifter fairly easily.

By this time the group had doubled back to find me, and Rose tipped her Wing while rushing to turn around to see how I was. Wings don't go right over, they sit there at a 45 degree angle so Rose and I pushed it upright, Rose using the method taught by "Skirt" at Americade. I went over to the car as they were ready to leave and thanked them again for their help.

Allen tugged on the crash bar some more to further straighten it out while Rose tended to my injury. My blue jeans were torn at the knee so Rose asked me to pull up my jeans and we used bottled water to flush the knee. She was going to clean my knee with rubbing alcohol (ouch) but she couldn't find any in her first aid kit (thank goodness) so then Rose put a couple of gauze pads on my knee and wrapped them with gauze strips. She advised me to wash my knee when I get home and leave it uncovered.

It was hot on Saturday so I had left my chaps at home but was still wearing my jacket when I went down. Linda had taken off her chaps and asked me if I would feel better wearing them on the ride home. It was nice of her to offer but I thought I would continue without chaps. My ankle was sore, and Allen (a visitor with the Bergman) said that he didn't let anyone ride his bike, but if I was having trouble shifting, he would let me be the first. I thought that was very kind of him, especially since I had just dumped a bike and he was going to let me ride his! With my heel and toe shifter it didn't hurt my ankle.

Linda led the way home on River Road to Airport Road and went slow for my benefit. We stopped on the way to adjust my mirror with a wrench so that I could see behind me. We went down Highway 400 and stopped, again for my benefit, at the service centre between King and Major Mac. I visited the washroom and when I lowered my jeans, an avalanche of small stones and dirt fell out. I found that amusing.

Rose accompanied me all the way to my apartment to make sure I arrived there safe and sound. I tried to tell her she didn't have to, but I was secretly glad that she did. I got in the shower and gave my knee a good wash, left it uncovered like Rose suggested, and put on shorts for the barbecue at Kevin's place.



Brave Joan makes it home

Tom and Biker Bill and I went to the barbecue in the mini van. The first person we saw, standing in Kevin's driveway, was Peter. He looked down at my knee and said that I might need a tetanus shot, and I might need some stitches, and I might need an x-ray. He made me promise to go to the hospital so I promised I would go after the barbecue. They keep you there four to eight hours, I figured I may as well eat first. I only ate one burger and some pop. I had been looking forward to all the other goodies, but just wasn't too hungry anymore.



Tom wanted to stay with me at the hospital, but I sent him home. I promised to call him when I was done. I was finished in six hours. The doctor was a cool guy. He is nervous of bikes, not because of the bikes, but because of the "idiots in cars." He has seen too many injured bikers and he is afraid for his son who is a sports biker. The doctor put iodine on my knee and it didn't hurt (Rose wanted to use alcohol, probably medically sound, but painful). He gave me a tetanus shot. He froze my knee and sewed it up. He sent me for x-rays.

All the things were as Peter predicted. Nothing was broken I had to get the stitches out in a week. When the doctor bandaged up my knee it was exactly the same as Rose did it - way to go Rose!

The nurse came over to give me a needle and I asked her what it was - she was going to give me a second tetanus shot - I told her the doctor had already done that. When she came with the tensor bandage she was going to put it on my knee. I told her it was for my swollen ankle. I think our health care system is overworked.

I slept pretty good considering I sleep mostly on the side with all the bruises. Sunday we called Chris, our mechanic, and Tom rode my injured baby to his shop with me in the mini van. Chris was optimistic about putting her back to rights.

I have heard an expression that basically says you don't live long enough to make all the mistakes yourself, so you should learn from other peoples mistakes. If someone learns something from this, then my story has served it's purpose.

There are two things I personally have learned from this. One is to always wear my riding gear just in case. Second, I have always wondered if I would get back on my bike if I dumped it. The answer in this case is yes, I can get back on it.

Keep the shiny side up and the rubber side down - take it from me, it is more fun that way.

biker Joan

Quinte West (Trenton) and the Ride for Sight

By Geri Biller

pictures by Steve Daiter



This year, Alex and I decided to travel to Trenton on Friday so we could be among the cheering greeters when the large complement of riders arrived on Saturday, accompanied by a police escort. We had a pleasant trip via the 401 and checked into our motel by 3 p.m.



After quickly unpacking, we headed for the town park where campers were already staked out in the best spots (under shady trees) and many sales people had their tents lined up with merchandise proudly displayed. Of course we sampled the donuts and looked at the leathers, helmets and motorcycles ranging from the smallest (kids?) to the largest arrayed in lights and gorgous colours. My favourite was the bright yellow one. Of course, all this looking was very tiring so we retired to our room, had a nap and went out for supper, followed by the trip back to the park for the' assorted rock groups, all of whom were loud, enthusiastic and fun to listen to.



Day two was filled with the exciting arrival of the motorcycle parade. I wouldn't venture to guess how many bikes were in the parade but we went on to eating, bike games, a tattoo contest, and auctions. Following dinner, we went on to the headliners on the main stage, clearly visible from the seats spread out on the grass. And oh yes, it was easy to hear them from any angle.



On day three, Alex and I enjoyed some great scenic riding on the quiet highways which are so close to Quinte. By the time we returned, many people had packed up and left. Not only had we enjoyed the weekend--we had helped raise money for research into the causes of blindness. I must add that this cause is popular and it's relatively easy to ask your friends for money. Would we do this ride again? The answer is a resounding yes.



Congrats on the new babies arrival Steve & Tammy



Looking good baby!

The difference between Harley riders and Goldwing drivers:

submitted by Joan

Harley riders: "Live to ride. Ride to Live."
Goldwing drivers: "Eat to ride. Ride to eat."

Harley riders: "Loud pipes save lives. "
Goldwing drivers: "Honey, will you turn down the radio?"

Harley riders: Black leather jacket and chaps.
Goldwing drivers: Red snowmobile suit.

Harley riders: Cross city ride ends at topless bar.
Goldwing drivers: Cross country ride ends at Dairy Queen.

Harley riders: National rider's group meeting called "Hog Rally".
Goldwing drivers: International group affair called "Wing Ding" or "Gold Rush".

Harley riders: Riding in groups of two.
Goldwing drivers: Riding in groups of twenty.

Harley riders: Dew rags covering up steel plate in the head from riding without a helmet. But looking COOL.
Goldwing drivers: Helmet with headset and microphones, covered in reflective patches.

August Birthday Beauties

***Steven D
Alex B***

***August 2
August 18***

The DAD Ride-Orillia



Something to make you smile....

Only In Kentucky!

Recently a routine police patrol parked outside a bar in Mt. Sterling, Ky. After last call the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk. The man stumbled around the parking lot for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five different vehicles, the man managed to find his car which he fell into. He sat there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine, dry summer night) -- flicked the blinkers on, then off a couple of times, honked the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few inches, reversed a little and then remained still for a few more minutes as some more of the other patron vehicles left.

At last, the parking lot empty, he pulled out of the parking lot and started to drive slowly down the road. The police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, and promptly pulled the man over and carried out a breathalyzer test. To his amazement the breathalyzer indicated no evidence of the man having consumed any alcohol at all! Dumbfounded, the officer said, "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the police station. This breathalyzer equipment must be broken." "I doubt it," said the truly proud Kentuckian. "Tonight I'm the designated decoy

A Jewish Mom

Mrs. Schwartz comes to visit her son Jacob for 3 days in Israel where he is studying. She finds out that her son lives with Vikki, a girl roommate.

Mrs. Schwartz couldn't help but notice how pretty Jacob's room-mate was. She suspects of a relationship between the two, and this had only made her more curious.

Reading his Mom's thoughts, Jacob volunteered, "I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you, Vikki and I are just room-mates." About a week later, Vikki came to Jacob saying, "Ever since your mother left, I've been unable to find the silver sugar bowl. You don't suppose she took it do you?" "Well, I doubt it, but I'll email her, just to be sure." So he sat down and wrote:

Dear Mama, I'm not saying that you "did" take the sugar bowl from my house, and I'm not saying that you "did not" take the sugar bowl from my house, but it has been missing ever since you left. Love, Jacob

Dear Son, I'm not saying that you "do" sleep with Vikki, and I'm not saying that you "do not" sleep with her. But the fact remains that if she was sleeping in her OWN bed, she would have found the sugar bowl by now. Love, Mama.

Lesson of the day... Don't Lie to Your Mother...especially if she is Jewish.

Motorcycle Safety

CB HELP CHANNEL By James R. Davis

Though many CB's have a highlighted channel 9 for use in an emergency (which often is automatically selected if you lose then recover power), it turns out that neither channel 9 nor channel 1 (typically used by motorcyclists all over the US) is the most likely channel to get help on in case you need it.

Channel 19 is almost universally used by truckers. That is the channel to go to if you need help.

In case you are curious, truckers find great satisfaction in the fact that they typically use channel 19, (and have done so even when a CB only provided 23 channels), because they know that it has the greatest range on typically tuned antennas today! This is because if you tune your antenna using an SWR (Standing Wave Ratio) meter, you tune it so that your CB can use both channels 1 and 40. The result is that channels near the middle of the band are optimized.

You would do better if you had a cellular phone on the bike, and better if you had a HAM radio on the bike (I carry all three.) But Channel 19 on your CB is the most likely place to find an ear if you only have a CB on the bike. Note that you can expect no more than 1-2 miles from your CB, typically line of sight for your HAM rig (but there are repeaters located throughout most metropolitan areas and many remote areas as well), and no telling about your cellular phone.



July 2006						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 Friendship Rally
2 Friendship Rally	3 Canada Day	4	5	6 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm	7	8 49 Camp Honda Ride For Knights Bancroft
9	10 	11	12	13 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm	14	15
16 Great Taste Korea	17 GOLD RUSH Hotspots, Auburn	18 GOLD RUSH	19 GOLD RUSH	20 Coffee Night 8 pm Ten Horses GOLD RUSH	21 GOLD RUSH	22 Pinsoff
23 Pinsoff	24	25	26	27 Club Meeting Tanning & Serves 5:30 pm start HONDA HOMRCOMMING	28 HONDA HOMRCOMMING	29 Hugges On the Lake! At HONDA HOMRCOMMING
30 Hugges On the Lake! At HONDA HOMRCOMMING						

August 2006						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				3 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm	4	5
6	7 Civic Holiday	8	9	10 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm	11	12
13 Rockin' BBQ Pulaski Race	14	15	16 Fun Dinners Chapters CMA, CI May 9 & August Rd SW money 6:30.7	17 Club Meeting Inverness/Wharves 7:30 5:30 pm start	18 911 Remembrance Ride for US	19 911 Remembrance Ride for US
20 911 Remembrance Ride for US	21	22	23	24 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm	25	26 Dinner & Banquet's Shipyard Road concludes
27	28 	29	30	31 Coffee Night Ten Horses 8 pm		

Ottawa Wing Whirl
September 1-4 2006

This year's event is being held in Ottawa
at the
Embassy West Hotel
1400 Carling Ave., Ottawa, ON, K1Z 7L8
phone: 1-800-267-8696
www.embassywesthotel.com

Reservations being accepted now - state that you
are with Wing Whirl and you will receive the
preferred rate which includes breakfast buffet.

Visit
www.ottawagoldwingriders.homestead.com
for more information

BIKE FORSALE:

1984 1000 Virago contact Rose



69,000 km, saddle bags, loud pipes but not deafening!, tinted windshield, Kuryakan Grips, Live to Ride Mirrors, Throttle lock, tires still fine front and rear forked dropped 1.5" lower then normal, wired in back for givi case, recent carbs cleaned engine guards, highway pegs, front tool pouch, sissy bar for passenger to lean on chrome peeling on right side above foot pedal and small dent in gas tank, straight handlebars

Lady owned, loved and maintained-selling because I now have a 95 virago 1100 & wing with no room in garage contact Rose for viewing \$2800 or best offer 416-746-8828

BIKE FORSALE: 84 Honda Goldwing Aspencade



96000km , Burgandy in colour, 1200cc 4 cylinder engine

Air suspension with compressor on board

heel-toe shifter (5 speed)

digital dash with metric or imperial measurement

AM/FM/Tape/MP3 stereo system with speakers.

On board communication system. , Kuryakyn grips

brand new tire on the front. Highway pegs New stator a year ago

High power driving lights. New windshield (extra tall), Wind wings.

Lots of other things that make this bike a great ride!

Everything on this bike is fully functional. I have always cared for the bike and religiously changed the oil with full synthetic. This is a great bike and if I had more time I wouldn't be selling it. I would like it to go to someone who will enjoy riding it.

The asking price is \$5500 but I will take offers. I will sell it certified so all you have to do is license and insure it and you can drive it tomorrow.

(416) 283-6409 for more information or to make an appointment to see the bike up close.

Thanks for looking. Mike Thomas



Highly endorsed
by Toronto
Wings!!

Hours:		Contact:
Mon - Fri	10:00am - 6:30pm	Tel: (905) 775-5838
Sat	10:00am - 4:00pm	Fax: (905) 775-7465
Sun	Closed	Toll Free: 1-800-835-BIKE (2453) (Ontario only)
E-mail - northernmotorsports@bellnet.ca		
Address - 160 Artesian Industrial Pkwy. Unit #5; Bradford, Ontario L3Z-2A7		