

The Toronto Wings



Kickstand



Toronto Wings – Chapter “T” of the Gold Wing Touring Association
Fall 2011



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Ramblings from your Editor(s)



Hello Everyone,

The chapter is in full swing with an updated TO Wings logo, TO Wings flag and other goodies are on order. Now that the riding season is almost over we are getting ourselves prepared for the annual December Bike Show. Roy as the Trade Show Coordinator will be getting us organized for this event.

Chapter T is proud that Kevin is the Region J Director and we would also like to thank him for his many years of service as Chapter Director (CD) and Co-CD with Nedda. Pat is very understanding in allowing Kevin to devote so much time to GWTA.

Coffee nights, Sunday breakfasts, social events and the annual holiday festivities in December are things we all look forward to. As we prepare to park the bikes we can pull out the pictures and remember the sights, sounds, and experiences in our many pictures. Even better to find new places and destinations that await us next year.



GOLD RUSH 2011
July 25th - July 28th
...a fun adventure!



by Biker Joan

Kevin, our Regional Director, led our 2nd TO Wings group to Gold Rush. Since I am used to following a trailer, I was in the 2nd position. Then the order was David, Tom and Andy was our sweep. Kevin's trailer contained many of the "Dirty Bingo" prizes.

We crossed the border and then waited for Tom to clear customs at the local Tim Horton's. Since this took about an hour, our first TO Wings group ended up going to the hotel on their own. We caught up with them in Saginaw where we had a refreshing swim at the hotel. Except for the border crossing and the three kilometres of dirt road (don't ask) it was a nice ride to Boyne Mountain.

At the Sunday evening welcome dinner, we were escorted to a table where most of the other chairs had been reserved. Those chairs were reserved by the organizers of Gold Rush. They warmly welcomed us "Newbies" to their table.



The opening ceremonies were really outstanding. The words and photos to both anthems were posted so all could sing along. I found the slide show accompanying the anthems so interesting. I had difficulty

watching the pictures, reading the words and singing all at the same time. I didn't sing much, which is a good thing if you had ever heard me sing!

On Monday morning Tom had a misstep on the last step and hurt his bad knee while going to the Newbie's get together. Everyone had fussed over him. Sometimes I think he does



that half on purpose. Later on a neighbor in Edelweiss, where we were staying, had given Tom an elastic brace for his knee. He had also given Tom a lottery 'scratch and win' ticket called **Gold Rush** with which Tom won \$10.00. Everyone attending Gold Rush was extremely friendly and nice.

Tom's favorite part of Gold Rush was the Bike Show where he got to show off his Gold Wing with Mustang trailer. He won second place in the bike and trailer class. I was impressed with the trailer that looked like a caboose. It was a homemade tent trailer and weighed in at 500 pounds.

We cleaned up in Dirty Bingo, if you will excuse the pun. The fancy wrapped gifts were the ones most sought after, so I went for the "ugly" wrapped ones in newspaper and ended up keeping most of them. A good time was had by all.

I am not much of a competitor, while Tom loves a good competition. Tom jumped right

into the frozen T shirt competition. The tee shirts had been dipped in water and then crumpled up and frozen hard as a rock. Each contestant chose a frozen shirt and then tried to wear it. To assist in thawing the shirts the competitors were sitting on them, putting them down their tops, under their arms and between their thighs. When they got enough of a “handle” they would swing the shirt like a hammer onto the patio stones to try to break them open. It was really funny to watch. I was very glad I wasn’t a contestant because I don’t do “cold” well. The winner was one of the ladies who got her shirt on first. About ten minutes later, Tom got on his shirt and came in second. He said it took him the next two hours to warm up. Yes, he even got to keep the shirt.

We had a little spare time so Tom took a nap. While I sat on the balcony of our room reading my book I also had watched the chair lifts go over the parking lot. It was funny to see the kids and some adults point at Tom’s Mustang trailer. As the lift had come closer I heard their comments and smiled. The chair lift ride at Gold Rush was my first time on a chair lift since I did not ski. I also saw the kids’ games in the distance from the balcony. Everyone seemed to have so much fun!

That evening on my way to the Pajama party I had felt a bit self conscious as I crossed the resort in my PJ’s and trusty Teddy bear. At the PJ party there were games, popcorn and lots of socializing. I wondered where Kevin had gotten those Gold Wing boxer shorts he wore to the party. Pat won the best lady’s costume in which she had her hair up in curlers and her face plastered with face cream.



There were so many things to do at Gold Rush that we had not enough time to go on the Tunnel of Trees Ride or to see the Mackinaw Bridge. Other TO Wing members had gone and said they really enjoyed those rides.



My favorite part of Gold Rush was the Precision Riding Team. Those eight guys rode their bikes so skillfully and entertained us with their talent. One of their wives stand had stood



in the middle of the parking lot letting the bikes pass her so closely. She was one brave and trusting lady.

We watched the bike games from our chairs.

They were a bit tame after comparing them to other games I had seen at other “wild biker parties.” They still took a lot of skill on the part of the rider and good aim on the part of the passenger. The blindfolded game was a first for me. Yes they blindfolded the driver. Also, it was the first time I had seen a Gold Wing do a wheelie. He didn’t have a blindfold on of course.



Tom had enjoyed the Light Parade. Since I had some night blindness I almost didn’t go as I don’t usually ride at night. There were lots of headlights so I was OK and once in town I enjoyed the sights and the bands.

When it was time to leave Boyne Mountain we headed out for gas. I guess no one told Andy



which gas station we were going to, so he got lost and was late finding us. That was a good thing because it gave Catherine more time to

notice that she was missing her purse which contained her passport. Upon our return to the resort the housekeeping staff had already brought her purse to the office where she picked it up intact.

Very fatigued as we got to Grand Rapids I dropped my bike while parking it. It is a Victory but like a Gold Wing it has crash bars. There was no damage to the bike and I was not hurt. Just after we got settled it poured rain complete with thunder and lightning.



In the morning the storm had cleared but I had found an inch of water in my side bag which I thought was waterproof.

Then we started back to the border. I don’t have highway pegs so a couple of times I put my feet on the crash bars just to give them a stretch. On the Victory the key is on the left side of the bike. Can you see where this is going? While bringing my foot down, my boot heel touched the ignition key turning off the bike. My first bike was an old Virago and a couple of times the electrical just would quit . It had done this once on Hwy 401 so this was familiar with the power loss sensation. I just pulled over and started the bike again once I found out what the problem was. Since I don’t have a CB radio on the Victory I could not call the group. They wondered where I went. After finding the key in the off position I was able to restart the bike and then caught up to the group.

The border crossing was quicker this time. As we approached London we put on our rain suits. I have a superstition that sometimes rain suits can prevent rain. Well it did not prevent the rain however it rained for only a short time and after London we removed the rain gear.

Our cats had someone visit them every day and

spoiled them while we were gone. But I knew they missed us when one started sleeping on my pillow. One was even on top of my head so I looked like I was wearing a "Davey Crocket hat." It was fun to go away, but it was also good to be home again. With such a wonderful experience I look forward to next year's Gold Rush in Missouri.

Kevin our Captain Canuck TO Wings former CD/CO-CD (Chapter Director)



Figure 1 click photo

I ride with Mr. Anal and I have learned to appreciate him.

Kevin can be categorized in one word -- ANAL! For those of you who don't know him let me tell you what I noticed after his current partner Pat had moved in. His closet still looked like a department store.

From the time Pat moved in everything was labeled. Winter boots were in the "winter" bin.

There were only books on the bookshelf.



Cereal was dumped into a uniform-sized, see-through plastic container. Pat's soup cans stood on three-tiered risers with all the labels turned forward. Pat were you ready for that?

Now let us go back to August 2002. Yup that was about 9 years ago when Linda finally got a motorcycle which meant both Linda and I each had a Yamaha Virago.

I knew it was important to join a motorcycle group and found Kevin Welch was the Chapter Director of Toronto Wings according to the TO Wings website at that time. Kevin and I spent a good hour on the phone talking. He invited me to a chapter meeting held at the Lash residence and then followed up with an invite to the TO Wings Coffee Night at the Tim Horton's on Dufferin.

What do they say about first impressions? I was sold on Toronto Wings thanks to Kevin and then got Linda to join the club as well. It was Kevin's knowledge, openness, concern for safety and his ability to laugh at himself along with showing me the importance of joining an organization like GWTA that made me realize I wanted to be part of this group! Over these past 8 years it has been a wonderful journey!

After the honeymoon period (like Pat) Linda and I got to know the anal side of Kevin. Every year as the time approached for the December Bike we knew we would see the chart (computer-generated, of course) on everyones fridge outlining every club member's role in making sure our bike show ran like a well-oiled machine.

One year in preparation for the annual December Bike Show Linda volunteered to create a slide show highlighting the many TO adventures for that year. She followed Kevin's precise photo selection criteria and put together 120 slides. The slide show was pared down to 100 slides and used that year. Kevin learned from that and since has never asked for volunteers to assist with the slide show again! Now he just collects photos from everyone!



Kevin is always trying to improve himself and to promote safe motorcycling. From being the TO Wings CD and Ride Captain, to becoming a certified Motorcycle Instructor and then GWTA's Rider Education assistant to now being the Region J Director of GWTA we see a man who constantly gives of his time and effort selflessly.



"Destination Friendship" is the motto that Kevin too has embellished for his term as the CD/CO- CD of Toronto Wings.

Kevin demonstrated my '7' CD attributes throughout his service to Toronto Wings. He was: respectful, a good listener, trustworthy and loyal, available, non judgmental and praiseworthy.

...but being a teacher I like to narrow the list and will simply say ANAL.....

I call Kevin Mr. Super Canuck as he is super-organized and has helped me to put more value on keeping order. He has shown me that an opposite personality doesn't always mean conflict. He has taught us that when things are in their place, there's more time for life.

Chapter T was very fortunate to have Kevin's selflessness and easy going nature at our helm for this time. People may ask how can you deal with his meticulous, sometimes-over-the-top expectations. I smile and thank God once again for Mr. Anal.



Kevin we thank you for your many years of service and devotion to Chapter T as its CD/ CO- CD. Also for your continued service to GWTA as its new Region J Director.



Rose and her Driver's Licence saga! The final results....

You know all the things that go through your mind when your driver's licence is missing. I left off my story in the last newsletter indicating I had called the Indiana State Police.



They replied to my concern saying that “No crime had been committed and therefore there was nothing they could do.” I could not believe this. I further indicated I was travelling in the US for another week and had no way of knowing whether new things had been opened under my name or if funds/things had been removed from my various accounts.

After more pressure on my end I finally got him to “*make a report*”. His report consisted of taking my first name and my date of birth. He then documented the name of the motel that had my licence and noted it was not returned to me along with the date. I was then given that file number and told to contact them if there was an issue when I was back in Canada.

In conclusion I expressed my concern about getting fined for not having a licence if pulled over by the police. His response was “Do you know how many people drive without their licence? We can check and verify that you have a licence.” He never did say whether I would be fined or not.

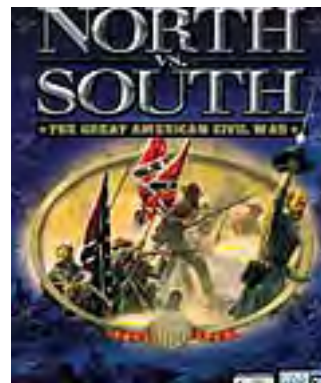
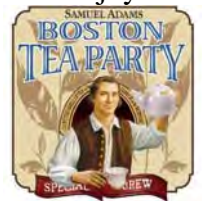
I had checked several times my online phone

banking which seemed to have not been touched making me feel at bit more at ease; but I also knew there was nothing further I could do. I thought of poor Linda having to put up with my stupidity. Linda at this time wanted to interject something into my story and has added this little segue (“Get over it”) below before you hear the conclusion of her licence saga!



At our campground Darryl who was from Texas and the current manager of the Spokane Campground in South Dakota had a wonderful philosophy. He had many different professions and experiences as a biker, farmer, business man etc. Like many of us in our middle age he had developed his own philosophy of life which I enjoyed.

According to Darryl we waste too much time in the past and on things we cannot change. Instead we should live in the present and enjoy every moment as it is a gift of time. Darryl would say to people when they fixated on an issue “The Boston Tea Party happened



so just get over it or the North beat the South so just get over it”. I could see the value in his philosophy especially after listening to Rose go on and on about her licence situation. I

said to Rose, “I wanted to continue to enjoy the remainder of our holidays so just get over it and deal with it when you are back in Canada”.

She could not argue with that and so we focused on the fun and remaining adventures

before returning to Canada. Now that school is about to start and things get stressful for Rose and she obsesses, I know I can bring out a little of that Texan philosophy (...handy to have it that around) for those “special occasions of need!”

Ok...now Rose will finish the licence saga....



In her infinite wisdom Linda had emailed Bob Lash and apprised him of my situation. Bobby and I then exchanged several emails of information. Bob then contacted the motel and spoke with both the employee and manager Cindy. It certainly gave me more peace of mind when Bob’s big guns came out! I then again contacted the motel’s agent. He indicated to me that my lawyer had been in touch and that they were attempting to find the licence. Bob’s final email to me ended with”be nice to Linda”.

I can only say I am blessed. I have friends who will come to my aid. Those who can keep a cool head and composure when I do not. Now Linda just lays a little Texan wisdom of her own on me. “Just get over it” and some how eventually I do. I must admit I am a slow learner in this department but as she works on me I hope to see improvement.

It has been at least a month and my identity is still intact. Bobby did share with me that when he returned from his trip around Lake Superior that the motel manager Cindy had left him a voice message indicating that my licence had been mailed to my home address. Well



it must be coming by snail mail or by donkey as it has not yet arrived nor do I expect to receive it. I have however received my

replacement driver’s licence in amazing time. Canada has a good postal system. Luckily I have lots of grey hair so you can’t tell how many more were added to my head this year. Thanks Bob, Linda and Darryl for the experiences and your wisdom!

ZANY PLACES by Linda P

Have you ever gone away on holidays and travelled through some of the strangest places and wondered how they got their name? We all brag about the Grand Canyon or Monument Valley as places we have been to but what about those other places. Here are some of the less talked about places I went through this summer while motorcycling through the US. Have you been to these wacky places?

- Spillville, SD sounds like a clumsy town
- What Cheer, IA don’t they have a football team?
- Plankinton, SD sounds like some kind of plant disease
- Zwingle, IA a place to twangle your banjo
- Saugatuck, MI is this the nip and tuck capitol of Michigan?
- Zeeland, SD is this the sister water park of Marine land in New Zealand?
- Zilwaukee, MI 2nd cousin of Milwaukee
- Pierre, SD can you believe they pronounce it “PIER”
- Oral, SD I’ll let you think of all the orals that go on in that town

Anal.ytical

Toronto Wings T shirts



This one above is for Rose



How to learn from your mistakes

You can only learn from a mistake after you admit you've made it. I sure have made a lot in my life time to date. As soon as you start blaming other people you distance yourself from any possible lesson. But if you courageously stand up and honestly say "This is my mistake and I am responsible" the possibilities for learning will move towards you. Admission of a mistake, even if only privately to yourself, makes learning possible by moving the focus away from assigning blame and moving towards understanding. Wise people admit their mistakes easily. They know progress accelerates when they do so.

**IN EVERY
MISTAKE
THERE IS A
POTENTIAL
FOR GROWTH.**

This advice runs counter to the cultural assumptions we have about mistakes and failure, namely that they are shameful things. We're taught in school, in our families, or at work to feel guilty about failure and to do whatever we can to avoid mistakes. What's missing in many people's beliefs about success is the fact that the more challenging the goal, the more frequent and difficult setbacks will be. The larger your ambitions, the more dependent you will be on your ability to overcome and learn from your mistakes.



Learning from mistakes requires three things:

1. Putting yourself in situations where you can make interesting mistakes
2. Having the self-confidence to admit to them
3. Being courageous about making changes

Start by finding someone else to talk to about what happened. Talking to someone else gives you the benefit of their experience applied to your situation. They may know of someone who's made a similar mistake or know a way to deal with the problem that you don't.

But most importantly, by describing what happened you are forced to break down the chronology and clearly define (your recollection of) the sequence of events. They may ask you questions that surface important details you didn't notice before consumed by your emotions about your failure.

If multiple people were involved, you want to hear each person's account of what happened. Each person will emphasize different aspects of the situation based on their skills, biases, and circumstances, getting you closer to a complete view of what took place.

If the situation was/is contentious you may need people to report their stories independently – police investigators never have eyewitness collaborate. They want each point of view to be delivered unbiased by other eyewitnesses (possibly erroneous) recollections. Later on they'll bring each account together and see what fits and what doesn't.

Until you work backwards for moments, hours or days before the actual mistake event, you probably won't see all of the contributing factors and can't learn all of the possible lessons. The more complex the mistake, the further back you'll need to go and the more careful and open-minded you need to be in your own investigation. You may even need to bring in an objective outsider to help sort things out. You'd never have a suspect in a crime lead the investigation, right? Then how can you completely trust yourself to investigate your own mistakes?

Here some questions to ask to help your investigation:

- What was the probable sequence of events?
- Were there multiple small mistakes that led to a larger one?
- Were there any erroneous assumptions made?
- Was it possible to have recognized bad assumptions earlier?



- Was there information we know now that would have been useful then?
- What would we do differently if in this exact situation again?
- How can we avoid getting into situations like this?
- Was this simply unavoidable given all of the circumstances? A failure isn't a mistake if you were attempting the impossible.
- Has enough time passed for us to know if this is a mistake or not?

In conclusion.....

The learning from mistakes checklist

- Accepting responsibility makes learning possible.
- Don't equate making mistakes with being a mistake.
- You can't change mistakes, but you can choose how to respond to them.
- Growth starts when you can see room for improvement.
- Work to understand why it happened and what the factors were.
- What information could have avoided the mistake?
- What small mistakes, in sequence, contributed to the bigger mistake?
- Are there alternatives you should have considered but did not?
- What kinds of changes are required to avoid making this mistake again?
- What kinds of change are difficult for you?
- How do you think your behavior should/would change if you were in a similar situation again?
- Work to understand the mistake until you can make fun of it (or not want to kill others that make fun).
- Don't over-compensate: the next situation won't be the same as the last.



3 CHOICES
IN LIFE:
GIVE UP
GIVE IN
OR GIVE IT
YOUR ALL



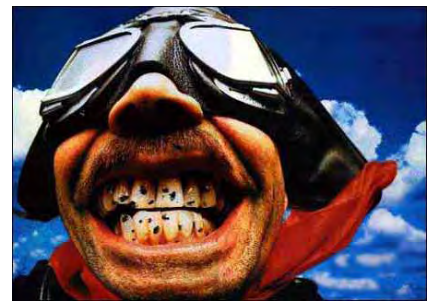


After coming back from a long trip you know what we all need to do!



Get those bug guts off your bike!

.....and keep your mouth shut while riding!



2 Submissions from Stephen Daiter



A. PONDERISMS

1. I used to eat a lot of natural foods until I learned that most people die of natural causes.
2. There are two kinds of pedestrians: the quick and the dead.
3. Life is sexually transmitted.
4. Healthy is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.
5. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
6. Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing.
7. Have you noticed since everyone has a camcorder these days no one talks about seeing UFOs like they used to?
8. Whenever I feel blue, I start breathing again.
9. All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
10. In the 60's, people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird and people take Prozac to make it normal.
11. How is it one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?
12. Who was the first person to look at a cow and say, 'I think I'll squeeze these dangly things and drink whatever comes out'?
13. If Jimmy cracks corn and no one cares, why is there a song about him?
14. Why does your OB-GYN leave the room while you get undressed as if they are not going to look up there anyway?
15. If quizzes are quizzical, what are tests?
16. If corn oil is made from corn, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, then what is baby oil made from?
17. Do illiterate people get the full effect of Alphabet Soup?
18. Does pushing the elevator button more than once make it arrive faster?
19. Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?
20. **Do you ever wonder why you gave me your email address?**

B. Cell phones and riding/driving

Her last call was from a new mobile phone...

Can you see the motorcycle.....?????



The Honda crotch rocket rider was travelling at approximately 85 mph.

The VW driver was talking on a cell phone when she pulled out from a side street, apparently not seeing the motorcycle. The rider's reaction time was not sufficient enough to avoid this accident.

The car had two passengers and the bike rider was found INSIDE the car with them. The Volkswagen actually flipped over from the force of impact and landed 20 feet from where the collision took place.

All three involved (two in the car and the bike rider) were killed instantly. This graphic demonstration was placed at the Motorcycle Fair by the Police and Road Safety Department..

Pass this on to car drivers or soon to be new drivers, or new motorcycle owners and especially everyone you know who has a MOBILE phone!!!
A picture is worth a thousand words.

Save a life. Stop talking on mobile phones and texting while trying to drive.
The life you save may be your own..... Or mine...

Kevin and Pat Hosting the TO Wings Annual BBQ over Labour Day!



A big thanks to everyone for contributing and to Kevin

and Pat for hosting and Paul's tasty BBQing!

....even the rain held off!



Awesome Amazing Inspiring

by Andy Réti & Nedda Lash

Has anybody noticed how friendly motorcycle riders are? Does any other driver, be it car, truck, bicycle or boat give a friendly wave as they pass each other? There is good reason why our motorcycle club GWTA Chapter T Toronto Wings subscribe to the GWTA motto – “*Destination Friendship*”. On Thursday, July 14 our destination was Bowmanville, Ontario for a performance by the Clarington Concert Band, where we met a number of new friends.

Sadly, in Ontario the riding season is very short. However our club is active during the four seasons. It was a novel idea to combine riding and culture. Our member Warren Jacobs told us about his wife Karen, who plays saxophone in the band, and the great work the band does. By the way, congratulations to Karen on her new bike and her first ride with our club to Lindsay, Ontario on Sunday, July 17.



Here is a wonderful description by Nedda Lash of Toronto Wings who wrote the following message to the membership of GWTA Chapter T about the motorcycle ride and the performance of The Clarington Concert Band in Rotary Park in Clarington on July 14,2011.

“What a great way to enjoy a perfect summer evening! A lovely leisurely ride along tranquil rural roads. Scenic views replete with grazing cattle, farmyard geese and green crops. Warren did a top-notch job of organizing and leading the Toronto Wings last night. Karen and her colleagues in The Clarington Concert Band performed popular numbers from a variety of Broadway musicals, favorites such as Amazing Grace, Mancini medleys,



Spongebob Squarepants themes and a piece featuring ten trombones. The Rotary Park was filled to capacity with many toe-tapping feet, clapping hands and smiling faces. Kudos to the band who did a superb job of entertaining such a large, diverse crowd. Just imagine the hours spent choosing, learning, practising and rehearsing!

It was a pleasure to meet Karen's father, brother and sister-in-law. We missed her other sister who had just left for Edmonton. Warren and Karen were thoughtful hosts, thinking of everything, including chairs for the whole

group. Many thanks for a wonderful evening!”

As a kid growing up in Hungary I was exposed to various cultural experiences including going to concerts but never to an open-air performance. In fact, this was my first experience listening to music under the sky. The first thing that struck me was the quality of the sound system. It made me think of how we take things for granted and how technology is enhancing our lives. We certainly did not have sound systems of this quality in my hometown.



The band under musical director Glenn Ward was so much in tune that their performance seemed effortless – they were good. Listening to the band I got lost in thoughts that had not occurred to me for a long time. I was soaring with the music and as I looked up I saw the colours of the clouds, birds flying, soaring and cavorting.

I think, even they enjoyed the show but not as much as the two little toddlers who put on a performance of their own. They were not co-ordinated enough to sway with the rhythm but in their childish exuberance inspired by the music did perform a very good watusi, which included getting dizzy and falling down. Is there anything more enjoyable than watching kids playing? And they played because of the music!

What made the evening even more interesting was Colin Rowe as the MC and narrator. He gave us historical background and information on each piece and performance. In all the years I watched bands play I never paid much attention to the conductor's role until this band played “Baby elephant walk” from a little Mancini medley.

There is a song that starts with, “When you are happy and you know it clap your hands”.



You should not do that at a concert, your neighbors may object. But I was happy and delighted and I whistled. As a matter of fact I whistled according to maestro Ward's directions. It took me a while to realize what I was doing and when I looked around to see the reaction to this mini performance, nobody was looking at me. I considered my rendition of the Baby Elephant Walk as part of the evening's entertainment (mine). However the most interesting result was that for the first time I realized what a conductor does. I raised and lowered the beat and the tempo as his baton moved, I whistled in harmony (I hope). I really, really liked it, I felt like clapping too.

One of the highlights of the evening was a duet performed by Father Paul Massel and Deborah Ford. They were singing from a popular musical. The evening went so fast that before we knew it, the last number was introduced. With Colin Rowe's explanation to the origins of the song, it was most fitting that it was AMAZING GRACE.

Amazing Grace
Arr.: Dave Palladino

Melody / Hymn



Sitting under the sky was awesome, inspiring and amazing. For those who would like to enjoy great performances in the future, the schedule for the band can be found on their website: <http://claringtonconcertband.ca/>



New rider? Experienced Rider? Former Rider? Female Rider? Motorcycle Enthusiast?

Want to meet new friends? **Share places to ride to?** **Talk Bike Tech/Repairs?**



Join us for our coffee night

Every Thursday 8:00 p.m.
Tim Horton's
4400 Dufferin Street
(In the Canadian Tire Plaza)



...unless we have a meeting
(then we won't be at Tim Horton's that Thursday)

Meeting dates/times/rides are posted on our website

<http://www.torontowings.com/>