



THE TMA NEWS

Editorial Comment

Hi fellow TMA members,

Here is the 2008 Fall /Winter issue of the TMA newsletter.

It has been a good summer, after a short spring. Hopefully we get a few nice fall days before the bikes go to storage.

If you have articles/pictures to publish in the next issue of the newsletter or on the Web Page you can email them to me, for our next issue. Classified Ads for the Web can be sent anytime. Please forward me your comments, or news information that you may have. This can be given to me on a Club event or emailed to me at lynnenns@mts.net .

Check out the TMA web site at <http://www.mts.net/~lynnenns/tma.htm> or call the ride line at 338-7689. Remember keep the rubber side down,

Lynn

MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Well the fall windup at Birds Hill Park is now past and with great success. I believe everyone had a good time and we're open to any suggestions that would make it better for next year.(maybe have it a week earlier, start a little earlier in the day, etc.)

We're coming close to the end of another riding season but all in all this summer was not bad for riding as I believe we only had to schedule one rain date ride. We had good club member participation for the breast cancer poker run, Manitoba marathon and the Gimli biking to the Viking. We weren't required for the Gimli motorcycle races this year.

A few of us got to Wing Ding in Greenville,S.C. in July. It was their 30th anniversary and made for an interesting 4 days. We all rode in the Grand parade through the city - Now that's a parade! It's unfortunate the area is so far away, as riding the Blue Ridge Parkway is one of the most beautiful trips you could make. Those of us that went to Wing Ding saw some of the best riding areas in the country and we averaged between 4800 and 6000 miles on our trips.

The bi-weekly Sunday breakfast gatherings will start in November. The locations will be those restaurants that can

accommodate a group the size of ours without causing any incontinence. We will also be having our usual bingo bowl in January and the winter blues party in February.

Around the middle of December we will again be looking for volunteers for the Xmas cheerboard deliveries. Please keep this in mind and try to participate.

Well in advance let me be the first to wish all of you a Merry Holiday Season and may next year be as Good or Better than the one past.

Lance

MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER OF DOODADS

To-date I have not been able to find any new contacts that will be able to supply just a few items at a time. They all want large orders.

As I requested, during the riding season, I have had no suggestions from anyone as to what should be ordered in regards to any new items.

ELDEN

MESSAGE FROM THE MEMBERSHIP COORDINATOR

Another riding season just is about done. We ended the year with 35 members and almost all the members now have e-mail which is a significant change over previous years. I am looking forward to the 2009

riding season since mine ended so early this year. Keep safe and rubber side down.

Mike Culley

PARADE COORDINATOR NEWS

I would like to thank everyone who gave of their time to insure that in 2008 the Manitoba Marathon and the MS Gimli Bikeathon were safe and successful. I appreciate that as motorcyclists, we sometime have a slightly "evil" appearance to the balance of the community. That opinion is quickly dispelled when we provide services to the community. I have, as I am sure you all have, received thanks from many people who really appreciate our being there and helping to insure the safety of the people who: participate in these events raise funds in support of the research to end these terrible afflictions I tell them that we enjoy our sport and would be please to assist their worthwhile cause again in the future. The pat on the back that I receive is totally due to your efforts and I thank you again for participating in these events.

Elliott

MESSAGE FROM THE RIDE CAPTAINS

Club rides are over. We had a good season and look forward to next year. Hope for a short winter. Also be sure to check the ride line for winter events.

MESSAGE FROM THE TREASURER

Hi:

Well its almost the end to another riding season, they go by way to quick don't they!! The wind-up party at Birds Hill Park went very well, looks like we'll be back next year(hope the price doesn't go over \$10.00!!!).

The Gary Whitehead charity has approximately \$470.00 dollars so far, if anyone would like to donate before we decide what to do with the money please let me know or give any donation to one of the executive.

The fall/winter breakfast schedule is included in this newsletter, hope to see everyone in November.

Bruce.

Web sites – FYI

<http://www.mts.net/~lynnenns/tma.htm>

(Our TMA website)

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

(Wildwood Motor sports)

<http://manitoba.northernstarsrider.ca/>

(Star Riders)

www.canadianbiker.com/homepage2.html

(Canadian Biker Magazine)

<http://www.gl1800.org/> (new Gold Wing Site)

<http://www.venturerider.org/>(Yamaha Venture site)

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

(Gold wing Magazine)

<http://home.hiwaay.net/%7Epvteye/wing.html>

(Gold wing Home page)

MOTORCYCLE HUMOUR

An original true story, written by a Battalion Fire Chief in a Mississippi town

EVIL MUTANT ATTACK SQUIRREL OF DEATH

It was my day off and I'm just a quiet single guy in no meaningful relationship, so I'm doing what I enjoy the most: Riding my motorcycle. I never dreamed that slowly cruising on my motorcycle through a residential neighborhood could be so incredibly dangerous! Little did I suspect.

I was on Brice Street - a very nice neighborhood with perfect lawns and slow traffic. As I passed an oncoming car, a brown furry missile shot out from under it and tumbled to a stop immediately in front of me.

It was a squirrel, and must have been trying to run across the road when it encountered the car. I really wasn't going very fast, but there was no time to brake or avoid it -- it was that close. I hate to run over animals, and I really hate it on a motorcycle, but a squirrel should pose no danger to me. I barely had time to brace for the impact.

Animal lovers never fear. Squirrels, I discovered, can take care of themselves!

Inches before impact, the squirrel flipped to his feet. He was standing on his hind legs and facing my oncoming Valkyrie with steadfast resolve in his beady little eyes. His mouth opened, and at the last possible second, he screamed and leapt! I am pretty sure the scream was squirrel for, 'Banzai!' or maybe, 'Die you gravy-sucking, heathen scum!' The leap was nothing short of spectacular...

He shot straight up, flew over my windshield, and impacted me squarely in the chest. Instantly, he set upon me. If I did not know better, I would have sworn he brought 20 of his little buddies along for the attack.

Snarling, hissing, and tearing at my clothes, he was a frenzy of activity. As I was dressed only in a light T-shirt, summer riding gloves, and jeans this was a bit of a cause for concern. This furry little tornado was doing some damage!

Picture a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a T-shirt, and leather gloves, puttering at maybe 25 mph down a quiet

residential street, and in the fight of his life with a squirrel. And losing...

I grabbed for him with my left hand. After a few misses, I finally managed to snag his tail. With all my strength, I flung the evil rodent off to the left of the bike, almost running into the right curb as I recoiled from the throw.

That should have done it. The matter should have ended right there. It really should have. The squirrel could have sailed into one of the pristinely kept yards and gone on about his business, and I could have headed home.

No one would have been the wiser. But this was no ordinary squirrel. This was not even an ordinary angry squirrel.

This was an EVIL MUTANT ATTACK SQUIRREL OF DEATH! Somehow he caught my gloved finger with one of his little hands and, with the force of the throw, swung around and with a resounding thump and an amazing impact, he landed squarely on my BACK and resumed his rather antisocial and extremely distracting activities. He also managed to take my left glove with him! The situation was not improved. Not improved at all.

His attacks were continuing, and now I could not reach him. I was startled, to say the least. The combination of the force of the throw, only having one hand (the throttle hand) on the handlebars, and my jerking back unfortunately put a healthy twist through my right hand and into the throttle. A healthy twist on the throttle of a Valkyrie can only have one result.

TORQUE.

This is what the Valkyrie is made for, and she is very, very good at it. The engine roared and the front wheel left the pavement.

The squirrel screamed in anger.

The Valkyrie screamed in ecstasy.

I screamed in, well, I just plain screamed.

Now picture a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a slightly squirrel-torn t-shirt, wearing only one leather glove and roaring at maybe 50 mph and rapidly accelerating down a quiet residential street on one wheel, with a demonic squirrel of death on his back.

The man and the squirrel are both screaming bloody murder.

With the sudden acceleration I was forced to put my other hand back on the handlebars and try to get control of the bike.

This was leaving the mutant squirrel to his own devices, but I really did not want to crash into somebody's tree, house, or parked car. Also, I had not yet figured out how to release the throttle...my brain was just simply overloaded. I did manage to mash the back brake, but it had little effect against the massive power of the big cruiser.

About this time the squirrel decided that I was not paying sufficient attention to this very serious battle (maybe he was an evil mutant NAZI attack squirrel of death), and he came around my neck and got INSIDE my full-face helmet with me.

As the faceplate closed part way, he began hissing in my face. I am quite sure my screaming changed intensity.

It had little effect on the squirrel, however. The RPMs on the Dragon maxed out (since I was not bothering with shifting at the moment), so her front end started to drop.

Now picture a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a very raggedly torn T-shirt, wearing only one leather glove, roaring at probably 80 mph, still on one wheel, with a large puffy squirrel's tail sticking out of the mostly closed full-face helmet. By now, the screams are probably getting a little hoarse.

Finally I got the upper hand...I managed to grab his tail again, pulled him out of my helmet, and slung him to the left as hard as I could. This time it worked...sort of.

Spectacularly sort of...so to speak.

Picture a new scene.

You are a cop.

You and your partner have pulled off on a quiet residential street and parked with your windows down to do some paperwork.

Suddenly a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a torn T-shirt flapping in the breeze, and wearing only one leather glove, moving at probably 80 mph on one wheel, and screaming bloody murder roars by and with all his strength throws a live squirrel grenade directly into your police car.

I heard screams.

They weren't mine...

I managed to get the big motorcycle under control and dropped the front wheel to the ground. I then used maximum braking and skidded to a stop in a cloud of tire smoke at the stop sign of a busy cross street.

I would have returned to 'fess up' (and to get my glove back). I really would have.

Really.

Except for two things.

First, the cops did not seem interested or the slightest bit concerned about me at the moment. When I looked back, the doors on both sides of the patrol car were flung wide open. The cop from the passenger side was on his back, doing a crab walk into somebody's front yard, quickly moving away from the car. The cop who had been in the driver's seat was standing in the street, aiming a riot shotgun at his own police car.

So, the cops were not interested in me. They often insist to 'let the professionals handle it.'

Anyway.

That was one thing.

The other?

Well, I could clearly see shredded and flying pieces of foam and upholstery from the back seat. But I could also swear I saw the squirrel in the back window, shaking his little fist at me.

That is one dangerous squirrel.

And now he has a patrol car.

A somewhat shredded patrol car but it was all his.

I took a deep breath, turned on my turn signal, made a gentle right turn off of Brice Street, and sedately left the neighborhood. I decided it was best to just buy myself a new pair of gloves. And a whole lot of Band-Aids.

I drove straight home and did what lonely, single guys do. Sat on the sofa, watched sports, got drunk and pondered the reason for my lack of 'couple' status and the existence of squirrels. I'll let you know should I figure out either.

Why We Ride:

The Joy of Motorcycling

What's the allure of motorcycling?



What attracts people to motorcycling? When faced with the numerous personalities of both riders and motorcycles, there may not be a single answer.

Despite the differences between touring rider and hill climber, chrome-encrusted cruiser and nimble Grand Prix race bike, there are some universal attributes that get under the skin of the motorcyclist and feed the desire to ride.

Freedom is often cited as an attraction, but what does that mean? Compared to driving a car, riding a motorcycle offers freedom from the constraints of four-wheeled physics. When a car negotiates a turn, it leans to the outside of a corner, struggling to maintain its former direction of travel. A motorcycle leans into a corner.

This may not sound like much, but until you've experienced both you can't understand the superior grace and simplicity of this mode of travel. Cornering becomes a symphony of precise movements instead of an awkward wallow, working in harmony with the road instead of fighting it tooth and nail.

The Sense(s) of Freedom

Once freed of your steel cage you are thrust into the world to experience a broader existence unfettered by HEPA filters and climate control. Your nose will get a vivid introduction to skunk roadkill and diesel exhaust, but will also revel in bread baking and plants blooming. Your body will feel the thousand tiny impacts of raindrops and absorb the buffeting of the wind. Your skin will feel the gently warming

temperature as you crest a hill and drop to the valley floor below. You are no longer huddled behind a wheel disconnected from nature. It's *Lawrence of Arabia* in Cinerama versus a daguerreotype of a camel.

Wrap all this freedom in a lovely ribbon of performance, and you get what experts call fun. Not the fake hood scoop, chrome wheels and racing stripe school of performance. Picture instead a carrier launch and you'll be in the right neighborhood, and you don't even have to pledge seven years of service. Best of all, this astounding performance is dirt cheap. For less than half the cost of most commuter pods you can buy a stock motorcycle capable of 9-second quarter miles. Don't bother figuring the cost for a production car with matching performance, because you won't find one. AMG teamed with Mercedes to make the CLK-GTR capable of a 9.4 second quarter mile, and it's a steal at a measly \$1,000,000. Performance cars do have the edge in aerodynamics and top speed, but to use them you'll need lottery winnings and the Autobahn.

All of this freedom and fun doesn't come without a price. First of all, you have to learn how to ride. Given the right training and the right attitude, the skills can be acquired by just about anyone.

Motorcycles? Practical?

What about practicality? You can carry a turkey, two-by-fours, a dozen roses, crutches and a bookcase on a motorcycle, but how often do you really use the cargo capacity of a four-wheeler? Not often, judging by the throngs of single-occupant vehicles choking the roadway, wasting gas and time hauling around a sluggish, three-quarter-empty steel box.

Finally, there's the favorite of mothers and fathers everywhere: danger. On a motorcycle you are more vulnerable and you'd better accept that fact and ride accordingly. Always ride as if you are invisible to the sea of cars around you, because all too often it's true. Wear a helmet, jacket, boots and gloves regardless of the temperature or length of the ride. You might think it's a hassle just to reach the corner store, and it does take more time than slipping on a

seat belt. It is an important ritual, a reminder you are about to engage in an activity with a fair amount of personal risk.

Risk is inherent in motorcycling, but it can be managed and turned into an advantage, one that is the real long-term attraction of riding. A new rider must gain experience, since at first everything you have is spent just keeping upright. Gradually, shifting gears and scanning for Dozy Joe Auto blowing through a stop sign takes less effort as your brain adjusts to a new sensory plateau.

Engaging the World Around You

While motorcycling you are still fully engaged with the outside world, but the rest of your brain is free to explore paths otherwise unavailable. With your mind free of rigid supervision and self-awareness, all sorts of problems get solved in the background and tension evaporates. Exactly the opposite happens in an automobile. Driving makes so few demands on our minds and bodies we go on autopilot. How many times have you driven to a familiar location, and arrived only to realize you don't remember large parts of the journey?

Need another rationalization regarding the two-wheeled wonder? Motorcycling is a resounding social plus: reduced traffic and parking congestion, better fuel economy and fewer noxious emissions. Motorcycle ownership should be a Green party litmus test. Sadly, these benefits are lost on the majority of people, whose opinion of motorcycles seems to be forged solely by watching Marlon Brando tear up a small town in *The Wild One*. This shared sense of being outcast and knowledge of how much fun we're having leads to a sense of community among riders. Have you ever seen two automobile drivers wave to each other because they were driving? For me, waving to a fellow rider is nearly a daily occurrence.

Freedom. Fun. A clear mind and a clear conscience. These are all powerful reasons for staying in the saddle. But an even simpler truth about motorcycling keeps me coming back for more: I always feel better after a ride than I did before.

TMA Photo Gallery



Windup Picnic Site



What a feast!



Bonfire time.



To get my license, do I really have to show them I can ride one of these?



A picture just out of focus.



It will never fly, just too heavy?

Show Planner

Dec 12-14 2008	Toronto Motorcycle Show	Convention Center
Jan 9-11 2009	Calgary Bike show	Calgary Roundup Center Stampede Park
Jan 16 - 18 2009	Edmonton Bike Show	Northlands Agricom
Jan 22 - 25 2009	Vancouver Bike Show	Tradex Exhibition Center, Abbotsford
Feb 13-15 2009	Cycle World International Motorcycle Show	Minneapolis Convention Center Minneapolis, MN

RIDE LINE: 204-338-7689

-SCHEDULED TIME FOR ALL BREAKFASTS IS 10:00AM

TMA Winter Schedule

Nov 2 Park Place - 233 Regent Ave
Nov. 16 Paladin - 588 Des Meurons

Dec. 7 Bleachers - 308 Fort St.
Dec. 13 Xmas Cheer Board Hamper Delivery
Dec. 21 Johnnies - 382 Marion

Jan. 4 Garwood Grill - 435 Pembina Hwy
Jan. 10 Bingo Bowl - Windsor Park Lanes
Jan. 18 Park Place - 233 Regent

Feb. 1 Bleachers - 388 Fort St.
Feb. 15 Steves - 3123 Portage Ave
Feb 21 Midwinter Blues Party- TBD

Mar. 1 Johnnies - 382 Marion
Mar.15 Garwood Grill - 435 Pembina Hwy

Apr. 5 Paladin - 588 Des Meurons
Apr. 19 Jefferies - 1420 Henderson Hwy
Apr. 28 Annual General Meet - Marion Hotel

Please note:-It is important to check the ride line a couple of days before a Sunday breakfast to ensure that the location has not changed. It is unlikely that this will happen but due to circumstances beyond our control, it is a possibility.