



**Garden City Wings
Chapter GA – F2
Augusta, Georgia**



**GOLDWING ROAD RIDERS ASSOCIATION
Friends For Fun, Safety and Knowledge
REGION A**

May 2009

Thoughts from the Chapter Director

This has been a very good month, the weather has been great and the riding even better. Our ride to Benton Lee's Steakhouse was a great success, the ride was beautiful and the food was great. The ride to the Beacon in Spartanburg was great also with beautiful weather and good friends. We are going to start visiting other chapters as much as we can on Saturday's and as we can during the week to the ones close enough so we don't get back too late at night. I for one don't like to ride real late when I start to get sleepy. It may take me a few days to map out where each chapter meets and how far it is to them and what time they meet but I will get it done and try to publish it so you can let me know which ones you might be interested in attending. As always ride safe and often.

Larry Cates
Chapter Director.

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Birthday's for May
John Keely May 11

Anniversary's for May
Jim and Kathleen McCarty May 24
Jim and LaVerne Underwood May 26

“As I See It,” A thought from the “Educator.”

The Birthday gift that will never be forgotten.

At work, I heard that a co-worker of mine gave his wife a birthday gift that he will never forget. You see, he got her the Bike that she wanted for some time. I am sure it was a very pretty bike to match his very pretty wife.

I am told that Steve enrolled his wife in a motorcycle safety course and that she attended. I am also told that Steve and his wife are now going through a separation. This separation, however, is not the normal separation you might expect.

You see, she is in very serious condition in the hospital after wrecking the bike on her first trip out.

I'm sorry. I do not know any other details at this time other than to say that this gift will be in Steve's memory from now on.

The moral of this is to remember, Do all you can to be ready for the un-expected and to RIDE SAFELY.

This monthly safety publication of “As I See It” is presented for your consideration by Ray Bowman, your Chapter Educator. Constructive comments and or suggestions are always appreciated.

Newsletter

The Mis-Adventures of **GPS-MAN**

The “Turkey Award” has been the proud trophy for several folks for among other things, not following the “All-Knowing- Never lost GPS” to the letter. There CAN also be fault FOR the reverse.. The author has asked that his or her name not be mentioned and this FICTIONAL story be a lesson. This is an alleged story of an event that did not happen, by a biker that does not exist.. (Yea-right) One day while traveling the High-ways and By-ways of this land, An over

whelming urge over took me to take a detour from my pre-determined GPS Planned route. As I was mounted on my faithful steed, I looked down at my On-board Navigation Unit; The All-Knowing- Never lost GPS and as in an old western movie, I told it 'Go West Young Man..' After a brief moment of 'Recalculating Route" flashing on the screen, my faithful GPS responded in a pleasant voice, 'Turn Right at next Intersection'. I switched on my blinkers and swung my mount to the off-ramp to see what lay in store. Some days when there is the urge to ride with no destination in mind, I will just flip a coin to see which direction to go and drive until I run out of gas money. This as one of those days.. The open road was in front of me and the wind at my back. My destination is not as important as the trip to get there. There is only the ride. I have no worries not finding my way home, Not because I have left a trail of bread crumbs, but because of my trusty GPS. For long as I have batteries I am never lost. Without batteries, I am hosed. Maps? We don't need no stinking maps!!

The destination was just a random point on the map. My only requirement was to get me off this highway. I left the rest in the hands of 24 little satellites and a black box on the dash. Airplane pilots do it all the time, When all else fails, trust your instruments. They know where you are even if you don't believe them.. For I was without fear because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep it between the clouds. As I trade the 4 lane blacktop for 2, I gave a sigh of relief, bumped back the cruise control, and kicked back in the seat. Shortly after, a familiar voice spoke up; 'Turn Right at next Intersection'. With a flip of the blinkers and a touch of the brakes I swung the Wing' around to a new heading. I was without fear because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep between the guard rails. I soon realized that my 2 lane road had turned into a single lane and a poorly maintained one at that. But I was without fear because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep between the fence posts. I'm becoming more attentive of my surroundings now and realize that I'm passing fewer and fewer houses, I check my trust GPS and sure enough, I'm still on course, To where, I have no Idea. The knowing of my location was not necessary, because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep between the occasional fence post. The poorly maintained paved road disappeared along with the last house I've seen for a while and now I'm on a graded dirt road that hasn't seen a grader for a while. But I was without fear because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep between the ditches. I start to get nervous when I see a couple of coon-hounds sleeping in the middle of the road ahead of me as a scene from "Deliverance" flashes thru my mind. You know the one where there's a guy on the porch with a banjo? I glance down at my trusty GPS and I'm still on course to Where-ever. BTW, According to the GPS, this road does come out somewhere.. And we are going to find out where.

8

I figure the same guy that owns the dogs, also has a grader, cause that's where the graded road ended. What lay before me was nothing more than a rutted gravel road. But I was without fear because my GPS knew where I was and where I was going.. My only job was to kick back and keep between the trees. According to the GPS, this road exits onto another road about a mile past the next bend and this blue squiggly thing. No Problem. I've come this far already. What else can go wrong? (Of course famous last words..) Then it hits me.. A blue squiggle normally means water. And this road doesn't seem to get enough travel for someone to build a bridge. This could be bad.. But no time for that, I'm dodging roots and washouts in the middle of the road. Asking the GPS if this was really a road seemed a mute point at the moment. I was more concerned on trying to keep upright and looking for the blue squiggle. Sure enough, there it was crossing the road right where the GPS said it was.. The GPS is just sitting there as if saying "I told you so.." At the bottom

of the hill was the most fun I could have if I had a 4-wheeler or a dirt bike. Unfortunately, I had neither. Can a Goldwing play in a mud bog?? Is this a new event for the 'Redneck Olympics'? We are about to find out!! Ruts on the left, ruts on the right and mud all around. Ahh, center looks firm.. (Again with the famous last words). I didn't mention the rut that ran from left to right did I?? I might have well let go the handle bar, because the Wing was more interested in that rut than anything I was telling it. What can be more fun than a bike that weighs almost half a ton and stuck in the mud?? A **Stalled** bike that weighs almost half a ton and stuck in the mud. Oh- We're having fun now!! That rut was deep, the bike didn't even fall over. Can't even see the foot pegs.. Things are just getting better by the second. My Faithfull GPS was just sitting there as if saying "What's wrong? The road's that way.." I look down and yell.. "Aww-Shut-up. This is all your fault anyway.." as if I had nothing to do with the current situation. I've been on bad roads before, but this takes the cake. After figuring that kill switch had been tripped and the bike finally re-starts, It takes a lot of rocking to get out of the hole I just dug. If it were not for something special I had done to the bike, it may still be there. After a bunch of mudslinging, I was able to free myself and make it up the far side of the hill. Once free of my dilemma, I stopped and looked back at the mess I had just come thru and thought to myself, YES!! What a ride!. Let's do that again..NOT!! (What is it with you and last words). Where's a camera when you need one? NOT HERE thankfully. Don't need that kind of evidence. I had mud on and in parts we won't go into here, but I was clean compared to the Wing. I turned to look down the road (path) ahead of me and as if things couldn't get worse, someone has strung a cable across the road. Funny, The GPS said nothing about a cable.... Looks like I'm not going that way. Guess I'll just have to go back the way ...O-Boy.. Ever notice how last words seem to catch up with you? I think it's about time I had a little talk with my GPS..


Author Unknown and Hiding

(Maybe next month "s „Mechanics Corner" will be on Cleaning products..)

The previous article was stolen from Chapter Q's newsletter, I thought it was quite appropriate.

Larry

GWRRA Chapter F2 May 2009

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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