



Region "E"
July 13, 2011

Gold Wing Road Riders Association

Officers & Staff

Directors	Gary & Janita Stegner	gjpolaris@yahoo.com	402-884-5999
Assistant Directors	Rodger & Marty Fawcett	rdfawcett@cox.net	402-895-6096
Rider Education	Mark & Pam Burwell	marknpamb@earthlink.net	402-596-8627
Treasurer	Kathy Labs	kalabs0119@msn.com	402-592-8939
Historian/Photographer	Janita Stegner	gjpolaris@yahoo.com	402-884-5999
Newsletter Editor	Jim Drawbaugh	jdrawbaugh@msn.com	402-592-1849
Web Page Editor	John Papson	cornhuskerjohn@yahoo.com	402-292-7923
Membership Enhancement Coordinators	Terry & Carol Pool	poolt167@gmail.com	402-426-9891
Events Coordinator	Carey Ferguson	minpin0119@msn.com	402-592-8939
Sunshine Lady	Nancy James	williamjames3@cox.net	402-593-8183
Couple Of The Year	Rick & Robin Saunders	rs10473@tconl.com	402-895-7965

Nebraska Chapter "O" meets on the second Saturday of the month at D&K's Gretna Café, 104 Glenmore Drive (near highway 6&31) Gretna, Nebraska 402-332-3273. [Breakfast & chat @ 8 a.m., meeting at 9 a.m.](#) Come join us for a gathering of *Friends for Fun, Safety & Knowledge!*

Birthdays & Anniversaries

July Birthdays

Donna Mitchell	July 06
Alfred Wilson	July 10
Carey Ferguson	July 17
Kitty Schmahl	July 24
Rick Saunders	July 25

July Anniversary's

None

August Birthdays

Robin Saunders

Aug 22

August Anniversary's

Gary & Teresa Hemingway Aug 02

Willard & Sonya Crowl Aug 04

Bob & Charlotte Lake Aug 09

Doug & Kathy Rice Aug 13

Ron & Anna Osborn Aug 19

Bill & Nancy James Aug 22

Gary & Jan Stegner Aug 22

What's Happening in Chapter "O"



From the Directors Desk

Gary & Janita Stegner



July meeting was a great day with 33 attending and 19 bikes in the parking lot. What a sight to see. It looks like the Trikes are starting to become a part of us.

If you haven't gotten your name on the phone tree and would like to be on it, please contact Nancy James.

Rides were discussed and Tuesday night, July 19, will be a dinner ride Sponsored by Greg and Donna Mitchell. Watch for E-mail with details.

July 23rd - a ride to Freedom rock, sponsored by Rodger & Marty Fawcett.

Our 2nd annual picnic will be August 13th at the Gretna City Park. We will need RSVP's by July 31st.

Make sure to mark your calendars for Labor Day weekend for the Region Rally at Moline IL. We will be supporting our Region Couple of the year, Mark and Pam Burwell. Sounds like they have a great rally planned. We had a chance to go before and they will show you a great time. Be watching your e-mails for more details on all of our events to come.

Have a great month!!

Happy Days,
Gary & Janita



Assistant Directors

Rodger & Marty Fawcett



As I sit here writing this article, I'm thinking back to the ride we were on today.

We went to meet chapter N E in Fremont Neb. for lunch. Thanks to Bill and Nancy James for passing along the information at our Saturday meeting and for the route we took to Fremont. I know we hear a lot about the high water on T V and we read about it in the newspaper, but if you have not been by Blair or Missouri Valley for just one example, I'm sure that you would have a heavy heart as well.

July is getting to be a very busy month for us. First of all we start out with bike night at Quaker Steak and Lube in Council Bluffs on Wednesday nights (we meet at 72 and Grover behind Comfort Inn). Then we have a dinner run to Parkers Smoke House on the 19th (Meeting at the Millard Social Hall off Interstate 80 and 144th leaving at 6:30).

On July 23rd we are planning a ride to Greenfield Iowa to the FREEDOM ROCK and have a meet and greet with Ray Stratton (Bubba) the artist. There is a car collection in Greenfield of approx. 40 to 50 cars. I'm trying to line it up as well. We will be leaving at 9:A.M. from J C Penny's parking lot. Take the 24th street exit on Interstate 80 in Council Bluff. (Exit 1 B is where the art work is on the bridge) and go south. Clutches out at 9 A M .

We are planning our picnic at Gretna Park on August 13th from 11-3. We are asking everyone to bring some type of cleaning supply for the flood victims in our area. As a group we can decide which organization to donate to. Our regular meeting will be held at our regular place and time, then go to the park to setup. Please RSVP by July 31st to Rodger & Marty Fawcett or Rick & Robin Saunders.

Friends for Fun, Safety and Knowledge Says It All
Rodger & Marty



Rider Education
Mark & Pam Burwell



When I talk with fellow riders, I hear various reasons for their enjoyment of riding, but common themes are stimulation of senses and reduction of stress—it helps clear our minds and makes us happier. I suspect a contributing factor to these phenomena is the mental focus and concentration required to process all that is happening around us to safely operate our motorcycles. The high levels of focus and concentration required to operate a motorcycle mean that any distraction, no matter how subtle, can become a safety hazard. An uncomfortable helmet can be just that distraction.

Shopping for a new helmet is something all of you have done and likely will do again. It would be easy if all you had to do was pick a size and color; however, the process is complicated by the fact that human heads consist of not only various sizes, but shapes as well. I say complicated because different brands of helmets, and even different models within the same brand, can have a completely different fit and feel for your head (and cost is not a factor).

Manufacturing costs and associated profits lead helmet manufacturers to sell helmets with a generic internal shape. A manufacturer chooses a particular shape based upon their estimate of which shape will meet minimum fit requirements for the highest number of potential customers. Unfortunately for you, a company's choice of generic internal shape may not fit your individual head.

The best way for you to find a helmet that fits is to try various makes and models on your head. A good piece of information for you to have when you are shopping for helmets is the measurement for the longest distance around your head, at eyebrow level, above your ears. Different helmet manufacturers use different sizing schemes, so knowing the value of this measurement will help you get into the proper size range for a particular brand of helmet.

When you first try a helmet, take note of how snug it feels. According to various helmet manufacturers, a helmet that slips on easily may offer an initial impression of comfort and proper fit, but after time can become too loose and move around on your head. A helmet will slightly loosen over time, so be sure to consider this “relaxing” of the interior when buying a new helmet. Your initial fitting goal should be for a snug, but not tight, fit. If there is a problem in the fit around the facial areas, consider removing the cheek pads (if removable) to verify the fit on your head. Many helmet manufacturers offer different sizes of cheek pads to adjust facial fit.

Once the helmet is on your head, grab it in your hands (one hand on either side) and try to rotate the helmet from side to side. Note any movement of the skin while doing this, as well as the amount of resistance to movement while you hold your head steady. The helmet padding should not slide easily over the skin, but should pull the skin in the direction of rotation. Next, check movement up and down, again noting skin movement and resistance. If there was little or no skin movement in either the vertical or horizontal tests, and/or the helmet moved very easily, the helmet is too large. A properly-fitted helmet will cause the skin to move as the helmet moves, and you will feel as if evenly distributed pressure is being exerted around the head.

After checking the level of snugness, remove the helmet. Immediately after you remove the helmet, observe the coloration of the skin on your forehead and cheeks. A reddening of the skin in a small area may indicate a pressure point. Pressure points sometimes are not noticed for several minutes, or even hours later, but they can be extremely uncomfortable when they manifest themselves. If you notice a pressure point, or if you experience discomfort there while wearing the helmet, it's either too small OR is the wrong interior shape. You may need to try a larger size or another make or model.

The best helmet for you is one that fits so well that it seems to disappear on your head and can be worn all day with little or no lapse in comfort. The only way for you to ensure a helmet fits is to try it on your head. If you want to take advantage of deals through mail order, go to a dealer and test the EXACT model you want to order. Manufacturers sometimes make changes, even within the same product line, from year to year.

Ride Safely,
Mark and Pam Burwell



*From our Membership Enhancement Coordinators
Terry and Carol Pool*

Ride Safe
Terry & Carol Pool



Must be going camping – Doug & Kathy Rice



I have heard from some trike owners that if you ride on gravel your back fenders get chips. Motor Trike covers theirs with a vinyl cover. I thought this paint guard might be of interest.

Snider's Paint Guard

Motorcycle bodywork, especially fuel tanks and color-matched luggage, is prone to getting scratched. We climb on and off motorcycles hastily, we bump into them, and, of course, there's the occasional not-my-fault tip over. The realities of motorcycle ownership being what they are, I decided to give **Snider's Paint Guard** a try.



Snider's Paint Guard

Installation is pretty basic. Thin tracing type paper is provided with the material, tape it in place and use it to make a pattern. Transfer the patterns and cut the pieces. No adhesive is used so don't worry about cutting the pattern on the wrong side. The actual paint protection product is 3 sheets of 11 x 14 inch material that stick by static cling. The detailed instructions suggest application over a freshly-waxed surface.

Fill a mister bottle with a few drops of liquid soap and water then liberally spray the tank and material. The slick surface allows the material to be easily moved around and positioned on the wet surface. Final application requires a method to squeegee out the water. I used a credit card then a clean rag. Work carefully from center to edge to avoid shifting the material. Work slowly and patiently. A low temp hairdryer can be used for difficult curves. Small bubbles will disappear within 24 hours so don't fret.



Snider's Paint Guard

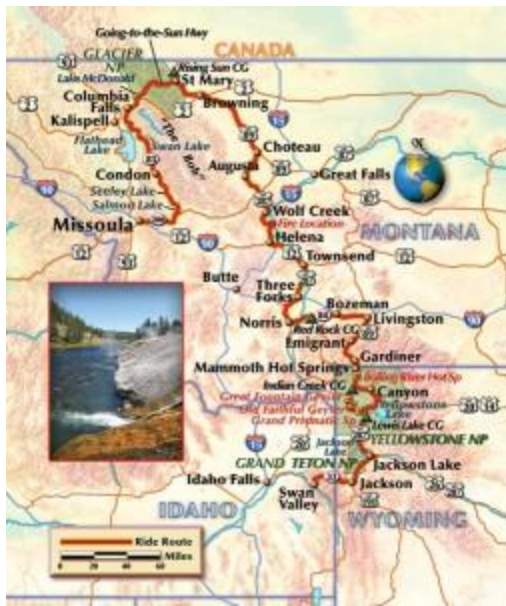
In many online forums, the product is suggested as protection from scuffing from touring accessories like soft luggage or tank bags. It is removable and can be reinstalled. Good thing, since it took me two tries to get the install correct on my BMW R 1150 RT tank. I didn't get it clean enough and the edges lifted in the rain like sun-burnt skin. If possible, protect the edges by rolling them under any available lip. Patient application is the trick here.

It blends well with the contours making the applied product nearly impossible to photograph. Time will tell about longevity but it's been on the Beemer for two months now. Nice product. Cheap, too. Just \$14 through **Aerostich / RiderWearHouse**: www.aerostich.com.

Motorcycle tour of Glacier, Yellowstone and Teton National Parks.

There's a reason our national parks are preserved: they are special, magic, even extraordinary. Yet in the most popular, swarms of tourists can be as oppressive as the heat of summer. Many memories of these places consist of fighting motorhome traffic jams, jostling for souvenirs and eating cheap hot dogs that have been on the warmer too long. On the shoulder season, however, crowds thin, parking spaces open up and the animals emerge from hiding and show themselves.

Today gambling is legal in Montana, and I'm a gambling woman. When I moved here last winter, I naturally indulged in some video poker (Jacks or Better is my game) in the mini-casinos that grace every intersection. I've also been known to bet on the ponies from time to time. So I decided to try my luck on the week after Labor Day to hit the **National Park Trifecta**: Glacier, Yellowstone and Grand Teton.



MAP BY BILL TIPTON/COMPARTMAPS.COM

From Missoula, I first rode north alongside a three-of-a-kind of long, skinny lakes—Salmon, Seeley and Swan. The mountains of Bob Marshall Wilderness, towering to the east, are locally known simply as “The Bob.” As in, “What happens on The Bob, stays on The Bob.” Shades of Las Vegas. I hasten to add that I haven’t any personal experience with what happens on The Bob. At least not yet.

At Columbia Falls I turned east and headed for Glacier National Park. For a motorcyclist, the sure bet is Going-To-The-Sun Highway, which famously clings to the side of an impossibly steep mountain. An engineering marvel from the Civilian Conservation Corps era, the road easily lives up to its reputation for narrow and winding, with views to ride, not die, for.

I do not know the exact number of people who have taken their last breath sailing over the edge, but I would wager it’s a few. Traveling from west to east placed my motorcycle in the outside lane of the road. Near the road’s summit at Logan Pass, I glanced over the low wall along the road’s edge to my right. Empty air gaped, 2,000 feet down. At that moment a sudden gust of wind hit me from the left. And, well, let’s just say that I “nearly” had to change my undies. Quite the thrill, quite the rush, the rider’s equivalent of being dealt a natural full house. Aces and eights, dead man’s hand.



Lake McDonald's glacier-fed water shimmers invitingly, but the invitation is deceptive--the water is way too cold for swimming.

More motorcycles than cars crawled up the narrow strip of asphalt between Lake McDonald and Logan Pass. BMWs appeared to be the most common brand, though a healthy number of Harley-Davidsons were engaged in conquering the pass also. The people sealed inside of cars looked at us longingly. Anyone could see this road was a motorcyclist's run for the roses.

Camped at Rising Sun that evening on St. Mary Lake, I was busily slicing sausage onto crackers when I looked up to see a black bear less than 40 feet away. He was moving along the fringe of the campground. I like to see creatures in the wild, especially when they appear to have something better to do than paw through my food. This little guy ran right through and disappeared. My food was locked inside sturdy Jesse bags, but it still felt a little dicey to sleep in a nylon tent that night.



The Indian Trail fire boils up from Helena National Forest a few miles east of Highway 287.

Riding out the east side of Glacier the next morning, I leaned into a terrific side wind all the way down through the reservation. The Rocky Mountain Front rose abruptly from the golden plains of central Montana like a dream, a mirage, a neon-lit casino from the sands of the desert.

Presently a distraction appeared southeast of my route: a smoke column rose against the blue sky and built into a plume. Since I work in fire management for the U.S. Forest Service, the growing wildfire worried me. If it was anywhere near my forest, I'd have to cut my trip short. But as I got closer, I saw that it was on the Helena, not the Lolo. Still, in a year that was notoriously devoid of fires, it was the biggest column I'd seen all summer.



Red Rock Campground, a BLM campground along the Madison River on Highway 84, is delightfully peaceful-and deserted.

I camped that night at a BLM campground called Red Rock, just a few miles west of Bozeman on a lovely twisting back road. Approaching Yellowstone from the north the next day, I threaded my way through the town of Gardiner. On my right sat the Two-Bit Saloon, looking a little worse for wear and tear after three decades.

Back in the day, I was a college student having the time of my life working as a waitress in Mammoth Hot Springs. Life was carefree in those days, my only responsibility being to show up for work on time. The drinking age was 18, the Two-Bit Saloon stayed open late and my friends and I were as wild as one-eyed Jacks.

Along the ridiculously curvy road between Gardiner and Mammoth was a special, magic place for which I now aimed the front tire of my bike. In 2009 Boiling River was no longer a secret that only the park employees knew about. After having been trampled and run down and eroded, the spot was rehabilitated and regulated in the manner for which the National Park Service is famous. A parking area a quarter mile down the road had been built, and a well-marked trail followed the Gardner (no “i”) River upstream to the site we used to stumble down a steep hillside in the dark to reach.



The scalding water from Mammoth Hot Springs mixes with the chilly Gardner River to form a hot spring paradise at Boiling River at the north entrance to Yellowstone.

Ah, but Boiling River itself was still a world-class free hot spring, and my favorite in the whole world. The hot creek fed by the Mammoth Terraces burst from the hillside and tore down to mix with the cold, clear water of the Gardner River. At their juncture, a motorcyclist tired from 300-plus miles ridden the day before could position herself underneath a thundering hot cascade and receive a straight flush of hot water to massage sore shoulders. The odor of sulfur was heady, seductive. The view downstream to sagebrush-and-juniper-clad hills was spectacular. Ignoring the handful of fellow tourists nearby, I leaned back against a rock, raised my face to warm sunlight and soaked until my skin pruned.

After my soak, I rode up to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel to find myself in the midst of a genuine elk jam. A huge bull elk, antler rack splendidly displayed, urged his harem of 20 cows across the hotel lawn. Park rangers used cones and megaphones to move people out of their way. I watched the show from the window of the restaurant where I used to work. The bull elk was larger than my motorcycle, and I figured it was even odds whether I could actually outrun it. Especially if it was protecting 20 girlfriends. Exiting the building at the rear, I cut behind the old boy’s dorm, rolled the dice and made a successful dash for my bike.



The Upper Terrace Drive above Mammoth Hot Springs follows a winding single-lane asphalt road past some weird formations.

Temperatures dipped below freezing at Indian Creek, the campground where I stayed that night. In the morning I was thankful for the BMW's heated handgrips as I made the ride on a gorgeous curving road past lakes and mountains to beat the tour buses to the Norris Geyser Basin.

Norris is less visited than its sisters to the south, but is every bit as spectacular. With no company save the cheerfully erupting geysers, I followed a boardwalk out past the Ledge Geyser to reach some algae-laden streams colored the same bright green hue as a blackjack table. I passed a noisily bubbling pond aptly named Crackling Lake, and went the long way round to reach Little Whirligig, the cutest miniature geyser around.



The effect of hot water acting on the canyon's rock provides inspiration for the name of the world's first national park, Yellowstone.

My next stop on the Yellowstone circuit was the obligatory gawk at the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River. I rode along a one-way road, parking my bike in a nearly empty lot to walk to Grandview Point. The canyon always looks stunning, but slightly illusory. How could those colors be real?

Restless, like a gambler on a losing streak, I felt an urgent need to move on. The lower geyser basins were calling and I could deny them no longer.

Old Faithful was gushing as I rolled off the cloverleaf at the most famous attraction in Yellowstone. But there are other geysers more faithful than Faithful, bigger, more frequent, so I didn't bother to wait for it to go again. Instead I wolfed down an Old Faithful Inn chicken burger and headed north, betting on the come that I would catch an eruption of one of the less famous (and less crowded) geysers.

Sure enough, I hit a modest jackpot when I pulled up to Great Fountain Geyser. It agreeably sputtered, then shot into the blue sky in a graceful plume three stories tall. I scored another win at Firehole Lake when I parked my bike in a lot absolutely empty of any other vehicles, and had the place to myself. And my third stop was a charm: I got to see my best old friend, my favorite thermal feature in my favorite national park: Grand Prismatic Spring.



Grand Prismatic Spring is blindingly brilliant--and stomach-churningly stinky.

Kurt Cobain's line came into my head: "I love you so much it makes me sick." As I breathed deeply of the sulfur, the steam, the brilliant rainbow colors, the delicate bright algae and bubbling water, I knew exactly what he meant. Suddenly I was transported back one year in time. The previous September, while I was preparing for a different motorcycle ride, an infection started, spread, slid into my bloodstream. One day I was running my customary six miles and packing my saddlebags; the next day I was in the Intensive Care Unit, fighting for my life, as my organs failed and my systems shut down. I came closer than ever to cashing in my chips and joining the Big Poker Game in the Sky.

Floating for days on a hazy morphine cloud, barely hanging on, I lay in the hospital dreaming of Grand Prismatic Spring. Now fully recovered, I stood at the place which had sustained me through the darkness. My stomach wrenched remembering how near to the finish line I had drifted. There may have been a few tourists on the boardwalk but I didn't see them through the tears of gratitude that filled my eyes.



Going-to-the-Sun Highway hangs precariously on the side of a mountain with only a low rock wall separating asphalt from thin air.

I waved at dozens of motorcycles the next day as I wended my way south from my campsite at Lewis Lake into the little sister of Yellowstone, Grand Teton. It was a first-class ride with yet another spectacular view around each curve. The paved road glided past the startling silhouette of sharp, craggy peaks which reminded the early explorers (who obviously had been away from the comforts of home for way too long) of breasts. In my opinion the Tetons looked more like wizard caps than women's breasts. But you see what you want to see, and I'm sure the name appealed to those lonely guys—gamblers all—who had taken the chance of exploring the unknown instead of staying home where it was safe.

An antelope jam gave me an excuse to stop along the park road. It was then that I noticed, snaking through sagebrush beneath the towering peaks, a beautiful, smooth asphalt bike path that paralleled the road for miles. So I promptly shed my riding gear, donned shorts and a jog-bra, and treated myself to an hour-long run beneath the magnificent peaks of the Teton Range.

Buzzing on a runner's high, I reviewed the whole thousand miles I had just ridden, through the National Park Trifecta. It was a blanket finish for the three most beautiful places in the Northern Rockies. But in the final stretch, it was perennial favorite Yellowstone on the nose to win; wild, beautiful Glacier to place; and iconic Grand Teton in the money to show. And I went home a winner.

[This **motorcycle tour of Glacier, Yellowstone and Teton National Parks** was originally published in the June 2011 issue of *Rider* magazine]

Calendar of Events

****Gretna Days Car Show Registration starts @ 8am, downtown Gretna
12pm - 4pm, Sunday, July 17**

Date: Sunday, July 17th

Time: Registration at 8 am, Show is 12pm-4pm.

Cost: Registration is \$15.00 per vehicle

Location: Main Street Gretna. Royal thought that he could arrange a spot for us on the south end of main street in the more residential area that would have some shade.

****Bike Night at Quaker Steak and Lube Council Bluffs. Meet behind Comfort Inn
72nd @ Grover. Clutches out 6:30.
Each and every Wednesday night. July 13, 20 and 27th.**

****Dinner run to Parkers Smoke House in Ashland, NE. on the July 19th Tue.
Meeting at the Millard Social Hall off Interstate 80 and 144th leaving at 6:30.**

****On Sat. July 23rd Roger and Marty are planning a ride to Greenfield Iowa to the
FREEDOM ROCK and have a meet and greet with Ray Stratton (Bubba) the artist. We
will be leaving from J.C. Penny's at 9:A.M. the 24th street exit on Interstate 80 in Council
Bluff. (Exit 1 B is where the art work is on the bridge). Take that exit and go south to the
J C Penny's parking lot. Clutch out at 9 A M .**

****August 13th is the club Picnic at Gretna Park from 11-3.**

****Monday - August 22 Rick and Robin Saunders are planning a mystery trip.**

If you went on a nice trip or read a nice article, email me a summary of it to share with the club. We are always looking for the next adventure.

Thanks: Jim Drawbaugh (Editor).

www.jdrawbaugh@msn.com

Phone Tree – Try it – You’ll Like It

Scheduled rides are great! We all make our calendars and plan to make that ride. But sometimes no ride is scheduled - it’s a great night to ride somewhere for dinner. Or a beautiful weekend day and you want to ride. You could ride alone but you would like to share the ride with friends.

Now is the time to **USE THE PHONE TREE!**

If you are not on the phone tree and want to be added

Call or email Nancy James at williamjames3@cox.net 402-593-8183

District News & Links

(From the District Website)

Leadership Training Program [LTP] – July/August Newsletter

Things are changing on the training front for GWRRRA. GWRRRA University has been established and will update all LTP seminars, but they have already created the **online version of the Officer Certification Program [OCP]**.

OCP is a program open to all members and required for certification of Chapter, District and Region Directors. This course purpose is to make sure the same standard GWRRRA message and guidelines gets out to GWRRRA leaders. The OCP states that the **‘member comes first’** and all members deserve knowledgeable and trained leaders. Many areas are included in the course – some are; duties of all division personnel, chapter life, how to create a chapter, how to handle differences within the GWRRRA structure at all levels and much more.

The OCP previously was only presented in a day and a half in-person course and is still **highly recommended** because of the valuable information obtained from the interaction and discussion with others.

If you are interested in OCP [online or the in-person course] contact your District LTP trainers – Bill and Nancy James.

Nancy and Bill James

NE District Leadership Senior Trainers

"...every member deserves a well trained leader"

Visit the District web site for more district news.

www.gwrrane.com

Region "E" News

From the Region "E" Newsletter

www.gwrra-region-e.org

National News

From the Wingin' It Newsletter

www.gwrra.org

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