

professional woman to sign up for a motorcycle course, buy a bike, and take to the road. Many get their license before telling their friends and even their mates. One friend hid her new helmet under the bed for three months before telling her husband that she had her learners permit and was about to take a riding course!

Why you might ask, would a woman want to risk so much in older years to learn to ride. When I asked some friends who share my love of motorcycling, here is what they replied. They all used words like speed, control, risk, accomplishment, sport, freedom, and independence over and over again. I asked some male friends about women on motorcycles and they responded with similar words: speed, control, risk, freedom, sport, and independence. One friend in particular reminded me how proud he is to know women who truly enjoy the sport, who go beyond wanting to ride because their mate or potential mate wanted them to ride. He talked about how women who really embraced the sport are self-directed, independent thinkers, and a force to be reckoned with!

A look back in history shows that women have been riding for years. They were few and far between but they are in the history books for us to remember. As well, there are a number of motorcycle clubs dedicated just to women riders. One started in the late '30s and the following, taken from the Motor Maid's web site describes this:

In the late '30s, a young Woman motorcycle enthusiast named Linda Dugeau of Providence, Rhode Island, conceived the idea that there might be a number of women who owned their own motorcycles and might be interested in becoming acquainted with one another. Linda wrote to dealers, riders and anyone she thought might know of women motorcycle riders. After this extensive search, she compiled a list from which the Motor Maid organization was founded with 51 Charter members in 1940. The American Motorcycle Association Charter #509 was issued to the club in 1941.

As I begin a new era in my life, semi-retirement from a very satisfying career as a medical laboratory technologist, I have dreams of the open road, of the twists and turns that will challenge my skills, and of the inner piece that will come when riding my newest addition to the collection. I sit here dreaming of the sportbike I once owned and visions of the "twisties" in the Parry Sound area bringing back feelings of both satisfaction and self-fulfillment. I dream of taking a ride in a sidecar racer with women from Etobicoke who have become famous for how fast they can maneuver the tracks at Shannville, Mossport and elsewhere.

Being without a motorcycle would be like losing a part of myself. Each year as spring approaches the excitement grows. Warm days and melting snow bring with them an energy only a motorcyclist can understand. The freedom,

the open road, the sense of accomplishment, the inner peace that accompanies every ride remains an important part of that passion that I feel when I'm on my "bike."

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KELLY ANN MALONE

"Newborn"

I can't believe my eyes
You are soft and mesmerizing
Every move you make takes my breath away

Your mouth opens and closes with delight
Your ears so small but real
You smell of powder and whimsy

I wrap you tight in place of me
I put you down to slumber
Then wait anxiously for you to awake

Your cry is symphony to me
Again to be near you
You gaze up at me
I hope I please you

I keep you warm
I nourish your body
You nourish my soul

Kelly Ann Malone has been writing poems since she was 12 years old.