

May 2008 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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Club Membership Application at:
http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMWR_Application.pdf

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

[Elbert Hubbard](#), US author (1856 - 1915)

I sometimes think of what future historians will say of us. A single sentence will suffice for modern man: he fornicated and read the papers. After that vigorous definition, the subject will be, if I may say so, exhausted.

The Fall [Albert Camus](#)

By three methods we may learn wisdom:
First, by reflection which is noblest;
second, by imitation, which is the easiest;
and third, by experience, which is the bitterest.
[Confucius](#)

Maybe this world is another planet's hell.
[Aldous Huxley](#) (1894 - 1963)

President's Message

Our mild winter is sure to go down in history as ne of the coldest on record! For the love of God it is May already.

I went to Cross Country last weekend so I pulled the liner out of my jacket and didn't bother with over-pants as it wasn't going to be a long ride and at around 2 o'clock it seemed pretty warm, however I took an unplanned. (I got lost) route home and seventy miles later I arrived home beyond chilled. Warm clothes, a fire and two bourbons later I was recovered.

The liners went back into my riding gear!

The weather channel is promising spring (and hopefully warmer temps.) are on the way, but I can't keep from worrying that tire studs or chains will be necessary for the R/A Rally. Wyoming is starting to look better all the time. It doesn't snow in the Rockies in July, does it?

Just a reminder about the Crash Course for Motorcyclists this month at Crown Engineering (in doors).

Also, stay tuned for details about the club picnic. Maybe we can have an igloo making contest and snow shoe races!

-- Jerry R.
732-938-3940
sic.pup@verizon.net

P.S. The way the weather has been going I think the Polar Bears are already setting the 08-09 calendar.

Running of the Nortons, April 20th

RD Swanson

This event seems to suggest something like the running of the bulls in Spain, but it's nothing of the sort. It's merely a ritual of early spring that seems to kick-off the warm-weather riding season. Being held the week after the last Polar Bear ride makes it even more of a riding divide. Shore Riders could choose between Skip's 9am start or Capt. Don's 10 am blast-off. I chose the latter and met with Don and John Welch at "Our Wawa." The earlier ride apparently was made by Skip, John Malaska, Klaus and Mike Kowal.



Mr. Mike in Pink..

The ride to Washington's Crossing took about half an hour. When we arrived the event was in full flower. There was no problem with parking. The only real problem was a lot of old guys with full bladders and no place to empty them other than the nearest bushes or shielding tree, and there weren't many of those in a reasonable proximity. Seemed as if a lot of guys were jumping up and down and looking around.



Klaus and the JP Special

The Nortons were tidily lined in a long row for everyone to admire. There were many to admire, including Klaus's classic Norton. Klaus was sporting his white leather racing attire which matches his motorcycle.

These Nortons really do have a classic style that has aged very well. Makes one wonder why they stopped making them. I suppose it would be the same reason the British stopped competing with Triumph cars and motorcycles, Austin-Healys and M.G.'s. Something about being unreliable and unpredictable might be the answer. Perhaps they just lost their way in the manner of General Motors and Cadillac.



Mike Kowal had also ridden to the event with his classic K1. Alex E and Lisa were there. George H and Miles arrived in George's Miata. We also saw Al Pierson, Harold Gantz, and "TB" McFadden. There were also many other motorcycles to view and admire. Lots of Triumphs, a few MV Agustas, a couple of Moto Guzzis, many BMW's, and Harleys, and some other obscure rides filled the parking lot.



After smoking the stale cigar Don gave me, John, Don, Skip and I rode north to Frenchtown for lunch.

Then it was a ride south on 519 and back to 195, then 524 and home. The sun almost came out a few times, but the weather stayed cloudy as predicted. It didn't rain and the temperature ranged from the high 50's to the high 60's.

Trees and shrubs were all taking on that bright green sheen of very early spring. The river was high and there was in the air that sense that in another week the foliage would be in full splendor, the sun shining and the temps in the 70's.



Editors note – this chap couldn't start his Norton.. he didn't weigh enough to spin it through fast enough for it to catch. A larger person came over and started it for him.. gotta love'm..

Thanks to Roger T for the photos!

Superbowl Ride – Part 2

John Charles Ryan

My work in Phoenix was finished, and that entire fiasco was little more than an excuse to see the Grand Canyon. I had ridden past it perhaps half a dozen times, but had never stopped. Since I was also working on an IBA National Parks Tour Gold, and had just gotten paid, it was time to do some touring.

The Iron Butt Association's National Parks Tours are the best way for people who don't enjoy 1,000 or 1,500 mile days to earn an IBA membership, and are probably the best way to earn that membership overall. One buys a National Parks passport, available in any visitor center giftshop, and gets it stamped with each visit to a National Park, Monument, Historic Site, Battlefield, et cetera. The objective for the basic Tour is to collect a minimum of 50 stamps, in twenty five states, in one year. The NPT Silver requires that you visit each of the four corner states of the lower 48, while the Gold means that you have done all of that, plus Alaska, north of the 60th parallel.

No planes, trains, or automobiles are allowed, the applicant must ride there, until the Platinum level. Recently, the National Parks Tour Platinum was added, asking that the rider fulfill all of the criteria for the National Parks Tour Gold, rent, beg, borrow, or steal a motorcycle after flying to Hawaii, and visit at least one park there. This may also require the additional documentation of a bike rental receipt, or a picture of you with the begged, borrowed, or stolen motorcycle in front of a clearly identifiable Hawaiian National Parks sign. A copy of the police and/or arrest report from any theft or pursuit involved may also suffice.

I left Phoenix Monday morning, confident that I could reach the Grand canyon and ride around the south rim by nightfall. The weather disagreed. About fifty miles later, I switched on the electric vest, followed by the grips shortly thereafter. Another fifty miles, and I rode through a brief snowshower. Just a shower, nothing to worry about. The bike squirmed around on the road a bit, as it might on gravel.

There was a clearing, and everything was fine, until I crossed the next ridge, where I was greeted by a whiteout blizzard. It was only thirty miles to Flagstaff, so I chugged along, hoping for another clearing, deciding that it couldn't snow this hard for very long. This proved to be a hopelessly poor decision. Within a few miles, a foot of snow had accumulated on the interstate, and I was surrounded by eighteen wheelers who were either horrified or amused by the motorcyclist in their midst.

The five miles to the next U-turn were some of the longest I have ever ridden. At the exit, there was enough snow to stop the bike before the end of the ramp by simply pulling in the clutch and coasting to a halt. Any use of the brakes would have put the bike on its side, anyway.

After another half hour on the southbound side, the snow stopped, and the road was clear a few miles later. I had passed signs for two National Monuments on the way north, so I decided to visit those, and perhaps look for a place to stay in Sedona.

The red rocks of Sedona are spectacular, as are the prices for everything and anything nearby. Rooms started at \$90 in the dead of winter, but a very kind motel owner and Baltimore transplant directed me to a beautiful place, seven miles east of town, for less than half that price. With its new terra cotta tile floors and large area rug, ten foot ceilings, refrigerator, microwave, king size bed, lots of space, and the same views of the red rocks as the places in town, this was easily the best deal of the trip.



The next morning, the Weather Channel reported a temperature of -16F at the Grand Canyon, providing a

rare opportunity to improve on my personal best riding temperature. However, by the time I slithered my way through a beautiful, but icy, winding road and north to the Canyon, it was well above zero. At the entrance, the ranger did not look happy to see me. "We have three cars off the road; it's all ice up ahead. I ride a motorcycle, too, and I wouldn't try it."

"I rode 3,000 miles to get here, I have to try it."

About a mile later, the ranger's advice began to make sense. The road had about six inches of frozen, packed snow, no pavement was visible. I turned around, deciding to give it one more day, and one more attempt to reach the Grand Canyon. I spent the afternoon visiting three more National Monuments, two of which were ancient pueblo ruins. The third, Sunset Crater, was a volcano that erupted about a thousand years ago. Hiking to the crater was outlawed in the 1970s, so there wasn't much to look at, other than pictures and literature in the visitor center. A nice road through the landscape offered a distant view of the huge pile of volcanic ash, but that was as close as you could get.

Finally, on Wednesday, I made it all the way to the Canyon, nearly without incident. A few snowdrifts that had blown across a windy, open stretch of road from Flagstaff kept the ride entertaining, but the pavement in the National Park was nearly clear, thanks to the bright sunshine and hard work by the road crews.



Helmet visits the Grand Canyon

As the quintessential tourist destination, everyone has heard too much about the Grand Canyon. I will tell you a little more anyway. You've probably heard that it is a mile deep, and eighteen miles across, but exactly what that means is lost until one stands beside this ineffably immense beauty, watching snow drift to the edge and over it. The incredible hype and overexposure of the Grand Canyon is met and exceeded by the view. If you ever have the chance to ride there, go. The winter is even better, when the crowds are thinner and the Canyon is framed in white. It was well worth riding through three days of wind, cold, and snow.

I began to make my way south, hoping to score a cheap motel near Tucson and Saguaro National Park, but a gem and mineral show in town had tripled lodging prices in the area. I cursed the gem and mineralogists, just for fun. The extra hundred miles ride to cheap accommodations made for a gorgeous dawn from the seat of a motorcycle. Saguaro National Park features a smoothly paved one way loop road with blind curves that are marked for speeds as low as 5 mph. It would be a lot of fun to ride this with sparks flying from the undercarriage, but it may be even more worthwhile to slow down and appreciate the giant cacti just off the shoulder, which may be 200 years old. An hour spent in Saguaro will give you the very best of the desert's magnificence, combined with a nice ride. I took two laps, one for the scenery, and another for a little moto-fun.



Saguaro National Park – 5MPH

The next day would find me in White Sands National Monument, Alamogordo, New Mexico. After a few miles of gradually diminishing desert vegetation, there is a sign that reads "Pavement Ends", as does all other visible signs of life. I pull alongside a large earth mover that is clearing drifting sand from the path ahead. "Will this thing make it through there?"

The operator gave me and the bike a quick once over. "Yeah, you'll be alright." The surface was loosely packed, but manageable, and I soon found myself in the midst of pure white dunes that were high enough to make nothing else but the sky visible. This sea of sand could be a bit disorienting, and I was careful to keep the bike pointed in the same direction for the entire trip through Dunes Drive, to avoid getting lost. The tires sank in deep enough that the centerstand would only go halfway down, but that was enough to keep the bike upright for a photograph.

I had hoped to leave White Sands with a piece of trinitite, the molten quartz mixture left by the original atomic bomb test, but found that the test site is only open to the public two days a year, and that collecting trinitite is now illegal. I know a guy who once had some sort of nebulous "government job", and has a thirty pound chunk of it sitting around. On my next visit, I'll bring a small hammer....



White Sands National Monument

Carlsbad Caverns is a great place for the claustrophobic who might be curious about the inside of a cave, and was my destination for the afternoon. The main cavern has high ceilings, an easily hiked path a mile and a quarter long, and will give one a view of everything that you may have wanted to see or know about a cave, and is spacious enough to avoid feeling buried alive. There is the choice of an elevator, or a natural entrance, where there are seatings to watch the daily bat migrations in the morning and evening. To the astonishment of at least one teenage bimbo, there is no cell phone reception 750 feet below the earth's surface.

I am fortunate to have an open invitation to Voni and Paul Graves' new house in the Big Bend region of Texas, and took them up on it that evening. They have been two of the biggest supporters in my riding, serving as pit crew and logistical managers, and they always add something positive to the evil disposition I have been known to embrace when riding with some sort of competitive goal.



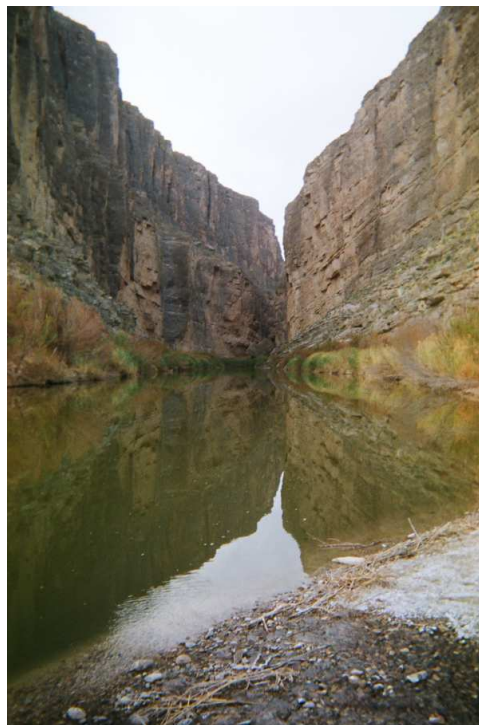
Old Maverick Road, Big Bend TX

Their house is the first place on the right, just outside the city limits of Alpine, Texas. In Texan, that means that they live 53 miles from town. During the day, Route 118 south from Alpine is a good place to take your bike for a top speed run, with five mile straightaways separated by short stints of sweepers through the hills. You may see one or two other

vehicles in the 53 miles to the Graves', if you are in the middle of rush hour. There is all the visibility someone prone to such things would hope for at WFO, not much vegetation on the sides of the road, and the only enforcement is a Border Patrol checkpoint on the northbound side. They don't seem much concerned with Americans sneaking into Mexico illegally. At night, however, slow down. There are large deer, and small wild boars called javelina. At 40-70 lbs., the javelina wouldn't be much of a problem if you hit them in something like Paul's Ford Exploder, but would be a disaster for a motorcyclist.

I arrive at Voni and Paul's at sunset, with their landmark rusty old windmill silhouetted against a fading sky of tangerine, magenta, and other color names that I don't have the patience to look up in the dictionary.

There is no cell phone service. Once in a while, Paul gets a truckload of drinking water from a well a few miles away. Rainwater is collected from the roof into a pair of large cisterns, and used for everything else. Located at the very edge of the electric company's power grid, the house is a spacious adobe structure, with high speed internet and a land-line phone. It is a quiet and desolately beautiful place, with surreally bright starlight as the night's only illumination.



Despite the distance to anything resembling civilization, the Graves get plenty of people passing through. They keep a Sharpie handy, so that everyone can sign the visitors' log, which doubles as a refrigerator. A visit with them makes one proud to scribble a John Hancock

and a few words on the front door or side. There is a van and trailer in the gravel circular drive, left by a few Adventure Riders who are riding their dualsports into Mexico's Copper Canyon. After a few hours out on the bike, it is not unusual to find a note left on the front door by BMWMOA members. "We're having dinner in Terlingua about 7 o'clock. Please join us."

It is Paul's birthday, and one of the group happens to have a guitar handy, so the entire restaurant is

subjected to a roughly strummed and badly sung version of "Happy Birthday", by fifteen veteran BMW riders whose accumulated mileage can be heard in their rendition. If any of the earplug companies wanted to run a Super Bowl ad, this would be it.

The next day, we ride into Big Bend National Park, about thirty miles south, and spend the day riding through Chisos Basin, to the edge of the Rio Grande, and along the winding River Road, a deceptively technical ride with sudden sharp curves and elevation changes. Motorcycle crashes here are not uncommon, and sometimes include experienced rider fatalities.

On the way out of the park, I decide to try Old Maverick Road, a 15 mile dirt and gravel stretch that turns out to be 95% washboard. Voni and Paul stay on the pavement and meet me at the other end. Fortunately, Paul is a great mechanic and has a substantial shop already set up here, so we return to the house to replace all of the broken bolts and electrical connections. The fuel cell is strapped back near its proper place; the aluminum mounts having given up somewhere on Old Maverick Road.

With these refreshments, the K75 was ready for the next day's ride to McComb, Mississippi, with a few stops to visit more National Monuments and Historic Sites along the way. I arrive at the home of Karen and Shane Smith about 130 AM. Per standard IBA protocol, which is to call anytime, I reach for my phone to give Shane a wake up call so he can let me in the house. My pocket is empty, and Shane stumbles sleepily out of the house to greet me. I suddenly realize that the phone is 350 miles west of McComb, probably being used to make drug deals by now.

"Mornin', John. Nice girl called from the gas station outside of Houston. They have your phone. She figured she'd try to call the last number dialed."

I ride to New Orleans in the morning, and find the Air Force, the jazz band of the armed forces branch, warming up for a concert at the New Orleans Jazz National Monument on Bourbon Street. It is very tempting to stay, but it will be 800 more miles by the time I retrieve my telephone and return to the Smiths' place. One of the band members warns, "Be careful. There's a line of tornadoes headed east from Houston." I set out gleefully, hoping for a bike/tornado photo op, but am met by nothing more than hundreds of miles of heavy rain. Tara, the savior of my phone, refuses any reward when I return to the scene of the previous night's blunder. People like this make some of the on-the-road horror stories one hears hard to believe, and I will never cease to be amazed how many truly good people are still out there. I arrive back at Karen and Shane's near midnight. This may sound like a lot of work, but a day on the bike is still better than a day of anything else.

After a few days, I begin to wind my way north and east, visiting Vicksburg, the Natchez Trace Parkway, a small canyon in Alabama, and Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

On the last night, I ride east through Pennsylvania, reflecting on the journey that is nearly, finally, finished. The temperature in the teens, but I am as comfortable as I will ever be with a fireplace, big leather recliner, and bearskin rug. As a bit of melancholy sets in, I begin to wonder about who ever came up with the saying, "There's no place like home." They clearly never spent enough time on the road.

A Crash Course for Motorcyclists

Don Eilenberger

UPDATE: The course is being given on May 17th at Crown Engineering. Thanks to the BMW-MOA Foundation who are helping to fund it. The course at this time is fully subscribed – with 35 people signed up from the three NJ clubs.

Top Ten Reasons Not To Wave.

Anon

Top Ten Reasons Why Harley Riders Don't Wave Back

10. Afraid it will invalidate warranty.
9. Leather and studs make it too heavy to raise arm.
8. Refuse to wave to anyone whose bike is already paid for.
7. Afraid to let go of handlebars because they might vibrate off.
6. Rushing wind would blow scabs off the new tattoos.
5. Angry because just took out second mortgage to pay luxury tax on new Harley.
4. Just discovered the fine print in owner's manual and realized H-D is partially owned by Honda.
3. Can't tell if other riders are waving or just reaching to cover their ears like everyone else.
2. Remembers the last time a Harley rider waved back, he impaled his hand on spiked helmet.
1. They're too tired from spending hours polishing all that chrome to lift their arms.

Top Ten Reasons Why Gold Wing Riders Don't Wave Back

10. Wasn't sure whether other rider was waving or making an obscene gesture.
9. Afraid might get frostbite if hand is removed from heated grip.
8. Has arthritis and the past 400 miles have made it difficult to raise arm.
7. Reflection from etched windshield momentarily blinded him.
6. The espresso machine just finished.
5. Was actually asleep when other rider waved.
4. Was in a three-way conference call with stockbroker and accessories dealer.

3. Was distracted by odd shaped blip on radar screen.
2. Was simultaneously adjusting the air suspension, seat height, programmable CD player, seat temperature, and satellite navigation system.
1. Couldn't find the "auto wave back" button on dashboard.

Top Ten Reasons Why Sportbikers Riders Don't Wave Back

10. They have not been riding long enough to know they're supposed to.
9. They're going too fast to have time enough to register the movement and respond.
8. You weren't wearing bright enough gear.
7. If they stick their arm out going that fast they'll rip it out of the socket.
6. They're too occupied with trying to get rid of their chicken strips.
5. They look way too cool with both hands on the bars or they don't want to unbalance themselves while standing on the tank.
4. Their skin tight-kevlar-ballistic-nylon-kangaroo-leather suits prevent any position other than fetal.
3. Raising an arm allows bugs into the armholes of their tank tops.
2. It's too hard to do one-handed stoppies.
1. They were too busy slipping their flip-flop back on.

Top Ten Reasons Why BMW Riders Don't Wave Back

10. New Aerostich suit too stiff to raise arm.
9. Removing a hand from the bars is considered "bad form."
8. Your bike isn't weird enough looking to justify acknowledgement.
7. Too sore from an 800-mile day on a stock "comfort" seat.
6. Too busy programming the GPS, listening to ipod, XM, and talking on the cell phone.
5. He's an Iron Butt rider and you're not!
4. Wires from Gerbings is too short.
3. You're not riding the "right kind" of BMW.
2. You haven't been properly introduced.
1. Afraid it will be misinterpreted as a nazi salute.

Upcoming Rides and Events

The following rides and events are sponsored by the AMA or other organizations and are not NJSBMWR's sponsored. Please feel free to personally arrange rides with your friends and attend.

- May 14th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- May 17th ~ 9 AM Accident Management Course, Crown Engineering, Farmingdale
- May 18th ~ 2 PM Jim Morris Concert @ The Jetty, Kent Narrows, MD
- May 24th – 25th ~ Ride to Wellsboro, PA
- May 23rd – 26th ~ Charter Oak Rally, Ct.
- May 28th ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at European Café, Rt. #73 North, Mount Laurel, NJ
- May 30th – June 1st ~ Square Route Rally, Western MD
- June 1st ~ The Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- June 2nd ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ Sky Manor Airport, 42 Sky Manor Road, Pittstown, NJ
- June 2nd ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ Sky Manor Airport, 42 Sky Manor Road, Pittstown, NJ
- June 2nd – 7th ~ Americade @ Lake George, NY
- June 18th ~ 6 PM Matheny School Children's Ride, Gladstone, NJ
- June 19th - 22nd ~ BMW RA National Rally, Houghton, MI
- July 17th - 20th ~ BMW MOA National Rally, Gillette, WY
- Sept. 19th – 21st ~ Last Chance Rally, Appel Farms, Elmer, NJ
- Sept. 26th – 28th ~ Black Diamond Rally Poconos
- Oct. 26th ~ Polar Bear Rides Start, Cape May, NJ

Matheny Ride – June 18th

April 18, 2008

Dear Friends and Fellow Riders;

I wanted to take a moment of your time to announce that Wednesday, June 18, has been set aside for a return of the cycles to the Matheny School.

So once again, we are soliciting all our Side Car and Trike friends to set aside this date in order to help us bring some joy and excitement to the students of the school.

Our plan is to meet at the Peapack-Gladstone Fire House at 6:00 pm. We will then move through town a short distance to the school for the fun activities. Afterwards a barbeque will take place a short distance away and you are cordially invited. Great fun, good food, and a wonderful time!

Your participation in the past has been crucial to the success of this event and we are hopeful that you will be able to work with us again this year. If you know of anyone else with a Side Car or Trike who would like to participate, please pass this info on.

If you have any questions please don't hesitate to call.

Sincerely;
 Kenny Maas
 Pattenburg, NJ 08802
 (908) 735 5829
 (201) 954 9552
kenneym2003@yahoo.com or Kenneth.maas@kraft.com

Firehouse located at the corner of Main St and Dewey Rd From 287 and 78 Area. Take 206 north, Make right on Pottersville Rd (512) to the center of Peapack. Down hill to a stop sign, Make a left on Main St, Firehouse on Right

Bucket List – Part 2

Glenn Martin

As I wrote last month, the first night's hotel was located on a Swiss mountainside. Every room enjoyed a view across a valley with the Alpine peaks with easy reach. Here's the morning view -



But the dramatic peaks of the morning brought something more dramatic.

We finished breakfast, loaded the bikes & were about to leave when I went into frantic mode. "Where's my F%\$#@ING KEY !!!". Losing a key is minor drama at home, because we all pack along a spare. But what happens when you're on a tour and 200 miles from the home base in Munich.

Here's what happens with Munchner-Freiheit tour: the leader gives you about 20 minutes to do a thorough tear-apart of your luggage, cloths, ditty bags and a complete hands & knees search of your hotel room, the lobby & the dining area.

When that proves fruitless, he tells you it is "possible" to get another key, but it is "**very** expensive" to do. Just when I'm about to ask "How expensive?", Janet does a re-check of her riding pants...and voila...my keys appear! She forgot to tell me she took them when I was unloading because she didn't want them to go missing. Drama over. Thank God I love her.

I mentioned before that the tour was described as a "Level 4". This meant everyone was expected to ride an up-tempo pace. And everyone did. The mix of bikes included - K1200RS's, K1200GT's, F800ST's, a K1200LT, an R12S, an R12GS-ADV, and my standard R12GS.



Everyone hauled their own gear in the stock saddlebags & top boxes. There was no sag wagon. This is probably the biggest difference between an M-F tour and the better known tours from Edelweiss and Beaches. It's like touring at home in the US, except you leave any extra gear back at your Munich hotel. Also there were no passengers.

The agenda was to ride passes, criss-crossing the Alps between Switzerland, France and Italy often. We'd stop at the top for a few snapshots or a coffee if there was a café, and then it was off again. Nearly every stop was in a picture postcard setting.

Many of the passes were used in the bicycle races, Tour de France and Giro d'Italia. You know when these were coming because there was graffiti on the pavement cheering-on the favorite local racers. We were glad we all had enough HP to make these climbs effortlessly.



The folks riding on the tour were all different but the same, we all loved riding. None of us was here particularly to see ancient castle, cathedrals or crown jewels. The tourist stops were few, but we did manage a few nice wanders in some historic places.



I'd say touring this way was like an eight-day gypsy rally, every night (nearly) in a great new place, and getting together with the same rally-goers over dinner & drinks to discuss the roads and the ride. This was easy for us since there was only one non-English speak. That was Franz, the German truck driver who rode the wheels off the KLT with Oom-Paah music blaring from the stereo.



We followed Manfred; there were no route sheets or GPS tracks. It was like following your best riding buddy, who just happened to know all the great roads, mountain passes and café's. We'd ride for two hours after breakfast, stop for a cappuccino break, then ride

until lunch. Since the weather was excellent, we'd eat in an outdoor café, sometimes family style; sometime we'd just pick whatever we wished off the menu. There were no cafeteria type chow lines. It was good to see everyone waited until dinner to drink beer or wine.



So does how does this compare to riding in the States? Riding these roads, you got the feeling just how long ago they were carved into the Alps. There were literally paved goat and wagon paths. Can you say "switch back"?



We've ridden in the Rockies, and they're definitely bigger, but our Western roads are also much wider. Two-way traffic in these passes was definitely foremost in our minds. And except for a few large busses, the car drivers had good lane discipline.

Next installment.. Arriving in Monte Carlo.

Continued next month...

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Art Goldberg

82 Kings Way

Freehold, NJ 07728

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Club Meeting – May 14th – 7PM

Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Rt 71, Avon

DeSimone Open House – May 16th–17th



Come experience the all new Monster 696 - see your dealer for details:

DeSimone MotorSport and Ducati proudly present the New Monster 696.

Stop by May 16th and 17th for our Premier Weekend



DeSimone MotorSport

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