

June 2008 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Jerry Rouvrais, President 732-870-8440
Joe Karol, Vice Prez
Art Goldberg, Treasurer 732-780-9772
Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Cub Reporter
Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor
John Welch, Trustee and Membership Chair
Skip Palmer, Trustee and Ride Co-Chair
Roger Trendowski, Trustee
Dan Thompson, Trustee
Tom Spader, Trustee
Glenn Martin, Strange But True Reporter
John Malaska, Publisher, Ride Co-Chair



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

"As democracy is perfected, the office of president represents, more and more closely, the inner soul of the people. On some great and glorious day the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last and the White House will be adorned by a downright moron."

[H. L. Mencken \(1880-1956\)](#)

The Terminator: I need your clothes, boots and your motorcycle.

Cigar Biker: You forgot to say please.

[Terminator 2: Judgment Day](#)

There is an evil tendency underlying all our technology - the tendency to do what is reasonable even when it isn't any good.

[Robert Pirsig, Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance](#)

President's Message

I must have worried Skip Palmer with last month's column, as he did his best to get me out of my lingering (everlasting) early spring funk by putting forth a yeoman's effort to bring me a bit of summer.

Skip, Grant and I headed south. I thought we were headed for Delaware and a Jim Morris concert. I was about three-quarters right. We were headed for a Jim Morris concert, and we did stop in Delaware (to put on rain gear). But our destination was Kent Narrows, Maryland (think: damn near Virginia Beach).

Unlike the Parrot Head extravaganzas I was accustomed to, I didn't know the words to any of the songs, but that didn't matter. With songs like "Mike the Muff Diver how could you go wrong? The Coronas were flowing, Hawaiian shirts covered beer guts, shorts were short and bikini tops were small but in abundance.

Not much wrong there.

Missing from a *legendary* trip to Key West, someone and a transvestite hooker were **not** anywhere to be seen.

Not much wrong there either.

Now Jim Morris isn't Jimmy Buffet, and the Jetty in Kent Narrows isn't Duvall Street in Key West, but our nine hour tour did turn out better for the three of us than the seven passengers aboard the S.S. Minnow even though much of our ride looked like the opening credits of Gilligan's Island..

Thanks Skip.

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

Square Route Rally, May 30th – June 1st - Thurmont MD

Don Eilenberger

There are some things that are simply a tradition..

One of these things is torrential rain at Square Route Rallies. This year was not an exception. Biblical was one

word used to describe the weather conditions on Saturday.

Luckily – the heavy rain, tornado watches, high winds of Saturday were bracketed with two wonderful riding days on Friday and Sunday.

Friday morning found me awake early – like a kid on Christmas morning – in anticipation of my first “long ride” and rally for the year. It wasn’t actually that long a ride, I’d done one almost twice the length the week before with Capt Dennis, without ever leaving NJ, but it was an all day ride, the majority of the time spent on wonderful roads in Western Maryland.

I think I’ve described the scenic route across the top of Maryland more than once. I’d recommend if you want to see it while it’s still a wonderful motorcycle route, take a ride across to Thurmont this summer. Every year finds further encroachment of “civilization” on the wonderful roads of Maryland. Apparently the area is now becoming a commuter haven for Baltimore and Washington DC.

I met up with Al Peirson at the rest area below Exit 4 on the NJ Turnpike at about 10AM. We proceeded south on the TP to meet up with Herb Konrad (President of New Sweden) just below the Delaware Memorial Bridge. Shortly after meeting up with Herb – we departed the slab and headed for “Rising Sun, MD”.

One observation on using a GPS to navigate by punching in towns as waypoints along the way: The people making the maps have some peculiar ideas of where a town center is. Rising Sun’s town center is apparently in the middle of a small development well off of Rt 273. Luckily – I didn’t fall for it **this** year, and when Bitching Betty told me to turn left into the development, I continued on straight. **“Recalculating” (you stupid person you!) Continue on May-re-iland Rt 273.** For some reason Garmin didn’t teach Betty how to pronounce “Maryland.” What it said instead is almost impossible to put in letters; it actually took me a while to figure out that it meant “Maryland.”

Oh – the reason I now know it can’t pronounce Maryland is Bluetooth. Recently I got a wonderful deal on a BMW Navigator-III on eBay. While I wanted the III for the 4 buttons to the left of the GPS – it came with the bonus of Bluetooth built in. Using the audio on a GPS had been a rather complex tangle of wires and a small mixer, with more wires connecting me, and my head to the bike. Bluetooth eliminated ALL that. I bought a small Jabra Bluetooth goober (tech-term) meant for phone use. It looks like a dog-tag, and is about the same size (a bit thicker perhaps.) It is the Bluetooth receiver/transmitter (it has a microphone built into it to use with a phone.) I wanted it simply as a receiver. It fits very nicely in my top Roadcrafter pocket and connects to my ear-plug headphones. I’m no longer tethered to the bike by the audio – which is a very nice thing.

We proceeded west on the back roads of Maryland, stopping for lunch in the usual spot (anyone who has taken the ride with me knows the spot) and arrived dry and a bit tired at Square Route around 3PM. Time to take a nap before dinner.

Found in attendance, in no particular order: Kenny the Kop was there with friend of the club Harry Costello. Al Peirson obviously, George Hickman 4 wheeled it and was vending. Wayne Reise and Herb Konrad (obviously). from New Sweden were there, and lots of old friends from BMWBMW and some other local clubs. Bill Dudley and son Willie Dudley were also there.



George Hickman vending Friday afternoon

Dinner Friday was some rather spicy chilly (refills free!) included in the rally fee, with other items available to buy. The beer was still \$1/mug, and we had a choice of Coors or Killian Red. I saw no one drinking the Coors which is a sign of good taste.



Kenny preparing for dinner



Herb and Al downing some chili

Saturday morning dawned overcast but dry. The showers were hot, and breakfast was greasy and filling. A few brave souls went out for some of the planned rides – but Al and I looked at Herb’s GPS which showed weather – with a large front almost upon us complete with colorful orange and red, plus warnings. I decided that a nap was in order – and retired to my bunk where I read a book for a bit and snoozed for a bit. Around lunchtime I woke up to the sound of a flood falling from the sky. As usual at Square Route – most of the campground quickly turned to a squishy muddy consistency – and little rivers were flowing among the parked bikes. I went and had lunch. I then went and took another nap.

Herb eventually came back from his ride, and Willie Dudley returned from a GS ride. Herb was very wet, Willie was very muddy, and apparently he tried rearranging the local flora and fauna with his face.

I returned to my nap.

Around 3PM, feeling quite refreshed – I headed over to hear some of the presentations given by BMWBMW. Fred Rau of Motorcycle Consumer News was one of the speakers in question-answer sort of forum about MCN, bikes he tested, gear he wore and rumors he has heard.



Fred Rau – pitching his motorcycle tour business



Some people come prepared – Wayne and Al



Two of America’s leading moto-journalists. The author and Bill Shaw (MCN and others) stay out of the rain.

Dinner came shortly, made very tasty thanks to Herb who provided various red wines to accompany the dinner. That in turn led to me heading to bed at the unknown hour of about 10:30PM – and arising at the very crack of dawn (7AM) on Sunday. Al had left the night before to head back to New Jersey, so it was just Herb and I on the ride home, which was quite enjoyable.



Sunday AM – and the usual frenzy of people packing and leaving.

It was a GOOD time, and tradition was upheld. Biblical rains and multiple naps. I really doesn't get a lot better than this – if you weren't there – you missed a GOOD time.

Mathney 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
Pattensburg, NJ 08802
(908) 735 5829
(201) 954 9552

kennym2003@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

NOTE – our club has been supporting this event for the past several years. PLEASE try to make it. It is a worthwhile event put on by a sister club who supports our activities!

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.

- June 11th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- June 18th ~ 6 PM Matheny School Children's Ride, Gladstone, NJ
- June 19th - 22nd ~ BMW RA National Rally, Houghton, MI
- June 25th ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at European Café, Rt. #73 North, Mount Laurel, NJ
- June 26th – 29th ~ Thunder in the Valley, Johnstown, PA
- July 6th ~ The Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- July 7th ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ Sky Manor Airport, 42 Sky Manor Road, Pittstown, NJ
- July 9th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- July 11th – 13th ~ The Black Hills Stampede, South Dakota
- July 17th - 20th ~ BMW MOA National Rally, Gillette, WY
- July 25th- 27th ~ Top of the Rockies Rally, Gunnison, CO
- Aug. 9th ~ John Ryan's House Party Long Valley, NJ
- Aug. 23rd ~ Shore Riders Club Picnic, Alliare State Park, NJ
- 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

Paris Motorcycle Notes

Peter Krynicki

I never know where to start so I'll start in the center. The exact center of Paris is a round metal plate set into the stonework of the plaza in front of Notre Dame Cathedral. Notre Dame is on the Ile de la Cite, an Island in the Seine River, with the left bank below it and the right bank above it. The left bank is traditionally associated with Bohemian Paris while the right bank has always been considered more up-scale. Picasso lived on the left bank when he was a young struggling artist then moved to the right bank once he had become famous. The sixteen districts (Arrondissements) which make up Paris spiral outward clock-wise from the Ile de la Cite so that Arrondissements one through eight abut on the river (two and three just miss by a little bit) and nine through sixteen form another layer around them. If you stay on the left bank in Arrondissement six, there is a nice walk which ends at BMW Motorrad Etoile, the BMW dealer in Paris, with a slight detour through the Ducati dealer.



Ducati Dealer

From the sixth Arrondissement you cross the river at the Pont des Arts, a pedestrian bridge which is the next bridge up river from the Pont Neuf, the bridge that connects the left bank with the Ile de la Cite. You cross into the first Arrondissement and walk to the left on the Quai des Tuileries. This takes you past the Louvre and immediately next to it the Tuileries Garden. At the Place de la Concorde where you will see the gold-tipped Obelisk you cross into the eighth Arr. and pick up the beginning of the Avenue des Champs Elysees. This is the nicest part of the Avenue since it is tree-lined on each side and there is not a lot of traffic. And you pass the Petit Palais, the Grande Palais and the Exhibition Center.

The Avenue soon becomes a major shopping venue, much like Fifth Avenue in New York City, but as you walk along you can always see the Arc de Triomphe ahead. It is located at the Place Charles de Gaulle and honors the dead from the Great War. Just on the other side the Avenue des Champs Elysees becomes the Avenue de la Grande Armee, and two or three blocks

away there is a concentration of motorcycle dealers. On a corner, at Number 22, is the Ducati dealer, but you don't have to read the numbers as there are any number of used and customer's bikes parked outside on the sidewalk. Inside, on the first floor, are examples of most of the current Ducatis, as well as several used, clean bikes. Downstairs is the boutique where you will find clothing, helmets, small accessories and a counter filled with things like pins and key fobs.



BMW Dealer

Across the street and two blocks farther is BMW Motorrad Etoile at 49 Avenue de la Grande Armee. This, too, is a two-level store with an array of motorcycles outside, most of the newer bikes on the first floor and the accessories downstairs. But there is also a small display on the first floor with two bikes which were used for racing, and between floors, behind glass, is an old, well-preserved single-cylinder BMW. An R27, perhaps? And, it seems as at every BMW dealership, there is a video playing showing a BMW from the front, cranked over and moving fast.

It's nice to see these dealerships in another country to remind yourself of the universality of both brands. It's interesting if you can talk to a rider who lives in another country just to compare notes on a particular bike. When I was there in April, as I was leaving the BMW store it was raining hard and the rain was mixed in with small hail. There was a rider dressed in his gear and helmet waiting in the doorway, and all I could manage to say was "Bon chance" "Good Luck," and he nodded. We understood each other.

It is tempting to buy something but the exchange rate is so poor if you have exchanged dollars for euros that it would be better to wait until you get home.

GPS – Something interesting will happen

Roger Trendowski

Over Memorial Day weekend and the week that followed I traveled to Syracuse, Pittsfield MA, Middletown NJ,

Pittsfield, then home again. I logged about 1050 miles in 7 days on my 2004GS Adventure.

I didn't realize that my Garmin 2720 GPS was set to "shortest route" rather than "fastest." What I found cool was the route that it plotted to take me around Pittsfield and from Pittsfield to home.

In the Northeast, especially in the Berkshire Mountains area, there are many secondary and lesser roads that wind through the mountains.... most of them you would miss by sticking to major roads. So for example, by following my GPS route from Pittsfield to home, it didn't route me West over the MA turnpike and then South over the NYS Thruway.... instead, the shortest route was Southwest over paved, gravel and mixed winding roads. In one stretch about 5 miles long, the paved 1 1/2 lane road turned to gravel barely wide enough for a car (or LandRover). I passed a water reservoir atop a mountain and a one-room shack (currently occupied with a new truck parked outside). I traveled on a dozen or more different roads to reach I87 near the RipVanWinkle bridge that crosses the Hudson river.

It was far more interesting than riding the slab the entire way home. So, set your GPS to "shortest route" and head for the mountains.

Bucket List – Part 3

Glenn Martin

Bucket List Part Three

We arrive in Monte Carlo, site of the original Casino Royale and the former home Princess Grace Kelly of Monaco.

We dodged kamikaze grannies on Vespa's as we rode along the Mediterranean shoreline and found the entrance to our seaside hotel. It was perched on a steep hill side with a stunning view of the azure sea. The parking lot was accessed by a long helix. That made for concentrated entrances and exits.

Once unpacked our leader Manfred led a city tour, by bike of course. We followed the Formula One course which is laid out on the city streets, complete with apex markers on the asphalt. We stopped at the harbor for a taste of the "life styles of the rich".

Since this was a two day stop, we spit up & did more individual sight-seeing. Janet & I toured the Monaco castle, cathedral and residence. We even managed a swim in the Med.



Janet at the Med



Janet conquers the helix



The pool view

Two days was plenty for a lay-over, it was time again to ride. We went north to Lago Maggiori in the Italian Lake District. Here's the view from our hotel room.



Monte Carlo harbor



Heading back to the Alps we ran into a moto-shepard herding sheep on his dirt bike.



Manfred, me & Hans at harbor side

Then we rode more...

Saw some castles...



And ate more...



Smelled a few roses...



Drank more...



And it ended back in Munich, just in time to watch them set up for Oktober Fest. But that will be another trip report.

Do I recommend Munchner Freiheit? Yes, I don't regret not going with one of the mainstream groups like Beech's or Edelweiss. In the meantime, our leader, Manfred Frubeiss, started his own tour group, M-F Tours (I know, not the best initials) But have a look at his website, <http://www.mf-tours.de/>.

With the low value of the US dollar vs the Euro, now may not be the best time for a European trip but it should definitely be on your "bucket list"

Crash Course for the Motorcyclist

Don Eilenberger

I won't be saying much about the course – except it was really worthwhile. Capt. Dennis has written up a review of the course which will be appearing in the BMW MOA Owners News shortly.

We had 35 people show up – who had a good time and a few laughs learning how to help each other, and the course was interesting and well presented.

I'd like to thank the MOA Foundation for their generous support of the program!

New Sweden Last-Chance Rally

The club voted to help encourage pre-registration for the Last Chance rally by subsidizing the registration for anyone who pre-registered from our club. More info and a registration form will be in next month's newsletter!

Greenwich Revisited, May 23rd

RD Swanson

Captain Don played hookey from work so that he could take a ride on this day of a sterling weather forecast. He called and asked if I wanted to go out and play and I said that perhaps I might. "Where do you want to go?" I asked. He said he didn't know but his magic GPS would take us somewhere. So off we went out I195 and "Our Wawa." Then it was west and south and east and north and every two-bit road in South Jersey and finally we rolled into Greenwich as I was about ready to explode. This ride was totally lacking in character. Just one little crap town after another and not a riding challenge to be found. I would have just as soon stuck needles in my eyes. But he did try, I have to admit, he did try. It was just that the magic was not in his GPS this day.



Tom and Mabel's and the town dog – Greenwich NJ

Don's intention was to have a nice lunch at the "Bait Box" at the marina just outside Greenwich. It was, however, closed. It's only open on Friday night, Saturday and Sunday. A friendly local who took pity on our forlorn looks recommended "Tom and Mabel's" back in Greenwich. I had noticed this quaint little place in the quaint little village as we came in and thought it might be a good idea to pay Old Mabe a visit. There they were in this little dump and they were about as friendly as smallpox. The food ranking was just above McDonald's. Then Don suggested we visit a museum down the road. What did I have to lose?

The Hancock House in Greenwich is administered by the NJ Dept. of Environmental Protection and the tours are conducted by volunteers from the Salem County

Historical Society. We had to contribute two bucks to take the tour, but it was worth it. The gentleman who took us through the house was well-informed and interesting. The house was built in 1734 by William and Sarah Hancock and remained in the family until 1931 when the state purchased it for \$4000. It was opened as a museum in 1932. The house has a long history, but the most notable event took place in March 1778 when local Tories acting as guides led 300 British soldiers to the house where the patriots were lodged. Everyone inside was bayoneted, not a shot was fired. Among the 10 killed and 5 wounded was Judge William Hancock who died 5 days later. The house is interesting because of the history but also for the artifacts, furniture, paintings and etc. that are on display. It is a recommended stop and worth the ride to Greenwich.

Then it was out of there and back to the Shore. We took a faster route home. All in all in was a good day and a good ride, even considering the faulty GPS.

Seen on the Web

Glenn Martin

<http://www.pbs.org/redgreen/>

Why Mature Men Don't Ask for Directions When We're Lost

Okay it all comes down to pride.

We're out there driving around in our own vehicle, burning gas, wearing sunglasses, looking good. People who see us driving by would never guess that we have no idea where we are. And we don't want to tell them.

Men don't enjoy the concept of going up to total strangers and saying "You may not know this but I'm a moron."

In contrast the woman we're traveling with is often very anxious to share this knowledge with the world. It somehow eases her burden. To women, getting lost on a trip is a blameless act of nature - to men it's a personal failure. He knew where he was when he left home - he doesn't know where he is now.

Somewhere along the line he crossed the line from the world he knows into the world he doesn't know. To a man this is how he felt when he got married or had kids. If he admits he's lost in the car, he'll have to admit that he's lost everywhere and that's way too much to ask. So just bite your tongue and circle the block a few more times.

Men aren't lost, they just go the long way.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders
c/o Art Goldberg
82 Kings Way
Freehold, NJ 07728
(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Club Meeting – June 11th – 7PM
Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Rt 71, Avon

.....new for 2008, the BMW K1200R Graphite Over Black



BMW-K.COM

 **DeSimone MotorSport**

 **DUCATI** 

1200 Route 73 South • Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054 • 856.840.1580 • fax: 856.840.1581 • www.desimonemotorsport.com