

October 2009

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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Club Membership Application at: <http://www.njsbmwr.org/>



October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks. Others are July, January, April, September, November, May, March, June, December, August and February. Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

We have to fight them daily, like fleas, those many small worries about the morrow, for they sap our energies. Etty Hillesum, O Magazine, October 2002

We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure. October 13, 1750, Samuel Johnson

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Bad News, Good News:

Bad News: For the past two months I have been visiting friends and family in the hospital and health care facilities, all at or near my age.

The good news is I've been riding my bikes to visit.

The bad news is that my R1200RT quit on the way home.

The good news is that I have 800 miles and or two months left on the warranty. BMW roadside

assistance and Cross Country BMW repairs were paid for. Now I have a fuel pump that has a two year warranty.

I'll have to look into a long term warranty.

The most recent good news is that I was able to follow Don to West NJ to wander around an interesting flea market and have a good lunch. The ride home was on nice back roads.

The moral of the story is riding makes everything better. Get out there and ride.

Joe Karol, President

LAST CHANCE RALLY, SEPT 25TH-27TH

John Dunn

On Friday morning September 25th, I met Don Eilenberger at our Wawa and we departed for our destination, The 27th Annual Last Chance Rally at APPEL FARM ARTS and MUSIC center in Elmer, NJ.

We traveled scenic back roads through Monmouth, Ocean, Atlantic and Salem Counties (Route 537 to Route 539 to Route 563) on a beautiful fall day. We stopped for a tasty lunch at a local luncheonette near Lower Bank. We continued our scenic journey, (passing through Fetid Swamp) arriving at Appel Farms, where Nancy and Grant greeted us, in plenty of time for Don to have a nap before dinner.



Don arriving at OUR WAWA

For dinner Friday Pete Stone (New Sweden BMW Rider Club) prepared his special chili which had a bite to it.

to Fort Mott State Park on the Delaware. Don enjoyed smoking a cigar while I strolled around the park. We then headed to Port Hancock and the Bait Box for lunch



Appel Farm's Famous Penis Pond

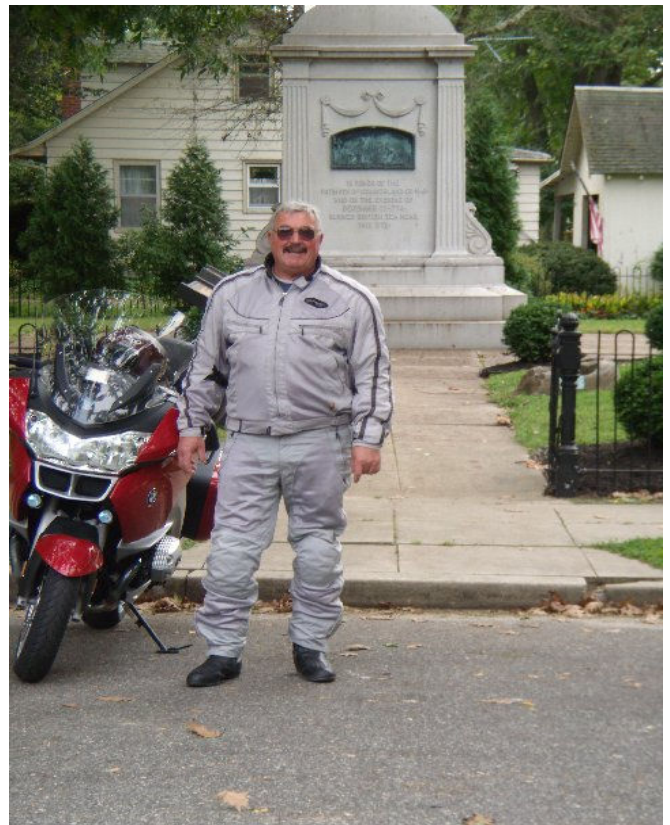


Willie Dudley explaining his GS side-hack rig to club members Harry Costello, Don and Bill Mara.

After dinner, Grant started a roaring fire, which burned late into the night. Everyone chatted under the stars while consuming cold beer. The young gentleman from Appel Farms who was **supposed** to keep an eye on things, sat around the fire with us and played his guitar and sang some songs. He also enjoyed the beer.

Saturday we awoke to a continental breakfast and beautiful weather. Some riders went to the town of Shirley to visit a garage to see a collection of vintage and unique motorcycles.

Since Don and I could not find the garage, we went



Monument to the Greenwich Tea Burning

Upon pulling into the Bait Box parking lot, we noticed The A.J. Meerwald, a fully restored 1928 Delaware Bay Oyster schooner, at the dock. This schooner takes passengers from Greenwich to Bivalve.



Bait-Box parking lot

After lunch, we headed to the Town of Greenwich where we looked at some of the old houses and buildings built in the 1700 and 1800's. We visited the site where they had a tea party in the 1700's. While in Greenwich, a nice quiet town, a pick up truck pulled up to us and the driver introduced himself as the mayor, town council and person in charge of everything. A quaint town tucked away from all the hustle and bustle we are used to.



The deserted Customs House at Greenwich

We headed back to Elmer via back roads. I saw an unusual sight - a ground hog coming out of the corn field with a full ear of corn, holding it in his hands, eating it just like we would. Upon arrival back at Appel Farms, we took a nap before dinner. New Sweden has picked up on the NJ Shore traditional Saturday afternoon nap (well -you could participate in

field games – but games/nap? No contest.)

Again Pete Stone and Herb Konrad, Harold Gantz and other New Sweden members prepared a delicious dinner of ham, mac and cheese, and string beans.

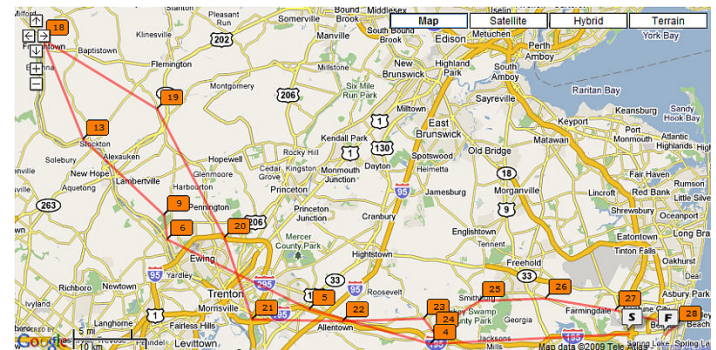
After dinner everybody sat around and chatted in the dining hall since due to rain we had no fire going. The beer again flowed freely.

Thanks to Nancy, Pete and all the New Sweden members, a good time was had by all. The rain Saturday night and Sunday was the only down side of the trip. After breakfast on Sunday, Don and I headed home in the rain. Don proceeded home while I made a side trip to Tuckerton to visit a friend and get a break from the rain.

All in all it was a great weekend. Too bad so many people missed it. Club members in attendance were: John Dunn, Don E, Harry Costello, Harold Gantz, Al Pierson, Grant Duncan, Nancy Glynnmeyer, Bill Mara and probably some others I've forgotten.

STATIONARY ENGINE SHOW – WASHINGTON'S CROSSING STATE PARK, SEPT 13TH

Don Eilenberger



Route – recorded with Spot

What had been a show of stationary farm engines has now evolved into a show of all sorts of farm equipment that has an engine. Everything from hit-and-miss engines, to John Deere tractors, to a cedar shake mill run by a tractor with a power takeoff.

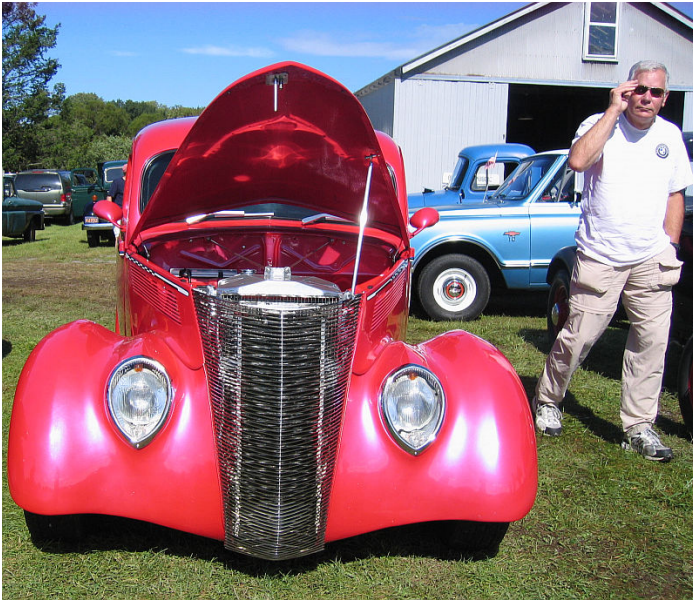
It's always a fun show – the participants are real enthusiasts and will spend as much time as you'd like explaining how some of the more archaic engine run.

We started out from OUR WAWA at my usual starting

time of 10AM – Joe Karol, myself, Kenny the Kop and a friend of Kenny's and his SO. Taking our usual I-195 route to Rt 29 got us to Washington's Crossing in short time, and we found the field it was being held in was basically mud with a few spots of grass.

As we pulled in, I stopped to see if there was any solid spots to park the bikes – which must have been too much of a delay for Kenny's friend, who shot past us and into the mud, with Kenny bravely following along.

That left Joe and I – which was fine – it was the last I saw of Kenny and friend (and friend's SO.) Can't say I missed Kenny's friend a lot.



Joe and a highly modified farm car..



The cedar shake mill – OSHA wouldn't approve

Eventually some of the New Sweden members showed up after their usual breakfast at Lulu's in No-

Hope PA. Alvin Peirson didn't hang around long, just long enough to get his bike muddy. Harold Gantz resigned himself to getting THE K75S a bit dirty (I think he actually was looking forward to an excuse to disassemble it for cleaning), and parked on some lawn that wasn't too soft. Joe Federici (new club member and New Sweden member) accompanied Harold.

We wandered around, kicked tractor tires, watched hit and miss engines going CHUMPFF... long pause.. CHUMPFF.. and had a dandy time. It was sunny and about 70F out – even if it was a bit muddy it was better than vegging at home.



Hit and Miss engine powered washing machine – yeah, it's running..

Joe and I eventually ended up riding up to Frenchtown to the Cornerstone Cafe – where we had a delightful waitress and a good lunch. We took back roads home and had a great ride on a great day.

A good time was had by all except maybe Kenny's impatient friend. You should'a been there.

HUNTER: THERE AND BACK, FRIDAY OCT 2ND.

Alex Edly

It doesn't say much that I'm a better rider than a writer but I thought I'd help Don out.

It was a Friday jaunt up to Hunter Mountain for me. There isn't much, color in the Catskills yet. There are many incredible roads up there.

Left Washington, NJ around 7am and soon was shaking hands with Michael Friedle, the BMWMOA Ambassador organizing the event. I was hoping to get my jaws around a bratwurst but most of the vendors weren't ready for customers yet. I waited about an hour for a cup of coffee made by Mole, Mole, a Mexican Food Truck, in a very, very slow drip coffee pot.

Eventually, I gave up and hit the convenience store at the bottom of the hill. Bagel and coffee into the tank bag and weaved my way down to Route 52 off 209. My bagel and now-cold-coffee might as well been Caribbean lobster as I soaked in the incredible views from a roadside vantage.



Route 55

Three points to visit again and again include:

1. Crazy climbing corners with awesome views on Route 44/55 just east of Lake Minnewaska.
2. Reservoir Rd as it crosses Ashokan Reservoir.
3. Route 52 off 209 near Bear Hill NY.

While riding some of the less traveled roads, I passed a stopped cop car. He was waiting for the coroner with a occupied yellow body-bag somewhere on Cox Road in Mamakating, NY.. I'm disappointed I didn't get to camp and feel the Bonfire.

I was back in Washington before 5pm.

FINGER LAKES RALLY – LABOR DAY WEEKEND

Roger Trendowski

This was the 35th year that my friends and fellow members from Finger Lakes BMW Riders put on a rally, in most recent years, at Watkins Glenn Hidden Valley campground.

Counting club members, there were a few more than 1000 attendees taking advantage of two great dinners, two nights of entertainment, many vendors, very reasonable prices on breakfasts and lunches, camping etc.



R1100GS from what was the Slovenia (old Czech Republic); Igor has been traveling for over 2 years... when he joined us at the Finger Lakes rally, he was on his way to Argentina.



Combination restaurant and motorcycle repair shop on Rt 17 near Owego NY..

The flea market which I again ran this year sold over \$9600 of stuff for everyone who brought motorcycle items to the rally.

Bob, owner of Bob's BMW, organized his Ride for Kids to raise monies for charity. One great extra this year was laps around Watkins Glenn race track sponsored by Country Road BMW in Rochester. Several NJ BMW club members attended the rally, however by now a month later, I have forgotten who.

Going to the rally, I slabbed it up Rt 33 from I78 to I80, then I380 to Scranton then I81 toward Binghamton.... However in Lenox, my favorite restaurant stop (Binghams Restaurant) I decided to set my GPS to shortest distance follow it. All I can say is the old 2730 garmin knows all the back roads between Lenox PA and Watkins Glen. For about 50 miles I was on very secondary paved roads, and at times on one line dirt (summer only-winter snowmobile) roads. As advertised, it was an excellent 4 day Labor Day weekend.



Which way is the front? At the rally, this guy from near Philadelphia bought a fairing for \$20 before figuring out how to take it home. He finally hung a sign on the fairing saying "Ride needed" and someone with a truck volunteered.

ARTIE AND DENNY RIDE THE TRAILS, OCT. 4, 2009

Oscar Gomez

The dear reader will probably wonder where I have been since June as you no doubt have missed my brilliant reporting. Well I'm back after spending most of the summer at my hovel with my family south of the border.

It was a wonderful time to reunite with my wife and children and to bring them gifts from 'Gringolandia.' They were most appreciative to receive the cast-off trinkets produced by the capital of consumerism. It was a little dicey swimming back over the Rio Grande, but worth it to get back to all my buddies in Shore Riders.

So to the article. Ran in to Arthur the Goldberg and he recounted the adventures of riding the Manasquan Bicycle Trail with Denny. He told me how, as a child, he had ridden on the same trail when it was still a railroad line and before the USofA decided to make the automobile the king over all forms of transportation. He would go with his mother to visit relatives in Trenton. It was an adventure and he thrilled to the hiss and puff of the steam engine, and pulsed with excitement when the engineer blew the whistle. Well, wouldn't you?

Now it's a bicycle trail and a very nice one. It takes about an hour to an hour and a half to ride it end to end. It goes through woods you wouldn't think exist in this crowded suburbia. It crosses some roads but is mostly uninterrupted riding. Some of it goes through fields and some through backyards. It crosses the GSP over two bridges and stops at Allaire State Park at one end and the Wall Township Library at the other. It begins on Main Street in Manasquan.

The original rail line that ran to Trenton holds out the possibility of taking a bicycle ride to the state capital. But don't hold your breath. Inefficient and inept state government will probably never provide the funding.

How does riding a bicycle compare with riding a motorcycle? It doesn't. It's entirely different aside from the obvious. It takes physical exertion and builds character and stamina. It puts one in close contact with elderly matrons and children who also ride bikes. And you learn to watch out for the kids. You just can't predict what the gremlins will do. They are sort of like women in SUV's talking on cell phones. Then there are the 'heros' out to prove how fast they can ride and everyone better watch out! There are the dogs on long leashes just waiting to tangle with your spokes.

Then there is the issue of the prostate crunching seats. It's not for those whose glands are the size of small watermelons. And then there are the 'suicide shoes' that clip to your pedals. One false move with them and you are down on your dupa.

It can, nevertheless, be rewarding in a masochistic sort of way. Bursting calves and bulging thighs and a sore ass sort of tell the story. It is part of being a well-rounded individual who is familiar with all sorts of two-wheelers. And sometimes going downhill you can even go 'faster than Don.'

MIKE AND DON'S BIG TRIP.. PART 3

Don Eilenberger

You'll be spared a long episode this month, since people have come to the realization that if they don't write stuff for the newsletter, **I will**. Thanks folks! Last seen, our intrepid explorers were leaving Cumberland Gap, TN and heading for the RA Rally in Canaan Valley (Ca-naain' Valley) WV. Heading out of Cumberland Gap, somehow they managed to wander up the eastern edge of Kentucky on a great road (209), finally crossing into WV and heading toward the WV capitol – Charleston. Charleston WV isn't quite like Charleston SC. It is a town where once the state workers go home, the sidewalks are carefully folded up and put away for the night. Not a lot happens in Charleston which explains why the BMW-MOA rally there a number of years ago is so fondly remembered by the few residents who live there. Hard to believe, but BMWs ridden by old fat men brought excitement to Charleston.

Mike and I weren't too exciting, but we did have a pleasant stay at the Holiday Inn on the banks of the river flowing through Charleston (this river has some claim to fame as one that actually caught fire due to some chemicals a nearby plant dumped in the river.. but I digress..) The bar at the Holiday Inn was pretty much a hoot. It was inhabited by traveling salesmen, local merchants and some stewardesses (I didn't even know there was an airport!) who were quite familiar to the staff of the bar. Drinks got drunk and so did the patrons – with the evening becoming more interesting and ribald as the libations flowed. Since Mike and I were budgeting our \$\$ - we stayed relatively sober and observed. It was fun.

The next day we made a mad dash (still on minor roads and secondary highways) toward Canaan Valley, only stopping once to visit the Trans-Allegheny Lunatic Asylum in Weston WV.

I first spotted this huge building (very out of place in the tiny town of Weston) a few years ago – and was curious about it. The first construction on it was done

before the civil war – and it was one of the nations first wacky asylums. It was in use for over 100 years, finally being closed in the late 1970's.

It's now privately owned – and the owner (who is an asbestos abatement contractor) is trying to preserve the building. He has some ingenious schemes to raise money – including ghost tours of the buildings, overnight campouts in the building, and various events held on the large front lawn.

We stayed about 30 minutes and then took off again for Canaan Valley.. arriving late afternoon to find registration just about open (we were a day early for the rally) where we picked up our pre-registration packets and headed to the cabin that would be our home for the next few days, along with Gene and Julia Shirley, Bobby Truax, and Skip Palmer. More to come..



Mike checking out

FOR SALE

2002 BMW R1150RT, Silver, 15K miles, original adult owner, excellent condition- **\$8000.00**.

Aero-Flo windshield, Signal minder, Throttle Miester, additional GT mirrors on bars, Sargeant seat, city & standard bags, BMW top box (keyed alike), also mount for GIVI top box, BMW tank bag, BMW radio w/cassette, black reflecters on bags, large foot on side stand, Gerbing dual controller mounted in dash, extra 12 volt outlet at dash, accessory shelf above dash for GPS, coin holder, deer whistles, NEW TIRES and more.

2001 H.D. Sportster 883, Blue, 11K miles, original adult owner, excellent condition- **\$4000.00**.

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quarter fairing, two seats, luggage rack, many more items. BOTH Located in Point Pleasant, N.J. 08742. Call Harry 732-892-8767.



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The editor and officers of NJSBMWWR would like to thank the staff and management of DeSimone Motorsports for their generous and unwavering support of our club for the past several years.

Good luck in your future endeavors.

Club Meeting – Schneider’s, Main St, Avon – October 14th

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