

**November 2010**

# **NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc**

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**Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor**

**John Welch, Trustee and Absent in Florida**

**John Malaska, Newsletter Publisher**

**Skip Palmer, Trustee, Montana, Southern Branch  
and Colorado Chapters of NJSBMW.**

Club Membership Application at: [http://www.njsbmwr.org/  
NJSBMW\\_Application.pdf](http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMW_Application.pdf)



Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few. *George Bernard Shaw (1856 - 1950), Man and Superman (1903) "Maxims for Revolutionists"*

The idea of an election is much more interesting to me than the election itself...The act of voting is in itself the defining moment. *Jeff Melvoin, Northern Exposure, Democracy in America, 1992*

Washington DC is the only place in America where people put bumper stickers on their cars the day \*after\* the election. *Cokie Roberts, TV interview.*

I once said cynically of a politician, 'He'll doublecross that bridge when he comes to it.' *Oscar Levant (1906 - 1972)*

Ninety percent of the politicians give the other ten percent a bad reputation. *Henry Kissinger (1923 - )*

- ◆ **Black Ice** – When temps are around freezing point thin layers of ice can form on the road surface. Be careful especially on bridges and in shaded areas. Avoid sudden steering and braking maneuvers.
- ◆ **Hypothermia** – A cold shiver up your spine is a warning. If you think you are cold, you probably should pull over and get a coffee or hot cocoa. When you're shivering and you're teeth chattering, you are treading in the danger zone. Keep your core warm!
- ◆ **ATGATT** – Wear good cold weather gear and cover ALL skin. Wind blocking materials are minimum, and electric heated are preferred.
- ◆ **Bike Equipment** – If you can use a larger windscreen, do it! Blocking the wind will keep you warmer, longer.
- ◆ **Nutrition** – Keep yourself fed to help keep your core warm. Avoid dehydration by taking in plenty of fluids. The cold dry air can suck the water right out of you.

For those of you that don't ride in cold weather, 150 days 'til spring!

Happy riding, and be safe out there,  
George Roberts  
**President**

## **President's Message**

Last month I spoke about wet riding. As I sit here wrapped in a blanket in front of the fire, all I can think of is cold weather riding... so here are my tips and warnings:

## **Letter to the Editor**

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*I get email.. really to the editor!*

I have some issues with the article I just located.

I am the almost 50 year old daughter of one the early members of the Crotona Motorcycle Club. I checked - the last run with my father that was run completely by Crotona - then Ramapo assisted and Crotona attended the start. My father started the first Ramapo run Crotona Midnight run, I was present and assisting and have pictures at the start. The Members have not all died off - the Club still holds its historic Charter.

Nancy Re  
nancyre@yahoo.com

*Apparently Nancy found one of our old newsletters whilst surfing the web, and found the history presented of the Crotona Midnight Run inaccurate.*

*I can only extend my apology to Nancy, but I suspect we stole that history right from the Crotona website, so if there is an issue, she might want to take it up with them. I'd love to see her photos.*

*Don (Editor)*

## **Ghetto Prison Ride, October 17<sup>th</sup>**

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*Double-Jack Swanson*

The Captain said he had planned a special route to Van Sant Airport so I figured I would tag along. Just three Shore Riders met at "Our Wawa" that being Don, Joe Karol and me. It started and finished a perfect riding day, clear skies, gentle breezes and temps in the 60's.

So this 'special' route took a series of congested roads with lots of traffic lights heading toward Trenton. Real special!

We rode into Trenton which was still pretty much asleep at this time of morning. so we were able to enjoy the potholes and special scenery. Yes, this was one of the better ones. When we reached the prison Joe wanted to stop and visit. He thought he might know some of the inmates. We couldn't spare the time and kept heading west toward the Delaware.

I was surprised to see that the famous bridge which spans the river had reversed the sign' "Trenton

makes, the world takes" to Trenton takes, the world makes." Was this some sort of vicious pun? I couldn't see it on the way back so I wasn't sure.

In any event the ride got better as we rode north into less populated areas. Leaves are just beginning to turn, figure three weeks and they will all be gone for another year. This means you will need to get out soon and ride if you want to enjoy the foliage.

There were fifty or so motos at Van Sant when we arrived. Al Peirson and Ed Miller saw us when we arrived but pretended they didn't know us. Parking our BMW motorcycles and one nondescript bike of Oriental origin we walked the line toward the "Hot Dog Lady" only to discover she has been replaced.

Don was truly heartbroken. Some 'yuppie' lady was there selling veggie burgers and designer drinks. Actually since I had had 'Jersey Mystery Meat' (pork roll) for breakfast the veggie burger sort of gave me one serving of a vegetable so that was OK.

Other notables were on the scene were Grant Duncan, Matt Fretag, "Doc," Eric Meiner, Don Gordon (who had flown in), Pete Stone and Peter Bartholomew. Don Gordon and Peter had been at the Barber museum the week before. They said they had heard that Skip and John Malaska were there, but they hadn't seen them. They said it was nice, but a little crowded.

We basked in the late summer sun, as old men are wont to do, had our snackies and rode home.

The ride back was a little different as I didn't want to ride down to I 195. So I peeled off at Lambertville and rode through back roads into Hopewell, Princeton, Hightstown and etc. Traffic was light except in Princeton.

Nice ride to complete a nice day.

## **Halloween Ride to Cape May – October 31<sup>st</sup>**

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*Don E*

In an attempt to assure ourselves that this is the NJ Shore BMW "RIDERS" - John Malaska announced a ride to Cape May for the first Polar Bear meet of the season. The announcement was to meet at

OurWAWA at 9:30AM on Sunday morning – plenty of time to get to Cape May and back before goblins and ghouls attacked.

I left the house at 9AM in 42F temps – and headed west to OurWAWA. Imagine my surprise to find there were only two of us at the WAWA at 9:30AM. Myself – and John - on the finest bikes BMW makes (R1200Rs.) Sidestands went up at 9:35AM, and we headed to Rt 539 South, thence to Pasadena Road, Chatsworth, Rt 563, Rt 50 and some assorted other wonderfully entertaining roads to Cape May.

We arrived at the Polar Bear meeting site at just about 12:30AM – to find it packed, with the street in front not only full of safe (loud) bikes, but also torn up with a gully down the center. Thinking the best of it, I suggested to John that we pass on stopping and “lets head for the beach..” - which we did.

The temps reached the high point for the day – about 62F – which meant I still had my Gerbing jacket liner in, but turned way down.

It was a nice ride north on the Cape May beach, and then John split off and headed north via the Parkway since he'd promised to get home by 2PM (apparently ghouls are out early in Ocean Township.)

I had the rest of the day free and more then a half-tank of gas – so I spent time getting lost in the pines, and having a simply delightful ride. I stopped for lunch en-route, and remembered too late why I must avoid McD's. I managed to get home about 4:30PM – it was getting brisk again – after stopping at Mike's to see how his auxiliary garage/shed is coming along.

Nice day. The leaves were fully turning, and the cranberries are about ready for harvest (the bogs are red.) 255 miles, about 7 hours of riding. One question: Where was everyone?

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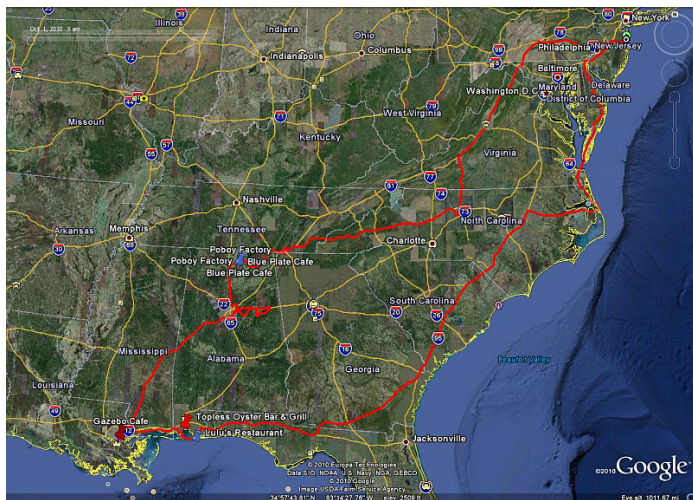
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## Dixieland

*John Malaska*

Last year, Skip Palmer & I had discussed riding down to the Birmingham AL area to visit the Barber Museum in junction with the Vintage Motorcycle Days event held there each October. Some inopportune surgery derailed those plans, but it stayed on my mind. When Harold Gantz told me about the great time he had this year while visiting the Museum, it whetted my appetite further.

Travelling to New England & the Canadian Maritimes with Don E. in July taught me that traveling distances on a bike wasn't a big deal. It was a question of just doing it. I was overdue to visit my brother Tom in Thomasville NC, so I included that in my intended route. The now-retired Skip agreed to ride up from the west coast of Florida to meet me in Birmingham. Here's my travelogue.



**October 1-3<sup>rd</sup>:** I departed Ocean NJ at 8:00AM on October 1, amid very heavy storms. Fortunately, local weather radar indicated that there was a break in the rainbands, which I took advantage of. Moderate rain stayed with me crossing I-195, the NJ and PA Turnpikes. I encountered the usual rush hour congestion outside Philadelphia, but once past Downingtown PA both the traffic & rain letup. I reached Hagerstown MD at Noon. Blessed now with sunny skies, I stowed my rain gear away. I passed through Roanoke VA at 400PM, crossing back over the Blue Ridge mountains. I arrived at brother Tom's at 530PM. 575 miles & 9.5 hours for the day.

The weekend was spent meeting Tom & wife Kimberly's redneck friends, attending a late-model NASCAR-style race in Martinsville VA, helping repair a washed-out culvert, blowing things up with explosives, fixing ATVs, eating "rebel pizza", watching R/C car races, and other foolishness.

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**Monday the 4th**, I said goodbye to Tom & Kimberly at 800AM, and headed northwest to Winston-Salem NC, where I picked up I-40 westbound. Weather was cloudy & cool, and never did warm up much beyond 60. Once I was in Asheville NC, it got downright chilly. Only 50-54. Thank God for the heated handgrips & electric vest. And the sun reappeared, at least for a while.

I headed to Robbinsville NC, and the eastern gateway of the scenic Cherohala Skyway. (Skip led us on a ride here back in 2007, when it was misty. I wanted to do it again, moreso than Deal's Gap.) The sun gave way to clouds. And it became downright frigid the higher up the Cherohala I climbed! 36 degrees F! The only consolation was that the Skyway was virtually deserted, with only a few cars & some hardy souls on motorcycles. And it is a beautiful road! Reminder: Always bring your electrics if riding any distance, especially when altitude will be encountered.



Once I dropped down into Tellico Plains TN, it was about 70 miles to Chattanooga. TN-39 to Etowah was a wonderful road as well. Checked in at a Baymont Inn at 400PM, then rode up to nearby Lookout Mountain, which dominates the skyline above Chattanooga. About 400 miles on the day.

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**Tuesday the 5th**, I start my day indulging in the hotel's free breakfast, including biscuits & gravy. So good! Had to remember to pop another Lipitor tomorrow morning.

After checking out of the hotel, I backtracked 20 miles to the Chickamauga Battlefield National Park in balmy 41 degree temps. The museum there was interesting, including a large display of period firearms. But the Chickamauga battlefield (which was the South's last major victory during the Civil War) isn't like Gettysburg or Antietam, which both have distinctive topography. Chickamauga was fought in forests or rough terrain. So its hard to visualize how the two-day battle took place. After an hour there, it was time to head west.

I was torn between continuing through southern Tennessee, or heading directly to Huntsville AL. I chose the latter. The sun came out, the temps rose, and US-72 was a nice road. I arrived in Huntsville at 1100AM. Couldn't check into my hotel (Extended Stay Suites) yet, so I rode over to the nearby US Rocket & Space Museum. (Not a NASA facility.) Paid \$20; no discount for seniors ... Rats! The eye-grabber was a life-size upright replica of a Saturn V rocket; the candle that took the Apollo missions to the Moon. It was enormous! Could see it from a mile away. There were also various rocket displays of the U.S.'s history in space exploration. Very cool stuff, since it captured my imagination I was a kid. Anyway, inside a huge building was another replica of the Saturn V, this one hanging from the ceiling. Immense! Lots of neat displays about this one too. IMO, well worth the \$20.



I rode back to the hotel where I finally could check in. Drats; no pool here! Getting hungry, so I rode over to a restaurant I had read about before the trip. The "Po Boy Factory". Local favorite, I gathered. Good service. Great food!!! I had lobster bisque, a crabcake platter with boiled shrimp & salad, and one of the best Key Lime Pie's I've ever had.

I made contact with Skip, who was going to leave Tampa the next day, and would arrive in Birmingham late in the afternoon.

The weather had shrugged its chill, getting into the 70s with beautiful clear skies. I did some "road laundry" in the sink, and dined on a microwave-reheated oyster Po' Boy sandwich, which I brought back with me from the Po Boy Factory. (The South shall rise again on the back of food like this.)

150 miles ridden on the day.

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**October 6th**, I left Huntsville at 900AM, after getting breakfast at a local place, the Blue Plate Cafe. Good breakfast. Arrived in Trussville AL at 1100AM, and was able to check in to the hotel (Holiday Inn Express) immediately. After unpacking, rode the 10 miles over to the Barber Museum in Leeds AL.



Its a fabulous place for motorcycle car junkies, just as Harold had described. The Museum sits on beautifully-landscaped grounds. Nobody was there either, so I could take pics of various motorcycles to my heart's content. There are many cars exhibits too; some of personal interest to me. After about 2 hours, I was about to leave when Skip arrived at the

front door. So we went back in & took another tour around.

Finally left there at 3:00PM, and came back to the hotel. We sat outside by the pool until 5:00PM, then attended the Manager's reception. Free beer & snacks. Then we took a cab over to Ezell's Catfish Cabin for dinner. Good food, with gumbo & another Po' Boy for me. Hush puppies & fried green tomatoes too. We walked back to hotel, which was fairly close by.

Only 114 miles for the day. Lots of Museum walking though.



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**October 7th**: Our hotel has a decent free breakfast, which we took advantage off. And, no, I didn't eat the biscuits `n gravy.

While getting ready for our day, I couldn't find my BMW's key. Tore everything apart. Checked with the front desk. Checked the bike outside. Nada. I brought along a spare, so I wasn't stranded. But was really p\*ssed at myself for losing my primary.

Anyway, we headed east at 900AM along I-20 to Talladega Speedway. We took a bus tour of the track, which was interesting (but forgettable), as well as the Motorsports Museum.

From there, Skip led us on some secondary roads eastward to the Talladega mountains. (Yes, its quite hilly here, as it's the southernmost extension of the Appalachians.) I had a yellow jacket fly up my sleeve, but he miraculously didn't sting me. Pulled over to the side, removed my jacket, and shook him out. Once in the mountains, we rode some very nice

roads, including the twisty Cheaha Road, and the sweepy Talladega Skyway (reminiscent of the Cherohala Skyway.) Good scenery too. At an overlook, we met a retired Alabama state trooper who was out riding. He gave us some suggestions for our upcoming New Orleans visit.

Then we returned back to the hotel, passing by some huge cotton fields along the way.

Found my primary key! It was hiding in my tankbag all along! Whew!

Dinner at a nearby Japanese steakhouse, which was quite good and very popular, based on the arrivals waiting for a table.

Skip & I became concerned with our rear tires. His was in worse shape, but mine was not in the best of shape. I estimated that I had about 1000 miles left in mine, but I was more than that from home. Hmmm.

1400 miles riding thus far, including 200 today.

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**October 8th:** Today was my least productive riding day so far (not counting those days staying w/ Tom & Kimberly.) Only 28 miles. But that's OK, considering that I only rode 28 miles during all of 2009.

After our breakfast here, Skip & I headed over to the Barber Museum at 800AM, this time for the Vintage event. We found a good parking spot alongside the perimeter road around the track. Barber has a great racetrack that TV doesn't do justice to. Lots of elevation changes, plus lots of trees to provide shade for spectators.

We walked through some vintage exhibits, cruised the flea market (didn't buy anything), then sat for an hour & watched practice. Sidecars too, including a woman "monkey." We developed a lot of respect for her, crawling all over the sidecar to keep it balanced in the corners.

We talked to some members of the Alabama BMW club about replacing our tires, and they recommended a local private garage. Unfortunately, we called the guy & found that he had my tire in stock but not Skip's, which was in greater need of replacement. So we decided to soldier on & see what happens.

Enjoyed pulled pork sandwiches for trackside lunch.

Not out of a smoker, but not bad.

We then took the tram over to the race paddock. Free admission there. We were impressed w/ the various types of vintage racing bikes. Oddly, there was an electric roadracer. Also, vintage H-D and Norton roadracers, plus plenty of two-smokers. Lots of small-bore four-stroke Japanese bikes too. We watched another hour of practice, this time from above the scoring tower.

John Surtees, the only person to win both World Formula 1 car & motorcycle championships, was the guest of honor at the event, and he turned a few laps in the Ferrari he won the 1964 F1 car championship in. Very, very cool to hear that thing scream around the track.

Weather was great, but the sun was also very intense (yes, I greased up w/ SPF50), so we headed back to the hotel around 200PM.

Dinner was at the Coast's Mediterranean Grill. Forgettable.

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**October 9th:** *"A band is blowing Dixie double four-time. You feel alright when you hear that music ring."*

We left Birmingham at 830AM, taking I-20 to Meridian MS, then I-59 down to Louisiana. I had noticed that the interstates in the south were generally in good condition, and well kept. That changed when we crossed into Louisiana. Trash all along the roadside.

Saw a big dead fish in the middle of I-10, as we approached Lake Ponchartrain. I presume an osprey dropped its catch of the day.

We arrived in New Orleans at 300PM. About 345 miles. Tires still hanging in there.

After checking into a Holiday Inn Express, adorned with a huge clarinet painted along its side, Skip & I walked downtown. Canal Street reminded me of Newark, sadly. Tattoo parlors, junk t-shirts, etc. Seedy.

Bourbon Street & the French Quarter were relatively quiet. Lots of Tulane University fans wearing green. We had a late lunch at the Bayou Cafe. Crab bisque, followed by another great oyster Po' Boy. We

continued on Bourbon St., then to Jackson Square & St. Louis Cathedral. Very scenic area, with some beautiful architecture. (Skip acted as my travel guide.) Some girls threw necklace beads at us. After that, went down to the Riverwalk area on the banks of the Mississippi River, and people-watched. Weather nicely around 80. Dixie music playing from the nearby dinner-cruise riverboat Natchez.

Then back to Bourbon St., which had evolved into chaos. Noisy, tacky, drunkfest, you name it. We went to a bar called Chris Owen's, which had a good blues quartet named the All-Purpose Blues Band, featuring Big Willie. Good music, fun band, and our seats allowed us to keep an eye on the activities on Bourbon. After they finished their set, we left, walked around a bit more, and then grabbed a cab back to the hotel.

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**October 10th: "Laissez Les Bon Temps Roulez!"**

Did some laundry in the sink, then Skip & I took the free hotel shuttle down to the French Quarter. I wanted to sample some Cafe au Lait & beginets at Cafe Du Monde, but true to its tourist-trap self, there was a 1-hour wait to get in. No thank you. Instead, we took in the varied architecture along Royal St. I bought a Cafe au Lait to carry along.

We continued down "Comida Royale", including some impromptu road repair to cover up an exposed (i.e. quite open) man hole. After our good deed for the day, we took a bus/trolley combo down to the quiet Garden District. That area has some beautiful older homes with tree-lined streets and lush gardens. Very much like Key West. Quite a contrast to the buzz in the French Quarter.



We trolleyed/bussed back to the French Quarter, observed said man hole exposed again (no repair on our part this time), and enjoyed some gumbo, Cafe au Lait, and beginets at the Beginet Cafe. Then took the shuttle back to the hotel. After watching the Saints lose, we headed back to Bourbon Street for dinner.

We stumbled upon The Gazebo Cafe and the mesmerizing voice of Ms. Ellen Smith & her trio. We sat down & ordered bread pudding w/ rum sauce, gumbo, beers and margaritas, and just ate her up. Damn, she was special, and was everything I hoped New Orleans would be, musically. We each bought her CD too. Touristy t-shirts end up sopping up oil spills in the garage. Her CD will bring back memories of NOLA.

After she completed her set, we moved on to Margaritaville for a beer, then the Pirate's Den featuring the All Purpose Blues Band. We walked back to the hotel at 1045PM. A crescent moon was high in the sky over the Crescent City.

I realized that I was at the "high-water mark" of my travels, and now would be starting my return trip. I hoped that the chamber-of-commerce weather that has accompanied me since Chattanooga last Monday would continue. But New Orleans deserves a return visit; a charming city despite its warts.

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**October 11th:** We left NOLA at 830AM, and headed East. Jumped off of I-10 and onto US-90, which hugs the coastlines of Louisiana, Mississippi, and western Alabama. Scenic, as the ocean was to our right for about 70 miles. Oil rigs out on the horizon, but no signs of BP damage to the beaches. Many casino hotels along the Mississippi coast. We then headed southeast to catch the Dauphin Island AL ferry to Fort Morgan.

Along the way, we did a side detour to a small roadside restaurant named the Topless Raw Bar & Seafood Grill. We were the only two customers. Umm. I guess this was the best seafood of all. I had the (surprise!) Oyster Po' Boy, crab bisque, and another slice of Key Lime Pie. Skip devoured lots off very inexpensive raw oysters & some gumbo. Just a wonderful lunchtime meal. (Oh ... there were no topless wait staff! Nice waitress though.)

From there we took said ferry over to Fort Morgan.

Skip chatted with a H-D rider who works natural gas lines in the region. I saw some sea turtles basking on the water's surface. Once off the ferry, we explored Fort Morgan for a while. A major naval Civil War battle was fought here. The wreck of the USS Tecumseh, a Union ironclad sunk during the battle by a mine, lays just offshore.

30 miles later, we arrived in Gulf Shores AL at 4:00PM. We checked into a Days Inn, and walked ½ mile to LuLu's (Jimmy Buffett's sister's place.) Brent Burns, a trop-rocker, was performing there, so we listened while enjoying some shrimp, gumbo, and beers. Unfortunately, food was not of the same caliber as what we'd had the past few days. Place seemed to be full of retirees .... Oh, I guess like the two of us.

We walked back to the Days Inn. 170 miles for the day today.

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**October 12th:** Skip received a call early in the morning that his aunt was seriously ill. He felt obliged to provide assistance to his family, so he departed immediately, heading to the Daytona Beach area.

We had planned on hugging the Florida panhandle. Now alone, I decided to start my northeast veer towards Charleston SC. At about 700 miles distant, I knew I wouldn't do that in one day. I had no idea where I'd end up, but I was about to find that out. Hey! This was an adventure! It was time for a little improvisation.

I left Gulf Shores around 830AM. As I was preparing to leave the motel, a woman walked up to me and asked if I would like a copy of The Watchtower. I politely declined. A moment later, a car drove up with the woman as passenger. The female driver saw the NJ tag on the BMW, and asked where I was from. I said Asbury Park, thinking that nobody knows where Ocean is. The woman then said that her sister lives in nearby Oakhurst ... which is part of Ocean. That turned into a lengthy conversation about Ocean Township, Springsteen, and Bon Jovi. Its funny how things work out on the road.

On the road, I hit a few sprinkles at first, but then it became sunny w/ some clouds. Temps around 80. Still wonderful weather.

I picked up I-10 eastward to Tallahassee,

accompanied by a H-D rider for about 100 miles. Jumped off onto US-319 north to Thomasville GA, then northeastward on US-84, through Valdosta & Waycross. (Interesting experience at the latter: I stopped for gas & bladder relief. As I was walking back to the R12R, a HUGE good ol' boy near his H-D yelled "Hey!" to me. "Oh S\*it!" I thought. I walked over to him, and he asked in that Hevuh Southern drawl "Where yuh headin?" I told him Savannah, maybe Charleston. He saw the NJ tags, and he figured I was riding to Daytona for Biketoberfest. After a brief chat, we shook hands, and he wished me a safe ride. Throughout my trip, my experience was that Southern riders ... and Southern folks, for that matter ... are very friendly. New Jerseyans just don't wave at ya while they drive by. (Once you get past the MTV "Jersey Shore" stigma.)

US-84 eventually led me to I-95. 50 miles later, I checked into a HI Express in Hardeesville SC at 600PM, losing an hour for the shift back to EST. Exactly 500 miles.

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**October 13th:** It dawns on me that I left my EZ-Pass it in a drawer back at the hotel in Birmingham. Brain f\*art! Anyway, I called the hotel. They found it and mailed it to my home. Whew!

My next destination was the Outer Banks NC, where my sister Maria & family were renting a home in Kitty Hawk. I initially planned on taking two days to get there, hugging the Carolina coastline. I thought about spending some time in Charleston SC, and then taking the Ocracoke ferry up to Hatteras. But for the first time since I left New Jersey, rain was being forecast. So I decided to slab it, taking I-95 up to Rocky Mount NC, then a right turn to the coast via US-64. Saw many riders taking I-95 south, presumably to Daytona Beach. I encountered a few light rain showers, but generally nice weather although cooler than along the Gulf Coast. It became windy & cloudy as I approached Manteo. 490 miles for the day.

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**October 14th:** Decompression time. Enjoyed being with Maria, husband Ed, nephew Eddie, and his fiancée Christine. The house they rented was huge. Heated outdoor pool, which I took advantage of.





After breakfast, the five of us drove north to visit the Currituck lighthouse. Skies darkened, lightning crackling around, and then downpours struck. Hail!! Big hail! I'm not in Kansas anymore. Had I taken the leisurely coastal route, I would have run into this 150 miles south of Kitty Hawk.

Spent the rest of day just lazing around. Took an afternoon nap. Beer, wine, Pringles, and chocolate. Pure decadence. Did a load of laundry too. Got to see an episode of The Big Bang Theory too!

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**October 15th:** Homeward Bound.

Left Maria & Ed on the Outer Banks at 800AM. Donned the electric jacket-liner, just in case (good move, it turned out.) Reached the Chesapeake Bay-Bridge Tunnel at 10:00AM. Thankfully, the wind wasn't blowing hard yet. Otherwise, they would have

turned me around, and I would have had to come home via a lengthy detour through Richmond & DC.

The wind got progressively stronger the farther north I rode. Not dangerous, but a PITA. Opted for US-113, which is more easterly on the DelMarVa than US-13. Thought that might lessen the wind .... Not a chance! Shoulders & neck hurt from hanging onto the handlebars. Temps never got much beyond 60 all day, so the electrics helped mucho.

I arrived at the Delaware Bay Bridge at 2:00PM. I wasn't turned away from the NJ Turnpike due to excessive wind. Welcomed back to the unfortunate reality that people in New Jersey love to drive in the left lane (I passed them on the right at a "brisk" pace.)

Arrived home at 325PM. 400 miles on the day. Grand total for the trip was about 3485 miles, consuming 74 gallons of gas. (More than the July trip to Nova Scotia.) My rear tire still had some life left, although I won't risk riding too much further on it. A pair of Pilot Sport 2's are awaiting. Skip made it home OK on his.

Compared to what John Ryan and others do on a regular basis (read the trip reports on the ADV Rider forum), this was just a run to the store for groceries. But for me, it was a "bucket list" experience. First time in Alabama, Mississippi, or Louisiana. Makes me hungry for more.

### Annual Shore Riders Christmas/ Awards Party

The cost to members and one significant other is \$30 each or a total of \$60 for two. If you attend you will be returned half the amount, either \$15 or \$30 in cash. The club is underwriting the cost for these festivities. If you pay and do not attend the club will not reimburse you. Your check should be sent to our treasurer Charles Grass, 3408 Sterling Rd Yardley, PA 19067 by **December 1st**. Make the check out to **NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc.**

The date of the event is **Saturday December 11 at 6PM** Rod's Olde Irish Tavern in Sea Girt (Sea Girt Ave) until closing. It will be a buffet supper with a cash bar. Part of the festivities will include the awarding of solid gold trophies and the presentation of annual mileage certificates. Please MAIL this form with your check: **Your dues MUST be current to attend.**

Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_ (will attend)

Amount enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_ (\$30 per person)

Nomination for trophy: \_\_\_\_\_

My end of the year motorcycle mileage: \_\_\_\_\_

**NO LAST MINUTE ADDITIONS – this must be received by December 1<sup>st</sup>!**

**PS> Skip:** Thanks for riding with me! Traveling alone has its benefits, but you sometimes need a travel companion on a trip such as this simply, if for nothing else, to have someone to yell "Did you see that big fish in the middle of the road?!?!"

## **Upcoming Events**

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November 7<sup>th</sup> – Polar Bear Ride, Lewes DE  
November 10<sup>th</sup> – meeting at Schneider's  
December 1<sup>st</sup> - Moribundi Lunch – RDS  
December 8<sup>th</sup> - meeting at Schneider's  
December 11<sup>th</sup> - Holiday Party at Rods, Sea Girt  
December 12 - Toy Run to Children's Hospital

## **DUES are DUE!**

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It's that time of year again. If you didn't attend our last meeting and pay your dues then – they are due as of November 1<sup>st</sup>. Dues remain a very reasonable \$20/year. There is a form in this newsletter to use to renew your club membership. Please send it to our Treasurer Charles Glass, 3408 Sterling Rd. Yardley, PA 19067. You can combine the Holiday Party reservation and your dues in one envelope, with one check, saving on postage! Don't miss this golden opportunity! You can also submit both these forms (Holiday Party and Membership Renewal) at our November meeting, saving the cost of a stamp entirely! What a deal!

## **Elections to be held at our November Meeting**

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Our annual election of officers will occur at our November meeting. In order to vote, you must be a currently paid member (for 2011). The trustees nominating committee has come up with an exciting slate of officer candidates for 2011, and nominations will also be accepted from the floor. If there is more than one nominee for an office – there will be a secret ballot. Please come to this important meeting and support the people who volunteer to help keep the club going!

## **Come out and VOTE!**

## **BMW K 1600 GT and BMW K 1600 GTL – fascination with six cylinders.**

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Ever since BMW Motorrad presented the concept study Concept 6 in autumn 2009, the new 6-cylinder in-line engine installed in it has caught the imagination of many motorcycle fans. For over seven decades now, 6-cylinder in-line engines have stood for fascinating engine technology in automobiles at BMW more than with any other brand. With the new K 1600 GT and K 1600 GTL, BMW motorcycles are now available for the first time with a 6-cylinder in-line power unit developed in-house. The two touring motorcycles have a supreme, impressive and equally distinctive appearance, creating a desire to travel at first sight.

### **Riding dynamics, long-distance suitability and comfort.**

For decades, 6-cylinder in-line engines have exercised a special fascination. In addition to their perfect running smoothness they also offer supreme output and torque, giving the rider powerful emotional impressions.

In addition to safety, equipment and comfort, prestige and dynamic performance are the key criteria for a supreme touring bike. With the most compact in-line 6-cylinder engine in serial motorcycle production to date, the K 1600 GT and the K 1600 GTL penetrate a whole new dimension in terms of riding properties, long-distance suitability and comfort. They combine maximum agility and riding dynamics with a luxurious overall package. With an engine output of 118 kW (160 bhp) and a maximum torque of 175 Newton metres (129 Lb.ft.), their 6-cylinder engine provides superb propulsion in all conditions.

# New Jersey Shore BMW Riders Inc.

## Membership/Renewal Application - 2011

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Significant Other's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Cell Phone: (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_

**BMW-MOA Member?** Yes [ ] No [ ]

If yes - membership number: \_\_\_\_\_

**BMW-RA Member?** Yes [ ] No [ ]

If yes - membership number: \_\_\_\_\_

Our club runs a private Emailing list – only open to members – on Yahoo. It is used to arrange spontaneous and planned rides, announce club events, remind you of meetings and any other club functions. The list is not used for idle chat, and you can select to receive no email from the list with the exception of administrative email (which is infrequent). You can also select to get the email as single messages (recommended since the volume of mail is very low) or in a daily digest.

In order to be a member of this list you must REQUEST to be on it – and have a good Email address.

I would like to be on the Yahoo email list: Yes [ ] No [ ]

The email address I'd like to use is: \_\_\_\_\_

I'm interested in: Overnight Rallies [ ] Longer Distance Touring [ ] Tech Sessions [ ] Day Rides [ ]

Other \_\_\_\_\_  
(Select as many as you want)

By signing this application, **you** accept full responsibility for any injuries you or any guests may incur during a NJS-BMW-Riders Inc. club activity. You accept that motorcycling is inherently dangerous, and that the club officers and members are not expected to accept any liability for injuries suffered by you or any guest you invite to an activity!

**I've read the above paragraph and agree to hold harmless all members and officers of NJS-BMW-Riders** Yes [ ] No [ ]

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

Please forward this application **with** a check for **\$20** made out to NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc. to (dues may be pro-rated, they are due on November 1st of each year, ie, after June 1<sup>st</sup>, dues are \$12, after September 1<sup>st</sup>, dues are \$6):

**SEND TO:** Charles Grass, NJS Treasurer  
3408 Sterling Rd.  
Yardley, PA 19067

# Insurance packages could save you money



Whether you're on the road or at home, we can cover you. By placing your auto and homeowners insurance with our agency, you could qualify for premium discounts, get preferred rates and have added clout when both policies are placed through the same insurance company.

Best of all, when you place all your business with us, you'll save time, eliminate claims confusion and have a single, full-service agency ready to handle all your insurance needs.

For professional insurance advice, contact:

John B. Wright Insurance

Greg Wright  
greg@johnbwright.com  
www.johnbwright.com  
800-224-6693



## MEETING: November 10<sup>th</sup>, Schneider's

**NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc.**

c/o Charles Grass  
3408 Sterling Rd  
Yardley, PA 19067