

July 2013

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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The summer night is like a perfection of thought.
Wallace Stevens (1879 – 1955)

If winter is slumber and spring is birth, and summer is life, then autumn rounds out to be reflection. It's a time of year when the leaves are down and the harvest is in and the perennials are gone. Mother Earth just closed up the drapes on another year and it's time to reflect on what's come before. *Mitchell Burgess, Northern Exposure, Thanksgiving, 1992*

There is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 - 1822)

It's a sure sign of summer if the chair gets up when you do. *Walter Winchell (1897 – 1972)*

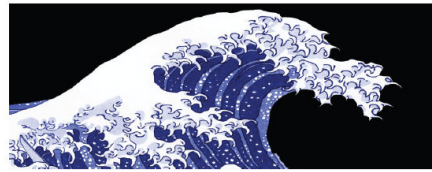
President's Message

Go West Young Man!

Well thank God someone did and we have the great Western states to enjoy and explore. Roger and I are working on our honey-do lists so we can leave guilt free. We are also trying to figure out how to pack our crap, dress for the heat and do this ride on a budget!

Roger mentioned to me he even found a place that rents out a front porch, enough said. However, unlike me who likes to wing it and let the adventure unfold, Roger has diligently planned the trip for the most

BMW Club
New Jersey Shore Riders



part. I'm sure I will catch up with him by the evening of each day as I can hold it longer than he can!

July 6th is our departure date, I'm excited and hope to have a great experience. Keep safe my friends, and remember ice cream runs take the edge off a boring week. We will update you along the way, hopefully it will be an uneventful trip filled with great memories!

Your Prez, Rev'n Mike

Reflections on a ride to the second Asheville RA Rally June 18th-25th

Don Eilenberger

Just to get it out of the way – here is the listing of members (and former members) I saw during the 8 day trip for the RA Rally at the Biltmore:

Dave Mason*; Klaus and Faridah Huenecke; Tom Rizzo; Greg Wright; J. Grant Duncan; Dave Rosen, Ron* and Kelly Scibetti, Alex Edly*; Julia and Gene Shirley; Don Gordon; Harry Costello; Nancy Glindmyer. If I missed anyone – sorry.
*=*former members.*

It's obvious we had a great turnout. I suspect the riding opportunities in the area (and getting there and coming back) are the reason. The open access we had to The Biltmore Estate was just icing on the cake.

Weather – going down had some rain, during the rally – no rain – coming back had some rain. Rain happens, so it's a case of enjoying the different riding skills needed to ride safely in the rain.

My trip down was with Klaus and Faridah. Can't ask for better travel companions on two wheels. There wasn't a complaint heard, and whenever I

looked in my rear view mirrors – Klaus's check-board taxi-yellow K1200S was there.

We had decided to try to do backroads as much as possible, which meant out of about 1,600 miles, only about 150 (mostly in NJ) miles were on major highways. We allotted three days for the ride to and the ride from the rally, giving us the ability to detour a bit from the direct routes and have some fun riding great roads wherever we found them.

Going down was a quick grind down the NJ Turnpike – then off I95 at Newark DE, and onto the backroad route across the top of Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia to our usual stop at the Comfort Inn in Stephen's City VA. The big reason we stop at this motel so often isn't the motel itself – it's the great restaurant right around the corner – Roma's Italian-Greek Restaurant. Once again – the food didn't disappoint us. We arrive at the motel after about 280 miles of riding close to 5PM. We'd stopped at the usual sandwich shop on the route (near Moncton MD) for lunch, and were just hungry enough for dinner around 7PM.



Of course we stopped for the obligatory Dinosaur photo at the corner of Rt 340 (near the motel.)

Next morning, we found the Three Stooges¹ had arrived late at night, and after a filling breakfast at the motel, we were off heading west and then south-west. We crossed over I81 and went to the beginning of VA-42, a great backroad that parallels I81 one valley to the west. I've done parts of VA-42 a number of times before, this time I wanted to do as much of it as possible,

¹Three Stooges = Grant, Alex and Dave – for reasons which will be obvious later on..

It's a thoroughly enjoyable motorcycle road, it winds and twists following a river that flows the length of the valley. There are small 2 and 3 church villages along the way, and no traffic. Pavement is excellent (as were all the VA roads) and there is a mix of sweepers and tight switch-backs to keep the ride interesting. Most of the road was 55MPH, and aside from the villages, it was possible to do a bit more (our average speed for this section was about 49MPH.)

We ended up stopping for the night at a Quality Inn (almost quality, it was rather worn) near Wytheville VA (pronounced Wiff-ville in Vaeze) that promised a nearby restaurant, which was now a day-care center. Ended up heading down toward the major highway intersection and finding one of the big chain restaurants to eat in.

Next morning I was surprised by the quality of the "free" breakfast offered by the motel. It was pretty much the standard waffles and carbs Choice Hotel chain fare – but the chap who took care of it obviously had pride in his job, and the food was fresh and good, and it didn't run out. We left at 10AM, and headed back onto VA-42.

We neared the bottom of VA around lunch time, and I pulled off near a major highway to decide which way to direct Doofus to go. More or less out of nowhere, two brothers walked over. "Going to Asheville?" was the first thing I heard, and after confirming that, I asked if there was a decent route to the Blue Ridge Parkway which we could use and avoid major roads. Much to our delight – the brothers had a route all planned out that took twisty secondary highways, eventually leading us down through Tennessee into North Carolina and the BRP around Hodges Gap (not far from Boone NC.)



We had an enjoyable ride down the BRP to

Asheville, arriving at our motel around 5PM. We found Julia Shirley at the RA registration (held at the Asheville BMW dealership), and then tracked down some other club members for dinner at the nearby TGI-Fridays.



TGIFs, clockwise from Klaus: Klaus, Gene Shirley, Greg W, Julia Shirley, Tom R, Faridah, and I took the picture.

Friday was my day for visiting the rally, and doing some Biltmore



tours. The rally wasn't on the scale of an MOA rally – there were only about 40 vendors, and none of the major vendors except Metzler and Schubert. There was a small vintage show of about 35 bikes, most all from the collection of Jack Wells of Florida. I did take an interesting tour of the Biltmore house – the “Architectural Tour” where we got to climb

around the roofs and attics of the house seeing how the place was built. I'd recommend this tour.

Friday evening I had dinner with Gene and Julia in downtown Asheville, which turns out is a happening place with an active downtown on Friday evenings. There was a free concert by a rock group where several blocks of downtown are closed off, and \$4 unlimited beer wristbands are sold (these seemed popular for some reason.) The number of small shops and restaurants in downtown has at least tripled since the last time I'd been in Asheville.



. Happening Asheville - Friday night

The Three Stooges: Later on Friday night, Grant, Alex and Dave arrived at our motel to stand around the parking lot BS'ing. They'd been riding at semi-Grant speed, meaning Grant would take off at Grant Speed in the lead, Alex would pretty much keep up, and Dave would try to maintain a sane pace.

Turns out it isn't a good idea to follow Grant through small towns in Virginia. Apparently the local constabulary doesn't take well to a group of bikes going through their downtown – speed limit 35MPH – at 70MPH+. An officer of the law pulled Grant over, and the other two riders continued past trying to look innocent, and pulled into a McDonald's down the road. Innocence didn't fly. The officer who pulled over Grant called the rest of the police force and had them descend, lights and sirens going to the McD's parking lot, where Alex and Dave were.

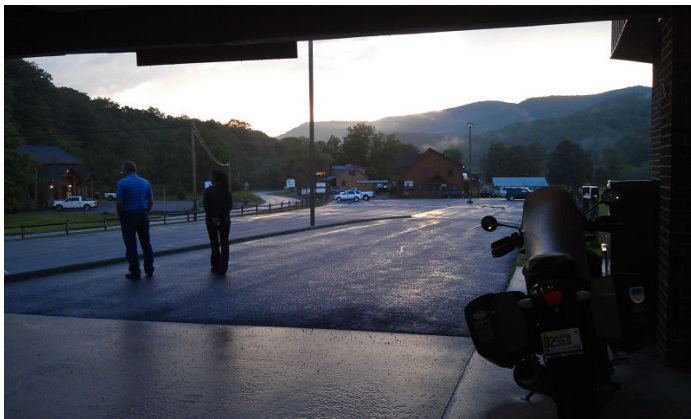
All three of the Stooges received performance awards – rather expensive ones actually.



Saturday I again visited the rally site and caught up with a few people I hadn't seen, then I took a ride around the Asheville area to see how the

rapid development into a senior enclave was going, and finally off to dinner again with Gene and Julia – at a great Mexican restaurant just outside the Biltmore entrance. The closing ceremonies were mercifully short, and held on the front lawn of the estate (surrounded by BMWs.)

Sunday morning we were off like a shot at 9:30AM, heading north on some very pleasant roads (more or less highway, but nice curving, sweeping highway) past Johnson City TN, and north heading to Snowshoe, West Virginia. We seemed to luck in on Sunday – rain showers were seen, but never really fell on us for more than a few minutes, and we arrived at Snowshoe – got under the canopy and the skies opened up. It was a 325 mile day.



. Snowshoe WV, after the rain

Monday was going to be an almost all West Virginia day – only around 180 miles, with time to stop and visit some sites and play on some great roads. We left around 10AM after breakfast at Snowshoe, and headed north on WV-28, one of my favorite roads.

We stopped at the Cass Scenic Railroad State Park, which unfortunately wasn't open on Monday, but still was worth spending an hour poking around. The railroad was built to ship lumber and logs from the surrounding WV hills around 1901. When it's open there are locomotives and trains doing excursion rides up the mountains. The locomotives used are "shay" engines – designed not for speed, but for traction – since the track frequently exceeds 10% grade (normal railroads 2% is considered a steep grade.) Klaus and I got to examine one shay engine closely and found it had "final drive" problems (it was 12-wheel drive).. so we think BMW could have had a part in the design. More

info on Cass can be found at:
<http://www.cassrailroad.com/>



Just north of Cass is the National Radio-Telescope facility at Green Bank, and the worlds largest moving structure – the Green Bank Telescope. There is an interesting tour of the facilities we took. Just as we were ready to leave, the skies darkened, and it started raining.

Not to be stopped by a little rain, we headed out onto WV-28 again. Shortly after – the rain started to get serious, and we ducked out of it for a few minutes on the porch of the Boyer Station Cafe, which unfortunately was closed. Once it let up a bit, we headed out again, only to be met by hard-rain (the kind that makes noise on your helmet, and stings through the Aerostich) so we ducked out of it in an abandoned Exxon station for about 20 minutes until the worst passed.



. Hard rain - check out the gas prices

Finally a few miles north, the rain let up, and we rolled into Seneca Rocks to sunshine. We had lunch at the Seneca Rocks store's deli, if you're in the area – avoid it unless you want to be rudely insulted.



The rest of our ride was uneventful and we ended up at the same Comfort Inn in Stephen's City. My birthday dinner was at Roma's (thanks Klaus and Faridah!) Next day (Tuesday) was the reverse of the ride to the Comfort Inn a week before.

. Seneca Rocks

I arrived home at about 4:30PM, 1560 miles later. I'm sure my GPS was lying with the 89 MPH top speed recorded. Great trip!

Albuquerque to Tucson ride report



Bill Dudley

I'm out west riding the 1978 R100RS that I keep at my son's house in Albuquerque, NM. Part of my routine is to ride over to Sahaurita, AZ, (a suburb of Tucson) and visit my cousin George Dudley. The nice thing about this ride

is that you can do it in one day, you can do it on (mostly) back roads, and most importantly, you get to ride "the Coronado Trail", a truly wonderful road.

There are places where it's hard to avoid using the interstate, and heading west from Albuquerque is one of them: I-40 has been laid down on top of sections of old Route 66, and you have no choice but to take I-40 unless you want to go way out of your way. So the first 70 miles are on I-40 from Albuquerque to the exit for NM 117, where prudent people gas up, since you never know when you'll see another gas station.

NM117 goes through the El Malpais National Monument (Park) and while practically unknown, it's a beautiful ride between huge rock formations on rolling hills. Not a real "technical" ride, but still entertaining.

Eventually, NM 117 runs into NM 36, which takes you south to US 60. You could take US 60 west, but 60 is kinda straight, so better to take NM 32 south into the Apache National Forest. After a bit you run into NM 12, and if you take that west you hit US 180. From the time you start on NM 32, you will be in the Apache National Forest for the next two or three hours.

US 180 will take you north-west to the town of Alpine, AZ, where the real fun starts. Alpine is big enough to have a couple of restaurants and a gas station, and it did have a motel run by motorcyclists that I stayed at a few years ago; don't know if that's still valid. Alpine is a good place to have lunch, and THE place to gas up, as the next stretch is 94 miles with no services of any kind.

So, after gassing up, head south on US 191, *the Coronado Trail*. This road makes "The Dragon" look like the Florida Turnpike. The northern part of the Coronado Trail is fast-ish sweepers where you can easily maintain 60mph. The further south you go, the gnarlier it gets, until at the southern end, it's pretty much 20mph corners.

Last year the Arizona Highway Department had put crack sealer on about 10 miles of the Coronado Trail (about mile marker 210) and that made for a very scary ride. This year that crack sealer has aged and hardened somewhat, but I still felt the bike was a little squirreley on that section. Eventually, you arrive at the southern end, where you ride through a humongous mine (copper) at the town of Morenci, and soon after

is the town of Clifton, which has a gas station, restaurant, etc.

From here on you stay on US 191 for quite a while, but it's not nearly as entertaining. Also of note: you've dropped out of the mountains. Albuquerque is at 5000 ft, and you've been up to about 8000 ft near Alpine, so the ride so far has been cool even in July. Once you hit Clifton, that's over: the temps will be much higher, like 100F, in July.

You follow US 191 south-west to hit I-10, and sadly, I-10 is the best way to make some time and get over to the Tucson area. There isn't any service at the US191/I-10 exit, so I got gas in Wilcox, AZ, a few miles west on I-10. I don't recommend Wilcox, it was a lot of bother on surface streets to get to the gas station. 70 miles on I-10 and I get off on AZ 83 to head south 3 miles. Turn right on E. Sahaurita Road, and 18 miles later you're in Sahaurita, AZ. And it's HOT.

When I was just a few miles from my destination (and this is a 500 mile day, so I was READY to end this trip), traffic stops for a freight train PARKED on a railroad crossing. Just parked. I left the road and road some dirt roads parallel to the tracks, hoping to find another crossing further up that wasn't blocked. Didn't find one, but I did find some places where the train tracks bridged a ravine that I could have used to ride UNDER the tracks. I seriously considered trying this on my fully loaded R100RS, but visions of me lying under the bike in a ravine under a railroad track dissuaded me from this course of action. Fortunately the train finally moved, making the decision easy.

So, 503 miles in a day, a long-ish day for me. AirHawk seat cushion meant my butt wasn't screaming for relief at the end of the day. The bike only gets 33 mpg, but I'm told that's about par for that model. Mesh riding suit and Camel-Back water supply also recommended for riding in the SouthWest at this time of year. If you ever get out this way, do not miss riding the Coronado Trail.

Smokin in the Smokey's

Greg W (name withheld by request..)

With a bit more than a second's thought, I de-

ecided that I would travel and join our fellow club members to the RA Rally at the Biltmore in Asheville NC.

My wife hates it when I decide to go on a trip or adventure. You see, I need to stock up on the proper equipment. It doesn't matter if I already had the stuff, I always need better stuff. She knows that if a trip cost \$750 to go, it's really \$1,000 or more because of the crap I seem to end up with preparing for the ride. Camping, Mountain Biking, Golfing, it doesn't matter, I seem to always need new stuff.

I found myself on Revzilla. I love this web site. They virtually have everything. They have reviews and video links to help you make a choice. The dude on the video describes the products in great detail giving you some sense of what it will be like when it arrives at your door. If your purchase is large enough, the shipping is free.

T and I had made plans to meet up at our WAWA on Tuesday the 18th to make our way south. We figured we'd run the PA Turnpike till Carlisle PA then head south on 81 to Front Royal, VA. From there we'd pick up the Skyline Drive to the BRP eventually ending up in Staunton, VA for the night.

The Fun Tax (everything has a "FUN TAX") started to kick in when T was running late and I began to worry. To my relief, he finally showed up. He was a bit frantic. Our entire trip of primary, secondary and tertiary roads we planned to ride was trapped in a GPS that refused to show life. T painstakingly took hours to plot our course only to have it disappear. Not to worry, since we knew the final destinations, we could use the braille method and feel our way through the back-roads, using a piece of paper called a map. Did ya ever have that feel-



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ing that something isn't right? We had that feeling all the way down to our first stop knowing that the GPS had all of that precious info stored and we couldn't access it.

Flomax may claim to work miracles for us older guys, but it doesn't work so well for me. About an hour into our ride, it started to rain. We figured we should stop, get readjusted and put on our rain gear and continue. Man am I glad I bought the Olympia Rain Gear, works like a charm. Riding in the rain can be surreal. I may be a bit strange; but, sometimes I like it.

About 215 miles under our belts, we decided to pull off 81 and refuel. We picked what we thought would be quick filling station. What we found was a very busy little town with not a single filling station in sight. So, back on 81, we head to the next exit.

Screaming down the road at about 85 mph, a very familiar lack of power burped into my life. Oh no, I am running out of gas! It did it again, only this time the engine quit. Fearing that I was about to find myself on a super slab standing in the rain with no fuel, an exit magically appeared. My prayers were answered. As the engine died, I pulled in the clutch and coasted up the exit ramp. At the top of that beautiful ramp was a BP filling station. All I had to do is push the 480 pound machine across the overpass and into a covered spot that was eager to take my money to fill the tank. I worked off lunch that afternoon as I pushed the R12R across the overpass and into the gas station parking lot. The Rain started to come down pretty heavy by now so we decided to take a rest & get a cup of coffee. T felt sleepy and tried to get a quick cat nap lying on the sidewalk. How do you get sleepy running 80+ in the rain? I dunno. While there, we met a few retired couples riding Harley's and pulling campers. It's hard to get my wife to go for a ride let alone go camping by motorcycle.

Finally arriving at Front Royal we made our way to the Skyline Drive. The Ranger advised to keep it slow as the rain and fog were pretty thick. Taking his advice, we proceeded slowly away from the gate and turned our first corner out of sight. We did pick it up. Not as fast as we both wanted to, but fast enough to keep the road interesting. We wound our way until our first stop for the night at Staunton.

Beer... Food...Motel... This is how we (or should I say I) prioritized our selection of a place to stay each night. TEXAS Road House was good enough next to the Comfort Inn.

Remember the GPS? Well, all it needed was a bit of time on the charger. It came to life the next day. We were stoked! The next few days we were guided by this miracle machine. Tearing up and down mountain roads (with caution of course) . Darting back and forth. In and out of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee we had a blast. With a couple of tips from T, I settled into my own ride. On average we were adding at least 450 miles a day to our odometer. I can't stop smiling!



On the third day we ended up in Asheville. Nice little city and boy are the folks there friendly. They make me want to go back soon and often. That night after we settled in the Sleep Inn, we made our way over to dinner at Fridays. It was within walking distance to the hotel and the food was downright good. K and F as well as D met us for dinner along with D's friends Julia and Gene. Really nice folks. They were ambassadors for the Rally.

The Rally went from Thursday to Sunday, T and I decided that we'd skip the rally on Saturday and head to the Tail of the Dragon for some R&R. I was advised that the Dragon is famous but the roads that we've been shredding were just as good or better. They were right. The only difference was that Harleys occupied the restaurant, store, and motel and the photo.cameras occupied each corner of the Tail. I got my tee shirt, photo and bumper sticker. Neat place. I'll be passing through once again someday.

On Saturday, we decided to make our way over to the rally site to enjoy some of the attractions they had in store. But first, K, F, T and I made our way over to the Biltmore home for a butler's tour of the mansion. The 127,000 square foot home was certainly impressive. We were told that as of today, it is still privately owned. The Vanderbilts accumulated their wealth through the shipping and railroad industries. We were also told that in 1913 Congress passed the 16th amendment to the constitution allowing the federal government to tax individuals and corporations. We were told by our guide that that act caused great loss to the Vanderbilt's vast wealth. This was referenced as the "*Fall of the House of Vanderbilt*". In order to maintain the home and some of the wealth that the Vanderbilts accumulated, the estate tax was satisfied by the Vanderbilt's donation of several thousand acres to the federal government. Today, the 500,000 acres donated is known as the Pisgah Forest which surrounds Asheville. Back then the government played land grab as they are doing today ☺

We decided it would be best to head home and make it a two day affair. Backtracking through the Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyland Drive, T and I figured we'd hit Stephen's City as our overnight stop. The little Italian restaurant there was on my mind all day and the Comfort Inn next door had our name all over it. Hovering around 95, the Heat was oppressive. Before we went over for dinner, a cool dip in the pool was just what the doctor ordered. While we were having dinner T's phone rang, it was the fellas D, G and A. Seems they had the same idea as us and joined us for dinner. Lots of laughs! Later that night, we met back at the pool and shared more stories and laughs. The evening would not go without "FUN TAX". Behind the Motel was a filling station and store. G and I stayed at the pool while the other fellas went over to grab some provisions. The light was very dim and shadows flat. While heading back, T stepped off the sidewalk onto what he thought was a level parking area. Snap... His ankle went left as he went right. Thank goodness it was only a severe strain and not a fracture.

After a night's rest, we knew things weren't going as planned. Being that it was his shifting ankle, we knew the bike couldn't be ridden

home. With 5 great minds, it was time to formulate a plan. After renting a U-Haul box truck, it took time to figure out who among us had the gonads to ride the bikes up the ramp and into the truck. After seeing too many You Tube mis-haps, it wasn't going to be me, unless of course no one else wanted to do it. The bravery of G and E will not go unnoticed. Thanks Fellas. We loaded the bikes up. I cinched them as best as I could and we headed home. Damn, riding in a truck for 300 miles certainly feels longer than sitting on a bike.

See you next time.

"Individual names were not used by request of the guilty and replaced with their first initial."

Motorado Classic Motorcycle Show, Santa Fe, NM

Bill Dudley

June 16, 2013 was the second annual Motorado Classic Motorcycle Show in Santa Fe, NM, and I was fortunate enough to attend with my son and other members of the Pharaohs Scooter Club ([link:http://www.pharaohssc.com/](http://www.pharaohssc.com/)) of Albuquerque, NM. The show is put on by the Motorado motorcycle club, which I think is head quartered in Eldorado, NM, a suburb of Santa Fe. ([link: http://www.motorado.org/](http://www.motorado.org/))

The event was well organized, with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place trophy's in many (15? 20?) categories. The show encompassed road and off-road bikes, stock bikes, race bikes, and custom bikes, and the time span covered by the entrants was between 1929 (for a BSA) to the cutoff of about 1980.

I entered my 1978 R100RS in the show, but there were two much nicer R100RS's so I didn't have a chance, but of course, that wasn't the point. The point was to just walk around, schmooze, try not to get sunburned, and ogle the bikes. Motorado got about a dozen vendors, mostly bike shops, to join in, plus a small "display team" from the New Mexico State Police Motorcycle division did some demos during the day on their loaded police bikes: Yamahas or Hondas, I think. Hard to tell with all the police farkels bolted on.

The ride from Albuquerque to Santa Fe on back roads takes about two hours, through some interesting (but mostly flat) country. Sadly, there aren't many

roads there so your route choice is extremely limited, so it's pretty much up and back on the same roads.

Below is a picture of the wildest bike I saw at the show, a "home made" bike using a Moto Guzzi Ambassador motor, turned sideways, attached to a Norton Command clutch and gear box, in a home made frame, with some kind of Honda running gear. Home made 2 into 1 exhaust, too. The Motorado web site has links to more pictures of the event that



you can peruse.

On the way back my son and I got hit by a freak rain storm near Albuquerque (freak because August is the "rainy season"). But as is normal for Albuquerque rain storms, it was over very quickly. It probably took more time to put the rain gear on than the storm lasted.

2013 Event Schedule

Please email the editor with additions/corrections.

July

10th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon
12th to 14th. Lunatic Fringe Rally, Alberta, Canada.

18th - 21st - BMW MOA International Rally, Salem, Oregon. There are several club members planning on riding to/from the rally. Come to a meeting for details. Roger Trendowski is looking for NJ club member volunteers to help in registration on Friday - please see Roger.

August

7th - Moribundi Lunch. It's hot so cool off with the cool guys. Location TBA

14th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon
September

4th - Moribundi Lunch. It's cooling off, so it's time to join us! Location TBA.

?? Date not set: 10 day ride to?? Nova

Scotia? Great Lakes? See Don, so far Nova Scotia is in the lead.

11th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon
20th to 22nd 10-billionth New Sweden Last Chance Rally. Join our friendly souf'Jersey club, the New Sweden BMW Riders at campground in Elmer NJ.)

October

2nd - Moribundi Lunch. Old and tasty. Location TBA.

4th-6th - Oktoberfest/Bavarian Weekend. Round Top NJ, Crystal Brook German Resort. An all-meals included weekend, timed to coordinate with Colors in the Catskills in nearby Hunter Mountain. \$83/night/person includes a real bed (and shower) and three huge meals per day. Hard to beat! Reservations are made by the members directly with the Crystal Brook. More info will be available as the date gets closer.

9th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon

November

6th - Moribundi Lunch. Old and wrinkly. Location TBA.

13th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon

December

4th - Moribundi Lunch. Old and cold. Location TBA.

11th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon

22nd - Annual Toy Run, Children's Hospital, Toms River

LONG TERM:

April 1st - October 31st - FluffyButt! Get out and RIDE! Watch for ride announcements via the Yahoo group email.

FOR SALE:

Dr. Jerry still has an R100 for sale. Contact him for details. He's getting desperate.



. Not Jerry's actual bike, seen at Mike K's.
Can't imagine what he'll do with it..

Motorcycle Insurance from a fellow rider and club member



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