

August 2013

NEW JERSEY **SHORE BMW** **RIDERS Inc**

Mike Lamberti, President, president@njsbmwr.org

Bill Dudley, Vice President

Jim McFadden, Treasurer

John Malaska, Secretary, Newsletter Publisher

Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Instructor General

Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor

Joe Karol, Trustee

Roger Trendowski, Trustee

John Welch - Trustee Emeritus

In lang, lang days o' simmer, When the clear and
cloudless sky Refuses ae weep drap o' rain To Nature
parched and dry, The genial night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdue, spring anew, An' ilka blade o' grass Keps
its ain drap o' dew. *James Ballantine Quotes, Source:
Its Ain Drap o' Dew*

Summer time an' the livin' is easy, Fish are jumpin' an'
the cotton is high. Oh, yo' daddy's rich, and yo' ma' is
good-lookin', So hush, little baby, don' yo' cry.
Summertime, a song in the play "Porgy and Bess"

Here is the ghost Of a summer that lived for us, Here
is a promise Of summer to be. *William Ernest Henley
Quotes, Source: Rhymes and Rhythms*

Every man, wherever he goes, is encompassed by a
cloud of comforting convictions, which move with him
like flies on a summer day. *Bertrand Russell (1872 -
1970)*

Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon... the two most
beautiful words in the English language. *Henry James
(1843 - 1916)*

Why, this is very midsummer madness. *William
Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)*

President's Message

Mike Lamberti

BMW Club
New Jersey Shore Riders



Well, my good friends, I did it. The cross country motorcycle trip that I always dreamed of is now done. Seeing the Pacific, Grand Tetons, riding up Bear Tooth Pass, and the vast beauty of the Great Plains, was so awesome. Arriving home late after an 800 mile plus ride from Chicago was very emotional for me. Riding down Texas Rd., only two miles from my home, I must admit I shed a tear or two. It seemed at the time almost unreal. Totally exhausted but riding high for sure, I pulled into my garage and somehow managed to get off the GS. At that moment I gained a better understanding of Robert Pirsig's philosophy (*Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values*).

By the way, I did not experience one drop of rain, which was a divine act for sure.

I feel so much more confident in my riding and cannot wait until I venture out west again. I want to thank Roger Trendowski for his invaluable mentorship on the first leg of the trip, he is really a remarkable rider. We did more on the way out to Salem, Oregon than some folks do in three trips!

My GS ran perfectly, Thank you Mike Kowal. My wife still loves me, and my new hero is Harry who always has a better story than most and has experiences that make the sport of motorcycling worth every effort.

Glad to be back see you in September!

Your Prez, Rev'n Mike

Club Picnic on September 28

RD Swanson

The plans for the picnic have been finalized and a deposit paid. It will be held on September 28th at Pats

30 Acres in Wall Twp. Boundless food and beverage will be provided and we expect a good time will be had by all.

The club is underwriting ONE member and ONE significant other for \$15 each of the cost of the picnic. The total cost of the picnic is \$32.10 per person. This means you must send in \$17.10 per-person to our treasurer. If more than 2 people are attending, the additional people must pay full price of \$32.10.

To pay by mail: \$17.10/per-person, send a check made to **NJS BMW Riders Inc** to: Jimmy McFadden, 30 Trask Ave, Bayonne, NJ 07002. For TWO people the total will be \$34.20.

Oktoberfest Weekend, Oct 4th-6th, Round Top NY

The club is holding its 2nd annual Oktoberfest Weekend - to coincide with the Colors in the Catskills at Hunter Mountain. We'll be staying at the Crystal Brook German Resort in Round Top NY (the German Catskills).

The resort provides a room and 3 HUGE meals a day for only \$83/night/person. This is a special weekend at the Crystal Brook, with Oom-Pah bands and other events in their German Mountain Brauhaus. Food is great, the Crystal Brook is a lot of fun, and we're also planning on visiting the special BMW exhibit at the Saratoga Springs Auto Museum on Saturday. Peter Nettesheim's bikes are the center of the exhibit.

For more details - attend our September meeting, or contact Don.

Reservations at the Crystal Brook are the responsibility of the people attending. Don will lead a back-roads ride up to Round Top on Friday. If you care to go directly, Round Top is about 3.5 hours from our area by highway.

<http://www.crystalbrook.com/mountain-brauhaus>

West to the MOA Rally

Roger Trendowski

Let me start by saying, like in a good movie, "no animals were hurt, no speed limits exceeded, nor any dirt roads torn up" with Mike Lamberti as a riding partner. Actually it was relaxing and less stressful than trying to keep with traffic flow. We left early in the morning (pre-Don E time) from the Garden State Parkway Cheese Quake rest area. Both bikes burned

bright with the yellow PIAA 520 lights that made easy spotting the behind-guy. Consistent with my riding style our goal was to make it to our first sight-seeing location, Mt. Rushmore SD as quickly as possible... then spend touring time in the Rockies and western states. Of course our final goal was Salem Oregon and the National MOA BMW Rally.

The first night stop was scheduled at a B&B in Richmond IN, just past the Ohio border and about 150 miles west of Columbus on I70. Booked through the AIRBNB.COM website, the hostess and her 1890's Victorian brick home was pleasant. Excellent room, antiques everywhere, warm greeting for a modest \$40. To our surprise, Janine and her husband had moved a year earlier from Salem OR. Day 1 =650 miles.

The next day we stopped in Indianapolis for bulb repair.... Both of Mike's PIAA bulbs and one headlight had burned out at different times during the first day's ride. AutoZone to the rescue. It took two more days to make it out to Mt. Rushmore in SD via I80 then I90. By now we were approaching 2000 total miles, all hard asphalt heads-down riding. The landscape started very green from PA through IL and Iowa... plenty of deep green corn, hay and other crops. As we moved west out of Iowa into SD and eventually WY, the land dried and temperature increased. Except for some beautiful tourist sites and parks, e.g., Mt Rushmore, Crazy Horse and Yellowstone/Tetons, the terrain was dry and barren.

Bear Tooth Highway is a great target for motorcycle riders. On day 4 we headed north from Cody WY on route 120&72 and then west on Rt 308 to Red Lodge MT. It was important to start up the Bear Tooth on route 212 going west. Riding up the incline to over 10,000 feet, it is critical that you don't get behind an RV or Sunday driver. Mike and I were lucky that we didn't.



Mike heading up to Red Lodge MT

There were numerous pull-off spots to take pictures and wait for slower vehicles to pass, or pull over. By the time we worked through all of the switch-backs and reached the summit, the temperature turned much cooler. Kids were snowboarding on the snow fields near the road.



Bear Tooth switchbacks on Rt 312 on my GPS

Continuing west on Rt 212 we traveled out of MT to the north entrance to Yellowstone Park in WY. It took several hours to come down from the mountains to the park entrance. At the ranger station, we were met with hefty entrance fee and an “all full in Yellowstone” accommodation sign. (My Senior Park pass finally paid for itself.. free admission to Yellowstone. Unlike Mt. Rushmore, a national monument, where we had to pay for parking but admission was free.)

Yellowstone park’s environment was very diverse. We first ran through a burned out treed area and then lush green grazing areas, followed by tall pine and other hard and softwood tree species. We rode along narrow winding rivers and grass fields, on edges of deep gorges, and then up into heavily wooded mountainous passes.

Our goal was to make it all the way to Old Faithful by early evening. We accomplished this but not without issues. We chose to ride the eastern loop (toward Yellowstone Lake). Unfortunately as one local person told me at a rest stop, there are only two seasons in MT and WY.... They are “Winter and Construction.” We hit grueling construction on this first eastern loop. They would hold 50 cars in order to let 50 cars oncoming to travel through. During the “wait time” the BMWs needed to be shut down so as not to overheat.

Finally after moving through numerous construction areas, the flag-lady held up her sign in front of Mike and

Me. Without hesitation we both gunned it and pushed through behind the lucky vehicles in front. So far on this day, we traveled from 100 miles south of Cody WY, stopped in Cody for awhile, traveled northwest to Red Lodge, west over Bear Tooth Pass, then southwest through Yellowstone to Old Faithful. Not a lot of miles but about 12 hours saddle time.



Roger and Mike @ Bear Tooth Pass

While Mike enjoyed viewing Old Faithful with anticipation, I decided to take Don’s recommendation to check the Lodge for cancellations. The counter-lady laughed at first saying that the lodge had been fully booked for 1 year... then said “where did that come from” as she peered with amazement at her computer. We enjoyed a \$69 cabin that night overlooking Old Faithful (give or take a few trees in the way).



Mike at Old Faithful Lodge celebrating that we found a cabin for the night

We left early again the next morning, heading out the south Yellowstone entrance and into the Grand Tetons National Park. The view of the continuous snow-

covered mountain peaks was amazing. We worked our way south to Jackson Hole WY and west to Idaho Falls..... eventually we connected to Rt 20 in Idaho Falls and followed it west to I84 where we stayed overnight. (about 60 miles south of Boise ID). Mike wanted to stop for an oil change at Big Twin BMW in Boise.

When they opened in the morning Mike was given priority service (no waiting for touring bikers) and to my surprise the Service Manager, Neil, recognized me from 4 years earlier when they repaired my R1160GSA rear drive on my way to Redmond MOA rally. After a few hours at the shop, we headed north on I84 then west on Rt.20 toward the Pacific Ocean.



Roger at Pacific Ocean just north of Newport OR

All I can say about Rt 20 across ID and OR, is it is HOT...HOT...HOT and DRY. It was that way four years ago and nothing has changed. When we hit Bend OR we couldn't find any motel vacancies. Some event was going on that absorbed all the rooms in town. (prices in Bend looked twice as high as other places on the trip.) So picture Mike and me sitting in McDonalds guzzling 32 oz drinks and using their free wifi. Mike called his daughter for hotel-search assistance and I logged onto AIRBNB.COM.

We ended up 8 miles out of town at Cynthia's ranch BNB. We slept in a fishing room décor... one on a pull-out couch and other on the bed. Like with the other BNB, we relaxed in the living room, used their wifi and had coffee/pastry for breakfast. As we left in the morning and headed west toward the Pacific, we started climbing into the mountains again. It was in the low 40s... refreshing vs. the desert heat but pretty cold w/no electrics.

In the distance we could see the 3-sisters mountains, Mount Hood, and Mount Washington. By following Rt. 20 to its end, we hit Newport OR located on the Pacific

Coast. By the way, this is the same US Route 20 that extends from Boston MA, through Finger Lakes NY region, around Cleveland and Chicago, Rockford IL, and is the main east-west road through Yellowstone. (I have now ridden on all of Rt 20 from coast to coast... over several years.)

The Salem OR fairgrounds, home of the 41st BMW MOA Rally was about 2 hours from the coast. Upon arrival, we checked into a nice hotel to decompress from our long ride. The Rally, starting in a few days, ultimately boasted 5120 attendees, 150 vendors, 150 seminars, all buildings and registration function were air conditioned. Our total mileage from NJ to the west coast (pacific) was 3800 miles. Mike and I headed in different directions after the end of the rally, a week later.

Ride to the International Norton Rally in Buffalo, WY

Bill Dudley

My son William III and I decided to attend the International Norton Rally in Buffalo, WY this year. Buffalo is at the northern end of I-25, where it intersects with I-90.

Since Albuquerque is on I-25, the stupidest possible way to go from Albuquerque to Buffalo is straight up I-25. To make things less boring, we decided to take the scenic route through Colorado. My wife Kate flew out from Philadelphia to join us for part of the trip.

The first leg of the trip was taking I-25 to Santa Fe, then US 285 and US 84 from Santa Fe to Durango. The I-25 bit doesn't take long (50 minutes?) and the 2 lane bit is quite scenic.

We had researched motels in each of our destination cities. Durango, being a bit of a tourist trap, has motels in the \$90 and up range; with AARP cards etc we managed a room at a chain motel for about \$90.

The heat really takes it out of son William, so he napped while Kate and I rode into scenic, downtown Durango, which is sorta like New Hope, PA: tchotchke shops, bars, restaurants, all quite touristy. We had dinner at "The Irish Embassy Pub". There was a free death-metal concert going on in the city park, there's a tourist railroad running a little loop from Durango out into the countryside; in short, tourist paradise.

The next day we packed up and headed north on US550, also known as the "Million Dollar Highway". That's probably in 1933 dollars. It is a wonderful motorcycle road, twisting and turning as it climbs over

the mountains and down the other side. Eventually you end up on US50, which isn't as dramatic but still beats hell out of most interstates.



Sidewalk sculpture in Durango, CO.

We had palatial accommodations in Grand Junction at the Grand Vista Hotel, and the rates around Grand Junction are a more reasonable \$70 to \$120 a night. Grand Junction has a cute little downtown area, with an interesting treatment for the main drag – it weaves around doing “traffic calming”, with free parking on both sides, and wide sidewalks both sides. Further, there is outdoor sculpture along the whole length of both sidewalks; some “serious”, some whimsical, almost all of it interesting.



Sidewalk sculpture in downtown Grand Junction

The next day was to be all interstate, taking I-70 from Grand Junction to Denver, CO. What a nice surprise that was! I-70 twists and turns and rises and falls and is wonderfully entertaining for much of the way to Denver. It is the best interstate ride I have ever had, and is more entertaining than many 2-lane roads.

The last bit, crossing Denver so we could get to our motel near Denver Airport, was less fun. Nasty traffic, and this was early afternoon. I'd hate to have to commute here at rush hour. We did eventually arrive at our motel, which was in a strange “motel ghetto” out in the middle of a huge empty field with other motels, conference centers, and a few restaurants. Fortunately we could walk to the restaurants, so we didn't have to saddle up to get to dinner. But there was no cute little downtown to visit out there by the airport.

The next morning, Kate left before dawn to catch a plane back to Philadelphia. At a more reasonable hour, William and I packed and saddled up to head to Buffalo where the Norton rally was being held. From Denver, the easy choice is I-25 north to Buffalo. William chose a more interesting route, in which we left I-25 in Fort Collins, CO, and got on US-287 north to Laramie, WY.

After gassing up in Laramie, we continued north on US-287, which is now also US-30, a.k.a. “The Lincoln Highway”, to Medicine Bow, WY. Medicine Bow is a wide spot in the road, but it has a marvelous 100 year old hotel, still functioning as a hotel, with bar and restaurant on the first floor. The manager/proprietor encouraged me to wander around the upper floors and check out the (period) hotel rooms.

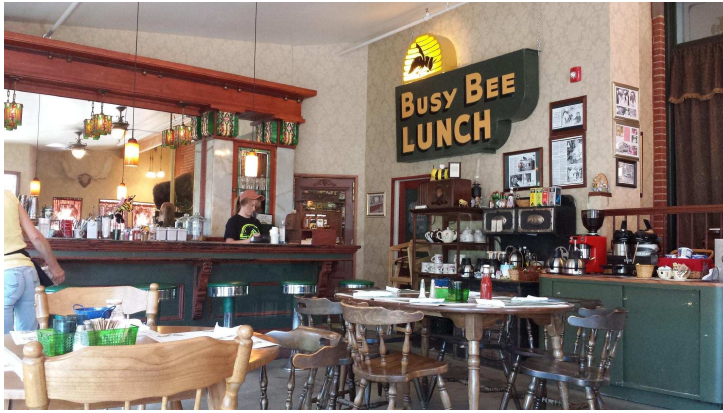
After having lunch in the bar, we turned right on WY 487, including a little loop “detour” on WY 77. I don't recommend that loop on WY 77, it wasn't very interesting.

WY-487 drops you on WY-220, from there it's a short ride to Casper, WY, where we gassed up (again). Throughout all of my travels out west, I had a 1 gallon plastic gas can bungied on the luggage rack on the back of the R100RS. Between the smallish tank and the low gas mileage, I really liked the peace of mind of having another 33 miles in a can on the back.

From Casper, there wasn't much left but to get on I-25 and slog the remaining 110 miles to Buffalo. That stretch is mostly straight and a bit boring, though I suppose compared to crossing Kansas this looks like the Dragon.

All told, a 387 mile day, and the total trip mileage from Albuquerque was a bit over 1000 miles.

The Norton Rally had a registered attendance of 326, so not quite in the same league as the MOA rally, but we love it just the same.



The Busy Bee Lunch in downtown Buffalo, WY during a lull in the business.

Buffalo, WY to Albuquerque, NM Saddlesore 1000 ride report

Bill Dudley

I've had such a great time riding the 1978 R100RS that I keep at my son's house in Albuquerque, NM. One thing my son and I planned was to ride to the Norton national rally in Buffalo, Wyoming (held coincident with the BMWMOA rally in Oregon). Since it's about 840 miles from Buffalo to Albuquerque on the interstate, and I've been so comfortable on the R100RS (with AirHawk, I must add), I suggested to son William that we do a Saddlesore 1000 on the ride back to Albuquerque. He readily agreed.

William did the pre-ride research, looking up the rules on the ironbutt.com web site, and printing out the forms we would need: log, start witness, end witness, and instructions. We pored over Google Maps, experimenting with different routes, so we could meet several criteria: 1) don't hit Denver at rush hour, 2) try to maximize "fast" roads, but at the same time, 3) don't do it all on the interstate.

The route we eventually chose was almost exactly the reverse of the scenic route we took going to Buffalo; Albuquerque to Durango, CO, Durango to Grand Junction, CO, Grand Junction to Denver, and north from there to Buffalo, WY, with a detour to Medicine Bow, WY.

Friday 7AM we got our first receipts, had our start witness forms signed by our start witness, and started heading south.

A 1000 mile day only requires a 42 mph average, and one is advised to take lots of breaks in order to not burn out early, so every gas stop we parked and had an energy bar and a Red Bull (or similar). With the smallish gas tank on the R100RS and the 33 mpg it gets, I was stopping after between 50 and 120 miles. We erred on the side of too many stops, so we'd have good documentation of our route and our ride.

We got to Grand Junction at 7PM, just in time for it to get dark as we hit the two lane roads.

I think William's route wasn't all that good a choice, and I'm sorry we didn't do it all on interstate. While we avoided the worst of rush hour in Denver, we ended up on the "Million Dollar Highway" in the dark, in the rain. I was really wishing for some interstate at that point.

We eventually got to Durango, about 11:30PM, and we elected to stop at a Dennys to get some "real food" and take an hour's break. We had originally discussed getting a motel room in Durango and sleeping for a few hours, but decided that it won us nothing – we still had to finish the ride in the dark, and the worst part was behind us.

We rolled into Albuquerque about 4:30AM, and after taking another break, we met up with our end witness, who was an IBA member who regularly volunteers to witness ride starts and finishes.

So, 1020 miles later, the AirHawk seat cushion meant my butt wasn't the tiredest part. I asked William if he wanted to nap and then do another 500 miles to qualify for a "Bun Burner 1500" but he wasn't up to it. Glad he decided against it, as we really didn't have the time to do another 500 and make the 36 hour deadline.

I've submitted all my paperwork and receipts, and now I wait about 2 months for it all to be processed, and then I should get my award.

An advertisement for Jerry Friedman, The Motorcycle Attorney. At the top, it says "SERVING THE MOTORCYCLE COMMUNITY SINCE 1977". Below that is a cartoon illustration of a pig wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and giving a thumbs up. To the right of the pig, the text reads: "JERRY FRIEDMAN The Motorcycle Attorney One Greentree Center, Suite 201 P.O. Box 649 Marlton, New Jersey 08053". At the bottom, it provides the website "www.law4hogs.com", the email "e-mail: law4hogs@aol.com", and a large orange banner with the phone number "1-800-LAW-4-HOGS".

Lunatic Fringe Rally/Cochrane, Alberta

Harry Costello

I expect Mike and Roger will cover the National Rally so here's something about a little rally that has been going on for a few years but because of the location, few people from our area have attended.

I slabbed it to Columbus and then went Northwest and stayed the night in a motel in Lima, Ohio (550 miles). Next morning I picked up Rt127 which the map showed as a two lane going straight through the center of Michigan to the Mackinaw Bridge. The road as expected, was a nice two lane through farm country in Ohio but when I hit Michigan it soon turned into a slab. Not finding an alternative road on the map I ground out a mind numbing 300 miles on the slab to the bridge. Riding across the Mackinaw was something I was looking forward to after hearing many stories about how nasty it was. When I finally arrived at the bridge I encountered a fairly brisk wind coming out of the North and I was concerned they might be closing the bridge to motorcycles. No problem, they took my money and sent me off. The left lane is grates all the way across and it's kind of strange looking down to the water many feet below but the right lane is paved and that's where I stayed. The wind was a problem so I found a van in the left lane and paced him on his leeward side all the way across. Once across the bridge I used back roads to get to a campground in Munising on the UP in Michigan, where I was to meet some riders from the Black Diamond club (500 miles).

Next day we followed Rt2 West through farms and some urban areas to Federal Dam, Minn. We rode about 400 miles and stayed in an army corps of engineers campground. These campgrounds are a great deal, if you can find them, it was only four dollars for a campsite if you have the senior citizen National Park pass and the facilities are always first rate. We stayed two nights and checked out a Dinosaur museum, the Greyhound Bus museum and the largest strip mine (Iron ore) in the world.

We then followed a combination of Rt2/Rt200 and some back roads to Riverdale, ND where we stayed in another corps of engineers campground. On the way we stopped at the monument for the geographic center of North America and had some fun on the back roads when the speed limit is posted at 70MPH and no one is looking. Bad news about North Dakota is road construction and fracking, the tanker trucks carrying the water they use for the fracking process are everywhere as is the road construction. All the Cafes and motels are filled and you ride past fields that have hundreds of small trailers (think FEMA homes) arranged in rows on dirt roads. At the construction sites they have no problem stopping traffic for fifteen or more minutes, if they did that in Jersey someone would be killed, but in North Dakota people just shut the engine down and chill for a while.

Leaving the confusion and mayhem of North Dakota behind, the next day we rode into Big Sky Country. Another 400 mile day mostly along Rt2 but also some roads designated as scenic on the road maps. I won't even try to describe the landscape I'm riding through because I don't have the vocabulary to do it justice. The camera also doesn't capture it, many people say the center of the country is just a bunch of corn, wheat and nothing but it's nothing like you've ever seen before. It has to be seen firsthand. Camped at another corps campground in Riverdale, ND.

I now parted way with the Pennsylvania folks and headed West on Rt2. The short 300 mile days were making me crazy. Stopped to do laundry in a small town in Montana and had an interesting conversation with some local people. Seems like the entire population on Montana is just over one million and I told them the city I grew up in (NYC) now has ten million living in it. We all shook our heads and wondered how the other folks could live the way they do. 550 miles and stopped in a city campground in Shelby, Montana where I dusted off my fifth of Jameson and watched a softball game.

Next day it was north and into Canada. No drama at the crossing and I was off on Rt2 toward Calgary. Rt2 Canada looked like a secondary road on the map but it soon turned into a super slab. Looking for an alternate on the map I

noticed a road off to the West called the Cowboy Trail that paralleled RT2 all the way to Calgary. I figured that's for me and jumped on the first cross road, a big mistake. The road quickly turned to gravel, nice round river bed gravel and it was freshly laid about four inches deep. My GPS showed 4.5 miles to a turn so I figure that's where the blacktop starts. Wrong – I reached the magical spot and the road surface stayed the same but the GPS changed to 20.5 miles to the next turn. Over the next twenty miles I prayed to all the Saints I could think of and kept repeating the mantra "Don't fall down". You had to go at least 30 MPH to stay up on the gravel which was interesting with all my camping gear packed behind me and street tires. After being stopped once by a bunch of horses and once to work my way through a herd of cattle I finally hit the blacktop. I wanted to get off and kiss it. I keep telling myself not to ride these unimproved rural roads when I'm alone, but then I wouldn't ride with the type person that would blindly follow someone down one of those roads. A conundrum for sure. After a detour that put me back into the urban traffic of Calgary I finally made the rally site around six PM.

The rally is held at a community center type building that, while a modern building with first rate facilities, it is located in the middle of nowhere. Attendance was around fifty bikes and that seems to be the norm according to the people that put the rally on. The food was adequate and abundant and I think everyone received a door prize. The entire event seems to be put on by two couples and everything went smoothly. Strange thing was the sun didn't set until around 10:30 PM. This was a onetime deal for me, but I would do it again if I could work it in on the way out or back from somewhere.

On Sunday when the rally was over I headed West on Rt1A which is the old road bypassed by the interstate. Up through Banff to see the mountains and ice fields then back to the States (uneventful reentry) and on to the National Rally.

I had a list of passes and roads I wanted to ride and I got most of them. Here's a repost from the Guzzi list that is representative of what my days were like:

While heading to Craters of the Moon NP I noticed a back road (Rt21) on the map that swung up thru the Sawtooth Mountains. I couldn't help myself so off I went, turns out it was a 200 mile detour over some great roads that were gravel covered and populated by the local wildlife. It became obvious I wasn't going to make Craters NP so I went into a little National forest campground. Set up the tent and enjoyed a meal of "stuff in a bag". As it became darker the people all disappeared and I realized I was alone, and in Sasquatch country. Under a full moon I walked to the other end on the camp to wash my eating utensils and discovered what had attracted the locals, there was a large hot spring in the camp. I stuck my hand in and it was like a hot bath, and I didn't bring my swim trunks. Next morning I woke at almost dawn, 05:00 (brain still on east coast time) I went to the hot spring stripped down and jumped in. While I was floating there waiting for the sun to come up two deer walked by, good thing it wasn't a big foot. I don't know who would have been more surprised. After a while, watching the sun rise over a great landscape, I got out, dried off and continued on my way. What a way to start a day. Turns out the detour led to another great memory that I can attribute to riding a motorcycle.

2013 AHRMA Vintage Races, NJMP

William F. Dudley Jr.

The weekend of August 3,4 was the first AHRMA vintage races at New Jersey Motorsports Park in historic Millville, NJ. I rode down there on my Moto Guzzi to hang with the Guzzi guys, one of whom is New Sweden member Doug Evans. Doug has a nice Moto Guzzi Eldorado – much shinier than my cruffy old Ambassador.

Sadly, the weekend was thinly attended. There were racers in all the grids, but a competing event at Loudon, NH the same weekend siphoned off a lot of the north-east's vintage racers that might have been at Millville.

Saturday's weather didn't help, as it rained on and off all day, so the track was only dry for a few of the 11 races. Racers had to complete at least one lap on each of the two days in order to qualify for points at the Barber Vintage event in October, and many chose to do just the one lap, especially when it was raining heavily, rather than risk wadding the bike up.

The tickets for the event were an eye-watering \$50 in advance (especially considering that it was an extra \$5 a day for "paddock parking", plus the hefty amount they charged for food and drink (\$3 for a 12 ounce soda). The good news was that Atlantic County Harley Davidson was a sponsor, and you could buy tickets at the AC HD parts counter for \$10 for the weekend pass. Cash only, no mail orders, etc, but if you had a buddy who could pick them up in advance that was a great deal.

If this were Barber the \$50 would be somewhat justified but with the light race grid and nearly non-existent vendors and flea market, there really wasn't enough there to justify that price.

Sunday was (as you may remember) a perfect day, so the racing was better (except for the guy who wadded his bike up; at least he walked away from it).

The big surprise on Sunday was the results of the bike raffle. "They" (not sure who) was raffling off a Honda CB160 race bike. They had been selling tickets at \$5 a pop for a whole year. Doug Evan's son Brian bought 5 tickets at the last minute (Doug bought 1), and amazingly, one of Brian's tickets was chosen. So now Brian, who is a hefty guy, has a tiny little CB160 race bike. Brian also has a wife, who is not hefty, and the CB160 just might up being her first real road bike.

I hope this event repeats next year and grows a bit.

Wells Fargo Rant

William F. Dudley Jr.

Last week, I had Capital One overnight a cashier's check for \$3200 to my son. He took it to his bank, Wells Fargo. They said he had to wait 24 hours to cash it. 24 hours later, he gets the cash. BMW content: He used it to buy a 1996 GS1100 (red) with 40000 miles on it.

This week, Wells Fargo says that the check is "fraudulent", they've LOCKED his account, so he can't pay his rent or his phone bill. Capital One says that Wells Fargo *has the money already*.

Capital One is trying to help, but Wells Fargo is following their corporate policy: "the customer is always wrong, and probably a criminal, too".

2013 Event Schedule

Please email the editor with additions/corrections.

August

7th - Moribundi Lunch. It's hot so cool off with the cool guys. Siam Basil, 2161 Rte 35, Sea Girt, NJ

14th - Regular Meeting, Schneider's/Avon

September

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

August 31 to September 11 Nova Scotia ride with Don E.

11th - Regular Meeting, Princess Maria Diner in Wall Twp, we think. Schneider's is closed for September.

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.)

28th - Club Picnic at Pats 30 Acres in Wall Twp.

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

13th - Three Club Rumble, Pohatcong Park

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 his R100 for sale. Contact him.

Motorcycle Insurance from a fellow rider and club member



Greg Wright

greg@johnbwright.com

www.johnbwright.com

800-224-6693

Contact Greg Wright for all your motorcycle and other insurance needs. Greg is a club member, fellow rider, and club supporter.

The Wright Agency can provide at least 3 competitive quotes while making sure you're protected!

More than just buying insurance:

- Face to face personal attention.
- Quick, fair claims processing.
- We're there when you need us.

When it comes to insurance, our philosophy is simple – the broadest coverage at the best price, fast claims response and the advantage of a local agent.

See the difference personal services makes!

Meeting – Weds – August 14th

Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ

NJS-BMW-Riders Inc.

John Malaska, Secty.

18 William Lane

Wayside, NJ 07712-3728