

November 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

Yesterday is not ours to recover, but tomorrow is ours to win or to lose. *Lyndon B. Johnson (1908 - 1973), address to the nation, November 28, 1963*

Too many people are thinking of security instead of opportunity. They seem more afraid of life than death. *James F. Byrnes (1879 - 1972)*

First it is necessary to stand on your own two feet. But the minute a man finds himself in that position, the next thing he should do is reach out his arms. *Kristin Hunter, O Magazine, November 2003*

You can always tell you're in trouble when the good option involves a prosthetic leg *Hugh Elliott, Standing Room Only weblog, November 5, 2003*

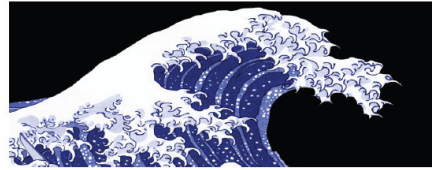
Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few. *George Bernard Shaw (1856 - 1950), Man and Superman (1903) "Maxims for Revolutionists"*

There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval. *George Santayana (1863 - 1952), Soliloquies in England, 1922, "War Shrines"*

President's Message

Hello everyone! Well October was a unique month for our motorcycle community. Wonderful weather, some good rides and the tragic loss of John Ryan. The later reminded us all of the importance of making each day count. However, as we move on as a club I want to remind everyone with a few thoughts.

BMW Club
New Jersey Shore Riders



This club is your club! How it functions, how it appears to others, the rides we share, the friendships we make and the joy of coming together as fellow motorcyclist are in each of your hands. It is important that each of you contribute at some level so that the club can sustain itself with meaningful activities, support and provide value to all members and hopefully new ones as well. The 80-20 rule is always true and eventually when 20% of the club continues to provide 80% of the effort it will exhaust itself and become stale. That's not good!

So I am asking on behalf of the leadership of our club to get involved. Even doing the smallest thing can help sustain our momentum. As our year begins to wind down, I hope you will consider this and help out. We have had a wonderful Indian Summer and with any luck a light winter will bless us with good riding conditions.

--

Have a great Thanksgiving, Rev'n Mike

Toy Run - December 8th

Jim Thomasey

The annual ride to the Children's Specialized Hospital has been set for Sunday December 8, 2013. This the day after the Holiday Party at Rod's.

We encourage all to attend and we will meet at the motor vehicle station on Route 70 west at 9:45 am. After a quick coffee and donut break we will have kickstands up at 10:45 to be at the hospital at 11am. I am sure this year there will be a short presentation and tour as the hospital staff is also welcoming Holiday Express right after us. Of course as in the past, toys can be brought the day of the ride for motorcycle delivery to Toms River.

In the past we have given a financial offering to the hospital to use as they see fit. They often have a need to "just get a little something" for the kids as many of them do not have a parents or caretakers

nearby. They use the bulk of the money for some big ticket item that they have on their wish list and which was not budgeted for.

If you prefer to forgo the coffee and chat at the the Motor Vehicle Inspection Station and go directly to the hospital the address is:

Children's Specialized Hospital
94 Stevens Road (off Rt 70 – WAWA on corner.)
Toms River, NJ 08755

See you there!

John Charles Ryan - October 18

RD Swanson

John M., Harry, Grant and I met on the Parkway to make the ride to John's funeral. Clear blue skies, temps in the 60's, and just a little wind made it a ride-perfect day. The Rite of Christian Burial was at St Luke's Church in Long Valley. When we arrived the parking lot was filled with motorcycles and cars. There were many familiar faces gathered to say farewell.

It is a beautiful church and the ceremony celebrated John's life. The large extended Ryan family and friends took part in the rite.

David Drillock and Jim Shaw spoke about John and their close friendship. The music was beautiful.

After the service, everyone gathered in the parish hall for food and refreshment. Many shared stories about John and motorcycling. My story was about the time we met John at the NY motorcycle show. He had on his usual gray aerostich with the NASA sticker. Some guy stopped and looked up at John and asked him if he was an astronaut. John said he was. The guy was clearly impressed. We had a laugh.

It's a long ride to Cape North.. or how I spent my fall vacation Sept 2nd -14th Part 2

Don Eilenberger

When last seen, our three intrepid motorcyclists (me, Herb Konrad and Bill Dudley) had crossed into Canada, and wandered through New Brunswick Province heading to Nova Scotia.

Many people think Nova Scotia is an island. It's

not – it's a peninsula of sorts connected to New Brunswick Province. It is a “Province” in Canada though (think state in the US). Our destination on day 4 was the Quarterdeck Villas and Grille located on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia at Summerville Beach..

If I had to pick one perfect vacation spot – it would likely be the Quarterdeck. The Quarterdeck consists of 10 “Villas” - semi-detached two story rental units with 2 bedrooms, a sleeping sofa in the living room, a kitchen and 2 baths. All of this faces an inlet and the open ocean – just feet away. The Villas have a second story balcony where the views are terrific. The “Grille” part of the Quarterdeck is a gourmet restaurant – at one end of the property. At the other end of the property is the “Cabin” - a three bedroom deluxe cabin with attached patio overlooking the waterfront. We had the cabin for the night.



Quarterdeck fogged in

Service at the Quarterdeck is outstanding – everything you might think you'll need has been anticipated. Breakfast is supplied delivered to your villa or cabin. Dinner was at the Grille, and as it has been when I've stayed there before – the seafood offerings were exceptional.



Quarterdeck Sunset and our cabin

We got to the Quarterdeck in drizzly weather,

using primarily “highway” routes – which on Nova Scotia often mean simply a limited access two lane road with higher speed limits since it is a distance from Moncton NB, and since the weather wasn't all that great for sightseeing. While our visit started out in clouds – it quickly started clearing as twilight approached. By the time we walked over for dinner there was a great sunset lighting up the grounds and beach. By late evening – the sky was clear and filled with the stars you just can't see in NJ (due to night light pollution, and probably air pollution.)



Quarterdeck morning

After a great nights sleep – we were up and on the road again by 9AM – heading for Halifax on the “Lighthouse Route.” Nova Scotia and New Brunswick – relying on tourism for a good part of their economy have designated and marked various routes they feel would be found scenic. I've been on quite a few of them and so far – they were right on as far as scenic.



Along the Lighthouse Route

They aren't fast routes – often they follow the rugged coastline as closely as possible (which in spots is VERY close) and wander through

small villages and towns. There is no way to ride these routes quickly, and if you did – you'd just miss the good stuff. The Lighthouse Route was no exception.



Along the Lighthouse Route

This route is about 190 miles of twisting two lane road hugging the water on the rocky southern coast of Nova Scotia. The 190 miles took us all day – and we ended up in Halifax NS for the night. Aside from the required lighthouses on the route, it also went through historic towns such as Lunenburg and Mahone Bay. We stopped for lunch in Mahone Bay at a waterfront pub, and had yet another outstanding seafood chowder.

We stopped at “Peggy's Cove” - one of the most scenic spots in Canada – a small fishing village with houses perched on large rock outcrops on the cove, and a lighthouse on a huge outcrop into the ocean – and then headed on to our hotel just outside Halifax. Dinner was at the hotel as was breakfast the next morning.



Peggy's Cove

Back on our bikes at 9AM – we headed off on the Maritime Trail toward Cape Breton Island.

The Maritime Trail is another great one that follows along the southern coast of Nova Scotia. The day was spectacular – clear skies, clear air and sparkling water where the sun reflected off

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it. As with the Lighthouse Trail – the Maritime Trail closely follows the coast line of Nova Scotia along the Atlantic Ocean – winding in and around coves and harbors, through small towns, and even a short ferry ride.

We had lunch in the historic village of Shelburne where once again we had seafood chowder. At this point Herb decided that the ride would be a “Chowder Run” - and that became the ongoing theme. We eventually reached the causeway between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island and headed toward our nights lodging on Cape Breton.



Shelburne Chowder

To be continued next month as we spend a few days on Cape Breton Island.

Big Rumble - October 13

Skylands hosted the event this year and even though the location was high up in the New Jersey Alps, Shore Riders again carried the day with the most riders. My count was eleven. Keep in mind that this was a dismal showing only made tolerable by the more tired responses of the other clubs.

The food; barbecue, beans and coleslaw was quite good and the weather was near perfect for riding. The location though challenging for flatlanders and the denizens of the southern swamps was also pleasant.

Skylanders were most gracious hosts.

Next year will be our turn to host this event. Start thinking about a location and a chef.

John Charles Ryan

Andrew Serbinsky (Skylands Member)

I was moved by the ceremony in honor of John Ryan this morning by the out pouring of love and respect for this singularly-minded, influential man of motorcycling. The parking lot was overflowing with bikes in numbers rivaling some organized rallies. The priest asked each of his nieces and nephews to come forward to describe him in just one word. The kids responded in turn with "kind, loving, generous, brave, stubborn....." The priest added one more - "unique", and went on to connect the passion for what John loved to do most to the whole point of all of our lives here - the pursuit and attainment of whatever it is that fulfills who we are.

I would add one more word to describe John, and that is "fearless". I know it's true because he told me so at a Skylands meeting at the Lamplighter last year when we had a chance to talk uninterrupted for a while. He said he was never afraid when faced with any obstacle on or off his bike. For many, fear is the most debilitating of emotions blocking the path to full life experience. I came away from that talk with John feeling much more aware. His example, however one interpreted it, influenced the riders of that whole parking lot full of bikes. I'm sure he was smiling throughout it all

Pumpkin-Run Car/Bike Show - November 2nd

Harry Costello

Great event (as usual) and the colors were still out in South Jersey. North of Barnegat everything was brown

The Ride – Oktoberfest in the Catskills - October 4th-6th

Jim Nanfield (grabbed off the New Sweden mailing list)

Old riders, nostalgic settings, a new route with lots of turns? Lets try it.

Never have seen the place, I hear it's great. Lots of corners to get there. I am in.

Friday: Meet here, get comfortable,...let's ride.

Riding in a group is not my norm. I have done some long solo rides. I am not sure if I am really a group rider, or a solo rider. This ride to see leaves seemed pretty interesting, maybe the reason I joined a club. Let' try it.

We all did, only to stop some 45 minutes into the ride. Oh no, what's the problem? Oh, coffee,...OK. Ok. (I hope this is not the shape of things to come).It was not.

Up some really neat NJ back roads, some I had never seen, thanks to Don Eilenberger and his GPS planning. Riding number five in the formation, ...I was right at home. Watching this daisy chain weave and meander before my eyes was like watching a ballet. I have never actually watched a ballet, but this surely was as close as I would like to see one. And it was beautiful. Something about lefts and rights. (If you don't know about lefts and rights, you are in the wrong place, sell the bike and listen to you Mom). :-)

Way too much fun. Mountain views. Left and right turns. Did I mention how much fun the left and right hand turns were? And then we were almost there. That damn GPS some of us use was talking a party line...I noticed we were on the same street intersection as my room reservation.We made it.



Crystal Brook

Something about "getting there." A moment when we all sigh. The day is done. We all acknowledge personally our shortcomings in hav-

ing gotten to "this point." And the dust clears.

The quiet. Always it is about, "the next."

Here we are. In an unfamiliar setting, lots of things talked about being possible from here. So,....what is next? I made it so far, I am a player, I think... German heritage, the place is set in it. Think German. Dinner is served at 1830, get with the program. Think meat and potatoes, the stage is set. Family style, come as you are.

Eating and drinking, all expected and part of the program. Dinner is done, lets walk down the street and see the sister building, hosting a German band that can only coach us in German phrases, um poms, and German ladies that seem to come out of the Adirondack mountains to sway to this German music. Where is my second helmet when I need it?

Lots of fun watching. Now known as the "motorcycle riders," in the hotel. We were marked. And Saturday night was yet to happen.

Saturday: BMW Sports of Albany. "Color in the Catskills," the gathering sponsored by MAX"S Motorcycles sponsored this stage, complete with a BMW sponsored "stunt, sport" rider, that did several shows, showing us all how much we don't know about riding motorcycles.. I always thought it was about the open road,...he only talked about the possibilities in a closed parking lot. You had to see it to believe it.

We got back to the lodge for more Saturday night, after a great ride in the late afternoon amongst the colors and turns.. More German beer, dancing, ...if you like that sort of thing.

Sunday: Up for a full spread. The rain now upon us. Checking the internet for the future. Moving, ...here now, but... my iPhone says....

We watched a video on the history of the Catskills, how the money people of Manhattan used to ride trains up "here" on Friday night to rejoin their families in living the good life.

We were just thinking about real life, and how to orchestrate this ride south, rain and all. My "smart" phone says.....

After a delayed start, goodwill greetings from

the 80 year old matriarch of this old German hideout, and to avoid the "crazies" on the road,.....we set forth. I wondered how many she had dealt with as I lifted my visor and dealt with limited visibility navigating the twisties in close comfort to this place of refuge.

"Do you want to lead?"a question, perhaps a challenge of sorts. Always a moment to do that pregnant pause. As a good female friend of mind always says, "Is this a trick question?"

I took the bait. We have to get gas,...some of us don't rideOK I can be a team player. That accomplished. The NY Thruway before us. What is so hard? EZ Pass accomplished, the on ramp, four bikes accelerating to BMW cruising speed. In the zone, on the road, life is good.

Heading South. Two lanes. The usual life adversities. Four motivated home bound ride riders, though with brains, accepting the rules of the road. In and out of traffic. In and out of rain. Visors up, visors down. Not trying to leave any memories in the cars passed. If I can see I can ride and maybe pass. Southward bound. Just a ride really.

NJ. Back to reality. Navigated the lane changes. Too many to see the first time. Stay right. Finally away from NY traffic, two lanes, clean riding, mile 72, headed South. We can do this. Not raining, three taillights hanging with me, moving through traffic. This ride is finishing up in fine form. Soon I will have to split off, I am not headed that far south, today.

Riding in the middle lane, it is going just right. ...And then I saw "those guys," in the left lane, just ahead.

Looking out in front of me, the visor now down, cruising at 70 plus, I can feel the hum of my ride. I can't help notice this group of about eight bikes, now definitely "hogging," the left lane. Riding in a very tight formation at 70 MPH, the lead two abreast. Lots of NOISE, and Flash.

The followers in a loose formation, all in the left lane. The attire, denim. Long accessories, made of leather, dangling from their waists, rain misting up off the roadway upon them,...ladies grabbing their drivers, sitting side saddle, in the moment, sort of. Water rising about,....definitely

claiming the left the lane as where "they should be."

In the middle lane, with "good" overtake. A situation you come upon, every now and again. What to do?

It was not hard to decide. I clobbered the power, picked up ten knots and nailed my focus straight ahead, I passed the group in less than three seconds without looking aside. Eight "riders" of the past,... passed in a moment.

Now you see them, now you don't.

I looked in my rear view mirror. I counted three more headlights of my BMW group. We all had made the pass.

That's what I did last weekend,and it felt good.

John Ryan Has Left The Building

Jim Shaw

The music is still in our ears,
that sound of throaty exhaust.
The dance is still in our eyes,
the oneness of man and machine,
that graced the roads and our lives,
and left everyone else behind.

We feel the warmth of that handshake,
that hug, the smile, the strength of our friend.
There is an emptiness in us,
as we remember the man
whom everyone noticed
when he entered a room.

What tragedy!
He will not be back in our world.
He will not amaze us, again.

Our memories will remain,
large and clear in our mind's eyes:
The gentleness of his manners,
the brilliance of his insight,
the plain truth of his humor,
the glow of his easy smile,
that je ne sais quoi...

Yet we are left with memories
that can be recalled,
but never more added to.

The very notion that
we will not see John
walking toward us again
in full, riding suit-clad athletic form,
the massive boots
that grounded him like an oak,
with his helmet under his arm,
and his trusted mount parked behind him;
this is our personal disaster
almost as much as John's,
our personal loss,
and leaves an emptiness in our family,
a vacuum in our community,
a hole in our heart.

Yet, we have great hope:
I am convinced that people like John
live on in our memories.
I'll see his face, those bright blue eyes.
"Whatever it takes..." I'll hear,
ringing in my ears,
that motto I heard from him
so often, when he offered help,
or described some effort
that would astonish his peers,
that would take him beyond others' limits.

In loving, living memory of John Charles Ryan
(1960-2013) who will always be my very best
friend.

-James Donley Shaw © 2013

Mood Leveling - November 2

RD Swanson

Don't ride as much as I did in the past. It's a combination of things: the same old roads, getting older and lazier, having most of the guys I rode with not riding anymore, and other excuses. But when I do ride as I did today I return feeling much better and wondering why I don't do it more often. There's something about the ride that just settles me down, banishes the cabin fever and discontent.

Today I started for Capt. Mikey's but he wasn't in residence so I just pointed west to see where the road would take me. Out through Howell, into Millstone, out toward Trenton trying to find unfamiliar roads. Not so easy. But the Fall foliage was in bloom, the temperature was in the low sixties and the traffic was light and so it made a nice ride.

I thought I would try my GPS to get me home so I found an unfamiliar spot and told it to take me home. Then I ignored it some of the time to give it a challenge. No matter. It was unwavering in it's determination to put me straight toward home. Made for a fun ride and I did discover some new paths. And my mood leveled. So it was a good thing.

John Charles Ryan, June 24th 1960 - October 13th 2013 A Special Birthday

Don Eilenberger



I'm not great at writing obituaries, so this is a remembrance of John. As others have stories about John, so do I. John and I had something in common that made for a somewhat special friendship. We were both born on June 24th - me quite a few years ahead of him (I was in high-school when John was born.)

We often would send each other birthday greetings since it was a friend's birthday we were likely to remember. One year - we shared a special birthday.

I had been doing one of my West Virginia "birthday" (spring) rides with Jim Cavallo in 2008. Near the end of the ride we ended up in the Canaan Valley State Park and Resort in north-western WV. Jim's back had started bothering him, and he decided to pack it in and head for home - on June 23rd. This left me with a spare bed in my room, and I thought it would be fun to fill it, so I called John to wish him a happy birthday and asked if he'd like to join me. John immediately said "Yes" and that he'd head out the next morning. It's about a 6-7 hour ride (at normal speeds) from NJ to Canaan Valley (400+ miles).

It just so happened that the Concours Owners Group was having their national rally at Canaan Valley at the same time. That meant our group of rooms (more or less motel style) had about

40 bikes parked out front (apparently the COG isn't quite as large as the RA who took over the entire resort when they held their nationals there.) They'd been sorta friendly, but a bit aloft to my presence. They seemed to feel a BMW didn't quite fit in.

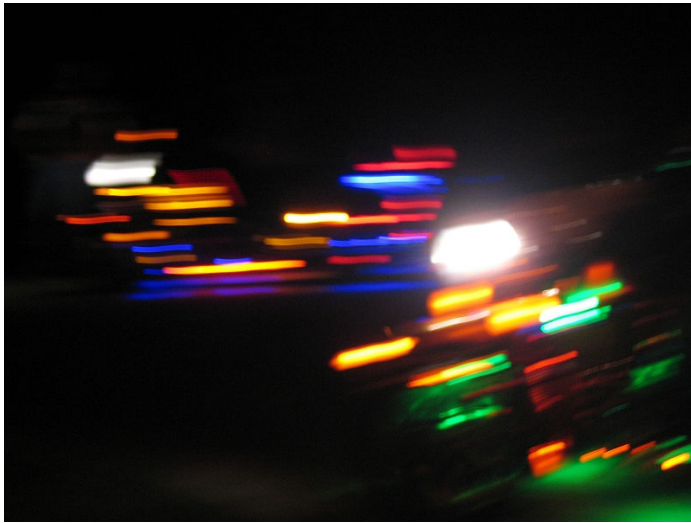
The next day - June 24th - John arrived at about 3PM. He'd left NJ after a few hours sleep - he'd worked in NYC the night before. It was great seeing him, and his FJR started getting some attention from the Concour's group. Their bikes were flawless, shiny, sparkling, clean and most were outfitted with LOTS of lights. John's FJR looked like - John's FJR, a tool setup to go long distances without stopping. A few of the Con-cours group wandered over to me and asked "What's up with that bike?" I explained a bit about John's obsession with endurance riding, and mentioned a few of the rides he'd completed, and they walked away. Some of them went "Oh yeah.. that guy.." Others went away scratching their heads as if they couldn't understand why someone would do what John regularly did.

I mentioned to John that there was a road nearby that I really enjoyed. The road went from Parsons to Canaan Valley. At the southern end of it there was a big sign saying "NO TRUCKS!" followed by other signs warning about the road. Jim and I had ridden it more or less by accident on the way to Canaan Valley (Doofus the GPS took us on it), and it was one 180 degree uphill very tight switchback after another. I lost count of the switchbacks, but I believe there are more than 20.. and most of the road was only "sort'a paved" loose pavement with patches of gravel and dirt separating them. It was an "Oh my GOD!" sort of road.

John immediately thought this would be a good road to ride and took off near dusk - returning about an hour later with that huge shit-eating grin on his face, and the comment "Good road." He'd done a round trip in about the time it took Jim and I to traverse it once.

Dinner time came around - and John and I went to a local joint that advertised "All you can eat spaghetti!" - which was perfect for John. He ate a LOT of spaghetti (it was actually quite good.). After dinner it was back to the resort, where the Concours club was having a riding parking lot

contest for the lighting on their bikes. Since the Concours hadn't been made in a number of years - apparently owning a Gold Wing, as long as it had lots of lights on it was OK. The contest was a hoot. A strange as John's bike might appear to the COG members, their bikes looked equally strange to us, but it was as John said "All Good!" - they were out riding and enjoying each other's company.



We then sat around bs'ing until about midnight when we turned in. The next morning at 5AM John was up and very quietly leaving for Long Beach Island where he promised that he'd help some friends move. He said he'd be there at noon, and he didn't want to be late.

I'll always remember that birthday ride for being able to share it with one of the most exceptional people I've ever known. John would do almost anything to help out, or cheer up a friend. I think he realized I was feeling a bit blue spending my birthday alone, so he made the effort to make it a bit better. And his presence made it a memorable birthday.

God speed John - I hope all the roads are "good."

Membership Drive for 2014

Don Eilenberger (in Trustee Roll)

Looking at the long term viability of the Shore Riders – it's rather obvious we need some new and younger blood in the club.

With this goal in mind, three of your Trustee's visited Cross Country BMW to discuss giving free 6 month memberships to any purchaser of

a BMW from Cross Country. Scott Barkey was receptive to the idea.

We've come up with an "Invitation" membership form which, along with a copy of the latest newsletter will be given to any purchaser of a new or used BMW at Cross Country.

The free membership includes receiving the newsletter via email, access to the club email list, and an invitation to join us on any rides or events. It does not include a discount to paid club events that is only offered to paying members. At the end of a new members 6 month free membership the trustees will reach out to the member with the goal of converting them to a paid member.

Please help support this effort. I'm requesting that the club Secretary send along any names and info on new members – and this will be published in the newsletter. Please reach out to these members and make them welcome!

Holiday Party Payments

The payments for the holiday party (\$32.00/person, with \$10 back at the door) are due **NOW**.

Please send your check to:

**Jim McFadden
30 Trask Ave
Bayonne NJ 07002**

DO IT TODAY – time is short!

2013 Event Schedule

Please email the editor with additions/corrections.

November

- **1st – Dues are DUE! See the member app in this months newsletter!**
- **6th - Moribundi Lunch.** Old and wrinkly. Location TBA.
- **13th - Regular Meeting,** Schneider's/Avon

December

- **4th - Moribundi Lunch.** Old and cold. Location TBA.
- **7th – Annual Holiday Party –** Rod's, Sea Girt
- **8th - Annual Toy Run, Children's Hospital, Toms River**
- **11th - Regular Meeting,** Schneider's/Avon

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders Inc.

Membership/Renewal Application – 2014

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ ST: _____ ZIP: _____ - _____

Significant Others 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: _____

Don E runs a private mailing list – only open to paid club 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 []

EMAIL address for the Yahoo list (only if different from above):

EMAIL: _____

I'm interested in: Overnight Rally's [] 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. or bring it to a meeting.

SEND TO: John Malaska
18 William Lane
Ocean Twsp, NJ 07712

Three Club Rumble: Last Gasp of my FluffyButt Two Challenge

Bill Dudley, Prez-in-Waiting

The weather was good on the day of the Three Club Rumble, but just out of perversity, I decided to take my 1977 Honda CB550F to the Rumble, instead of the R90S. (A flat tire on the R90S might have had something to do with it.) The Rumble location wasn't that hard to find, I think the problem that many had was that their GPSs weren't sure of the correct location for the park. Fortunately by the time I arrived, there were plenty of other bikes there, so it was easier to spot from the road.

We (NJSBMW) had OK turnout, though I think Don's injury keeping from playing really hurt the team. The New Sweden folks were well represented, too. I have no idea who had the most members present. Also, I can't count.

After stuffing myself with the excellent pulled pork, I decided to visit what would turn out to be my last FluffyButt Two Challenge sites: Drake House Museum, "Elaborate Grave of Singin' Sam", "grave of Stephen Crane" and "parking lot grave of Sailor's Girl". These were kind-of on the way home for me, so off I went.

The Drake House was a fun visit. The House was open (it being a Sunday) and I got the tour from the docent/town historian. The two people minding the place were quite happy to see me, and thought our FluffyButt Challenge a good thing, in that it got more people to visit historic sites. They had a "no photography" sign but weren't super keen on enforcing it, as they let me take a few pictures with my cell phone camera. (Have to get that selfie inside the museum for the points.)

Next up, the two graves. I usually try to scope

out grave sites ahead of time using google on my home computer, so I can get a clue as to where the grave is located in the cemetery. You can wander for days in some large cemeteries and never find what you're looking for. This trip was more "spur of the moment", but thank heavens for modern smart phones. I was able to Google the locations of the graves and find both of them.



Elaborate Grave of Singin' Sam

Last up, the "parking lot grave of Sailor's Girl". This wasn't hard to find, and I was surprised at what a large "structure" this was. I'd expected a weed-overgrown patch behind a rusty chain link fence; instead is a serious stone retaining wall holding up a small (15' x 15' ?) "yard" with a wrought iron fence, the grass trimmed, etc. Hard to get a decent photo of though.

One final thought on the Fluffy Butt Challenges: it isn't any fun riding up in North-East New Jersey. I'd as soon just not have any Fluffy Butt sites that are inside the I-287 "ring", as they mostly have horrendous traffic (yes, worse than visiting downtown Camden). I realize that this cuts out a lot of historic sites, etc.

I am thankful to Don E. for his creation of the Fluffy Butt Challenges; I wish more of the club members would participate.

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**Meeting – Weds – November 13th (Eat 6-7:30PM, meeting 7:30PM)
Schneider's German-American Restaurant
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