

July 2014

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

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President's Message:

We're right in the midst of the prime riding season, and we've been blessed by great weather, so I hope you're all out there wearing out tires as fast as you can. I've ridden to Ithaca and to Boston and to the famous R90S rally in Bucks County, PA in the last month, and I'm trying to get something planned for at least every other weekend this season. (Can't go out every weekend, need to come home and do laundry and mow the lawn occasionally!).

Of course the "big event" for July is the MOA National Rally in St Paul, and Zhao and I are planning riding to that. That'll be our longest (one-way) trip so far, at 1200 miles, so we're trying to decide how many days it'll take to ride that far. I don't want to make an ordeal out of it, so Iron-Butt style 1200 in a day is out. The question is, are three 11 hour days do-able? Or should we do it in four 8 hour days? Those are long days in the saddle, even with AirHawks.

Anyway, even if you don't get to St Paul, I hope you can make it to the ice-cream nights. We had a good turnout at the last one to Swal Dairy in Allentown.

Next week, July 8-13, is "Freedom Fest" over at Horse Park of NJ. Normally I wouldn't want to touch that with a 10 foot pole, but I see on the flyer they've got a *Wall of Death* -- motorcyclists riding around inside a large barrel. A carny attraction from the early 20th century. Who's up for a ride over there one evening next week? Meeting is Wednesday, so that's out. Email the list if interested.

President dud

Heat is required to forge anything. Every great accomplishment is the story of a flaming heart.

Arnold H. Glasgow.

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)*

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

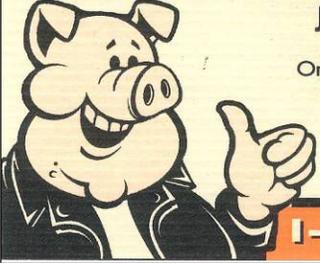
Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon... the two most beautiful words in the English language. *Henry James (1843 - 1916)*

We all learn by experience but some of us have to go to summer school. *Peter De Vries*

The bone-chilling scream split the warm summer night in two, the first half being before the scream when it was fairly balmy and calm and pleasant for those who hadn't heard the scream at all, but not calm or balmy or even very nice for those who did hear the scream, discounting the little period of time during the actual scream itself when your ears might have been hearing it but your brain wasn't reacting yet to let you know. *Patricia E. Presutti, 1986 winner of the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
and summer's lease hath all too short a date.
William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616), Sonnet XVIII

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Toscano's, Bordentown, June 20

RDSwanson

A "perfect 10, San Diego Day" so one must go riding. Don called and said he would twist my arm 'till it really hurt if I didn't lunch with him at Toscano's.

So I entered the garage to see if my trusty R1200r was still there. It was barely visible in the gloom. My wife had been threatening to sell it to buy a new washing machine, dryer and dishwasher.

After clearing the spider webs and removing a coat of dust, I attempted to start it. Bingo! One touch of the button and it roared into life with throaty sound of the Akrapovic exhaust. Absolute music to the BMW rider.

Next to find my riding gear. Where could it be? Did the warden hide it? No, it was right where I put it. Would it still fit? Like a glove as they say. Over to Don's to start the ride I went. As I arrived he greeted me and started fiddling with something in his helmet. Off and on it went. More fiddling.

Finally he was ready but said he to get gas and money. OK, off to the BP station. Never mind to gulf oil spill, it has the cheapest gas. After grasping the pump handle from the guy in a turban he began the filling process. Then more fiddling with his helmet.

Next the bank, and you guessed it ,more fiddling with his helmet. I began to experience hunger pains. Would we ever start?

The answer is yes. Weak from a lack of nourishment I followed as he took the longest route he could devise to get to Bordentown. Then we couldn't find a parking space. I didn't know if I could hang on much longer. But then, presto! A spot opened right in front

of the place and we parked. He had to help me remove my gear as I was having hallucinations about food. Inside all was well. We had the special filet mignon hamburger and it was super. I began to revive. We talked a while about Darth Vader, the king of chicken hawks and other serious topics including my gps that had decided to sleep.

The return ride was just as nice as the ride out. We stopped on the way back to harass Capt. Mikey but he was not there.

Dudley's Wedding, May 17th. A synopsis

Roger Trendowski



We came/
We shook hands.
We watched.
We cried (one of us... I think it was Dud)
We hugged.
We rode our bikes to a great luncheon.
We ate.
We said good bye.



Really, it was an excellent wedding held at Dud's country retreat.... sunny day, many club members, relatives , and friends.. Rev. Mike officiated.

If you would like to see a UTube video of the ceremony, go to:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xi8Uquzdfv4)

[v=Xi8Uquzdfv4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xi8Uquzdfv4)

Thank you and congratulations to Bill Dudley and Zhao Xiu Lan his lovely bride.

Birmingham and Back

by the Rug Man

It was no surprise that there were a good number of club members making the trip to Birmingham, AL for the BMW RA Rally this year. It was a slam dunk opportunity to explore the Westerly roads and to finally make it to the Barber Motorsports Museum. We were all excited to leave weeks before it was go-time.

I traveled with three other club members for our 8 day journey, all of whom were on the same page about conquering thousands of miles of the best roads we could find. Our daily GPS routes calculated to approximately 400 miles each, and we knew this would be quite a challenge on the twisty mountain back roads. One of the planned days had us on a 405 mile route to wind up just 42 miles from our starting point. These were good days indeed.

So off we went Memorial Day morning from OWW. It only took about 5 minutes down I-195 before we had blown by two troopers blasting radar with JGD leading the pack. Not more than a mile later, we blew by another one.

Whewww....that was close. This feeling was shared by all of us for the balance of our first day, as we spotted more traffic officials on Memorial Day than we did for the remainder of the trip. We took it easy for the first day (yeah right) and managed no performance awards... somehow. At the risk of losing a good bit of the readers, I can tell you now that all of us made the entire trip, 2500 miles, without any tickets.

We had stayed in many good places along the way, the best being our half day break in

Knoxville, TN at JGD's brothers house. We pulled into the Duncan compound early afternoon, and didn't start the bikes until the next morning. The afternoon/evening was spent recreating, relaxing and eating throughout Knoxville. We all retired to our own bedrooms and had a great night's sleep. This was P E R F E C T.



Hungry Mother State Park

The only bad experience was at the Best Western in Birmingham, where most of our contingent was staying. Somehow the manager seemed to believe it was OK to overcharge for the room, despite the lesser printed reservation in hand. It all ended well, the charges were disputed and the BBB complaint was filed against the extortionist manager.

One important side note: As Capt Don and I were kicking tires in the parking lot outside, two rough gentleman (and I use that term loosely) stumbled out of the hotel slurring something directed at us that we could not decipher. The burly man repeated himself again and again until we finally made out his words. "Is this a helmet state?" We shrugged our shoulders and ignored the banter that followed. We continued our conversation and just a few moments later, we couldn't ignore the loud, harsh expression, "Sh*t, I forgot my wallet...I gotta get my wallet upstairs." At this moment the Capt looked over at the brute without hesitation and replied, "I don't think it's a license state!" Classic.



We really enjoyed the Barber Motorsports Museum more than expected. The entire facility is outstanding and we were fortunate enough to have a private tour of the workshop and storage areas on site by the curator of the museum himself, Brian Slark. This provided us with unprecedented information and insight to the museum beyond the norm and we were incredibly grateful for this experience. The rally area was typical for an RA, and we had a good time going through the vendors and grabbing a drink, but that was about the extent of our time at the site other than the museum.



All in all, the trip was fantastic. We all made it home safely and without any problems. The Barber facility is spectacular and it will be hard not to return there soon, maybe for Vintage Days? It was great to see our fellow club members and other fellow riders along the way, and look forward to doing it again soon.

To Birmingham.. May 26th-May29th

Don Eilenberger

Mark one off on the Bucket-List. Barber Motorsports Park not only met expectations, it far exceeded it.

Dan T, and his son Colin and I took a 10 day trip to Birmingham and back and had a great time. 3.5 days going, 3.5 days at the rally and museum and 4 days back.

Our goal was – take back roads whenever possible. We met the goal and racked up a bit over 2,400 miles doing it.

Dan's son Colin has grown into a quite competent rider piloting Dan's "spare bike" - an R1150RT from NJ to AL and back.

The first day was "get out of NJ day" - about 300+ miles. Getting out of NJ involved I195 and I295, the Delaware Memorial Bridge and off into the wilds of upper MD. It was a 5 state day.. NJ, DE, MD, WV, VA. We ended up for the night at our usual Comfort Inn in Stephen's City VA. Right off I81.



Day two – we headed west of I81 to the Blue-Grass Trail – a vaguely marked route that parallels I-81 the length of VA. Most of the trail is on VA42, but it often ends – then begins again 20 miles later, leaving the rider to hope his GPS can connect the two ends.

Found some great roads once again that inspired me to ask for a GoPro video camera for my birthday. It's hard to tell you how great the BlueGrass Trail is – but it's well worth seeking out if you want an alternative to the drone of I81. The evening was spent in Wytheville VA – pronounced “Wiffvill”.

The next morning we started down through Tennessee – heading for Knoxville. We again were seeking back-roads, and stayed on the Blue-Grass Trail. It wanders through small towns – usually with battling Baptist Churches on opposing corners.



We stopped for some gourmet food at local establishments.

That evening we found a motel outside Knoxville that we selected for the fine dining establishment that was next door.



The next day we headed out of Knoxville on I75

– wanting to make a bit of time since our next destination was Birmingham. We stopped at the welcome center to Alabama, there was food galore for free. We were warned that the highway (I75) south was backed up due to something, so we decided to continue on back roads and took AL11 south (it's the “old” road – before there were any interstates.) Nice road – although we did run into a few torrential downpours.



We pressed on – stopped one other time not far north of Birmingham at a Baptist Church that had a nice porch to duck under (the rain was bad enough cars were stopping in the middle of the road – and visibility was about 15 feet.. seemed the wise thing to do.)



Kickin'tires – telling lies..

We finally arrived at the Best Western motel in Leeds AL – where it stopped raining shortly after we arrived. We found the rest of the club was

there, or arrived shortly after. I believe we had about 15 club members in attendance.



Dinner at the steak house next door to the motel.

To be continued next month..

40th Anniversary of the R90S Rally

Dud

The Rally celebrating the 40th Anniversary of the R90S was held June 20-22 at the home of Tony Karas near Lahaska, PA. Mike K, Klaus H, and Zhao and I attended along with about 150 other R90S owners and enthusiasts. I've already covered the highlights of the rally from the advance publicity materials, so you already know that many of the people important to the development of the R90S were in attendance, plus four of the people crucial in the race program that resulted in first and second place in the 1976 Daytona 200 mile race.

Tony Karas has a lot of toys. His 1913 Cadillac race car was parked in the four bay garage (a "working" garage, in that it had lifts, tools, and was clearly equipped to build or fix anything automotive). Most of the rest of his toys were in the "barn", which, though barn-shaped, didn't look like it had ever held farm equipment or livestock. It did hold over a dozen collectible motorcycles (R90S serial number 001, for example) and several collectible autos. Noteworthy

was the Isetta car, in Police livery.

Klaus had prepared for the rally by assembling his "race" R90S from bits he had acquired over the years, and he showed his "race bike" (more of a rolling frame) at the rally: One of the trick frames built for the race program, with trick wheels, racing slicks, and a dummy engine bolted in for looks. He also brought two of his running R90Ss, one of which was running well enough to go on the ride on Saturday afternoon.

Zhao, despite not being versed in Airhead lore, nevertheless got into the spirit of things by getting her picture taken with some of the luminaries, and having famous racer Reg Pridmore sign her helmet.

We had four (that I counted) visitors from overseas attend the rally; I talked to three of them: Phillipe from France, Frank from Australia, and Paul, from England. I was hosting Paul at my house, having volunteered to host a "random" overseas visitor when the rally was first announced. Paul rode his R90S to Heathrow, through a chain through the wheels, and got on a plane to Newark with his riding gear in a duffle bag. Zhao and I picked him up late Thursday night, and he rode my R90S to and from the rally, while Zhao and I rode my R100RS.

On Saturday, there was an organized ride that covered a subset of the covered bridges of Bucks County. I'd guess we had about 75 riders on that ride, and despite the large number, the pace was decently quick. The host, Tony, let Phillipe, the visitor from France, ride serial number 001, which I thought was quite generous. (Of course, I let Paul ride my R90S, but I doubt that bike is worth the kind of money that 001 is.)



Friday night, as we (Paul, Zhao, and I) were saddling up to ride to my house for the night, we discovered that the rear tire of my R100RS was flat. I had a spare tube, and Mike K dived right

in to replace the tube, but due to the lack of familiarity with Tony's tools and garage, we just sort of floundered about. We finally gave up and just rode home in Klaus' truck, and Mike took my wheel home with him in his car. There, he quickly fixed the flat, and we re-installed it back at Tony's garage on Saturday morning.



The rally had catered food; lunch was available for a reasonable price, and dinners were included in the rally fee. Saturday night's dinner was "Bavarian Night" and the caterers even dressed in Bavarian costume.

The theme of this rally could have been "BMW: Bring More Wampum", as there was a lot of stuff for sale, and none of it was "cheap". Somebody had commissioned a run of reproduction early 1970's BMW "knob" ignition keys; the "story" was that these had been known to sell on Ebay for \$50 each; the repros were "only" \$15 each. Then there were the rally posters (\$15 for one, two for \$20, plus Reg Pridmore's poster for another \$20). Lou Stellar, who has a business selling BMW parts (and who some would call "rapacious") was selling stainless steel brake pistons for \$140 a pair. There were of course pins (one large one was included in the rally registration). John Yee, former treasurer of the pretty-much-now-defunct R90S Sport Owners Club, was selling cutaway posters of the R90S (funds to benefit "Wounded Warriors") as well as various pins and patches. I probably spent too much money.

Paul's flight home wasn't until Monday evening, so he had Sunday and part of Monday as free

time. We spent Sunday riding with the Spokeswomen up to a hamburger joint in Eason, called "Cheeburger Cheeburger"; Paul rode my Norton. Monday, we did a little ride to Allaire Park, and Paul rode my GB500. Back to Newark with him at 5PM, and he was safe home that night.

All in all, a successful event unlikely to be repeated, sad to say, as the luminaries are old enough that they're unlikely to all survive until the 50th anniversary.

2014 Event Schedule

Please email the editor with additions/corrections.

- July 24th -27th - MOA Rally - St. Paul MN – See Roger T for details on volunteering.
- August 11th – Club Picnic, Art Goldbergs, Freehold NJ. We need help with this folks!
- August 13th - August Meeting – Schneider's
- August 29th – Sept 1st – Finger Lakes Rally, NY – See Roger for details.
- August 30th – Sept 1st, Salty Fog Rally, Nova Scotia, Canada. See Harry Costello for details.
- September 10th - September Meeting - Schneiders
- September 13th – AMA Races – NJ Motorsports Park, Millville NJ
- September 21st – 3 Club Rumble, Sandy Hook NJ
- September 26th – 28th New Sweden Last Chance Rally:
http://www.newswedenbmwridders.com/New_Sweden_BMW_Riders_of_South_Jersey/Last_Chance_Rally.html
- October 3rd- 5th – Oktoberfest Weekend, Colors in the Catskills, Round Top, NY
- October 8th - October Meeting – Schneider's (Nomination of Officers)
- November 1st – DUES ARE DUE!
- November 2nd, Flemings Junkyard Bike/Car Show – Pumpkin Run, Mays Landing NJ
- November 12th - November Meeting – Schneider's (Election of Officers)
- November 15th, Snowmobile Museum Trip
- December 10th - December Meeting – Schneider's
- December 13th - Annual Holiday Party
- December 14th - Annual Children's Hospital Toy Run

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**Meeting – Weds – July 9th (Eat 6-7:30PM, meeting 7:30PM)
Schneider's German-American Restaurant
Rt 71-Main St, Avon NJ**

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