

April 2004 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Website: <http://www.njsbmwr.org>

Messageboard:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/njsbmwr/>

Skip Palmer, President 732-493-0702

Roger Trendowski, VP 732-671-0514

Carl Cangelosi, Secty/Treasurer 609-275-9387

Dennis Swanson, Trustee and International

Roving Cub Reporter

Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor

John Welch, Trustee

Glenn Martin, Strange But True Reporter

Art Goldberg – Publisher in Waiting

"Willy: A way out here, they got a name, for rain, and wind, and fire. The rain is Tess...the fire Joe...and they call the wind Maria!" – *Movie – Paint Your Wagon*

President's Message

March is the month that transitions us from winter to spring and the new riding season. Last weekend, seventeen bikes and nineteen riders finished the Polar Bear season with a ride to Cape May. This winter, the weather kept most of our bikes off the roads for almost two months. In spite of this, I was able to ride to about a dozen events with another half dozen days on the road by myself. During this "off season", I enjoyed over 6,500 miles of great riding. Coupled with last fall's RA Rally in Birmingham, my total was over 9,000 miles for the past six months. I want to encourage those of you who put your bikes away in the fall to consider joining us next winter.

The Rally Committee has set the First Chance Rally date for the weekend of June 11th, 12th & 13th. The rally will held at Crown Engineering in Farmingdale. At the April meeting, we will discuss and finalize details of the rally.

The April edition of "BMW ON" contains the ballots for new officers. John Ryan, one of our most active members, is running for Secretary of the MOA and deserves our support. Please take a moment to review the candidates' resumes and send your ballots in. John has recently completed a double "Iron Butt" ride from Jacksonville, FL to Eugene, OR (3,000 + miles) in under forty-eight hours. Then, for some unfathomable reason, he



turned around and went back to Jacksonville in less than forty-eight hours. Congratulations John!

Glen and Janet Martin will be our featured speakers at the April meeting. This winter, they toured Costa Rica and will share their photos and experiences with us. You do NOT want to miss this meeting.

Skip Palmer

Polar Bear Ride - March

Polar Bear Ride to Augusta...March 14...It's snowing heavily as I write this article. The weather on Sunday for the Polar Bear ride was cold and gray, but at least it was not snowing. Skip and I waited at the Jackson Wawa for a while after 9, but no one else showed, so we pushed off for Augusta in Sussex County with the hope that the sun would come out and the temperature would rise.

West on 195, then north on 29 to Frenchtown and then north on 519 almost to our destination, we encountered little traffic, one of the benefits of winter riding. Another plus is visibility. The foliage is long gone and you can see better around the curves, spot the hidden driveways, and view longer distances for the unexpected. The countryside is all brown and beige, but it won't be too much longer before it turns green.

Let's face it, you have to have winter to really appreciate warm weather and green vistas.

This was my first ride using a GPS. I was beginning to think the purchase was a mistake, but my thinking changed as I realized what this little device does. I really like setting a course and have an arrow pointing the way for me. And that's just a starter. I'm only beginning to figure out all the other features

We arrived at the Chatterbox, a 50's style eatery, to a crowded parking lot. Looking around we spotted Glen and Janet, then Max. Soon Bill Alford, Cole Mills and the New Sweden Riders rolled into the lot. A short time later Carl Kretchmer led another group of Skylands Riders next to us. Inside we exchanged gossip and information and warmed our cold bodies. Glen and Janet were most enthusiastic about their recent Costa Rican ride and will be at our next meeting with slides to share their adventure with us.

A group of us decided to ride to the Elias Cole, one of my favorite restaurants, for lunch. Max led us north on 519 and some other side roads. Route 519 is always a good road to ride, but this far north is the best stretch. The Elias Cole has the best meatloaf and homemade bread on the planet. About ten of us filled a long table and soon were filling our faces and enjoying good conversation. I ate so much I wasn't sure I could stay awake on the ride home. I anticipated the cold temperature would keep me awake and it did. The meatloaf and pie kept me warm.

Skip and I rode south with the group until they split off for Newton and a new motorcycle shop. We continued on secondary roads to Route 78, then took 287 and the GSP home. I left home at 8:30 and got back around 5:30. It was a good way to spend a long winter day. The temperature did rise a little bit, but the sun never did come out. No matter!

Dennis Swanson

Daytona 2004 – Several Viewpoints



Dennis Swanson arranging things in his saddlebags.. umm.. trunk

Dateline: Thursday PM

Dennis Swanson (Jersey Shore Riders) is driving the Grand Marquis, Max is navigating from the back (no map) with Reuben S. awed by the sights and I'm scared to death (where's my plastic Jesus?). Does Dennis really have a drivers license and has Max really been here before?

Bikers everywhere! We cruise A1A looking for Honda parts...find some. On to the Daytona BMW dealership about 1630.

Dennis finds a great parking spot and we walk the street....the sound of thousands of motorcycles cruising the main drag at first is thrilling but after a few hours is....well....STILL thrilling!

Lots of Harley variants and wannabes with loads of sport bikes. Not too many BMWs but we spot a few GS's. We walk down to Daytona HD poking our nose into all of the stores on the way. Did I mention the sound?

One dealer has not one but TWO of the hub-less one-off custom choppers. Amazing! How does that work anyway? Very COOL paint jobs! Reuben finds a Daytona Bike week cap...I sample a few of the local dogs...Max gets lost in the crowd. Reuben and I stop by the "Drag-pit" to see two custom choppers in some kind of dual dyno duke it out on a simulated quarter mile drag match. The winner posts an 11 second time at 144mph? Is this really a Harley??

We meet Don G, Matt F, Steve W, Jim and Diane O, back at the BMW dealer. Jim Owen rode down after just finishing his first competitive rally of the year....yup...he won!

Off to the Deland Main Street Grill for dinner....we arrive late. Not sure if it was Max's navigating or Dennis's driving since I had my eyes shut most of the time! Nice meal and great company. Pictures to follow, including (maybe) photographic evidence of Max's after hours activities!

We arrive back at our Altamonte Springs motel around 2330....I'm whipped. More tomorrow.

Pete Bartelli

Dateline: Friday

We are at the motorcycle auction at Stetson University in Deland by 1000. Maybe 100 bikes in various conditions. A Triumph collection catches my eye. 7 bikes all restored. My favorite is a T100 in black. There's a pair of Honda CBX's....the super in white looks great. A '76 Honda Goldwing in yellow, all original, low miles and beautiful has Max transfixed....his eyes are actually glazed over! A small crowd gathers around several old Harleys from the '30's....good...more room for me by the vintage BMW's. We leave before the auction begins on the way to the MOA rally camp site.

We last maybe thirty minutes at the campsite. Loads of tents and a few vendors. I buy a cable for the AutoCom and watch a couple of gals on a K-RS deal with packing issues....I'm bored...no action. Onward to A1A.

More this year than the past, Bike Week is "de-centralizing"....small and not so small pockets of activity pop up everywhere. The Crazy Horse Saloon area has a few thousand bikers and mucho police gathered 'round. On to the track.

Traffic...no TRAFFIC is the operative word here. We try

to B.S. our way into a special parking area but the guards, by now, have heard every excuse there is, so across the street Dennis goes, but not before dropping me and Max off by the vendors....I'm no dummy. Max HAS TO visit the Honda Riders Club tent....free stuff....while I seek a drink. Max does score free tickets to the BMW dinner at 1800....FREE FOOD! It's 88F by 1400 and I'm cooking. I find a neat bike lift and buy it....I think Dennis is jealous and buys a new hat. Well, he IS retired after all. The FRS radios are put to good use keeping us together....we leave at 1700 for the dinner at the Hilton on the beach.

First Class! The ballroom at the Hilton is buzzing with promotional videos and yes, PLAYBOY PLAYMATES!



Do these guys know their market OR WHAT! The boys get photos with the girls while I feed my face on the fajitas....this new diet is rough! On to Main Street by 2000.

We have to park across the canal and walk over....ugh. The sound is deafening....we are jammed together like sardines along Main Street. It's an hour wait to cruise the main drag just once on a bike....THOUSANDS are waiting. We pass two bands at full volume but the bikes drown them out easily. Did I mention the sound? Haven't heard this much racket since Viet Nam....the rumble goes right to the bone.

Back to the car by 2130 and in bed by 2230....ahhhhh...my aching feet....It's been another good day.

More tomorrow after the races.
Pete Bartelli

Dateline: Friday PM

Racing, racing and more racing. We arrive at the track early, maybe too early at 0830. While Speedway Blvd has it's usual traffic jam, once into the track, everything runs smooth. We are parked at the Horseshoe on the infield and spot Don Gordon immediately. He's laid claim to a prime spot on the first viewing stand

(bleacher?)....we join him, afterall, he's been here more times than God, so he must know the place to be?!

The Supersport 600cc race has it's share of problems...lots of crashes and is red flagged with 3 restarts. The Hayden brothers put on quite a show. These bikes have a particular scream under full throttle....it raises goose bumps as they goes through the Horseshoe.

The Boxer Cup is next. Quite a change in sound from the 600's as they zoom by. I like this race concept. All the bikes are the same...stock, except maybe for an exhaust pipe. The race turns out to be very competitive. The Horseshoe follows a long sweeper and demands heavy braking....some boxers can't seem to brake enough and enter the 180 turn too fast for available lean angle. During the race, 6 bikes scrape the right head, lose traction at the rear and go down....all the riders are fine though. Forget the foreign advantage, an American wins.

AMA Superbike....the Daytona 200 race is thrilling. The speed, no, the SPEED, the sounds and NO crashes. Something to be said for experience I guess. Of the 38 entrants, 27 are riding the Suzuki GSX-R1000. Eric Bostrum is riding a factory Ducati 999 at the pole position having set a new track record during qualifying....over 119 mph average for the 3.56 course. Ben Brostrum, Mat Mladin, Muguel Duhamil, Yates and Zemke are the fastest riders and duke it out in some of the best racing I've seen in years. The Duc leads much of the way, but Mladin will not be denied and trades the lead with Eric several times....right up until the 999 blows it's engine. Watch the race on SpeedVision and find out what happens next.

We meet up with friends at the Ruby Tuesday for dinner taking nearly 40 minutes to go a few miles. Did I mention the traffic before?

Ahhhh, that sunburn lotion feels good as I repack for the trip home tomorrow. Hasta la vista Daytona....until next year.

Pete Bartelli

As promised – another viewpoint:

My son John ("JJ"), who is on spring break, and myself just returned from a father/son Spring Break. We flew down to Miami on Friday, and drove a rental cage up to Daytona. It was my first chance to attend BikeWeek, and I wasn't going to pass up the opportunity, even for a limited time. We rented a beachfront hotel room, and immediately walked up Atlantic Ave. to the Main Street "scene". Lotsa leather & life-saving thunder, with a few glimmers of female flesh. Then we walked over the Main St. bridge to Daytona BMW, bought a event shirt, chatted with the folks manning the MOA booth, then walked down Beach St. to the Memorial Bridge, and back to our hotel. JJ was fascinated with the concept of cars & thongs on the beach. So was his dad.

Saturday was devoted to a day at the races. Beautiful weather in the mid-80s. Before the races, we strolled around the manufacturer's exhibit area, which was so uncrowded compared to the Javits chaos.

For the races, we sat under the TV camera in the grandstand opposite the entrance to/exit from the infield section of the road course.

During the Boxer Cup race, I focused on the efforts of Cherry Hill BMW-sponsored Nate Kerns, who initially was doing well, hanging with the lead draft. Then, he slipped back to a 2nd pack of riders. At mid-race, he slowed in the infield, finally stopping out on NASCAR turn 2. Gearbox/clutch problems, I'd uneducatedly guess, as his engine sounded like it was running as he limped along. As many of you know, the 600 was great despite the numerous red flags. The 200 was equally exciting, at least until the Ducati expired. After the race, I expected to be mired in post-race traffic, but the GPS navigated an alternate route back to the hotel.

Sunday, while most of the bikers trekked north; we headed for the Florida Keys to rub elbows for a few days with George Bush Sr. and Jimmy Johnson. On Tuesday, we took a day trip from Islamorada down to Key West. With the spectacular weather (mid-September, by NJ standards), crossing 7-Mile Bridge both ways over that turquoise water was awe-inspiring.

We left Miami yesterday afternoon, and got home a little too late to attend Schneider's. As my wife Jackie has reminded me already, I now have to adjust from Caribbean-time back to New Jersey reality.

John Malaska

And yet another viewpoint:

Daytona Rally Rocks and Roars - March 4 to 7

Having trailed to Daytona last year, I responded enthusiastically to Max's suggestion that we fly this year. There is a lot to see and do at this giant rally, but you don't need to do it on a motorcycle. You really don't even want to do it on a motorcycle because most of the time you sit in traffic.

Max, Pete Bartelli, Rueben Staton and I flew out on Thursday and returned on Sunday. Three full days in a Buick Park Avenue can cover the rally events quite nicely and quite comfortably. And yes, we did sit in traffic a good part of the time. Peter forgot his plastic Jesus so I tempered my aggressive driving tendencies.

After a day, however, he was compelled by a nervous condition to move to the back seat. Max moved to the front and became navigator. We soon got hopelessly lost.

Rueben kept a careful watch for T bars. After picking up the car, we headed for A1A Daytona and the

"scene." Make no mistake, this is a Harley rally, but it is changing. More sport bikes were racing up and down the highway, more and more women riders were evident, but BMW's were few and far between. We parked near the BMW dealer (I got a parking ticket) and walked the avenue to see all the vendors, dealers, food stands, and the "wannabes." Its really a lot of fun, but oriented toward the "cruiser crowd." You do this with the ever-present roar of motorcycles riding by and the needless racing of engines. I think it's called "saving lives."

Returning to the dealership, we found fellow Shore Riders Tom Spader, Jim Hoehl, and Willie and Emily Egerter. It was good to see Jim, who said he was enjoying his new home in SC. They were all camping at the MOA site. We also met up with Matt Fretag and Michael Kimm. From there we went to DeLand for the planned dinner at the Main Street Tavern. Shore Riders John Ryan and Duane Kersic and a bunch of Skylands Riders made for an enjoyable dinner. John told me he was leaving on Sunday for a 48-hour ride from Daytona to Eugene, Oregon. This is an endurance ride about which I am not familiar. Hopefully, John will share his adventure with us some time in the future.

The night was not over. Next stop was the "Softail Bar", Rueben's favorite. It was sort of a family place with soft music and wholesome ladies. It might not be the place to take your grandmother, but some people like these places.



One of the Softail Bar Girls on the prowl

Next morning we were off to Stetson U. in DeLand for the antique motorcycle auction. This is a "must see and do" event. It's in a nice place and is a chance to see an assortment of all makes, years and models. You might even pick one out and join in the bidding. There are also some vendors and while browsing around I found our own Roland Marchetti. Roland looks great and years younger! Florida sure agrees with him. He sends his regards to all.

On to the MOA campground we walked around to the few vendors and looked for familiar faces, but I guess

they were all out riding. Then we were off to the racetrack, which is my favorite place. Here you find the BMW trailers, the demo rides, all the displays and motorcycles of the major and minor marques, the vendors with something you might buy, foods, beverages, and rather normal people.

Intelligence at the BMW tent told us that the planned dealership in Bricktown is not to be. Picking up free tickets from BMW, we drove over to the beach and the Hilton for the reception for the Boxer Cup racers. They provided a nice buffet and had Playboy's 50th Anniversary Playmate on hand. A quite beautiful and gracious lady, she sought me out for a photo. I accepted her proposal without hesitation. They also had the new R1200 GS in the middle of the floor. I sat on it and resolved not to buy one. They also said it would not be at the dealers until April. I guess I can wait. The night was not over for us. We wanted we walk Main Street to see all the sights. It was so jammed you could hardly walk as everyone was looking to be seen and looking to see. There were only a few outrageous get-ups. Most were in the standard leather costumes. The nearly naked girls danced in their cages, the bikers raced their engines, the police issued summonses, the bars charged too much, and the traffic barely moved. It's fun to see, but a relief to get out of there after an hour or two.

Last day was spent at the track. It's amazing for me to see and hear these motorcycles at speeds of 150 to 190 mph roar down the track, inches apart, decelerating into curves and accelerating out again. Make no mistake; these guys are rider's riders. They are aggressive and fearless! It's bone chilling to see a gaggle come into a curve and see three of them crash! And then they get up and walk away! Well, some do end up in the ambulance. It's amazing to see one go down at high speed only to get up, right his motorcycle, restart it and continue the race. Hats off to these guys! There were three races; the Supersport 600cc, the Boxer Cup and the Daytona Superbike 200. It was hard for me to focus my attention on them after a while, because you really have to rely on the PA system to know who is in the lead. And then, not being a race fan, I didn't know the personalities involved. I would recommend, nevertheless, a day at the races to absorb all that's exciting about motorcycling as a sport and "a way of life." Dinner was at Ruby Tuesdays. A few cold beers and some new acquaintances made a nice ending to a super day.

Next day it was back to the airport and home. It's a good way to "do" Daytona!

Footnote: Forgot to mention that Duane Kerzik was there, having ridden in on his faithful 650. Duane stayed with us on Sat. night when he was unable to find a vacancy anywhere else. He was also at the dinner in DeLand. Duane left for Birmingham on Sunday morning.

Dennis Swanson



Our last meeting – and our speaker from Cross Country

John Ryan Finishes 50CC and Bun-Burner Gold

From a March 15th email from John:

I'm back in Jacksonville after completing a 50 CC, which was easy after the Bun Burner Gold 3000.

The 50 CC was done in 46 hours, 21 minutes, with about nine hours of sleep, and two hours sitting around in west Texas after running out of gas, even with the fuel cell. Should have refilled in Ft. Stockton, but the reserve light wasn't even on yet. Next gas in the middle of the night is Ozona (sp?), which is nearly 100 miles down the road.

The Bun Burner Gold 3000 was 3139 miles in 47 hours 57 minutes. A guy named Dick Peak did one on the way into Daytona, and I think he was the 48th to complete it. I guess I'm number 49. Twenty six of those were done together on a group ride, by taking three laps around Nevada. Sounds like cheating to me. Not sure, but only a few people have done it alone, most take a partner.
John Ryan

Which inspired club muse Viagra Tom Spader:

Ode to Bike John

I once knew a biker named John Ryan
Whose Iron Horse began ah-cry'n
for a coast to coast to coast . .
Boast.

So everything went well
until his seeds began to swell
then it was John Ryan do'n the cry'n.

As he bounced down the road,
looking tired and drawn,
He thought 'For a plate frame this'
and a miss for a Miss?

Not one to ignore the benefit of seeds
'ol JR succumbed to his primary needs.
He ditched the bike and jumped up and down
Till a smile replaced his frown,
And trousers returned to normal.

*Submitted with admiration for John's accomplishment --
Biker Tom*

Buck's County, New Jersey March 21st

You may think Buck's County is in Pennsylvania, but a ride in Somerset and Hunterdon Counties will have you thinking differently. Or perhaps it's vice versa. In any event, the image most of America has of NJ would be shattered by this ride.

Cheesquake on a cold, windy, cloudy Sunday morning attracted just four of us at 10AM. The rain had just stopped and the roads were still drying when Skip Palmer, Tom Mahan, Steve Jordan (not his real name, but the one Steve told me to use) and I started north on the GSP, north on 287 and then west on 206 to 512 and a tour through the towns of Gladstone-Peapack, Pottersville, Tewksbury, Califon and points north and west until we emerged in Frenchtown. Although gusts pushed us one way and another and there was not a spot of green to be seen in the late winter, the scenery as beautiful. The skies continued cloudy and the temperature refused to rise very much, but we had a fine time on these little-travelled 500 and 600 back roads. Even Skip said he had not been on some of these roads before. Some of the valleys were still completely snow covered and patches of snow could be seen most everywhere. But few cars or people made it all rather nice to ride.

As we rolled into Frenchtown from the North a much larger group of Skylands Riders came in from the South. It was good that Skip and I both hold associate membership in Skylands or we might have been in trouble. Not to worry though, the group included Max, Matt and Peter who are also Shore Riders. We all gathered to exchange stories and to take a look at Don Gordon's 1946 Indian displayed in his son's store on Main Street. From there it was lunch outside of town and then a ride to Don Gordon's home to see his collection of motorcycles and a pristine Morgan. If Don ever invites you over, don't miss the opportunity. It's a beautiful collection. We also got hot coffee to make it even better.

Thanking Don for his hospitality and bidding farewell to our northern brothers, we continued south on 500 numbered roads and eventually emerged on Interstate 78 for the blast home. It was a great day of riding. Rumor has it that one of you actually stayed at home to put in a new potty. Who could it have been? Hard to believe, I know!

Dennis Swanson

First Chance Rally Planning is Underway.

The Rally committee has had its first meeting and started to iron out the details for our upcoming event.

The rally will be held the weekend of June 11th through the 13th at Crown Engineering Corporation, 550

Squankum-Yellowbrook Road, Farmingdale, NJ 07727. Site set-up will begin Friday morning at 9 AM and open for registration at noon.

We have several items to discuss at our April 14th meeting: cost, menus, shirts, additional grills, tables, chairs, & coolers

As always, we will need ample volunteers for set up on Friday morning, clean up on Sunday morning, shopping for food items and cooking and cleaning details. I know that if we immerse ourselves in these tasks, the rally will be a roaring success.

So, as always, please come out to support your group.

Thanks in advance for your efforts.
Dan Thompson, 2004 Rally Chairman.
dadadan62@yahoo.com

2004 MSF Experienced Rider Course

With the great success of last years ERC course given at Sea Girt – it has been decided to do it again!

This year the ERC will be using the new curriculum, which has more time on the course and less time in the classroom.

A tentative date of July 31st has been selected. We need 13 members to commit to the date. So far – we have two firm commitments.

To sign up for this **FREE** course –please contact Don Eilenberger and let him know you're interested.

Those who took it last year had a really great time – doing it as a club makes it a lot of fun!

NEPB – 2004 – FINAL reminder!

WHAT: The Annual North-East Presidents Breakfast (and Dinner)

WHEN: NEPB Sunday April 25
Night Before Banquet Saturday April 24

WHY: Because we like to see a few friends

WHERE: Flying W Airport Resort
<<http://www.flying-w.com>> in lovely Medford NJ.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders,

You've seen the announcements. Are you gonna let other local BMW clubs show you up at NEPB? So far it's looking like the New Sweden BMW Riders, Mac Pac, and Citibeemers clubs will each have more members at this year's NEPB than us Jersey Shore Riders. Are you going to sit still for that?

Do you want people to think we are a bunch of pansies....you know, like those Skylands Riders are.

NEPB is one of the premiere BMW enthusiast's gatherings in the northeast and the New Jersey Shore BMW Riders club is under represented. How can that be? Hey, if Junji Yoshida can come all the way from Tokyo, Japan to the Flying W for brunch, what's keeping you?

If Dan Whitfield can ride his Ecomobile from York, Pa, and spend the entire weekend in our back yard, why can't you at least show up for brunch?

That's right, the Ecomobile will be making an appearance at the Flea Market and at the Flying W.



www.ecomobile.com

The Ecomobile was at Charleston WV for the MOA rally and if you missed it there you've got to see it at NEPB. Send me an email and tell me if you're coming for dinner, brunch, or both.

Or sit home and play gin rummy with those Skylands guys.

Harold hgantz@magpage.com

Editor's Note: There will be TWO Ecomobiles at NEPB, and one will be taking people out for rides. The Flying W has also agreed to close off the runway for some speed runs of the Ecomobile!

Strange But True

Glenn Martin, Internet Reporter



"We don't need no stinkin' knee pucks"

R1200RT Will be Next Home for Latest BMW Boxer Engine

By [Dirck Edge](#), Motorcycle Daily

The thoroughly re-engineered Boxer engine revealed in the new R1200GS is destined for other BMW models, of course, and the sport tourer R1200RT appears to be the next recipient.

Take a look at our article dated [January 15, 2004](#) for details regarding this all-new Boxer engine from BMW. Expect to see the new R1200RT revealed at the Fall motorcycle shows.

Job offering: Motorcycle Technical Writer

Location: Woodcliff Lake, NJ 07677, US

Description: Position in Woodcliff Lake, NJ corporate headquarters of German motorcycle manufacturer. This position requires strong writing and organizational skills in order to manage the motorcycle service bulletin process. Hours are 8:30-4:30 with a 45 minute lunch.

Excellent opportunity. Job Code: US07645/MC/BMWMTRPTRY

<http://www.us.manpower.com/uscom/Job.jsp?jobReqNo=US07645/MC/BMWMTRPTRY>

APRIL RIDES & EVENTS

Wednesday Apr. 14th Club Meeting 7 PM @
Schneider's Restaurant

Saturday Apr. 24th North East Presidents Breakfast Weekend Flying W Airport in Medford, NJ and **Cherry Hill BMW Open House and New Sweden Flea Market**

Sunday Apr. 25th Ride to NEP Breakfast 8 AM @ Jackson Wawa and **Shad Festival @ Lambertville** Ride will continue after NEP Breakfast

Weekend Apr. 30th Georgia Mountain Rally



Final Polar Bear – Cape May NJ

**I almost bought an SUV.
Glad I came to my senses.**



F 650 GS - \$8,100

The F 650 GS. Make the most out of your gas budget

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Motorcycles

*MSRP for 2003 F 650 GB is \$8,100, and 2003 F 650 GSA is \$8,690. MSRP includes destination and handling charges but excludes license, registration, taxes, title, insurance and options. Actual price is determined by retailer. © 2001 BMW Motorcycles, a division of BMW of North America, LLC. The BMW name and trademark are registered trademarks.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Carl Cangelosi
20 Beechtree Lane
Plainsboro, NJ 08536

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

**Club Meeting – Weds, April 14th
Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Avon NJ**