

April 2006 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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[Regret for wasted time is more wasted time.](#)
[Mason Cooley](#), *O Magazine*, April 2004

[It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.](#)
[George Orwell](#) (1903 - 1950), "1984", first sentence

President's Message

April has reared its head with amazingly a beautiful weekend. No April's Fools to start the month. Hopefully the Yahoo site will be abuzz with upcoming rides so we can shake off the doldrums and cobwebs as a group. I took a ride along the coast with my son on Sunday afternoon, my bike thought I had forgotten it; Yes I was ashamed to admit to my steed that I had neglected it. I also promised, It will never happen again.

It was great to see everyone at the Algonquin for the viewing of The Worlds Fastest Indian. Not a bad flick.

The idea was thrown out to help volunteer at the MOA Rally this summer. Any ideas on what to volunteer for, Or maybe helping Skylands (they have volunteered for registration duties). We can discuss it further at the meeting.

BTW online registration is open on the MOA website. See you all on Wednesday

Prez. Dan

Getting Here

John Malaska

"One day you're a kid sitting on a bike, dreaming the road; next thing you know, your social life consists of drinking microbrews with middle-aged roosters who ride BMWs and wear Aerostitch suits."

-- Joe Glydon



Last week, I was window-shopping for motorcycles on E-Bay (or as Jackie would put it, wasting time on the Internet), just to see what was for sale, where, and for how much. I soon found an ad that immediately riveted my attention a pristine example of a 1972 Yamaha R5C 350cc motorcycle.

Gazing at it, a floodgate of memories opened up, for this was my very first bike.

When I was in my teens, I knew that there were Harleys, BSAs, Triumphs, Hondas, etc. I had friends who gave me rides, once on an older Yamaha 2-stroke, and another on a step-thru Honda Cub. But what "hooked me" was my attendance at the 1971 AMA National road races at Pocono. The Lightweight race saw Gary Fisher crashing in front of the full field, without getting injured. Then Kel Carruthers and Ginger Malloy started a race-long duel, with Carruthers edging out Malloy for the win.

The next day's Heavyweight race saw Yvon DuHamel jet into the lead in a 500cc Kawasaki, only to lose it when he had to pit for fuel during the 125-mile race. Dick Mann on a BSA Rocket III and Carruthers on a Yamaha 350 engaged in a fierce battle, with Mann barely getting the win in the last corner.

That was it. I wanted a bike!!

In April 1972, I bought a new Yamaha R5C from the Sleger-Forbes super dealership in Whippany NJ. Not having a license, I practiced riding in a school lot across the street from my home, then taking it out on illegal road forays. In June, my brother & myself pushed the Yamaha 2 miles for me to take (and pass) my road test, then push the damn thing back home because I forgot to bring a passenger helmet for him.

This is me on the R5C in Hackettstown in 1972.



The Yamaha was wonderful. I crashed it a few times, had the coil conk out on me, had it hole a piston on I-287 on the way to New Brunswick to see Jackie. Still, I had 3 cousins who all bought motorcycles, so we rode together through the expanses of Warren and Sussex counties for a couple of years.

Then Jackie and I got engaged, and the Yamaha now resides on Jackie's finger in the form of her engagement diamond.

It wasn't long after we were married that bike-lust started creeping into my mind. Honda was selling the wonderful CB400F, and I convinced Jackie that I should have one. (For storage, I kept it in the dining room of our garden apartment! Jackie was so easy-going then!)

My brother had moved down to the DC suburbs, working in Blalock's Yamaha-BMW dealership, and had started road racing. At my request, he helped me set the 400F up as a production-class racer, and the next thing I knew; I was scaring myself silly racing around Pocono in the WERA and AAMRR club events.

I was horrible but, still consider it one of the most invigorating chapters of my life. (How cool was it to chase down and overtake a rider on a Kawasaki Z1!)



That's me in the middle (#248) on the CB400F.

Still, the 400F was a slug compared with the Yamaha RD350 (newer version of the R5C), so I sold the Honda and bought a used RD350, which then was illegally modified by my brother to put out 10 additional HP over stock. We took it to Summit Point racetrack in West Virginia where, still riding horribly, I eventually crashed in the "Carousel." Due to my brother's modifications, it was lousy as a street bike, so I sold it.

I remained bike-less for two years, until in 1979 my brother convinced me to buy another 2-stroke, Yamaha's RD400F Daytona Special. Although it was a beautiful bike, its carburetion was leaned out by Yamaha to pass U.S. emission standards, and it seized on me (not an uncommon occurrence for that model, either.) We repaired it, I rode it some more, then sold it, as the arrival of my children into my life removed any extra time to spend on a motorcycle.

Motorcycle #5 came in the form of a used Yamaha Virago XJ920 in 1988. I started riding with Alex, my brother-in-law, but I still didn't have enough time to ride, so I sold it. Probably put less than 1,000 miles on it.

Motorcycle #6 came in the form of a Yamaha FJ1200 in 1990. (Notice the pattern here? Yamaha, Yamaha, Yamaha? My brother swore by them. Still does. He also thought in his Blalock's days that BMW's were over-rated junk.) Wonderful bike. Fast, comfortable, torquey. Still no time to ride it, so adios after 6 months.

Motorcycle #7 was a Suzuki Katana 1100. Kids are in college, I've turned 50, and I finally have time to ride! Big & heavy, but performs like the FJ1200. I love it. Get hard luggage for "her." Go to Americade. But Jackie doesn't like her too sporty looking.

Jimmy Thomassey, my riding buddy, has a brother-in-law who isn't riding his 1992 BMW K75RT much. 3,800 miles on the clock. Jackie likes the Beemer. Just the kind of a bike for an old fart like me, huh? So Alex buys the Katana, and I buy the K75.

So, #8 is the K75. Thanks to Don E.'s advice, and Mike K.'s handiwork (and despite my klutziness.) I have a

motorcycle that'll likely outlast me. And through the BMW, I've met this group of like-minded roosters wearing Aerostitches. I now ride more than I ever have. And love it!

So, how did you get here?

Atlantic City Chopper Show – April 2nd.

Jim Thomasey

On April 2 I attended the 2nd Annual Atlantic City Chopper show at the AC Convention Center. My friend Tom from work who is always looking to go for a ride was unavailable, so it was a solo trip for me. Only in NJ can you witness drag racing buses on the Parkway.

The weather was perfect for a ride and all the rivers and waterways were still devoid of boats making for a tranquil scene.

The parking lot of the convention center was packed with bikes, mostly Harleys and a few other touring types. Parking was free, but that may just have been that fact that I entered through the exit. Oops.

If you have never been to this convention center, it is a pleasant change from Javits Center. The inside is spacious and has carpeted hallways, clean bathrooms, friendly and attentive staff. Fifteen dollars later, ticket in hand, I go through the metal detectors after removing all of the contraband from my pockets. Keys, phone and camera out in plain sight I am free to enter the crowded free main room.

More vendors here this year than last with jackets, helmets and sunglasses all very well priced. East Penn Biker was the main sponsor and they had plenty of their attractive model types milling about and sitting on bikes looking like they wanted their picture taken. They got their wish from a lot of guys who had not seen beautiful girls in bikinis during this cold winter.

In addition to all of the choppers, there was a collection of flat track bikes, old Triumphs as well as a Top Fuel drag bike, which I am told runs in the mid 6 seconds at around 212 MPH. Choppers are great bikes to see and marvel at the amount of time and expense that goes into a machine which other people look at and marvel!

They have interesting terminology such as “unique frame geometry” and “custom built one of kind seat pan”. These terms, when translated become “uncomfortable” and “even for a short time”. One display panel mentioned enough paint processes to keep a small shop busy for the winter. And you do not get a bottle of touch up with it either.

Someone's favorite spokesperson was there also, Michelle Smith. While waiting patiently for everyone to

fumble around with their cameras you could see she is as attractive in person as on Speed Channel. She even had a cowboy (girl??) hat on to coincide with her western wear outfit.

After a few trips around to make sure I got my moneys worth, I easily found my K12 in the sea of Harleys, hit the button and was home in time to fix some plumbing under the porch.

A perfect day for all concerned.

Daytona Bike Week

Roger Trendowski

It was about 25 degrees at 7am when I left Middletown on Sunday (3/5) My heated jacket didnt work very well as the accessory plug intermittently operated on my R1150GS. About 1pm I stopped at my favorite roadside eatery in Smithfield NC. (This is the exit for JRs cigar/cigarette outlet.) Smithfield BBQ, located in downtown just a few miles west and south of I95 is a great spot with down-home BBQ platters, hushpuppies, Brunswick stew, etc They've been serving the same menu for over 20 years and has been a must-stop rest stop for Ginna and me when traveling in the area. I made it to Southern S.C. by 8 pm and met up with Jim Hoehl (850miles, 13 hours including gas/lunch breaks, do the math).

The next morning we set off together for Daytona and arrived at the Holiday Travel Campground where B³ (B-Cubed) BMW club had arranged their traditional camping site for 500+ Beemer travelers. The campground hosted a dozen or so vendors, including Helen2Wheels. Absent was Doug the traveling mechanic since I heard that he was stuck at home (UT?) outfitting a new trailer.



On Monday afternoon, Jim and I went to the Speedway to view BMW and the other MC brands tents. BMW had the new R1200GS on display and had demos all day long throughout bike week. One guy I met said that he had demoed 4 BMWs already. His secret for getting

a bike was not to stand in the signup line at 7am but to wait until the demo ride was ready to depart and the offer to take any bike where the rider was a no-show. He said the K1200S was a gas compared to the airhead he normally rode.



After detouring through downtown Daytona where bikers are truly nuts, we headed back out to I95 and Route 1 to the new Harley dealership. This is a huge-huge mega million \$\$ Harley dealer (worlds largest). Apparently, the owner has pulled out of downtown Daytona due to the expense and politics of doing business and bike week activities in town.

The dealers new building has two floors, with bikes and service on BOTH floors, glass windows so you could see the serviceman working on your bike, several restaurants, and even hotel rooms. Located in the parking lot were numerous vendor tents set up for bike week.



Much of the traditional bike week activities are clearly migrating from downtown out to the new dealership.

Jim retreated home to S.C. Tuesday, but not after purchasing new auxiliary bags for his new 2006 LT. Yes, I said 2006 LT. Jim is planning a trip to the Western States this summer with his daughter (two-up) and needs extra storage. Hellen2Wheels was happy to oblige.



Ron Scibetti showed up at the campground on Tuesday as he and a friend got a late start from NJ and trailered their bikes south. Ron and I attended the J. Wood & Co. motorcycle auction and flea market on Friday. There had to be 500 vintage and other unusual bikes for sale.



Check out their website <http://www.jwoodandcompany.com> for bike listings and results. Don Gordon and his wife were there too.

I headed to Atlanta on Saturday about 11am and, after visiting an uncle, stayed on I85 in Andersen S.C. (Clemson University exit). The next day, Sunday, I stopped off in Winston Salem NC to visit some old friends from when Ginna and I lived there 30 years ago

then headed north by 1pm for the last 500+ miles of the trip. I ran into the first rain of my week long trip when I hit NJ unbelievable fog and light rain the entire length of the turnpike and I195, arriving home at about 10:30pm. (total GSP measured miles = 3,232)



Night at the Movies – The World's Fastest Indian – Algonquin Theatre, March 10th

Dennis Swanson

About 15 shore riders met on this balmy evening in Manasquan to share the fun in what had been promised to be a great motorcycle movie. We were not disappointed. Anthony Hopkins makes a sterling performance portraying the aging Burt Munro, a New Zealander obsessed with taking himself and his ancient Indian motorcycle to the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah to see how fast it can go.

Limited funds, an enlarged prostate and a failing heart are just some of the obstacles facing him. The time is 1967 and the Indian was made in 1920. It's held together with spit, shoe polish and bailing wire.

His friends and neighbors in "The Land Down Under" give him both moral and financial support. He washes dishes and cooks for the crew on an aging tub of a ship to pay his passage across the Pacific. He meets an old and genuine Indian who gives him a sack of ground-up dog's balls to ease his prostate. He meets a lonely and sex-starved good old girl, a sleazy used-car dealer, a helpful transvestite and a bunch of 'motor-heads' along the way. But enough said about what happens in the movie. You might not have seen it yet.

For me, the story is told in a few lines. Burt's still in New Zealand and his helpful companion, the boy next door,

asks him a question about his dream to go to the salt flats. He says, "Aren't you afraid you'll kill yourself if you crash?" Burt replies that on a motorcycle at high speed "You live more in 5 minutes than some people live in a lifetime." Nothing more needs to be said. See the movie.



Seen at the show: Grant and Nancy; Prez Dan and son Colin; George Roberts, wife and infant; Dave Mason; Mike Kowal; John Malaska, wife and favorite brother-in-law, Alex Edly; Don Islandberger, recent buyer of a red M3 convertible; and often forgotten in newsletter listings, Art Goldberg.

Babblings of Biker Tom

Dr. Tom Spader, BT, VP, MD, LSMFT

This year's Bike Week was the best 'Daytona' in ten years which included five Biketoberfest sojourns for a total of 15 trips to wonderland. Possibly being recently retired made this trip different from the others. No responsibilities, no deadlines...just have fun and float about like a jellyfish in the tides.

The weather was perfect which was sort of ironic since I decided to give up camping this year at the BMW site and take buddy Dane's offer to stay at his oceanfront condo in Ormond Beach. Something about having my own bedroom with balcony overlooking the Atlantic, the pool, heated Jacuzzi, exercise room, five-star restaurants within walking distance, et al verses seven nights on the ground. Of course I did miss the nightly musical serenade of zippers, farts, burps, snoring, the sound of 'water' running and more snoring from the tenters but it was pre-lent so I gave it up albeit early.

That said, I did have one responsibility which was watching over Dane's trips to the five-star restaurants (see photo - don't even think about where her hands might be), cole slaw wrestling matches and other needed relief from too much time in the exercise room.



One of the more interesting situations was of this fellow (not me) looking for the dipstick on his RT. He kept blurting out 'I think I'm almost there!' while gasping for air and making strange noises. So much for synthetic oil.



Another 'interesting' rider was this fellow with a cross on his trailer. The cross was painted like a flag so I wasn't sure of his message! Pro-war, anti-war, pro-Christ or anti-Christ or homo? Daytona brings out the best.



Tested out the K12 again and do love the ability to change the suspension while in motion. Also gave the new Yamaha clutch-less bikes a try and while it takes a few smiles to get used to it, the paddles are pretty cool. Automatics are on the way ol' timers!

Final picture is the beautiful sunset at Ponce Inlet south of Mecca after a late lunch. Too bad this rag can't do color as it was/is beautiful.



Next event scheduled for April 20 – 23 will be the Rolex Daytona Sports Cars at Virginia Int'l Raceway. Plan is for the LT and Condo to hit the Shenandoah Valley and upper tip of Blue Ridge Parkway before arriving at the Danville, VA raceway. It'll be a camping weekend and I can't promise the five-star restaurants but if interested in joining up...call. 732-295-2603.

Upcoming Rides and Events

Skip Palmer

Apr. 3rd 7 PM ~ Skylands Monthly Meeting ~ The Warrenside Tavern, Rt. #173, Bloomsbury, NJ

Apr. 9th 11 AM ~ AMA Polar Bear ~ VFW, Cape May, NJ

Apr. 12th 7PM Monthly meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St., Avon NJ

Apr. 22nd Olney Motorcycle Show, Olney, PA

Apr. 23rd 9 AM Internet BMW Riders NorthEast Presidents Brunch – Old Country Buffet, Rt 9, Freehold, NJ

Apr. 23rd 10 AM Gathering of Nortons Washington's Crossing Park, PA

Apr. 26th 7 PM New Sweden BMW riders Monthly Meeting ~ Casa Carollo, Rt. #73

Apr, 28th ~ 30th Georgia Mountain Rally

May 1st 7 PM ~ Skylands Monthly Meeting ~ The Warrenside Tavern, Rt. #173,

May 10th 7 PM ~ Monthly meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St., Avon, NJ

NOTE – participation in any event does not imply liability by the officers, members or trustees of NJSBMWR Inc.

Freedman SPEAKS! March 8th NJSBMWR Meeting, Schneider's Restaurant, Avon.

Two Jacks Swanson

Jerry Friedman, Esq., the motorcycle attorney, was the featured speaker at our monthly meeting. I had heard it before, but it was important to hear it again. Jerry reviewed the finer points on motorcycle insurance coverage and the risks the rider takes if the policy does not have sufficient levels of insurance.

Specifically, he pointed out the need for uninsured and under-insured motorists coverage in your auto and motorcycle policies. It should be at least \$100,000 and probably higher. Jerry said that 40% of Jersey motorists are either uninsured or under-insured and if you have the misfortune to be injured by one of them, you will need your own policies to cover medical care, loss of work time and etc.

Jerry's website is www.law4hogs.com. He said he would provide free evaluation of your policies. He also has a monthly newsletter which can be requested.

In a related issue, Jerry said that officers and directors of the club are not at risk for law suits for club events.

This would also apply to ride leaders. In other words, if you want to go on a club ride or participate in a club event, you are responsible for the risks, not the club.

In other business, the members approved a proposal to

underwrite the \$60 cost for the Blue Diamond Rally to the tune of \$20. This would be an incentive to participate in the "rally within a rally" which would replace our own First Chance Rally. This rally is held in the Fall and more details will be provided when they are available. John Aubin is rally chair.

Duane Kerzik gave a presentation on his Mexico adventure. Hats-off to Duane for carrying the banner of Shore Riders to remote areas of our southern neighbor!

Strange but True.. Found on the Web..

Glenn Martin

BMW HP2 Enduro is King of the hill

from <http://www.worldofbmw.co.uk/>

Official BMW Motorrad rider Simo Kirssi took his HP2 Enduro to victory in the first ever Snow Speedhill competition on Saturday night. The BMW rider beat famous competitors on their different enduros and motocross bikes from several manufacturers to take the title in the inaugural event held at the Guggenheim Ski Centre in the Bavarian resort of Bischofswiesen.

The win added another accolade to the HP2 Enduro's already impressive list of race appearances that include the Erzberg Rodeo, Baja 1000 and 500, and the German, Italian and Austrian cross-country championships.

The Snow Speedhill is a unique event and it takes a unique bike to master it. The HP2 Enduro's combination of power and handling (and by the way the only twin bike in this competition), along with the skill and bravery of Simo Kirssi was just the right mix.

Practice for the event started at 5.30pm and by the time the actual racing started there were a large number of spectators eager to watch the amazing sight of 60 riders trying to race their off-road bikes to the top of a floodlit 800-metre ski slope.

The evening's entertainment culminated at around 11pm with the final to decide the champion of Snow Speedhill. Both the Motorrad Team Offroad riders, Simo Kirssi and Chris Pfeiffer had won their respective heats to line up alongside each other to race for the crown.

The Flying Finn, Kirssi grabbed the win with an emphatic victory while Pfeiffer brought his identical HP2 Enduro home in sixth place.

"The HP2 Enduro was the perfect bike for this unique and very challenging race," explained Simo. "I needed loads of power and the HP2 certainly has that but it also handles really well in the tricky conditions.

For further information and results see www.snow-speedhill.com.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

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

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

**Club Meeting – Weds, April 12th, 7PM
Schneider’s German–American Restaurant, Rt 71, Avon**

Cross Country BMW

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