

February 2008 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Jerry Rouvrais, President 732-870-8440
Joe Karol, Vice Prez
Art Goldberg, Treasurer 732-780-9772
Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Cub Reporter
Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor
John Welch, Trustee and Membership Chair
Skip Palmer, Trustee and Ride Co-Chair
Roger Trendowski, Trustee
Dan Thompson, Trustee
Tom Spader, Trustee
Glenn Martin, Strange But True Reporter
John Malaska, Publisher, Ride Co-Chair



Club Membership Application at:
http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMWR_Application.pdf

"A man must know his destiny... if he does not recognize it, then he is lost. By this I mean, once, twice, or at the very most, three times, fate will reach out and tap a man on the shoulder... if he has the imagination, he will turn around and fate will point out to him what fork in the road he should take, if he has the guts, he will take it."

- General George S. Patton Jr.

*"There's a certain Slant of light, Winter Afternoons--
That oppresses, like the Heft Of Cathedral Tunes--"*
- Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

"When anyone asks me how I can best describe my experience in nearly forty years at sea, I merely say, uneventful. Of course there have been winter gales, and storms and fog and the like. But in all my experience, I have never been in any accident... or any sort worth speaking about. I have seen but one vessel in distress in all my years at sea. I never saw a wreck and never have been wrecked nor was I ever in any predicament that threatened to end in disaster of any sort."

- E. J. Smith, 1907, Captain, RMS Titanic

President's Message

It's February 4th and I'm last minute-ing this letter as Don is once again clamoring for newsletter content. Like almost all new years resolutions our clubs enthusiasm has seemingly waned. Even though last month's message bade of a flurry of activity, the membership seems to have acknowledged winter and gone into hibernation.

Our planning meeting in January was thinly attended but the small numbers didn't curb our resolve to schedule more events than I'll be able to attend. Tom Spader and Art Schell have stepped up for pulling together the annual picnic. Union General Eilenberger is formulating plans for a summer campaign into the heart of the rebel stronghold*. Skip is casually throwing together a couple of thousand mile jaunts. Hey he needs new gloves and Riders Warehouse is having a sale!

Dates will be set in the calendar and we'll need to have a vote on which trips will garner enough interest to come to fruition. Only the roughest of details have been set into wet cement, so this month's meeting is the time to have your input influence this year's agenda.

-- Jerry R.
732-938-3940
sic.pup@verizon.net

**The long and winding road that leads to your door,
Will never disappear, I've seen that road before
It always leads me here, leads me to your door.**

--John Lennon/Paul McCartney

** Editors note: Actually – West Virginia was formed during the great unpleasantness between the states from part of Virginia. West Virginia was a Union state.. Virginia was a Rebel state.*

Polar Bear Rides

Skip Palmer

Warehouse Grill – Jan 6th

Sunday, January 6th, President Jerry and Vice President Joe met me at Crown a little after 9 AM. The weather was 34 degrees and cloudy with the promise of some clearing during the day. Joe and I each experienced some black ice on the ride to Crown. It had rained over-night and the road surface was still being chilled by the ground frost. We agreed to watch the bridges and curves until the temperature and or sun could warm the road surface.

We headed north on the Parkway to the Cheesecake Rest Area to meet Bob Truex. The ride north on the Parkway, I-287 West, and I-78 West was uneventful. At the Lammington exit, we started north along Black River Road. This is a small country lane that follows the rivers edge and crosses from shore to shore on several small bridges. The country estates along the river have large pastures and wood-lots right to the road and rivers edge. The road and bridges had several patches of black ice and the temperature remained at 34 degrees.

Upon safely reaching Pottersville, we decided to abandon the country roads route I had planned and instead stay on only the more heavily traveled roads. We rode east on Route #512 to Route #206 north and found the larger roads were dry and safe. After crossing I-80, we followed the south shore of Lake Hopatcong heading east to Route #616 north and Route #615 north along the eastern shore of lake.

The Warehouse Grill is located at the north end of the lake on Prospect Point. The now mid-forty degree temperatures and breaks of sun brought out hordes of riders. Parking was difficult even the overflow parking lot located at the marina next door was filled to capacity. We stayed to enjoy their burger platter and a soda.

After lunch, we rode north on Route #181 to Sparta and headed west on Route #616 to the picturesque town of Newton. After riding around the town square, we exited to the south on Route #519.

In Warren County, they don't salt or sand the roads for health and environmental reasons. The salt damages the environment and the sand breaks down under the tires to silica dust that is a carcinogen when inhaled. Instead, they spread a fine blue stone gravel called stone millings. Route #519 is a great sweeping road through rolling hills and farm land; however, with gravel on the road, it took a while to get used to the loose footing and a little drifting as you took each curve and crest.

We by-passed Phillipsburg choosing instead to ride through Stewartville and along the Musconetcong River then rejoined Route #519 at Warren Glen. From Milford, we followed the Delaware south to Trenton and east on I-195 to Allentown.

The temperature rose above 50 degrees after we left the river valley and the sun looked like it had been out for most of the day in central Jersey. At Allentown, we left the interstate for Route #524 east and some big country sweepers through the farmland rather than the flat and straight slab on the interstate. East of Clarksburg, we turned left on Ely Harmony Road (sweeps past some farms and along the south side of Turkey Swamp Park) to Farmingdale Road and back to Crown. The total mileage for the day was about 230 with some great riding, company, and weather.

Sir Johns, Jan 13th

Sunday morning, January 13th, Joe Karol and Bob Truex met me at Crown. We rode north on the GSP to the Cheesecake Rest Area where Tom Rizzo soon joined us. We exited the rest area by the service entrance and turned west on Cr. #615 in South Amboy then cut a few blocks north to Rt. #535 east at Sayreville and continued on through South River to Dunhams Corners. Turning north on Hardenberg Lane we crossed Lake Farrington to Sir John's.

We arrived to a full parking lot. Don Gordon and the Skylands riders were already there and eventually the New Sweden riders arrived. The restaurant sits on a small hill over-looking the lake with a large deck for summer dining. The menu looked good and the prices were more than reasonable so we joined a full dining room for a pleasant lunch.

The total ride so far was just twenty-five miles on the parkway and another twelve miles to the restaurant. The weather was in the thirties and sunny so we were anxious to continue riding and cover some more miles.

I had not pre-planned a route, rather choose to follow any road that appealed to us until we ran out of time and had to head back. First, we headed north to Blackwells Mills on the Delaware and Raritan Canal then rode west on Canal Road to Griggstown and Rocky Hill. We took Rt. #518 west through Blawenberg and turned north on Spring Hill Road just before Hopewell. This little road climbs a substantial ridge called Pheasant Hill providing a succession of challenging curves as you climb and descend the other side on Lindberg Road to Wertsville. A right on Cr. #602 led us to the crossroads village of Montgomery. Blackpoint Road follows the banks of the Neshanic River north to Neshanic Station famous for "the inn with no name" and the pre-fifties Buick dealership that restores antique Buicks. We left town on Pleasant Run Road headed northwest toward Stanton and the Round Valley Reservoir. Tom left us at Annandale and headed home on I-78 and the major highways.

The rest of us rode to Clinton and picked-up Rt. #513 west to Pittstown and then Rt. #579 south toward Trenton. In Ewing, we took the interstates back to Farmingdale arriving just before dark and riding about one-hundred eighty miles.

Flying-W, Jan 20th

Sunday morning, January 20th, I woke to the first cold day of the Polar Bear season. While walking the dog the previous evening, the temperature was in the high forties. Ten hours later, the thermometer was reading twenty-one degrees, with strong wind gusts, and the sky was evenly divided between patches of clear winter sun and clouds. Some were producing heavy snow squalls, but the snow wasn't sticking to the road. Instead, the wind slid it across the road surface and temporarily reduced visibility.

Leaving for the Wawa, I was anticipating a solo ride. I kept thinking this must called the Polar Bear Tour for "SOME" reason. Gratefully, I had taken the time to repair the wire lead to my Gerbring jacket last week.

As I reached the Wawa, Dave Mason arrived right behind me. He was returning from the International Motorcycle Show in Toronto, Ontario on his bike. We waited an extra ten minutes, then started west on Rt. #537 to Prospertown and turned south on Hawkins Road. At Archers Corner, Rt. #528 took us west to New Egypt and Cookstown. We turned left onto Cr. #616 past Wrightstown and the main gates to McGuire AFB and Fort Dix. At Juliustown, the road turns south to Pemberton.

Each of the previous towns were noticeably run down and struggling to survive. Pemberton was just the opposite with beautiful older homes and businesses that are well maintained and a pleasure to ride through.

The rest of the ride through Vincentown and Kirby's Mill was equally pleasant. Before Medford, we turned north on Forestertown Road to the airport. The ride had taken just forty minutes so we arrived early. Dave and I ate from the buffet at the airport restaurant.

Approximately two-hundred and fifty riders had arrived by the time we returned to the parking lot and still more were arriving.

The temperature was still in the low twenties, but the snow squalls had stopped during the morning. We headed for Medford and rode Rt. #70 back to the shore. I turned off at Lakehurst while Dave continued east. My total ride was a little over one-hundred miles.

Fort Dix – Jan 27th

Sunday morning, January 27th, I met Roger in Farmingdale for the ride to the Dix Club at Fort Dix. We

left town on Southard Road around the east side of the Manasquan Reservoir then turned on Aldrich Road west through Howell. In Jackson, the road continues straight, but changes names to Bennetts Mills Road. In Van Hiseville we turned right on Rt. #528 west to New Egypt and picked up Cr. #616 west to the Main Gate in Wrightstown. The sergeant at the gate asked for our ID and determined that we were not on the approved list for the Polar Bear Riders. Neither, Roger nor I had registered for this year's Polar Bear Tour. Roger decided to stay and try to gain access to the fort. I chose to continue to ride. I headed north on Rt. #545 and Skysville Road to Rt. #537 east then finally I-195 east back to Farmingdale.

The Exchange – Feb 3rd

Sunday morning, February 3rd, I met our executive officers, Jerry and Joe, in Farmingdale for the ride to The Exchange in Rockaway, NJ. The weather was sunny, in the low thirties, with the possibility of reaching fifty. This promised to be one of those perfect winter riding days. We originally planned to take the back roads through Colts Neck to the Cheesequake Rest Area; however, we choose instead to head north on the GSP. Just as we finished topping off the tanks, Dennis arrived.

Crossing the Raritan Bridge to I-287 west the traffic was moving well all the way to the exit for Rts. #206 and 202 north. Route #202 took us through Bedminster and Far Hills to Lake Road along the north branch of the Raritan River. The road and scenery couldn't have been better. We rode along the river past spectacular estates while the road gently swept with every bend in the river and over the rolling terrain.

Before too long, the dam for Ridge Lake appeared on the left and a sign warned that the road narrowed. You could almost touch the trees on both sides of the road.

About half way along the lake, the road climbed a small rise. At the crest, the road curved slightly to the right and the camber pitched to the left. This wasn't a problem since we were only riding about 25 MPH; however, the hillside had been draining across the road surface all night, which created a sheet of ice across the entire road for several feet. Unfortunately this couldn't be seen until you reached to top of the rise.

Before I could stop, I was on a down-hill curve to the right and the pavement covered with ice pitching left toward the guard rail and lake! I decided to ignore the curve, hold the throttle steady and head straight following the pitch of the road as far as possible; I prayed that I reached some dry surface before I married the guard rail.

I made it, but as I looked in my mirrors, I saw Jerry slide out near the right side of the road. Joe successfully followed the same line I had taken with Jerry safely to

his right. Finally, Dennis came over the crest on the same line, but just before his tires made the dry surface, his bike kicked out from under him toward the rail.

I stopped as quickly as I could and looked back up the road at what appeared to be a bowling alley: people, bikes, and parts scattered everywhere. Everyone was OK and quickly on their feet. Good riding gear and the slow speed can be thanked for that.

As we righted the bikes, Jerry's was in good shape with some minor scuffs. Dennis' bike lost both side bags and sheared the rear lights, license plate, and mud guard off. Fortunately, both bikes started and ran fine. We secured the scattered parts from Dennis' bike onto the other bikes.

While we were pulling things together, a bicyclist headed in the other direction, past us and then, proceeded to wiped-out in the same place. Fortunately, further up the road he stopped Don Gordon, Eric Shur, and Eric's friend, Kevin, to warn them about the ice. They turned around and found an alternate route.

What was a perfect day lost all of its charm in an instant! We continued our ride to The Exchange; however, our mood overshadowed the beautiful weather and roads.

Rich from Skylands was leaving as we arrived on Main Street. Don, Eric and Kevin pulled in as we parked our bikes. We met Glen Martin and Janet in the parking lot and saw Glen Larsen and his friend. Eric asked us to join him for lunch at Smokies which is located on the western shore of Lake Hopatcong.

After a short ride across the state, we arrived at a very nice barbeque pub located on the edge of the lake. This was arguably the best BBQ this side of Tennessee. Remember this restaurant anytime you are in the area.

Because we wanted to put the events of the day behind us, we chose the most direct route to the shore, Rt. #206 south to I-287 east and the GSP. I rode about 220 miles total before putting the bike away for the day.

This was a sobering day for everyone. Any driver or rider would have found it almost impossible to safely cross the icy road hazard we encountered. Every time we leave the safety of our arm chairs we put ourselves at some risk. The key is to enjoy life and live it to the fullest while trying to manage the risks. Gratefully, no one was hurt and we were able to pick up the bikes and ride on.

Things to Avoid, Feb 3rd

Dennis Swanson

There are many things to avoid, but at the top of my list right now, it's "black ice."

This day promised to be a beauty for winter riding, so I put on my leathers and met up with Skip, Joe Karol and Prez Jerry for a ride to the Polar Bear at Rockaway. Meeting at Cheesequake on the GSP we were on our way by 10:15. It was 33 degrees when I left the house and about 40 when the ride commenced up the GSP to 287 and then north along the north branch of the Raritan River east of Far Hills and west of Bernardsville. It was on Lake Road just past route 202 that I began to think how beautiful it was and what a nice day it was and what care Skip had taken to find all this beauty and how beautiful the frozen lake looked. The road narrowed and then curved and looked a little wet and then I saw Prez Jerry fall and slide down the road and I thought I will just make it past him when more quickly than I could imagine, down I went. As motorcycle and I slid down the road all I could think was "sonofabitch" I don't need this. Plastic parts, side cases, motorcycle and I all came to rest in separate places. Next thought was, "Anything broken?"

Motorcycle down and still running, I got up to be greeted by Joe who asked me if I was OK and told me to turn the bike off, which I did. By this time Jerry was up and about and apparently not injured. Joe and Skip got the bikes up and parked. We then went back up the road to pick up broken parts strewn everywhere, gathered up the bags and found my license plate. About this time a bicyclist we had passed took a spill just above where we had fallen. He hit the road pretty hard, and couldn't regain his feet it was so slippery. He declined assistance and went back the way he had come (fortunately for Don Gordon, Eric Suhr and other Skylanders, because he stopped them and warned them of what had happened to us. We saw them later in Rockaway.) Jerry's bike also came through with little damage.

Both bikes were operable. The mounts for my bags were destroyed so Skip came up with some straps and they were strapped to Jerry's mounts. He did not have bags which in this instance may have saved him from greater damage. We continued on even though I had no plate, stoplight or signals. At the Polar bear we saw Glen Martin and Janet Muller, Don Gordon, Eric and some of the Skylands riders, and our own Glen Larson. From there it was out to Lake Lackawana for some good barbecue and then south on 206 to 287 and the GSP all the while worrying I would be stopped for having no rear lights or plate.

Perhaps the other riders in this ride will write their accounts. Memory does play tricks and I would like to read another version.

Toronto International Motorcycle Show

Dave Mason

Has anybody seen my marbles? I know I used to have some.

About a month ago I saw an ad for a bike show in Toronto that sounded interesting. It claimed to be a large show. I mentioned it to someone at the show in NY and they said it was venter ad swap meet oriented rather than a manufacturer supported show like the NY show. Still sounded interesting.

Then I checked for other things to see while I was on the trip and there seemed to be lots of other things to see as well, on both sides of the border. I have national park passes from both sides of the border that get me into national parks for free. There are several forts dating back to the revolutionary war and the war of 1812. (There is a suspicion north of the border that the war was just an excuse to invade Canada, again.) There are also attractions such as the CN Tower and some water fall.

I figured the trip to be about 9 hours without stops and that is how much daylight there is now, so I left at 0700, on Friday, the 4th of January, just before sunrise. Since it was a little chilly out, I put the bike on the charger for half an hour before starting it. It still reset the clock when I hit the starter. The chill was also causing a squealing noise that accompanies the speedometer going nuts. The needle vibrates and twitches between my real speed and about double that speed. Pulling to a stop generally stops the squeal but not the needle twitching. This time I had to stop twice.

The Parkway was clear and the only incident was when the GPS discovered that I had taken the express lanes when it had told me to take the local lanes. As punishment, it wanted me to turn around at the Cheesequake service center, go back five miles and use the local lanes. Every now and then it gets stupid and thinks it is the boss. 280 was the usual mess. There were two rear-enders on the right shoulder, right in a row, and a single car accident that took up the two right lanes a couple of miles up the road. The rear-enders appeared to be lessons about tailgating, delivered when the main accident occurred.

Several things happened as I turned up 380 and 81, into the Poconos. I stopped for the first time to get gas. The speedometer needle broke off. And the ground was covered with some sort of white stuff (not on the road though). I think that people come here and slide around on it with wooden boards strapped to their feet so it must be their fault. Then the heated liner quit heating. It was unplugged and also the heat troller wasn't putting out. Panic! I fiddled with it and it came back on. No idea what the problem was.

About 50 miles south of Syracuse, the sun came out but it didn't seem to make much difference. Just after I turned left onto I 90, I stopped again to get gas. To save the battery, I turn off the heat when the bike is not running. I was freezing by the time I filled the tank and I had several layers on over the heat. Stopping anywhere short of the hotel was looking unlikely. I stopped again just before crossing over into Canada and got gas. When I went in to use the bathroom, it was out of order. I thought about going outside and doing something inappropriate on the corner of the building but it was too cold.

It took about 30 minutes to cross the border. No hassles just busy. Lots of people going to Toronto this time of year, I guess. There is an interesting pair of signs on the QEW, just before Hamilton. The first sign says 14km to Hamilton. The very next sign is the Hamilton city limits sign. I got to the hotel at 1630. 560 miles in 9 1/2 hours, including three gas stops and 30 minutes at the border. Too cold to make any other stops. The sun was still up since I had been traveling west.



View from Hotel

I stayed at the Hampton Inn, about five minutes from the show, because I am a member there and like the free hot breakfast but a better choice would actually be the Econo Lodge. It is closer and has three eating places on the property. It is right down the street from the show.

I spent Saturday at the show. For some reason I was the only one there who rode??? It wasn't snowing in the morning or the evening and the mid day sleet wasn't much. You would think there would be some real local riders at least. Of course there was a lot of the custom bike crowd there that doesn't actually ride anywhere.

The show is huge! It is not like that little thing in New York. There are five halls. One major difference is that there are no manufacturers at this show. There are booths from local dealers but no big displays from the manufacturers. One hall was about three quarters

custom bikes on display. About half of a hall was trailers and RVs for hauling bikes. Another half of a hall was taken up by bikes from the Canadian Motorcycle Hall of Fame. One of the interesting 'bikes' they had was the Raleigh Safety Cycle. It looks like an old convertible but under the hood is a bike motor and linkage to control the single front wheel. It even had a crank starter. They also had an interesting bike with an AMF Harley Davidson emblem.



Raleigh Safety Cycle

Another innovation they had at the show that the New York show misses was several places selling semi-real food. Hot dogs, hamburgers, chicken, pizza, etc. It ain't gourmet food but it beats warm pretzels. To go with this they actually had a couple of areas with tables and chairs where you could sit down and eat or chat. If you are going to spend the day, it is sure nice to be able to sit down for a while to eat, chat and rest.

The rest of the halls are taken up with vendors of everything. MOA had a booth where I renewed my membership and met the VP. (She is looking to reconnect with a friend named Nancy who moved to New Jersey.) Next door was a booth for Helen 2 Wheels. Helen broke her hand while riding in Kentucky and was wearing a cast. I also had a long chat with a fellow who runs bike tours in Africa who was interesting and the Canadian Army had a large exhibit.

I spent about an hour talking to the guys from the Toronto BMW dealership. Very friendly and gave me a number to call their mechanic if I ever had any questions about how to fix anything. I also asked about European delivery. They don't have it there either but they are trying to get BMW to offer it again. Their advice was to talk to your local dealer and tell them that you sure would like to buy that bike if you could only get it on a European delivery. I bought my '90 that way and it is a great deal. You buy it here and pick it up in Munich with tags and insurance already in place. After your vacation, it gets shipped back to your local dealer, imported as a used bike.



Sidecar and Monkey

Another interesting chat was with one of the side car racers. The lady in the picture, standing behind the bike is the monkey and her husband, sitting behind her is the driver. She was demonstrating how a monkey has to move around the bike and hang off to keep the side car on the ground. The races are fascinating in case you have never seen one.

I have been looking for a more comfortable helmet and found one there. It is a G-Max, which is mostly marketed in Canada. They do sell on line, including parts. They had a triple X, although we had to check several vendor booths to find one and I got a show discount. It is more comfortable than the HJC that I have been wearing and when it rains, the new one doesn't suck water up inside onto the visor and my glasses. It also has ear pockets for speakers with enough room that I will be able to use them. And it fits. It is DOT. The Canadians don't do their own testing. They use ours. There is also an available double visor for snow mobile use and even a heated visor.



My bike and the white dirt

I was at the show from 10 o'clock in the morning till 5 in the evening. I am not sure I found everything. It was a very interesting show with lots of vendors selling almost everything you could think of and very friendly people.

I started back Sunday at about eight o'clock in the morning. It was foggy for a while but cleared up as I left town. There was an interesting sign that I had seen a duplicate of on the way in. Thirty kilometers over the speed limit is an instant license suspension and bike impoundment (or car) and a fine up to \$10,000. They have a racing problem and are addressing it. They will keep the bike at least a week and at least until you pay the fine.

US customs and immigration was their normal charming self. I held out my US passport for several minutes while he fiddled with his machine. Then he accepted it, opened it, looked in it and asked what country I was a citizen of. I started to give a wise answer but they tend to have zero sense of humor.

The fog started again and continued for about 30 miles. After that it was clear all the way back. The New York state police appeared to be very vigilante. The total trip was 756 miles and other than below freezing temperatures and a little bit of fog, the weather was nice when I was out in it. I plan to go again since there are several places I want to spend more time at in the Niagara Falls / Toronto area, when it is not so cold away from the bike.

Upcoming Rides and Events

The following rides and events are sponsored by the AMA or other organizations and are not NJSBMWR's sponsored. Please feel free to personally arrange rides with your friends and attend.

Feb. 10th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Landslide Saloon, Pattenburg, NJ
Feb. 13th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
Feb. 17th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Hooters, 25 Rt. #23 South, Wayne, NJ
Feb. 20th ~ 7 PM Tech Session, DeSimone Motor Sports, Rt. #73, Cherry Hill, NJ
Feb. 23rd ~ 90 Anniversary Crotona Midnight Run, Yonkers, NY
Feb. 24th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Bahr's Landing, 2 Bay Ave., Highlands, NJ
Feb. 27th ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Casanova Grill, 230 Maple Ave. #G-12, Marlton, NJ 08053
Mar. 1st - 8th ~ Daytona Bike Week, Daytona, FL
Mar. 2nd ~ The Gathering at Ephrata, PA
Mar. 2nd ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Firehouse Eatery, 455 St. Georges Ave. Rahway, NJ
Mar. 3rd ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ The Warrenside Tavern, Rt. #173, Bloomsbury, NJ
Mar. 5th ~ 6 PM Velusa Dirt Track Racing, Velusa, FL
Mar. 7th ~ Deland Motorcycle Auction, Deland College, Deland, FL

Mar. 9th ~ Concourse de'Elegance at the Ritz Carlton, Amelia Island, FL
Mar. 9th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Long Valley Pub, 1 Fairmont Rd, Long Valley, NJ
Mar. 12th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
June 19th - 22nd ~ BMW RA National Rally, Houghton, MI
July 17th - 20th ~ BMW MOA National Rally, Gillette, WY

Found on the Web

Glenn Martin

Housing for the BMW-RA Rally in da'UP.. - from the RA Website Forum:

Thank you for your email inquiring about summer housing options at Michigan Technological University. We do have apartments and regular residence hall rooms available for rent during this time. The cost associated is as follows:

RESIDENCE HALL ROOM

Internet access is available to guests with a valid drivers license or passport at the time of check-in. Michigan Tech residence halls are smoke-free facilities.

Regular Room

Single room - rate per night : \$28.00
Double room - rate per person per night : \$18.50

Room w/ Private Bath

Single room - rate per night : \$36.00
Double room - rate per person per night : \$23.00

Meals are also available in the residence halls.

\$5.95 breakfast
\$6.95 lunch
\$7.95 dinner

MICHIGAN TECH APARTMENTS

Availability and accommodations vary, please contact my staff at 906-487-2727.

Please let me know if you have any additional questions.

Sincerely,

Travis L. Pierce, MPA
Director, Residential Life
Michigan Technological University
906-487-2687

Reservations won't be taken until May. We will discuss how many rooms or apartments we want to reserve at our April meeting.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Art Goldberg

82 Kings Way

Freehold, NJ 07728

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Club Meeting – February 13th – 7PM

Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Rt 71, Avon



The BMW K1200S...
Enough Raw Power To Shock.

The 2007 BMW K1200S Sport
MSRP \$12,999

DeSimone MotorSport 1210 Route 73 S • Mount Laurel, NJ 08054
856.840.1590 • www.desimone motorsport.com

BMW Motorrad
USA
Authorized
Dealer



BMW, BMW Motorrad, BMW K1200S, and the BMW roundel are registered trademarks of BMW Group USA, LLC. © 2007 BMW Group USA, LLC. All rights reserved.