

March 2008 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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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

For most folks, no news is good news; for the press, good news is not news. *Gloria Borger*

One of the problems has to do with the speed of light and the difficulties involved in trying to exceed it. You can't. Nothing travels faster than the speed of light with the possible exception of bad news, which obeys its own special laws. *Douglas Adams*

If, in my retirement to the humble station of a private citizen, I am accompanied with the esteem and approbation of my fellow citizens, trophies obtained by the bloodstained steel, or the tattered flags of the tented field, will never be envied. The care of human life and happiness, and not their destruction, is the first and only legitimate object of good government.
Letter to the Republican Citizens of Washington County, Maryland, March 31, 1809, Thomas Jefferson

President's Message

Winter is hanging-on, but one can sense the change of season coming. Call it cabin fever if you'd like, but the Indians are getting restless.

I haven't heard of anyone from the club heading to Daytona, though I did see an open trailer full of Harleys traveling south on the Turnpike about a week ago. I guess all four were broken-down.

John Ryan participated in the Crotona Run (TSD Rally) insanity. For those who don't know about this event, it's a planned route at a set 30 mph run in late February starting at midnight and ending near dawn. Starting and ending in Yonkers N.Y. it loops around some of the



darkest loneliest roads in Hillary's neighborhood. GPS is not allowed and as the flyer advises "Girly men need not apply". Most of the membership knows that John is mentally irregular; this just further proves it to all. There was talk of NJSBMWR entering a team for the event, but I think the others came to their senses.

I stayed at home like the girly man that I am. Way to go John.

-- Jerry R.
732-938-3940
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P.S.
Daylight Savings Time is March 9th, just 1 week away, and Spring is less than 3 weeks away.

Movie Night at Crown, Feb 20th

RD Swanson

Think of all the really bad movies you have seen. Perhaps you will think of movies starring Rock Hudson and Doris Day or Frankie Avalon and Sandra Dee.

Or perhaps you will think of the really badly animated Japanese monster movies like "Godzilla." Put them all aside.

We saw "Girl on a Motorcycle" which puts them all to shame. This movie release from 1968 starring Marianne Faithful and Alain Delon lacks any redeeming value. It has no plot. It has no "skin." It does have entirely phony motorcycle sequences of Marianne Faithful riding at high speeds, looking dreamily into the wind without eye protection.

It has enticing scenes of her nude body getting into a leather suit without revealing anything to the drooling crowd at Crown. Capt. Don kept us glued to the screen with promises of something really good, but he lied.

It was, nevertheless, a pretty good way to spend a cold winter evening with the Shore Riders. A large white paint drop cloth was affixed the wall. A second-rate sound system was installed. Pizza was provided. Some brought alcoholic beverages. Chairs were set-up and it was movie night!

We also saw "Twice Upon a Caravan" based on Robert Edison Fulton's book "One Man Caravan." Fulton traveled around the world in 1932-'34 on a Douglas motorcycle and took a wealth of 35mm movie film. His film and commentary provided the basis for the movie.

It was interesting to see a world that was and will never be again. It was a world with a lot less people and bad or non existent roads, but it was before a lot of bad things happened on the planet and this gave it a kind of friendly charm and simplicity. Fulton was welcomed wherever he went and his motorcycle was a crowd-drawing technological marvel.

The areas in Asia and the Mid-East where he traveled would be closed to him or anyone else today. You know, "war on terror" and etc. I did read Fulton's book One-Man Caravan and would also recommend it.

We also saw a short subject about the history and development of BMW motorcycles which was interesting and informative.

Thanks to Mike and Skip Palmer for hosting the event. It was a good idea and we should do it again. But next time we will not have Don pick the movies.

A Crash Course for Motorcyclists

Don Eilenberger

So far – our club has been lucky. No one has had to stop and help an injured motorcyclist. Fact – the person most likely to come to the assistance of an injured motorcyclist is – another motorcyclist.

There is an organization, Accident Scene Management Inc., <http://www.accidentscene.org/> that gives a course they call "A Crash Course for Motorcyclists" specifically tailored for helping motorcyclists assist other motorcyclists safely and legally. Here is their Statement of Purpose:

Statement of Purpose

According to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration 3% of Roadway crashes involve motorcyclists but 11% of Roadway fatalities were motorcyclists! The purpose of ASMI's Bystander Assistance Programs are to reduce injuries and

fatalities to motorcyclists through First Response Education. We also expect to reduce rescuer injury through proper training. Our programs, based upon the US DOT First Responder Curriculum, are focused on trauma rather than First Aid and CPR. All classes include a Lead instructor who is EMT or higher in medical training. For the price of a piece of chrome you can receive this invaluable training in just one to two days. Don't put this training off.

So what's all this about? I'm trying to arrange a three club (NJS, New Sweden and Skylands) session of the training course. I've been in touch with an instructor from Connecticut who is willing to come to the wilds of NJ to give the course. Crown Engineering has volunteered their facility as the location.

At the last New Sweden meeting, I asked the members in attendance if they had any interest in this course and received an enthusiastic yes. I expect no less from our club.

Cost is still to be determined. I've approached a friend who is an officer of the BMW-MOA "Foundation" which has as one of its goals as "Support educational and personal growth programs related to safe and enjoyable motorcycle use" My friend is looking into the possibility that the Foundation might look at supporting the course both financially and with publicity. Without their support, the course will cost approximately \$50 per member – for a 7 hour class. If you ever need the training, the \$50 will seem like a real bargain.

I hope to have a bit more on this at our next meeting, and would welcome any help in setting it up. Right now I'm planning on it being given in May. Please see me at the meeting, or email me if you're interested in helping!

Good news for normal height people!

Low Suspension Option Available On 2008 BMW R 1200 GS, R 1200 R and R 1200 RT Models

Woodcliff Lake, NJ - February 29, 2008... Motorcyclists asking for lower seat height... your prayers have been answered. BMW Motorrad is pleased to announce that a new Low Suspension option will be available, beginning in March, on 2008 BMW R 1200 GS, R 1200 R and R 1200 RT models.

The Low Suspension option, which includes the Low Seat option on these models, lowers the seat height to 31.1 inches on the R 1200 GS and to 29.5 inches on the R 1200 R and the R 1200 RT. The Low Suspension option is available as a factory-ordered option at BMW Motorrad retailers for a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$175.

BMW Group In America
BMW of North America, LLC has been present in the United States since 1975.

Seaside Haiku, March 2nd

Alex Edly

Don's Newsletter dearth
Thermometer reads forty
George and I will ride

We met at Red Hill
Meander to Seaside Park
Uneventful trip.



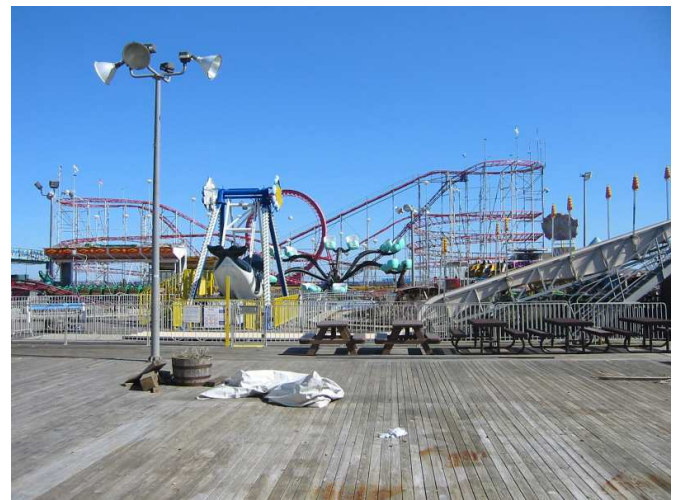
The Sawmill Cafe
Slice and coke for one dollar.
Sadly now three bucks.



Fellow Beemer guy.
He rode from Pennsylvania
Got parking ticket



Read meter again.
We all should put money in.
"Cool Hand Luke" was just.



Thanks for the ride John.
JetStar was my first coaster.
Rides and time stand still.

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.

- 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 ~ Sky Manor Airport, 42 Sky Manor Road, Pittstown, 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
- Mar. 23rd ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to the Chatterbox, #1 Rt. #15, Augusta, NJ
- Mar. 26th ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Casanova Grill, 230 Maple Ave. #G-12, Marlton, NJ 08053 (see Don for directions)
- Mar. 30th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Brian's Harley Davidson, 600 S. Flowers Mill Rd., Langhorne, PA
- Apr. 6th ~ The Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- Apr. 7th ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ Sky Manor Airport, 42 Sky Manor Road, Pittstown, NJ
- Apr. 9th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- May TBD? – Crash Course for the Motorcyclist, Crown Engineering
- May 30th – June 1st – BMWBMW Square Route Rally, Thurmont, MD
- June 19th - 22nd ~ BMW RA National Rally, Houghton, MI
- July 17th - 20th ~ BMW MOA National Rally, Gillette, WY

Polar Bear Rides

Skip Palmer

Landslide Saloon, Feb 10th

Sunday morning, February 10th, I met Roger and Grant in Farmingdale for the ride to The Landslide Saloon in Pattenburg, NJ.

The weather was sunny and in the low thirties. We planned to take only roads that we were sure would be clear of ice or snow after our experience last week. We rode around the west side of the Manasquan Reservoir through Freewood Acres south of Turkey Swamp Park to Rt. #537 west and then to our Wawa. When no one else arrived, we went west on Rt. #526 to Imlaystown then turned right to Sharon Station, Edinburg, Port Mercer, Hopewell, and Wertsville. A left on Cr. #602 led us to Ringoes and Rt. #579 north. North of Pittstown we picked up Cr. #625 north to Jutland and Rt. #173 west to Pattenburg.

The parking lot was filling up fast and the service staff here could not handle the crowd. After saying hello to Dave Cushing and a brief conversation with Don Gordon, we left to have lunch at the Warrenside Tavern in Bloomsbury.

Roger decided to take I-78 and the interstates home after lunch. Grant and I rode to Warren Glen and followed the Delaware to Milford.

Since I hadn't ridden the Pennsylvania side of the river for months, we crossed the river to PA Rt. #32 south.

The Pennsylvania parks and road departments have made significant progress repairing the damage to the canal and bridges caused by the three floods of 2006. The new bridge north of Tinicum is open, but just south of the Bulls Island foot bridge the road is closed to Center Bridge at Dilly's. Continuing south through New Hope, the road now is open to Washington's Crossing Park, but closed south to Yardley.

We crossed the Washington's Crossing Bridge back to New Jersey and Rt. #29 south to Trenton and I-195 east to Allentown. We left the interstate for the more pleasant ride on Rt. #524 east to Ely Harmony Road and Farmingdale Road back to Crown. We had a safe and pleasant day and rode about one hundred and eighty-five miles.

Hooters and Beyond, Feb 17th

Sunday, February 17th, I rode solo for the first time since October. I didn't post my ride because I had some additional riding that I was not prepared to take anyone else on.

I left Farmingdale by 9:30 and arrived in Wayne at Hooters by 10:15. The Polar Bear Riders weren't expected until 11:30. There was some snow on the ground north of the Raritan. When I arrived in Wayne there was three to five inches on the ground and the temperature had dropped from forty-three to thirty-four degrees.

I immediately headed west on I-80 to I-287 north and eventually took NY Rt. #17 to Harriman and Bear Mountain State Parks. The snow was six plus inches and the temperature below thirty degrees. I wanted to practice and test my skills riding on snow and ice before the Crotona Midnight Run next Saturday. The snow and accumulated salt were a thrill to ride on.

Speed and throttle control with an occasional foot assist seem to make these hazards almost manageable. Ice on the other hand is a whole different problem. I don't think that you can accomplish much once you are on ice unless you have already reduced your speed and planned a path across the surface before you start.

Much like skiing, turning on ice seldom works out too well. To make the challenge even more fun, there are hills to be traversed, ascended, and descended! A skilled rider still needs a bit of luck! I made it safely to the bridge turned around and headed back on the same route to I-80 west.

Crossing the Delaware at The Gap, I headed for Tannersville, PA and Camelback Mountain. The snow was close to a foot everywhere and the temperature was in the mid twenties. The glances from the skiers were priceless as we passed on the roads and in the parking lot. There is something inherently wrong with riding on snow; however if you stay loose and manage to drift with some semblance of control, it is an adrenaline rush.

East of Tannersville, I headed south on PA Rt. #33 to I-78 east and crossed back into New Jersey. The Bloomsbury exit led me to Rt. #579 south. On the edge of town, there is a one lane bridge with traffic lights on either side. I stop behind a SUV and waited for the light.

When the light changed to green the SUV turned on his flashers and pulled to the edge of the road to warn me about the up coming hill and switch-back. I waved to thank him, thinking I knew this road, and headed up the hill. At the switch-back, the road above the turn was a sheet of ice with a six inch strip of semi-clear road and a steep ascent. About fifteen feet up the ice patch the semi-clear strip ran-out and I was now climbing without much traction.

Loose is not the way to describe my riding technique at this moment. I had a good strong grip on both the seat and handlebars as I let both feet hang just above the ice in case the bike slid to either side. The throttle was a steady, slow, forward climb until the bike cleared the patch and was once again on the pavement. I looked in the mirrors and didn't see the SUV, but I think he probably knew what I was headed for when he stopped to warn me. This was a tougher test than I bargained for!

I could have stayed home in the comfort of an overstuffed chair and watched some other grown men play almost any sport, but I don't enjoy living vicariously through other men's experiences. It is exciting to watch a highly skilled athlete perform a remarkable feat, but that can't compare to the emotional chaos of adrenaline, fear, panic, and accomplishment that comes from challenging your own skills whether you win or lose.

The rest of the ride to Trenton, I-195, Rt. #524, and Ely Harmony Road back to Farmingdale was relaxed and uneventful. The three hundred forty mile ride convinced me that there is a great deal that can be accomplished on a bike, but riders aren't really in control when the road conditions are poor.

I will approach next week's Crotona Midnight Run with a better understanding of the risks and hopefully the sense to make some sound decisions during the course of the night.

Bahrs Landing, Feb 24th

Sunday, February 24th, Bob Truex and Tom Rizzo met me in Farmingdale for the short ride to Bahr's Landing Restaurant in Highlands. We stopped in the Oak Hill section of Middletown to pick-up Roger. Still in Middletown Township, we rode through Fairview, Chapel Hill on "Old Kings Highway", Navasink, and Hartshorne. A short ride on Rt. #36 brought us to the edge of the Shrewsbury River and Bahr's Landing Restaurant.



My wife, Sue, joined us for lunch. Our table had a view of the Atlantic Ocean on the far side of Sandy Hook.

After lunch Tom, Bob and I rode to Sandy Hook. The seven mile long peninsula contains a National Wildlife Refuge, National Seashore Recreation Area, Coast Guard Station, National Marine Science Center, MAST Marine Sciences Magnet High School, Brookdale College Marine Annex, Fort Hancock and the oldest working lighthouse in the United States.



The lighthouse was originally built in the seventeen hundreds at the end of the peninsula. Today the peninsula extends over a mile past the lighthouse. Sandy Hook is located on the south side of the entrance to the New York Harbor and Raritan Bay.



Next, we rode over the highlands on Scenic Drive with its views of the Raritan Bay, Sandy Hook, Staten Island, Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Long Island.

A short ride through Atlantic Highlands and Navesink brought us back to "Old Kings Highway." This road was built by the King of England in the sixteen hundreds to link the first colonial communities in Monmouth County. The British later used this road during the American Revolution to march to the Battle of Monmouth. They were later forced to retreat on this same route back to the protection of Sandy Hook and the Raritan Bay Harbor.



Bob and Tom headed south on the GSP at Red Hill Road and I continued to ride through Holmdel, Colts Neck, Howell, and Farmingdale on some of the older rural country roads. I was able to stretch a short ride within eastern Monmouth County to seventy-five miles for a pleasant day of relaxed riding.

Firehouse Eatery, March 2nd

Sunday, March 2nd, Joe Karol and a friend, Larry Edelman met me in Farmingdale for the ride to the Firehouse Eatery in Rahway, New Jersey. Since Rahway is not one of the most scenic areas in the state we rode there as quickly as possible on the GSP and Rt. #27.

We arrived an hour before the Polar Bear event was to begin and promptly left to enjoy some better riding. A few blocks further north on Rt. #27, we turned left on Lake Avenue. This residential road took us through Clark and Scotch Plains to Berkeley Height and the Watchung Hills. Now in a more scenic area, we turned west on Rt. #512 along the ridge past Gillette, Sterling, and Liberty Corners to Far Hills. Along the way, we rode past the Veterans Hospital and the US Golf Association National Headquarters.

At Far Hills, we turned onto Route #523 west and rode through Bedminster, past The Trump National Golf Course, and Lamington to the town of Oldwick. We enjoyed a leisurely lunch at the Oldwick General Store.

After lunch, Larry headed home while Joe and I continued to ride west. We headed for the Round

Valley Reservoir then south toward Stanton Station, Flemington and Ringoes. In Ringoes, we turned onto Rt. #579 south to Trenton and Rt. #29 along the Delaware River. A short ride on I-195 brought us to Allentown and Rt. #524 east to Farmingdale.

We enjoyed a beautiful sunny day with temperatures in the mid-forties and rode over one hundred and fifty pleasant miles.

Present at the Creation, March 2008

Moon Mullens (AKA Capt. Dennis)

I wasn't present at the creation of the NJ Shore Riders, but came soon after. I didn't even own a BMW motorcycle, didn't even know where to look, but knew I wanted one. I had gone to the Americaid Rally at Lake George on my Harley with my Harley buddies. As I struggled up the NY Thruway with the shaking and the roaring and limited power and speed of the Harley, I kept getting passed by these BMW guys. Zip, zip, zip past me they would go. Who the hell are these guys, I thought? I wanted to find out. Sure enough these clannish motorcyclists were gathered together at the rally. I had to know more so I wandered over for a look. They were different and they were rather exclusionary, but they did tell me that BMW offered test rides.

I found the location and signed up for a ride the next day. Bright and early the next morning the group leader formed us up, gave instructions and warned us not to purposely fall behind the group and then run the hell out of the machine to see what it could do in order to catch up with the group. What a good idea! I would never have thought of it on my own. He took us out for about an hour and a half on a variety of roads. I had a white K100rs. Sure enough my opportunity came to fall behind and catch up. What a ride! I couldn't believe how fast and smooth it rode. Truly miraculous! Next day BMW gave a demonstration of the ABS braking system which was truly amazing. I had to have a BMW.

I rode the Harley home, put an ad in the paper and sold it for more than I paid for it in a few days. This was the height of "Harley Mania."

Now where to find a BMW? I tried Freedom Cycle in Long Branch and found a K100rs exactly like the one I had taken for a test ride. But he wanted too much for it, so I continued to scan the classified section. It took about six months, but I finally found one. It was over in Ocean Township at a gas station. The owner had two bikes and wanted to sell either. He was going through a messy and contentious divorce. One was a Harley and the other was the exact same K100rs I had considered at Freedom cycle. This time the price was more than right and I didn't hesitate.

Now where to find some BMW riders? Not too long after that I was out at the Collingswood Auction in Howell and a very strange and very foul-mouthed BMW rider

happened along. I sought him out and he told me the guy to call was this fellow Islandberger in Spring Lake Heights. The spelling was wrong, but I figured it out and called this guy who invited me to a meeting at Sun Cycle in Manasquan. That's where we used to meet. They made me welcome and I joined and began to ride with the guys. They kept talking about this group called the Fossils. I didn't know what they were talking about, but I guess this was the club before the Shore Riders were formed. It was Jerry Schreiber, Kent Seydell, Bill Brown, George Hoffman, Glen Martin and some others. The total membership of the Shore Riders was about fifteen at that time.

I started to make the weekend rides and got to know this great bunch of guys. I found out about the MOA and the RA. I found out about Motorcycle Consumer News and RK BMW in Deptford and Touch of Class in Stewartsville. I heard about those strange guys in the 609 area code called the New Sweden Riders. (We thought everyone in the 609 area code was strange in those days.) After meeting George Hickman and the group, we realized Nancy wasn't strange. I also found out about those exclusive guys to the north called Skylands. After I met Max Monaco and the rest of the bunch, I realized they weren't exclusive at all. After all, they welcomed me as a member. How exclusive could they be? In short, I was shedding my Harley ways of riding to topless bars and becoming a BMW rider.

One day I was driving along the ocean in Spring lake and this BMW zipped past me. Who was it? I followed him until he stopped and introduced myself. He thought I was crazy. He was to become my riding idol who taught me all the tricks. Luckily, I survived this tutorial. He was Grant Duncan, my favorite rider to this day.

Time passed and we decided that we should meet in a restaurant. This wasn't always easy. Either they didn't like us or Don didn't like them. It would be many years before we found our home at Schneider's. Thanks Johann! New riders kept showing up, Cross Country BMW opened and became our sponsor. Then DeSimone Motorsports became our sponsor. Membership reached near one hundred and we became what we are today. It has been great fun!

I have since had five or six BMW's, a MotoGuzzi and a Ducati. I have lost count of all the national rallies I attended and the cross country trips I have taken (actually four). What a time!

Found on the Web

Glenn Martin

The Season of the Bike

by Dave Karlotski

There is cold, and there is cold on a motorcycle. Cold on a motorcycle is like being beaten with cold hammers while being kicked with cold boots, a bone bruising

cold. The wind's big hands squeeze the heat out of my body and whisk it away; caught in a cold October rain, the drops don't even feel like water. They feel like shards of bone fallen from the skies of Hell to pock my face. I expect to arrive with my cheeks and forehead streaked with blood, but that's just an illusion, just the misery of nerves not designed for highway speeds.

Despite this, it's hard to give up my motorcycle in the fall and I rush to get it on the road again in the spring; lapses of sanity like this are common among motorcyclists. When you let a motorcycle into your life you're changed forever. The letters "MC" are stamped on your driver's license right next to your sex and height as if "motorcycle" was just another of your physical characteristics, or maybe a mental condition.

But when warm weather finally does come around all those cold snaps and rainstorms are paid in full because a motorcycle summer is worth any price.

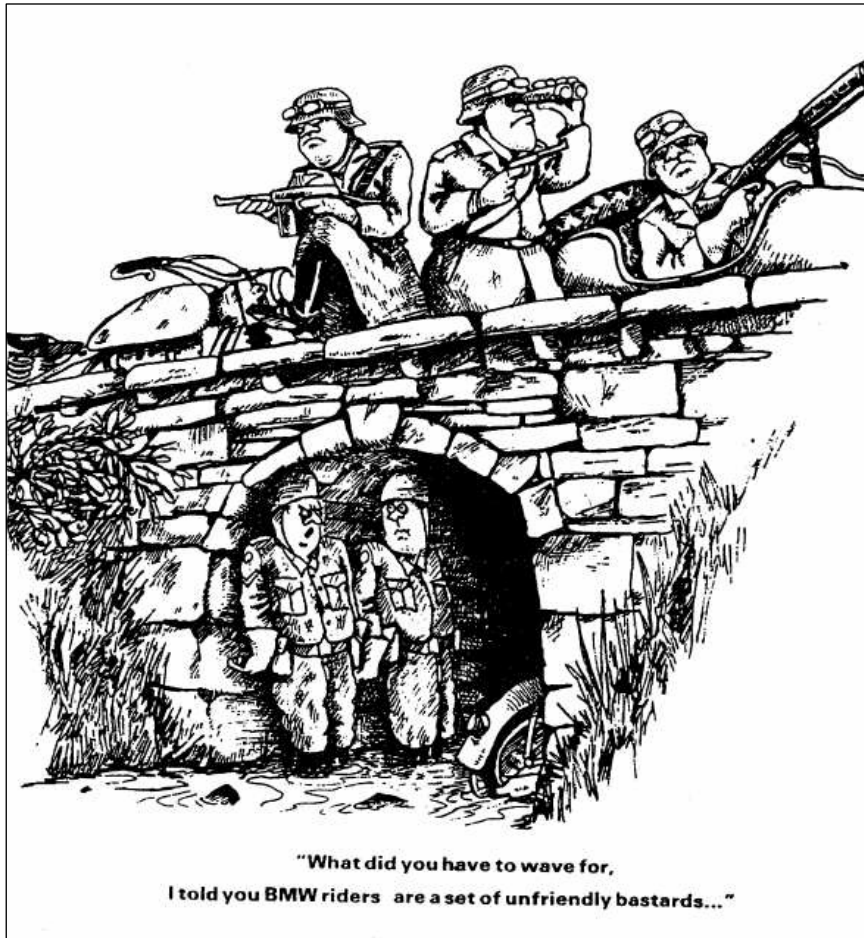
A motorcycle is not just a two-wheeled car; the difference between driving a car and climbing onto a motorcycle is the difference between watching TV and actually living your life. We spend all our time sealed in boxes and cars are just the rolling boxes that shuffle us languidly from home-box to work-box to store-box and back, the whole time entombed in stale air, temperature regulated, sound insulated, and smelling of carpets.

On a motorcycle I know I'm alive. When I ride, even the familiar seems strange and glorious. The air has weight and substance as I push through it and its touch is as intimate as water to a swimmer. I feel the cool wells of air that pool under trees and the warm spokes of sunlight that fall through them. I can see everything in a sweeping 360 degrees, up, down and around, wider than PanaVision and higher than IMAX and unrestricted by ceiling or dashboard.

Sometimes I even hear music. It's like hearing phantom telephones in the shower or false doorbells when vacuuming; the pattern-loving brain, seeking signals in the noise, raises acoustic ghosts out of the wind's roar. But on a motorcycle I hear whole songs: rock 'n roll, dark orchestras, women's voices, all hidden in the air and released by speed.

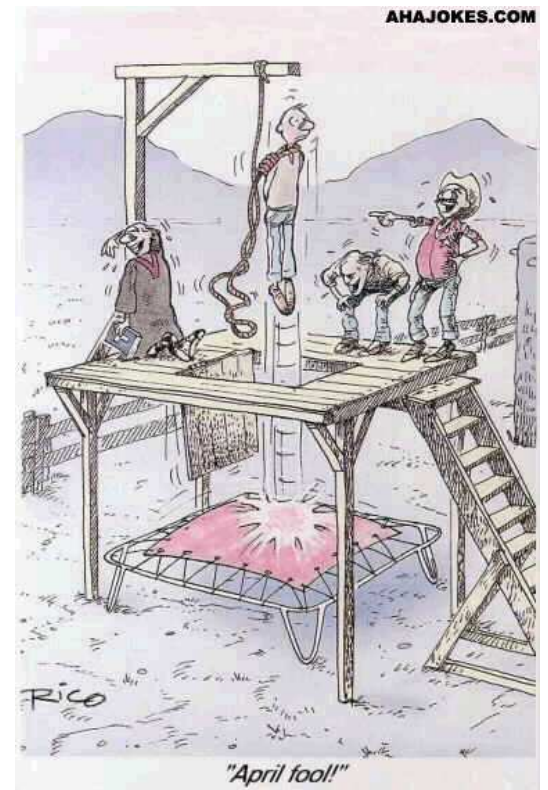
At 30 miles an hour and up, smells become uncannily vivid. All the individual tree-smells and flower-smells and grass-smells flit by like chemical notes in a great plant symphony. Sometimes the smells evoke memories so strongly that it's as though the past hangs invisible in the air around me, wanting only the most casual of rumbling time machines to unlock it.

A ride on a summer afternoon can border on the rapturous. The sheer volume and variety of stimuli is like a bath for my nervous system, an electrical massage for my brain, a systems check for my soul. It tears smiles out of me: a minute ago I was dour, depressed, apathetic, numb, but now, on two wheels,



In many snows,
And may the rainbow
Always touch your shoulder

Filler



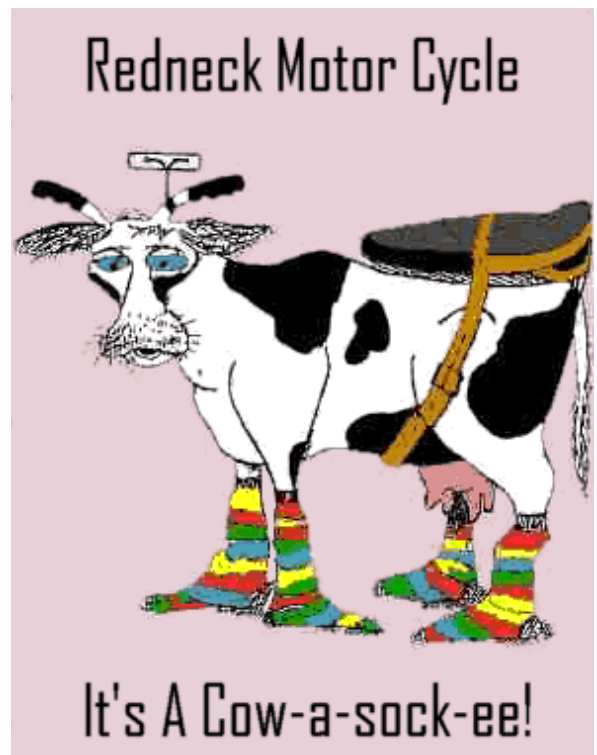
big, ragged, windy smiles flap against the side of my face, billowing out of me like air from a decompressing plane. Transportation is only a secondary function. A motorcycle is a joy machine. It's a machine of wonders, a metal bird, a motorized prosthetic. It's light and dark and shiny and dirty and warm and cold lapping over each other; it's a conduit of grace, it's a catalyst for bonding the gritty and the holy.

I still think of myself as a motorcycle amateur, but by now I've had a handful of bikes over a half dozen years and slept under my share of bridges. I wouldn't trade one second of either the good times or the misery. Learning to ride was one of the best things I've done.

Cars lie to us and tell us we're safe, powerful, and in control. The air-conditioning fans murmur empty assurances and whisper, "Sleep, sleep." Motorcycles tell us a more useful truth: we are small and exposed, and probably moving too fast for our own good, but that's no reason not to enjoy every minute of the ride.....

"CHEROKEE BLESSING "

May the warm winds of Heaven
Blow softly upon your house
May the Great Spirit
Bless all who enter there
May your moccasins
Make happy tracks



ROAD RASH ©2007 by HARRY MARTIN

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Thanks to Harry Martin for allowing us to use his great cartoons..

BTW – this space available. I'm expecting wonderful articles for next month from two people who promised them for this issue.. the newsletter is only as good as members make it, thanks to those who contributed!

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Art Goldberg

82 Kings Way

Freehold, NJ 07728

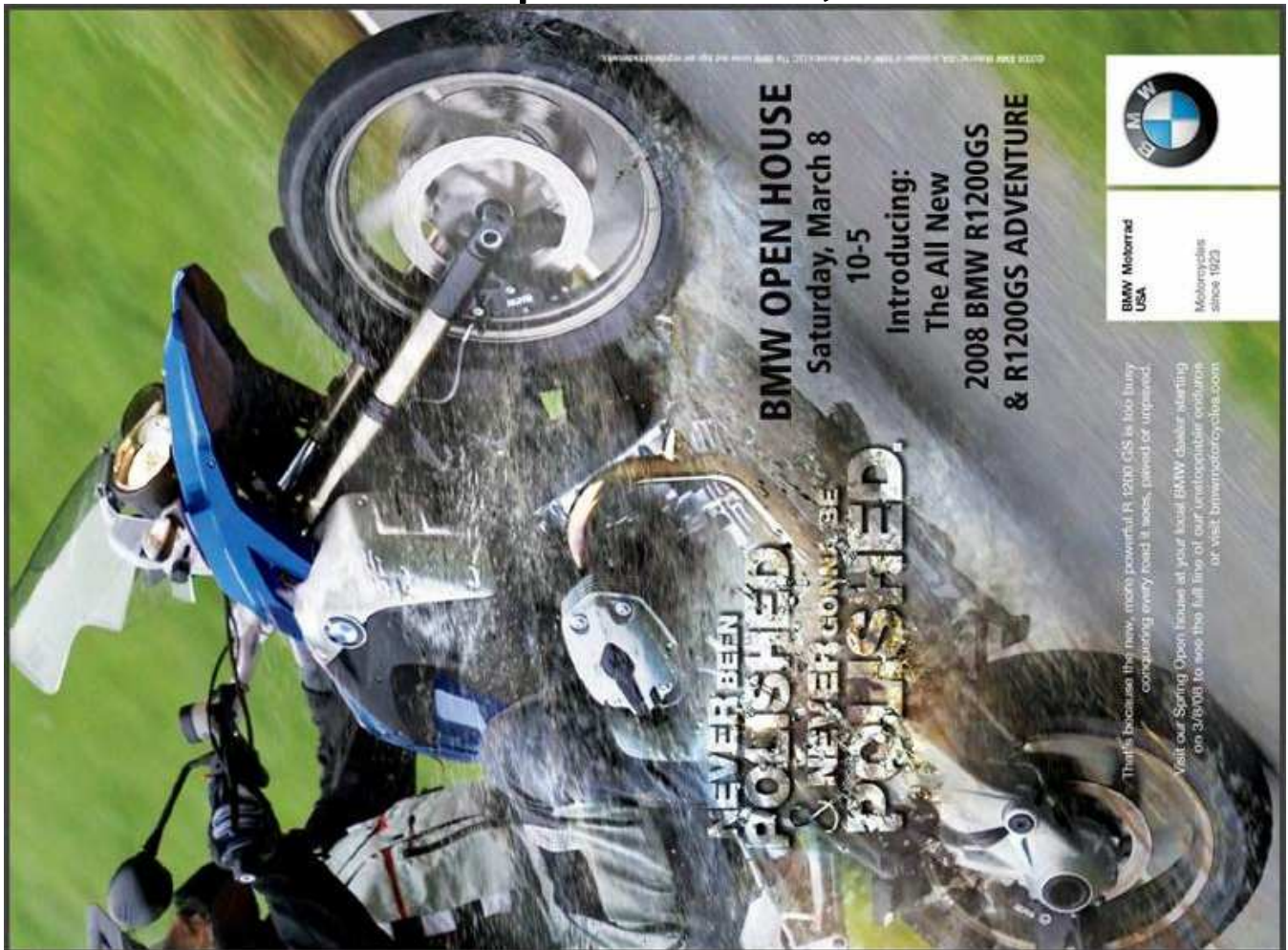
(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Club Meeting – March 12th - 7PM

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

DeSimone Open-House, March 8th



**NEVER BEEN
POLISHED
& NEVER GONNA BE
POLISHED.**

BMW OPEN HOUSE
Saturday, March 8
10-5

Introducing:
The All New
**2008 BMW R1200GS
& R1200GS ADVENTURE**

That's because the new, more powerful R 1200 GS is 100-hp, causing every road to wobble or upstate.

Visit our Spring Open House at your local BMW dealer starting on 3/6/08 to see the full line of our unstoppable outdoor motorcycles or visit bmwmotorcycles.com

**BMW Motorrad
USA**
Motorcycles
since 1923

