

April 2008 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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

When in doubt, make a fool of yourself. There is a microscopically thin line between being brilliantly creative and acting like the most gigantic idiot on earth. So what the hell, leap.
[Cynthia Heimel](#)

I have great faith in fools. My friends call it self-confidence.
[Edgar Allan Poe](#)

Every year, back comes Spring,
with nasty little birds yapping
their fool heads off and the ground
all mucked up with plants.
[Dorothy Parker](#)

President's Message

All organizations - especially loose organizations like clubs often start with a flurry of excitement which invariably ebbs and wanes. If a club has any hope of enduring it needs a core to provide inertia during the low periods. Often the greatest stabilizing force for a club is its newsletter. Don does a heroic job keeping the newsletter going through a variety of tactics including begging for content.

Thank you, Don.

Last month's newsletter contained a priceless gem. Dennis Swanson's reminisces of his falling into NJSBMWR. I found his historical account of the past dozen or so years thoroughly entertaining. He took great care to be sure to develop the cast of characters



within the group – some I know, others have become the stuff of legends. After reading his words I feel I know some of the mythological heroes a little bit better. I've ridden and lunched with Dennis on several occasions and as I read his column I could hear his voice and really became swept into his musings.

Thank you, Dennis.

As a final thought for this month, Don is right, our club has been extremely lucky. However, I would strongly urge all of the membership within earshot of this newsletter to take advantage of the "Crash Course for Motorcyclists". This course on accident scene management should be extremely informative and I truly hope no one will ever need to put this course to use. On the other hand ...The life you save could be mine!

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

The Great Slider Ride, March 15th

Jack Riepe

There is nothing more aggravating than paying the consequences for unaccomplished misdeeds. I awoke at the crack of dawn on Saturday, March 15th, with the kind of headache that normally follows an evening of heavy drinking. I was cranky due to the throbbing in my temples and pissed as the night before would have been judged boring even by Amish standards.

The one saving factor was that it was supposed to be raining, and that would mean I could go back to bed as opposed to saddling up for the Great Slider Ride. I had

taken the precaution of advising everybody that a heavy dew point would suffice to cancel this run. I cautiously opened the blinds in anticipation of droplets on the window, only to discover patches of blue sky, dry road, and a fat-assed robin singing in the driveway.

I let the dogs out and they tore the bird apart.



*The White Castle In Toms River, NJ is Modeled After Windsor Castle In Great Britain
White Castle Fact # 263*

"That's what you get for singing in the driveway when I have a headache," I thought, as I settled down to a hot bowl of Advil. Twenty minutes later, I was headed for the parking lot of the Exton Diner, and the start of the Great Slider Ride. The object of this ride was to hit the closest White Castle and order 54 cheeseburgers (sliders): one burger for each year of my life, leading up to my birthday last week. The two closest White Castles are in Hackettstown and Toms River, both about 100 miles away in New Jersey. While the ride up to Hackettstown could have been very pretty, I picked Toms River as one has the option of hotfooting it on the slab -- if one is so inclined.

Why White Castle? In the halcyon days of my youth, there were two options for dining at 2am, when the bars in Hudson County, New Jersey reluctantly hosed their clientele out into the street. The first was Chinatown in New York City and the second was the White Castle in North Bergen, NJ. I felt like doing something on my 54th birthday that reminded me of the days when I was alive. Granted, to get the full effect I'd have had to arrive in the middle of the night with some lady of highly questionable character tied to the pillion. But this ride was better than nothing.

The White Castle cheeseburger (slider) is a 2.5" square patty of beef, packed in it's own little cardboard coffin. This one-ounce beef "cookie" has five holes in it (to assist in cooking) and comes smeared with onions. Everyone admits to having tasted one of these things, though few people would own-up to riding 100 miles for a bag of them. Not as adults, at any rate. The truth is that the White Castle cheeseburger is best consumed

at 3am, after the bars close. This is the magic hour when all women are beautiful and comestibles in little boxes qualify as cuisine. It has been argued that drunks eat White Castle cheeseburgers for the same reason that dogs eat grass.

I posted the trip as beginning in the parking lot of the Exton Diner, at 9:30am, and arrived 14 minutes late to build suspense. The suspense was on me, however, as I was the only bike in the joint. The diner's manager presented me with a card from the Mac-Pac that read, "Surprise!" No matter. The front wheel rose high in the air as I popped the clutch and wheeled for a quarter mile, on my way to the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

The ride was great... Clear, mild weather... No traffic... The engine whined like a Messerschmidt in heat. This was the first time since November that it was warm enough for me to ride without wearing long thermal underwear. (I wanted to tell this to people I passed on the highway. But rather than shout, I just pointed to my crotch and smiled.) The siren song of spring prompted me to twist the throttle a bit and I found myself on the NJ Turnpike in under an hour. Shooting past a few senior citizens on their way to the La Brea Tar pits, the road through the Pine Barrens was mine alone. Unbelievably, I still had twenty-five minutes to spare when I pulled up to the intersection of Rt. 37 and Hooper Avenue in Toms River. The White Castle was clearly visible across the road on my left.



*Riepe Arrives -- Note Backed Up Traffic On Rt. 37 East Looking Like Parked Cars
Riepe was doing 75mph in this photo*

All I had to do was make a simple U-turn, on a nice day, five miles from a New Jersey shore town. How hard could that be? It took twenty minutes of slipping the clutch in stalled traffic to cover 100 yards. I remember thinking how cool it would be to mount a flame thrower on the front of my K75. Even so, I still made it with a five-minute margin.



Note Dash Clock In Center... I Made It With 5 Minutes To Spare

In front of the White Castle stood two commanding figures. Don Eilenberger, BMW Motorcycle Owners of America Ambassador and Trustee and Newsletter Editor of the New Jersey Shore BMW Motorcycle Riders, struck a regal pose as if he was the lord of the castle. And Tony Luna, Chief Quality Control Officer in charge of testing helicopter evacuations from North Carolina highways for the Perdition's Socks Elite Biker Cadre, crisply snapped into that group's secret salute.



Don Eilenberger, BMW MOA Ambassador Trustee and Newsletter Editor Of New Jersey Shore BMW Motorcycle Riders

"We would have left in another five minutes," said Eilenberger, offering me a true New Jersey welcome. "Then we watched you waddle the bike into the dogleg turn and knew you'd be here in an hour or so." Don extended his hand and I dropped to my knees to kiss his Ambassadorial ring. "Your own Mac-Pac Ambassador Brian Curry would have been here, except he didn't give a damn," Eilenberger added with a warm smile. "And he told me to tell you that personally."



Tony Luna, Chief Quality Control Officer In Charge Of Testing Helicopter Evacuations From North Carolina Roads For Perdition's Socks Elite Biker Cadre

"I didn't want to be here either," said Tony Luna, "But I've been constipated for a week and heard that this was as good as eating grass."

Tony had saved us a "preferred" table that had a sweeping view of both the "Slider" assembly area and the men's room. No matter what direction you looked in, you could see guys flipping meat.

"Gentlemen, you are my guests today. Order anything you like without regard to cost," I said. The menu featured 70¢ cheeseburgers -- lots of them -- french fries, and an order of fried clams. I would have hated to meet these clams in a secluded alley at night. A clam has to be pretty strong to overcome the taste of 5W-50 frying oil, and these did.



Riepe Surveys The Wreckage Of Another Year... 54 Down; Three More To Go! (Click To Enlarge Riepe)

At this point, Eilenberger rapped his knuckles on the table and called the little gathering to order. He cleared his throat and delivered a moving litany on the events

that transpired through history on my birthday, starting with the murder of Julius Caesar, the outbreak of plague, and an earthquake in China. He closed with the recommendation that the bed or the Chevy backseat I was conceived on should be burned in a public place.

Then on behalf of his various constituents, Don Eilenberger presented me with a beautiful watch. The inscription on the watch reads "If your bike runs better than this watch, you might get home," but it's the thought that counts. Not to be outdone, Tony Luna presented me with a plain donut as a substitute for a birthday cake. These two manly men then sang "Happy Birthday." It was all very touching.



The BMW K75 Lends Dignity To Anyone, Usually Seen Here In Its Natural Element -- DeSimones BMW

It was my intention to continue east to the ocean over in Seaside Park, but Eilenberger talked me out of this. It seems that Seaside Heights was hosting a St. Patrick's Day Parade and more than 70,000 people were expected in town that afternoon. Don then led us on a refreshing ride through bog and barren, terminating at DeSimone's BMW in Mount Holly. I hobbled through the showroom with a salesperson right on my heels. Not wishing to tie him up while I browsed, I mentioned I was only looking.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm just here to make sure you don't sweat on the new bikes."

The ride home was pleasant and quick over the Commodore Barry Bridge. I would like to extend my special thanks to Don Eilenberger and Tony Luna for meeting me on the Great Slider Ride. These are two really great guys. Mack Harrell intended to come, but he was out of sorts on Saturday. One of his medical practitioners has recommended he have a "procedure." Horrified, Mack demanded to know what kind of procedure.

"Mummification," the doctor replied.

Jack Riepe

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AKA The Lindbergh Baby (Mac-Pac)
AKA Vindak8r (Delphi)
AKA The Chamberlain -- Perdition's Socks, PS (With A Shrug)

*Thanks to Jack for allowing us to reprint this article. It and more can be found on his blog at:
<http://jackriepen.blogspot.com/>*

The Spring and The Gap, March 30th

Kniewiderstand

The Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area is waiting for you. Get there before the kayak trailers and the tubing buses. Get there before the tourists do the posted speed limit of 15 and 35 MPH. Get there before the leaves block the views. Get there.

A non-exciting route from 287 Exit 30B-Tempe Wick-46-blah-blah-80 got me there. Note to Buttermilk: Not a parking spot to be found at Hot Dog Johnny's with a line out the door.

A traffic light times the two-way, one-lane entrance to the park. Explore the "No Outlet" Flatbrookville-Stillwater Rd in the Northern part of the park. Several corners were plagued with a small amount of sand, so be warned. True to its sign the roadway was barricaded. Beyond the barrier, the road is being sucked down the side of the mountain. Telephone poles and their power lines are casualties of gravity. It looks like this road once connected to 624. I might have attempted the descent if I had **your** GS.



Look there, a gravel road. It ran along what seemed to be the highest point around. The K1200RS thought we were exploring the Appalachian Trail, and we might have been. Admire the view back across NJ at GPS reported altitude of 1475 feet. The gravel ends at Crater Lake, a tranquil spot begging for a wet fly and a cigar. No fly pole but half my Jose Marti and I put some smoke on crystal clear water.



Crossing back on the North side, Dingmans Bridge doesn't take EZ-Pass so bring a dollar bill. Route 209 to Shoemakers. They still have man made snow for tubing. Left onto River Dr/River Rd. images of the Jet Star from the last newsletter surface. You can easily get both wheels off the ground here.



There was a 20 or so aviators showing off their RC skills in a cornfield/airpark on River Rd. The pilots say they are there every Sunday weather permitting. The other half of the Jose Marti mixed with the smoke from the buzzing aircraft. What fun: loops, dives, and spins. I left when the pilot, pictured with his plane, put a Helicopter rotor first into the ground from 100 ft. Pre-crash copter is on the table. The route home took me by a radio buzzing power plant, over the bridge in Phillipsburg. You know the rest of the way.



Though I missed having you along, it was a crisp and refreshing trip with Jose Marti as my wingman.

Superbowl Ride – Part 1

John Charles Ryan

"If we fly you out to Phoenix, and rent a motorcycle, would you be willing to spend the week running for us?"

It was Mark, my friend from Monmouth Entertainment, ticket brokers extraordinaire. Because of my efficiency in urban environments, I do some motorcycle courier work for them, usually between New York and Atlantic City.

"Sure, but don't fly me out there. I'll ride the bike out, just pay the expenses and a salary for the week. By the time you buy a plane ticket, and rent a bike, it will be cheaper, and better this way. Besides, I'd probably end up on some fatass Harley that wouldn't be any faster getting through traffic than a car."

The FJR couldn't take this trip without a new set of tires. The K75's appeared to have a fair chance of making it both ways, so this would be a BMW ride.

After checking the weather radar maps, it looked safe to take I-81 and I-40 southwest into Texas. At a leisurely pace, I estimated the ride to Phoenix would take about 48 hours using that route. It was almost exactly that, including 11 hours of sleep in two nights, and a conversation with a state trooper in Virginia.

Virginia is one of the top states for traffic enforcement greed, rivaling even New Jersey. The speed limit drops to 60 on the interstate for every town that has more than one building. Traffic law and enforcement, in the vast majority of cases, has lost sight of safety as its primary purpose.

The state's best reason for stopping a lone vehicle on a wide open, well-lit interstate for traveling at 78mph in the middle of the night is to steal some of the operator's

money. With this in mind, I was shocked to receive a warning, and shook the trooper's hand. It's nice to know that there's still some reason behind a few badges out there.

I arrived at a three star hotel in Scottsdale on Sunday night, a week before the game, and settled into luxurious three star accommodations that were about three stars above my usual. The Phoenix metropolitan area may not have east coast density, but makes up for in it area, and I would put on more than 1100 miles by gametime on "Super" Sunday.

Payments, collections, pickups, and deliveries would usually start between 8 and 9AM, and, on one night, continued until 3AM. I would take orders on the phone from Bruce and Bob, who sat at computers in their hotel, barking at each other like commodities brokers, which is essentially what they were.

The highlight of the week was a delivery to the stadium just before kickoff. A gentleman from New Jersey had paid more than several years of my gross annual income for two tickets in the fifth row, on the forty yard line, behind the Giants bench.

He had made an early arrival, and began drinking heavily several hours before the game. "I'm right near the Cabela's in the stadium parking lot, southwest corner of the lot."

After walking the stadium perimeter one and a half times in one and a half hours, I concluded that there was no Cabela's nearby.

"There's no Cabela's anywhere near here. I need you to go to the nearest lightpost, and tell me what number is on the top of it."

"G6."

"You're in the wrong parking lot. The stadium parking lot sections are numbered twenty through ninety. There's no G6. I know this, because I've seen them all in the last hour and a half, trying to find you."

"John, I'm getting kinda worried. I'm an alcoholic, I'm all f(oul)ed up, and I don't wanna miss the game."

At Monmouth Entertainment, we specialize in customer service.

"If you don't want to miss the game, you're going to have to help me out. If you can't do that, I'm going to find the cutest girl in the parking lot, and you're treating us to some very nice seats at the Super Bowl. The first thing that I need you to do is to stop drinking."

"Okay, I can do that." I hear the sound of a beer can hitting the pavement.

"Don't litter, you'll get arrested. Put that in recycling."

"Sorry...."

"Can you see the stadium?"

"No."

"That's a great start. Now, keep moving until you can see the stadium."

Ten minutes later, another phone call. "I can see the stadium!"

"Fantastic. Walk towards it until you see a red fence with the Super Bowl XLII logo, and call me when you get there."

Forty two minutes from kickoff, forty two minutes from taking the cutest girl in the parking lot to the game. All I really wanted to do was ride to the Grand Canyon, but I found myself unable to waste those tickets with a clear conscience.

Another twenty minutes passes. "I can see the red fence!"

"Look at the nearest lightpost, and tell me what number is on top of it."

"Seventy four."

"Congratulations. Now wrap your arms around that light post, and do not let go until further notice." He was about a quarter mile and 20,000 people away, and I managed to run through the throngs without knocking anyone down.

The customer and his equally drunk friend were able to remain standing by using lightpost number seventy four as support. They nearly collapsed and started sobbing when I showed up.

"Here ya go", I said, handing him the tickets with a pat on the back. "Now, pull your (self) together, and enjoy the game."

I watched the first half of the Super Bowl at a "biker" bar called the Hideaway, north of town. There were about a dozen Harleys parked out front, and a few of the owners snapped pictures of the BMW and asked a few questions. A bike built with a purpose other than fashion accessory struck them as odd, and every one of them left promptly when the rain began right around kickoff.

After the game (great job, Giants!), I proceeded to the parking lot of my favorite on-the-road bike maintenance facility, Walmart. Many Walmarts across the country are open 24 hours, and they have a good quality oil filter that fits the longitudinal engine K-bikes, and most Oilheads, for \$2.07. They also have big aluminum roasting pans for draining the oil, and, if the Tire and Lube Express is open, they'll gladly recycle it for you.

Add in a 5 quart jug of Mobil 1, and you're ready to roll around on the parking lot pavement, hopefully, with a good flashlight.

My work in Phoenix was finished, and that entire fiasco was little more than an excuse to see the Grand Canyon. I had ridden past it perhaps half a dozen times, but had never stopped. Since I was also working on an IBA National Parks Tour Gold, and had just gotten paid, it was time to do some touring.

To be continued – with photos – next month..

A Crash Course for Motorcyclists - II

Don Eilenberger

UPDATE: I have no firm date for the course, but I do have a tentative date of May 17th (not Mother's Day..) I'm also trying to get the BMW-MOA "Foundation" to help with the funding of the course – but that appears to be a very slow process.

We will be approaching the final NJ club – Skylands – next week to see what their interest level might be.

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!

Long Valley Pub & Brewery March 9th

Skip Palmer

Sunday, March 9th, Joe Karol and Tom Rizzo met me in Farmingdale for a ride to the Long Valley Pub and Brewery, in Long Valley, New Jersey. The weather was sunny and thirty-two degrees.

We rode west through Turkey Swamp Park, Assunpink Wildlife Management Area, and Mercer County Park on the way to Hopewell. Route #523 took us north through Barley Sheaf and Whitehouse to Oldwick. We continued north on Route #517 to Long Valley.

The pub is a new fieldstone building, built with salvaged materials and designed to look like an old barn. We spoke briefly with Sue, Bruce, Carl, and Dave from Skylands before having lunch in the hayloft of the restaurant.

After lunch, the temperature rose into the high forties as we rode southwest on Route #513 to Route #519 south and Stockton. The Delaware River was flowing at flood stage from the rain the previous week. Route #32 on the Pennsylvania side was underwater in several places. We stayed on Route #29 south to Trenton and I-195 east to Allentown and Route #524 east back to Farmingdale.

No ice was encountered.

For Sale

2001 Harley Sportster 883 - Bikini fairing, oil cooler w/thermostat, Works Performance shocks & fork springs, Tack., choice of five seats, much more.(\$5850)

2002 Ural Patrol 750 - up dated electrical, carb. manifolds, fuel filters etc. (Two wheel drive model)(\$7000)

1986 Velorex Sidecar model 700 (\$450)

All items in very good condition & well maintained. Contact Harry Bergen at 732-892-8767 or harrybergen@verizon.net.

Capt. Don's Broken GPS, March 29

RDSwanson

Finally got my motorcycle back and it looks great!

Went outside and thought it too cold to ride, so did some errands. Returned home and the Captain called on his new electric telephone. He wanted me to come out and play and I reluctantly agreed. But first I had to inflate the tires to the proper pressure, add some oil, find my Valentine, reinsert my bag liners and charge the battery. All this done in record time I rode over to the Capt.'s house only to discover that I had forgotten to put the license plate back on the rear. So, back to my house to put it on.

Then we were off. But where would we go? Don said not to worry, his GPS would find an interesting route somewhere. So I said I would follow. Was I being foolhardy?

Soon we were directed west on Interstate 195. Then we were off on 537 West, past "Our Wawa" and toward Mt. Holly. In other words it was the same old boring and plodding way to DeSimone Motorsports. I should have known that the crafty captain would use subterfuge to lure me to the very flat, level and curve-free open roads in South Jersey. Well, at least there wasn't any ice on the roads.

But wait!

A surprise was in the wings. He made a left turn where we had never turned before. Where would this lead?

I knew his GPS was extremely unreliable and that we would probably end up in west bumf---k Iowa. But we didn't. We arrived in Pemberton. This was a revelation because I had never been in Pemberton before and thought that I could have lived without the pleasure.

After all the years of motorcycling New Jersey, there are few places I have not seen. But this little town is

rather quaint and interesting and the area around it has many farms and fields. So, all in all, this was not a bad ride. No challenge, but better than the alternative. Next it was the charming little town of Vincentown. This was not bad either. There is still a lot of open space in this area.

Then Cap pulled over to the side of the road to study his GPS and I feared the worst. Surely by now he was hopelessly lost. We would never find DeSimone's and would never find a good place to have lunch. We most certainly would end up in Iowa. I did, nevertheless, follow along. I mean, what else could I do? The sun was obscured so I couldn't tell which way was west. Cap said not to worry. He would find the way

And he did!

But it must have been blind luck. For soon we were having lunch across the highway from the dealership with Pete Stone, Joe Moffa, Al Pierson, George Hickman, Miles Cannon, Hans Ertl and Han's lovely daughter. This little restaurant, whose name escapes me, (*Euro-Café, ed.*) had good food and German music playing in the background. It is a planned meeting place for the New Sweden Riders. Joe kept us entertained with a bunch of good stories. Pete gave both Don and I a souvenir T-shirt from Daytona. Now if Don would just pick up the check this would be a perfect ride. Of course he didn't. But I have a forgiving nature.



After lunch we crossed the highway to DeSimone's and who should we meet there but our own Alex Edly. Alex was in his usual rare form. I asked him what had happened to his brother in law John Malaska. He said John wasn't riding much anymore. Say it isn't so John! I needed to talk with the parts manager Alan Fisher about a 50% discount.. So after kicking some tires and talking with the guys, we started back for the Jersey Shore. We invited Alex along, but he declined. He said he had to get out of the "flatlands" as soon as possible. I understood.

Somehow Cap found yet another route home that wasn't too bad. Perhaps I should get a GPS?

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.

- Apr. 6th ~ The Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- Apr. 6th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Jenkinson's Pavilion, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ
- 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
- Apr. 13th ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Cape May VFW, Cape May, NJ
- Apr. 23rd ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Casanova Grill, 230 Maple Ave. #G-12, Marlton, NJ 08053
- 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

Bucket List – Part 1

Glenn Martin

Think about it, you've got a motorcycle "Bucket List". A place you want to where to ride, a road or a destination. It could be someplace within easy reach, like the entire Blue Ridge Parkway, Deals Gap or the top of Mt. Washington. Maybe someplace far away like the Artic Circle. Maybe you want to ride an uber bike like the R12S or HP2. In 2007, riding the Alps crept to the top of our "bucket list".

You've seen those tempting photos in virtually every issue of Owner News. We couldn't resist. By February Janet & I were signed up & sent deposits for our September tour.

We chose a German outfit, Muenchner Freiheit, primarily for two reasons – low cost and we didn't want to ride with Americans. Hey, I love America, but we wanted a total Euro immersion experience. If we wanted to ride with 'Muricans w could have stayed home. Cost was a big factor; the premier outfits like Edelweiss & Beach's are top-drawer, but a bit too spendy for us.

Prologue: fly Newark to Zurich to Munich two days prior to the start of the tour. This allowed time to shake jet-lag & get accustomed to the beer..er..water. Medieval Munich is a worthwhile destination on its own...fantastic beer/food, BMW Motorrad Centrum, and Bimmer

Museum. Janet proved up to the task of draining several liters of the Hoffbrau Haus' finest brew.

The tour began Saturday morning at BMW HQ. I reserved a R12GS, Janet chose an F800ST. No sag wagon on this tour, Muenchner Freiheit billed this as a rider's tour. Run light, run fast.



The tour is called GRANDE ROUTE DES ALPES, a level 4 ride. Eight days that would take us from Munich to MonteCarlo and back, on roads that were carved into the Alps during ancient times. Can you say "switch back"?

There were two German guides, and nine tourists: two Australians, two Germans, a Spaniard, me & Janet and two other Yanks (doh!). At least the other American couple was interesting. They were both Hollywood stunt riders, he* doubled for Keanu Reeves (The Matrix) and she** doubled for Drew Barrymore (Chas. Angels: Full Throttle).



Everyone was competent and ready to enjoy a "level 4" ride. Manfred & Hans, our guides, never used GPS or maps. They led us like you'd take you best riding pals on your favorite, well-known local roads...except we'd

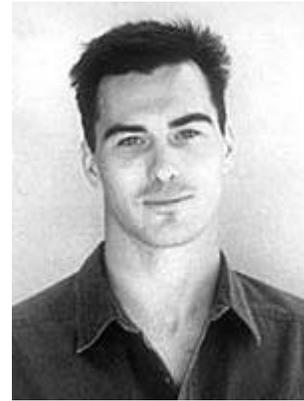
be traveling through Germany, Switzerland, France, Monaco, Austria and Lichtenstein.

The route out of Germany was a 90 minute ride on the Autobahn into Switzerland. After our first coffee break, we were into the Swiss countryside, heading for elevation. We wouldn't see another big city for several days, until we reached Monte Carlo.

The first day included a ferry crossing on the Bodensee. Manfred led us easily "lane-splitting" through the stopped traffic approaching the ferry. Totally legal in Europe...how efficient.

Lunch at a rural café presaged what was to come for the next several days. Abundant family style meals served in picturesque settings.

Our hotel that night was located on a Swiss mountainside. Every room enjoying a view across a valley with the Alpine peaks with easy reach.



*Chad Stahelski,



**Gloria Fontenot

Continued next month...

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Art Goldberg

82 Kings Way

Freehold, NJ 07728

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Club Meeting – April 9th – 7PM

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



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