

April 2009

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Cub Reporter

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John Welch, Trustee

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Club Membership Application at: <http://www.njsbmwr.org>

NJSBMWR_Application.pdf

"There are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable, and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is. It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry." *Mark Twain*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This past month, we have had some great weekend rides that were extremely well attended. Riding each weekend with eight or more club members and friends to some beautiful New Jersey roads has been a pleasure I will truly miss when I leave.

As many of you already know, I have a contract on my Jersey home and will be retiring to Florida and Colorado later this spring. Riding for the past eleven years with the Shore Riders has been a very enriching experience. I rode solo for almost thirty years before discovering the club. Motorcycling is, in its essence, an individual sport focused on the rider, a bike, his skills, and personal interests. After joining our club, I found I gained two very important things: numerous good friends throughout the state and the development of my riding skills to a level that I wasn't aware were attainable. For years, my riding was focused on pleasant transportation with the benefits of a visual and sensory immersion in the experience. I wasn't introduced to the sports aspect of motorcycling until some of you showed me what our



BMW bikes can do. Without the club and its members, I would have missed out on both of these experiences. This month, we mark the last of the Polar Bear Rides for another season with one of my favorite runs through south Jersey to Cape May next weekend.

We also have "Open Houses" at both Cross Country BMW on April 18th and DeSimone on May 2nd. Both of these dealers have supported us for many years and are now promoting our club with a club membership for every bike they sell this year. It is important for us to reciprocate and support their "Open Houses" and promote the BMW marquee. Please plan on attending both of these events and lending a hand to help in anyway we can to boost their businesses during tight times. I hope to see each of you at these events.

In May one of our club's legends, John Ryan, will be in Virginia riding in the largest "Ironbutt" Event ever to raise money for a scholarship fund to help the children of a veteran in the Iraq War. He is also going to return to Pruhoe Bay, Alaska this spring for a quick four day ride to Key West, FL. On May 2nd, there will be a dinner fund raiser at New Brunswick restaurant to help off-set some the cost associated with participating in these events. John will be attending the next meeting with more details.

Skip Palmer, President

LONG VALLEY BREWPUB, MARCH 8, POLAR BEAR, ANYTHING BUT..

Oscar Gomez

It wasn't quite summer, but it was a foretaste of spring. Temperature was about 65 degrees at 10 am and remained at that temp all day. Shore Riders met at Crown Engineering to make the ride to Long Valley and the weekly polar bear rendezvous. Skip led the group (John Welch, Joe Karol, Bobby Truex, George Roberts, and RDS) out of Crown shortly after 10. The sky was leaden and it seemed as if it should have been cold, but it wasn't.

We met Roger at the Cheesquake rest area on the GSP and headed north. Over the Driscoll Bridge to route 287 we encountered many more riders heading north. You know. Those guys with the noisy machines that can't take a curve and can't get out of the way. Well we just left them in the 'dust' or should I say 'salt spray.'? Really, no self respecting BMW rider can abide a Harley rider leading the way.

Route 78 and then obscure 5 and 6 series roads brought us to Long Valley. The large parking lot was almost full, but there were only a few BMW motorcycles. We intended to eat at the brew pub, but it was jammed with riders. So we spent some time in the lot and kicked tires. Joe and Betty Christie, Glen Martin and Janet Muller, Bruce Kenney, Karl Kretschmer, George Panichas and others were spotted among the crowd.



We had hoped to spot McFadden and his coat of many colors, but it was not to be. Janet's and Glen's matching mandarin orange motorcycles were striking and sort of rivaled Jim's yellow GS and blaze orange riding suit. Skip thinks a similar F800 may be in his

future. Alex and his friend Betty Boop also arrived on the scene and hooked up with us, so by the time we left Long Valley we were nine strong.

We went to the Chester Diner for lunch figuring they could handle us and even though it was also crowded, they found us a table and provided a good meal. Joe said it was the best burger he's had in some time.

After lunch, Roger, John and Bobby split and the rest of us took a long ride south through hill and dale to Clinton (a rather nice little town with its mill and quaint little shops) where we we reconnected with Bobby who had gotten lost. Again it was 5 and 6 series roads that took us south to Trenton where we entered I195 for the final leg of the trip.

And for those readers who would want a more exacting route it would be as GSP to 287 and thence 78 west to Black River Road which parallels the river and on this winter day was almost black in color. The road was damp rather than wet and quite narrow. Two cars from different directions would need to come to almost a complete stop and then inch past each other. The road was in pretty good repair and there was hardly any gravel. The scenery was excellent: sort of a combination of wilderness and high-end estates. Old Farm road was just about that, i.e. 'old farms' of an upscale ambience.

The roads after lunch were Valley Brook Road to Califon which were also pleasant with just enough curve to make them interesting; then Raritan River Road and Mountain Grove Road to Clinton. These roads could also be narrow in places and offered enough challenge to keep the rider interested. From Clinton it was onto routes 513 and 579 which are probably familiar to most of us, but which are bordered mostly by farms and scattered residences and offer a few curves but mostly provide sweepers. Lots of fun they are.

From Trenton it was I195 and 524 to Crown for bike wash and throat wash. Both had suds.

All in all it was quite a nice day. The sun actually came out for a while to make the ride even nicer. Although the roads were heavily salted and wet in many areas, the scenery for a late winter day was beautiful. New Jersey never ceases to amaze me. It suffers a bad rap in the rest of the country, but it really is a treasure. For all the years I have been riding Jersey roads, there always seem to be more that I never have traveled.

RIDE TO THE CHATTERBOX, MARCH 15TH

Skip Palmer

Sunday, March 15th, Roger Trendowski, Grant Duncan, Joe Karol, Fred & Kay Golden, Bob Truex, and I were joined by David Bloom at Crown for the Polar Bear ride to the Chatterbox in Augusta, Sussex County, NJ. David is from Manhattan and Manalapan and is a friend of Klaus Huenecke.

We rode north on the GSP, I-280, I-80 W, and Route #15 N to the intersection of Route #206. The weather cleared as we rode north eventually reaching the upper fifties. The Chatterbox was packed with bikes when we arrived about 11:30.

We saw a few friends from the Skylands BMW Riders as we tried to get a seat inside for lunch. The owner couldn't seat us for quite a while and recommended another place a few miles north on Route #206.

We rode to Culver Lake and found the Blue Ribbon Inn right at the waters edge. We were greeted by a recently redecorated place for an outstanding lunch.



After lunch, we were in the parking lot suiting up when Eric Suhr and about six Skylanders sped by. Directly across the street was Route #521 south, one of the areas best cruising roads. This section runs over rolling hills and along a few dozen small glacial ponds with plenty of sweeping curves and scenery. We soon arrived in Hope and continued south on Route #519 past farms and small villages in Sussex and Warren counties.

We took the turn-off to Stewartville, to avoid the traffic around Phillipsburg. In Bloomsbury, Roger wanted to ride the sharp turn up the hill south of town

on Route #579. On the summit, he knew a small twister, Sweet Hollow Road (appropriately named), to the right that dives down the hill closely following the edge of the stream through a dense forest to the crossroads at Little York. This narrow side road made for a thrilling decent as Roger set a very enthusiastic pace. We later returned to Route #579 south following it all the way to Trenton and Route #29.

After a two-hundred mile day of riding, we stopped back at Crown to wash the salt and grit off of our bikes and rinse the road dust from our throats with a few suds.

BRIAN'S HARLEY POLAR BEAR, MARCH 22

RD Swanson

The *Sunday Times* business section had an article about Harley Davidson's economic troubles. The bottom has dropped out of the market as aging baby boomers aren't buying the way they were just a few years ago. The showroom at Brian's, nevertheless, was fully stocked and the crowds wandered about looking at the *eye candy*. Of course, we BMW riders only condescendingly gave them much attention and that was only to point out the old technology and the many flaws of the *Hardly Abelsons*.



We had left Crown at the scheduled time of 10 and took mostly main roads to Langhorne PA.

There we met up with Alex Edly and Erica Schroeder and also Charles Grass our newest member on his sparkling new K13s. We all departed for a great ride through hill and dale put together by Prez Skip. The others were Capt. Don, V Prez Joe Karol, Bobby Truex, Harry Costello, Mike Palmer, Oscar Gomez, Ken Houle and me.



We ended up at a nice riverside restaurant in Stockton (Ships Inn) where they serve the famous "Tiddie-Oggie." Not one person had the courage to order this item. Alex wanted me to order buttermilk, but they didn't have it so I ordered an Irish stout brewed on location. Quite good it was. Most had iced tea, which is usually a wiser choice when riding. Don made me ring the bell that buys everyone a drink, but I denied I had rung it and tried to shift the deed to Alex.



After lunch we split up. Those who went with Skip took a series of secondary roads back to the Shore. You start with 519 and then I lose track. But it's a good ride. The weather was pretty good, mostly in the 50's.

THE SAN FRANCISCO 1000 – PART 1

John Easton (Copyright IronButt Association and Author)

Editors Note: Due to the length of this writeup – it will be presented in several newsletters. This is the first installment, with some background on how the "City" 1,000 IronButt events got started. I believe John Ryan had a bit more to do with the first one than the writeup mentions (note the "obstinate rider" comment) – but you'll have to ask John about that. He'll be at our next meeting.

Around the turn of the century, the Iron Butt Association leadership began to look for new ways to challenge its membership. Hidden in a seldom-browsed IBA webpage, registered trademarks began to appear, and went unnoticed until the Jacksonville ride-to-eat in 2006, when Mike Kneebone announced that they would now certify Saddlesore 1000s ridden entirely within a single state.

You live in Kentucky, but don't like to ride far? No excuses. The KY-1000 awaits; if you can take it. Some of the smaller, northeastern states would present unique problems with documentation, and exceptions to the Saddlesore rule forbidding repetitive routes would have to be made, but thousand-mile days have now been ridden in nearly every state.

IBA cornerstone Dave McQueeney insisted that Washington, D.C. be included for certification with the state rides, as he had documented a stop in the District when he did his 48 states plus Alaska ride in less than ten days. He didn't feel the series was complete without D.C. After all, a town full of drunken lawyers and bloated politicians has three electoral votes, why shouldn't they have their own Saddlesore? He successfully lobbied for its inclusion, to the amusement of those who thought they knew better.

Debates ensued between them and a very obstinate rider over whether such an "urban" Saddlesore was possible. Within a couple of months, the debate ended when a crew of witnesses counted the 63rd lap of Washington D.C. within 24 hours, completed by that obstinate rider, and followed shortly thereafter by Bob Higdon and Mike Kneebone.

Questions followed. Can this be done in New York? Los Angeles? Where else? There are now trademarks in place for all of the major cities.

Someone circled New York for over a thousand miles, without ever leaving Manhattan. Seventeen riders have completed the Los Angeles-1000, 1000 miles in 24 hours inside L.A city limits. Two people spent a thousand-mile day in Indianapolis.

"San Francisco would be an interesting challenge", Mike Kneebone said, at the post-ride breakfast in D.C. Sean Gallagher and John Ryan decided to take a closer look.

Gallagher hadn't been on a long ride in "two and a half years". Ryan seems inclined to try anything on a bike, and won't admit to owning a car since the Reagan administration. They warmed up by riding a southerly route, from the northeast, in three days, arriving at a Travelodge in South San Francisco, where they were to meet Tom Austin and Dave McQueeney.

Sean isn't comfortable on the south side of the tracks, and checks out of the designated Travelodge ride headquarters after twenty minutes. "I'm going to the Holiday Inn down the street. I have 4 billion reward points, they have a bar, and a good restaurant. Meet me over there for dinner."

Gallagher proceeds to fortify himself for the ride with generous portions of nachos, steak, sushi, Patron, Stella Artois, and Marlboro Lights. Ryan doesn't drink or smoke, but eats more than enough to compensate for this deficiency.

Sean hands John a fistful of sponsorship money. "This is from Roger Sinclair and me".

"Thanks, but I wish you wouldn't do that", Ryan says, trying to frown while looking relieved.

"Yeah, right. You have enough money to get home?"

"Nearly half way, yes. I've got plenty of credit cards...."

Sean also picks up the tab for every meal and drink we would have that weekend, and would hear nothing of anyone else contributing to the bill.

Ryan grew up on urban riding tactics, but Gallagher

is not very confident. "You've got to be at the top of your game 100% of the time for this ride," he says. "I've never really ridden in a city before, and I'm not sure that I have the skills for this."

Ryan shrugs. "Well, you'll have the skills by Monday morning...."

Austin and McQueeney weren't showing up until Saturday night for the planned Sunday ride. It was only Thursday, and there were details that needed attention.

The route looked good on paper, but would have to be tested in what these people think is reality. The average speed limit must be greater than 41.7 miles per hour, to make a thousand-mile day legally feasible, otherwise, the IBA won't certify it. Distance per lap was measured. Traffic density and temperament were assessed, at different times of day. A suitable fuel stop/checkpoint was found at the south end of town, open 24 hours, with receipts that included the required date, time, location, and gallons of fuel purchased. Ryan spoke with a few members of the California Highway Patrol, who were busy writing speeding tickets at the north end of the route, and tried to explain what they might see on Sunday.

All three officers were motorcyclists, one had even heard of the Iron Butt Association. "How many bikes will be doing this?"

"Just two of us. In the past, we've caused some concern when officers see us pass them over and over again."

"Okay. Fifty bikes might be a different story. Just don't get pulled over, keep it safe, and you should be fine."

Sean would be on the "Robobike", a BMW R1150GS Paul Taylor rode to victory in the Iron Butt Rally and promptly sold to him after giving it the thrashing of its life. He drops it at San Francisco BMW on Friday for a full service. Roger Sinclair had just spent a week fixing leaks in the 11 gallon Touratech gas tank.

He picks the bike up the next morning, fully serviced, with one small caveat. The technician explains that he could not test ride the bike because of a fuel leak, and noted on the repair order, "Unsafe to ride". He points to a small puddle of gasoline beneath it.

Gallagher is convinced that he parked it in the warm building with a full tank, which then expanded

through the overflow line. As he pulls out of the shop, I follow at a safe distance, a quarter mile or so. Everyone feels pretty good when he makes it back to the hotel without pyrotechnics.

A few more test laps on the route support the notion that a thousand mile day in the city is possible, if that pace can be sustained for nearly 24 hours. A thorough inspection of the checkpoint reveals another small problem, however. The building, and the restroom inside, are closed from 9PM to 6AM.

"No big deal", Sean says. "I can just go behind that bush over there."

Ryan begs to differ. "You're six feet tall, wearing a hi-viz Aerostich, relieving yourself behind a three foot high bush at a busy urban intersection. If you get busted for urinating in public, I'm not going to bail you out until I'm finished with the ride."

"I can bail myself out."

"Then, you're not going to finish the ride."

"Good point. What do you suggest?"

"We need to find a medical supply store."

They're fully equipped by the time Dave McQueeney and Tom Austin arrive Saturday afternoon. The first priority is abuse of Sean Gallagher. Ryan telephones him.

"Sean, you need to come over here and talk to Dave. It seems there might be a problem."

"What!? What kind of problem?"

"Well, apparently San Francisco BMW called and told him that your bike was unsafe. Dave and Tom are the certifying authorities for this, and they say they can't let you ride. You can work as a witness, though...."

A long string of expletives follows. It's strong enough to make even Ryan, a product of New York's underside, flinch. "How could San Francisco BMW call him!?"

"Everybody knows Dave McQueeney."

Another full minute of unprintable dialog. Finally, Ryan lets it go. "Sean, calm down. I'm just kidding."

Gallagher shows up a few minutes later, and McQueeney goes over the rules for the ride.

Dave is a soft-spoken straight talker who isn't given to much humor at another's expense. However, he has been known to make an exception under appropriate circumstances.

"The route is just under twenty miles in length, so, John, we'll need you to come in for gas, and an odometer and GPS track log check every 17 laps. Now, Sean, since you're new at this, we need you to come in for an odometer and GPS check on every lap."

Gallagher's eyes widen, his jaw drops into his Aerostich, and his face turns the color of the setting sun. Ryan turns away, but had just taken a mouthful of Gatorade. The stunning blow from such an unlikely source has him on his knees coughing it up on the pavement. After a few seconds Gallagher realizes he's been tread upon once again.

"I'll get you guys for this," he says, finally laughing. "It might be ten years from now, and you'll never know it's coming, but I swear that I will get you for this. Man, I was hot!"

At an early dinner that night, both riders eat light, and Sean switches from drinking beer and tequila to Perrier. "Game time," he explains.

Two hours later, Ryan is hungry again. Tom Austin has just arrived, and John unsuccessfully tries to talk him into having dinner. "You need to get some sleep, don't you?"

"That won't happen for a few hours yet."

Ryan returns to his bike, opens a foil pack of processed salmon, sips from a bottle of water, and munches on dried fruit from his tankbag. "Want some?"

"No, thanks."

"I was expecting rain. Every one of these city rides, we've had good weather. We were due to get rained on." There hasn't been a cloud in the sky for three days, with temperatures rising from the mid-sixties at night to the seventies during the day. Light breezes, and no change for tomorrow.

John sits on the bike, nonchalantly snacking away in

the parking lot of a cheap airport motel. It looks as if there's no place he'd rather have dinner. He seems rational, despite his reputation, and a thousand yard stare that would take the smile off Ronald McDonald's face.

"You really think this can be done?"

"That's what we're here to find out. The test rides on the route worked well enough. The only thing that could stop us would be a minor disaster shutting down the freeway. But, I'm wearing my lucky Higdon Courthouse Ride shirt - what could possibly go wrong?"

"Traffic."

"We know there will be plenty of that, we just have to keep moving, even if it's slowly. At one point in New York, we did 304 odometer miles in eight hours and fifty minutes, but were still able to finish, because we kept moving."

"Cops."

"I spoke with them the other day, and they sounded very reasonable. We're not going to do anything stupid, and don't need to in order to finish this ride."

"What about Sean? He seems a little nervous...."

"His confidence is not what it should be, but he's a big boy, has done some great rides. It may take him a few hours to adapt, but he'll be fine."

It's nearly midnight. "I think I can sleep now," he says. "We want to be rolling by four. See you at the checkpoint."

A few hours later, I follow Dave McQueeney's 1980s-vintage BMW R100RS about ten miles to the Chevron station that will be our home for the next 24 hours. Has Dave survived all of his million and a half BMW miles by riding at 50 in a 65 mph zone? He apologizes when we arrive, explaining that the bike is running on only one cylinder.

Tom Austin parks his pickup truck in a back corner of the small lot, providing a place for the naps that would certainly be needed. He sports a California Highway Patrol baseball cap to thwart the suspicions of those who might wonder about a group of grown men hanging around a gas station all day and night. It seems to work - he gets a wave or nod from many

of the CHP and SFPD patrols that pass through.

In a circle of harsh halogen lighting in the pre-dawn darkness, these two machines don't look like they'll travel another hundred yards without a lot of help. Both would appear to have significant mileage with the shiny side down, if either had a shiny side. Saddlebags have been removed and left at their respective hotels. Starting odometers are recorded (112K and 127K!), GPSes are zeroed, witness forms signed, handshakes exchanged, and smiles fade as both riders swipe a credit card and fuel up.

They're "on the clock" by 0400, bright white HID lights carving across three traffic lanes, to make a left at the stoplight directly in front of us. Two quick rights, and they're on the freeway. It's a busy and complex five-corner intersection, and will probably serve to help keep them alert as the day winds slowly along.

Dave McQueeney goes over the record keeping. The completion time of every lap is recorded, elapsed time will give some idea of traffic or other problems. If a lap takes much too long, it's probably a good idea to try them on the phone. We acknowledge with a wave as they pass. The riders will stop for gas every 17 laps, and have the GPS track log checked, to verify that they're staying in bounds, that is, within the city limits. Ryan's bike is equipped with a Star-Traxx, for additional verification, and so that Mike Kneebone can watch from IBA headquarters when he's grown weary of watching a fresh coat of paint in the living room dry.

The first few laps are nearly interesting, hoping for the best and anticipating the next safe arrival. The lights on those bikes make them clearly visible as soon as they're reached the exit ramp, nearly a half mile away. After a few hours, the novelty wears off, a nap in the pickup is really tempting.

Two hours later, Bob Mutchler and Neil Cook have arrived, Dave McQueeney's bike is running on both cylinders, Ryan has already made a gas stop, and Sean Gallagher is pulling in for his first. "How many laps is that f\$#! ahead of me?"

"Six right now, Sean", Dave tells him.

Ryan rolls past, waves, and yells to Gallagher. "Hi, Daddy!"

"Make that seven."

To be continued next month.....

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. 5th ~ 7 AM the Gathering @ Ephrata, PA
- Apr. 5th ~ Last Polar Bear Ride of the season to VFW, Cape May, NJ
- Apr. 6th ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ the Lamp Lighter, 190 West Main (Rt. #24), Chester, NJ
- Apr. 8th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- Apr. 18th ~ Cross Country BMW's Open House
- Apr. 18th ~ 10 AM Gathering of Nortons at Washington's Crossing Park, PA
- Apr. 22nd ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at El Azteca, 1155 Rte. #73, Marlton, NJ 08053
- Apr. 24th - 26th ~ AMCA Motorcycle Show at Olney, PA
- May 1st - 3rd ~ Georgia Mountain Rally
- May 2nd ~ DeSimone Motor Sports BMW Open House
- May 2nd -3rd ~ Weekend Ride to north-central Maryland, Lancaster County & the Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- May 4th ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ the Lamp Lighter, 190 West Main (Rt. #24), Chester, NJ
- May 6th ~ 12:30 PM Moribundi Lunch location TBA
- May 8th - 17th ~ Myrtle Beach Spring Bike Week
- May 13th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- May 15th - 17th ~ the Down East Rally, Hermit Island, Phillipsburg, ME
- May 24th ~ Rolling Thunder, Memorial Day, Pentagon in Washington, DC (Weekend Ride)
- July 16th - 19th ~ MOA National Rally @ Appalachian Fairgrounds, Grey, TN
- July 23rd - 26th ~ RA National Rally @ Canaan Valley State Park, WV
- July 24th - 26th ~ AMA Vintage Motorcycle Days Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course, Lexington, OH
- Sept. 25th - 27th ~ Last Chance Rally, New Sweden BMW Riders, Apple Farms, Elmer, NJ
- Oct. 9th - 11th ~ Barber Museum Vintage Festival, Barber Motorsports Park, (Leeds) Birmingham, AL (Week long ride)



UPCOMING – CLUB FLEA MARKET, MAY 2ND AT DESIMONE'S

Many thanks to Vince at DeSimone Motorsports for allowing us to run a club flea-market during their "Open-House" on May 2nd.

Got some riding gear that shrank over the winter? Bike parts laying around gathering dust? Need clothes or parts?

Spaces are free to club members, and the members of the New Sweden BMW Riders. Bring your own tables, chairs, cushions or just yourself – but come to the open house and the flea-market! If you are, or know any vendors who might be interested have them contact Don. If their business doesn't compete with the DeSimone businesses – they are welcome to take a space for \$10.00.

INDUSTRY NEWS:

Motorcycle industry to benefit from same supportive initiatives devised by EU institutions for the car sector

Bologna (Italy), 26.3.2009 – The European Powered Two-wheeler industry will ask the European Commission and EU member states for same treatment as car industry.

Gathering for their annual General Assembly hosted

by Ducati in Bologna, Italy, ACEM, the European Association of Motorcycle Manufacturers, urged for similar measures to those devised for the car sector to be applied to the powered two-wheeler industry in order to defy the economic crisis.

Recently, the European Commission announced initiatives and instruments to fight the downturn in the automotive sector. Due to its similarities to the car sector, the PTW industry should be entitled to the same benefits. The PTW sector needs the same urgent and drastic measures aimed at preventing a prolonged period of recession, supporting manufacturing and continuing to drive forward the environmental goals that are shared by policy makers and manufacturers.

European Member States must tackle the PTW industry's problems with the same determination applied to the car sector. Viable businesses and jobs are at stake in the motorcycle industry as well, which is being hit by the current economic crisis with new registrations down by 8% in 2008 and poor forecasts for 2009. These figures partially hide the significant -34% contraction (-42% for mopeds and -28% for motorcycles) of the last quarter of 2008 over the same period of 2007. This dramatic drop has been confirmed by the January 2009 registrations showing a further negative signal in major PTW markets in the range of -40%. In this context scrapping schemes aimed at supporting the demand for new vehicles and benefiting cleaner and safer mobility should be introduced.

“Another pressing issue to resolve – concluded Mr Pierer – remains the limited access to credit due to the non-functioning of the financial market. Action must be now taken without further delay to lift bureaucratic barriers and speed up implementation at national level. A coordinated European policy would not only ensure more fairness and respect for EU competition rules but - more importantly - greater efficiency in a single, European market”.

Mr Gabriele Del Torchio, Ducati President and CEO, said: “As one of ACEM's founding members Ducati is honoured to have hosted the General Assembly on the occasion of ACEM's 15th Anniversary. Ducati has believed from the beginning in the necessity of uniting forces to achieve common goals but at the same time putting forward a strong image of the motorcycle industry which stands for excitement, innovation and industrial excellence. In spite of the economic challenges ahead, we will continue with the

same passion and commitment to work together within ACEM for the wellbeing of the motorcycle sector in Europe”.

Last December ACEM announced a set of initiatives based on innovation, safety and environmental performance ensuring that the motorcycles and scooters of tomorrow will respond the future social needs and sustainability requirements while continuing to represent an exciting and convenient mobility tool.

FOR SALE:

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- » Forks re-shim and re-valve
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- » Fork service and rebuild

Talk to your club member, Klaus Huenecke, for advice and suggestions.

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2005	MV AUGUSTA	FA	5V100232	\$13,499	\$1,000	\$12,499
2004	BIG DOG	CHOPPER	4W000695	\$17,999	\$500	\$17,499
2006	BMW	K1200S	ZN28934	\$14,999	\$2000	\$12,999
2006	DUCATI	MT5020	801649	\$6,299	\$300	\$5,999
2006	HARLEY DAVIDSON	VRSC	6K804281	\$13,999	\$2,500	\$11,499
2007	HARLEY DAVIDSON	VRSCD	7K808830	\$14,999	\$2,000	\$12,999
2006	HONDA	CBR600F4I	6M703140	\$6,999	\$1,000	\$5,999
2004	VICTORY	VEGAS	43000191	\$9,499	\$2,000	\$7,499
2006	VICTORY	KINGPIN	3000908	\$12,999	\$1,000	\$11,999
2007	RIDLEY	CLASSIC	7K327043	\$13,999	\$2,000	\$11,999
2006	SUZUKI	GZ250	62100301	\$2,999	\$750	\$2,249
2005	SUZUKI	GSXR750	52104334	\$6,999	\$300	\$6,699
2007	YAMAHA	MIDWARRIOR	7A003652	\$10,999	\$1,500	\$9,499

SIMILAR SAVINGS ON ENTIRE PRE-OWNED INVENTORY!
CONTACT VINCE OR JOE IN THE SALES DEPT. FOR DETAILS...LIMITED TIME ONLY!

1315 Route 73 • Mount Laurel, NJ 08054 • 856.840.1580 • www.desimone-motorport.com

CLUB MEETING – Schneider’s – April 8th 7PM!

NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc
c/o Roger Trendowski
18 Hillyer Lane
Middletown, NJ 07748

Postmaster – Address Correction Service Requested!