

**April 2012**

# **NEW JERSEY** **SHORE BMW** **RIDERS Inc**

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*"Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be." Abraham Lincoln (1809 - 1865)*

*"If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us least live so as to deserve it." Immanuel Hermann Fichte*

*"Never explain--your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway." Elbert Hubbard (1856 - 1915)*

*"Turbulence is life force. It is opportunity. Let's love turbulence and use it for change." Ramsay Clark*

## **President's Message**

Hi all, Hope you have all had some good riding this past month. No one showed up or they all got lost for my local ride sunday the 18th of March. It was partly cloudy and turned out to be an all right riding day.

The bike route arrows haven't been updated in a while and were hard to follow so I opted for my usual Sunday local going nowhere ride where I ride around the Manasquan Resouvoir, stop by the enviromental center to see whats new, then on over by Turkey Swamp and Nomoco onto Eli Harmony Road cross 537 west on 524.

I took a side trip to Roosevelt and Asupunk Lake then down to the Horse Park of New Jersey to see if their concession stand was open for a cup of coffee. Then a stop at the new tractor Supply store and a spirited run back east on 524 with a jog north around Freehold then east on Dutch Lane Road and 520 home about 70 miles.



We have Cross Country's spring open house sat April 21st Please support our local dealers and thank them for being there for us.

It's time to get your MOA Milage contest forms filled out and signed and sent in. Looking forward to Klaus's shop night and seeing all the cool old bikes that he has.

Ride safe and have a great time.

Kenton

## **BMW Branching into New Markets!**

**NEW AMPHIBIOUS MINI COOPER YACHTSMAN TO LAUNCH IN NEW YORK... BESIDE THE HUDSON RIVER**

### **Woodcliff Lake, NJ – April 1, 2012...**

MINI customers will be able to boldly go where no motorer has gone before when the all-new MINI Cooper Yachtsman makes its world premiere at the New York International Auto Show next week, right beside the Hudson River.



Designed to bring MINI ownership to people who regard the 70 percent of the earth's surface

covered by water as their home, the new MINI Cooper Yachtsman is a corner-carving crustacean that promises go-kart-like handling and a sensational combination of amphibious\* and landphibious performance both on and off the water.

Certain to be as popular in New York harbor as it will be at the Jumeira Palm marina or Monte Carlo harbor, the MINI Cooper Yachtsman is fitted with a shark-resistant undercoating as standard, and can carve through water at speeds up to 61 knots, while promising an equally rewarding driving (but not diving...) experience – on-road or off-land.

“Our exciting MINI Cooper Yachtsman is the ultimate extension of the MINI brand, expanding our line-up to seven models in the USA and offering consumers even more ways to enjoy MINI ownership in a manner best-suited to their individual taste and location,” comments Jim McDowell, Vice President of MINI USA.

“The Yachtsman will become an instant status symbol, a car/boat combo that evokes ‘land/sea envy’ in equal measure. Originally endorsed by the British Royal Navy\*\*, the Yachtsman brings a new level of versatility to MINI ownership. So, if you’re cruising along and someone yells ‘Lake’ – no worries. Simply downshift, grab a life-vest, hit the water and let Yachtsman take care of the rest!” adds McDowell.

Showroom appeal of the MINI Cooper Yachtsman is matched by dockside allure as the 169.8 inch long craft sports Reef Blue metallic paintwork contrasting with silver alloy wheels and matching silver rudder. The exhaust snorkel is finished in body color and the extendable rooftop antenna comes with a ‘get-you-home’ 20-ft white sail (in case of emergency) which can be deployed for zero-emissions sailing.

With room to sleep two people, the cabin features waterproof rip-stop upholstery, seat cushions which double as flotation devices, and a Marine Chronometer for celestial navigation in the event of a sat-nav glitch. For junior ‘sailors’, the glove box holds MINI-branded water wings, a pirate flag and eye patch.

Standard equipment features a six-foot marlin rod with roller guides, an international trolling

reel with 130-lb test line and (on the port side) the latest MINI safety technology – FLOAT (the Frantic Lever Operated Active Trim) adjuster. On the starboard side there is a spring-loaded herring chucker.

In line with MINI’s customizable nature, a full range of unique accessories for this latest addition to the MINI product line-up includes a Customizable Klaxon (choice of sea lion, porpoise, sperm whale, dolphin, seagull or mallard duck), and personalized Under-Hull Messaging – recommended factory fitted graphic options such as ‘Suck eggs, Kraken’ and ‘Mermaid Magnet’ are sure to be popular choices.

On sale from April 1st as a model year 2013 vehicle, the Yachtsman combines typical MINI driving and boating fun with the same discerning craftsmanship, select materials, styling and all-round ‘typical British understatement’ that are hallmarks of the world’s leading boat builders.

For propulsion, each MINI Cooper Yachtsman is powered by a turbocharged 1.6-liter four-cylinder engine with a twin-scroll turbocharger, direct injection and variable valve control to generate 181 hp. Outdrive to the constant-pitch propeller is managed by a specially-fitted gearbox mounted mid-ship with six forward speeds. Although the new model weighs 4,600 lb (fully laden), the sprint from 0 to 60 mph is completed in 6.6 seconds (on land) and in 2.4 minutes (on water). Top speed (on land) is 141 mph.

Developed after extensive testing of punt prototypes on the River Isis (near MINI’s manufacturing facility in Oxford, England) and in the deep waters off Greenland (where The Kraken of legend lurks), the MINI Cooper Yachtsman is priced at US \$236,000 and comes with a fully incomprehensible warranty that includes 3-year no-cost moorage, annual dry-docking and free barnacle removal, for the original captain.

You can see the MINI Cooper Yachtsman on the MINI Stand at the New York International Auto Show in the Jacob Javits Center from Wednesday April 4th.

Editors’ Notes

*\*The Yachtsman is not the first amphibious Mini. The book ‘MINI MISCELLANY - Fifty Years of facts, figures, stories and oddities featuring the*

*world's greatest little car' carried this interesting tale...*

“Bizarre as it may sound, a Mini entered the 1977 River Severn Raft Race. Longbridge engineers converted a standard Mini into an un-sinkable four-paddle-wheel-drive amphibious vehicle which they christened ‘Aqua Min’. However, it was not the first Mini to swim. Nine years earlier, an amphibious Moke swam in the River Thames for the Sammy Davis Jr. film *Salt and Pepper*. Since the movie was a James Bond spoof, it was only right that the Moke should have machine guns fitted behind the headlights.”

\*\*And subsequently unendorsed.

**Editors note Part Deux:** *We can expect to see Dennis Swanson show up at the lake across from Schneider's one meeting evening in his shiny new Yachtsman!*

## The Riding Season's First Event In New Jersey...

*By Jack Riepe*

*This account was previously published in Twisted Roads, the moto blog for raw adventure and romance like broken glass on March 21, 2012. Twisted Roads can be read by googling "Twisted Roads Jack." Unlike Jack Riepe's monthly column in the BMW MOA's Owners news, this blog is not for the faint of heart.*

The 2012 riding season officially opened for me on March 14th, with an invitation to address the New Jersey Shore BMW Riders, during their monthly dinner meeting at Schneider's German American Restaurant, in the picturesque hamlet of Avon By-The-Sea. I found it curious that I was already at the Jersey Shore (leaving from Cape May), and had nearly a 100-mile ride north to find myself still within earshot of the Atlantic Ocean, in a state that is smaller than my riding pants.

Despite my familiarity with BMW motorcycle-riding culture, I found my trepidation levels surprisingly high... Not because I'd be in the company

of a mystical riding club whose aggregate years in the saddle went back to the tertiary age... Nor because this was one of those semi-reclusive biker clubs where everyone has at least one 1950's black bike with an odometer that runs twelve places (and nearly every number is a 9). It was the thought that I was without a motorcycle for the second time in 8 years that bugged me.

The ravages of arthritis forced me to sell the legendary “Fireballs” this past winter and I am still fretting over it. The pegs were too damn high — as was the saddle — for me to comfortably mount and competently ride it. And there was no way to cost-effectively lower the bike without destroying the integrity of the model year. But it's not like I'd never see her again. It was purchased by a member of the New Jersey Shore Riders for a record \$1.7 million — after only being posted on this blog for 72 hours. (There are three parts to that last statement. Two of them are true.)

The day could not have been prettier for a drive (or ride) along the New Jersey Coast. The lower stretches of the Garden State Parkway parallel the edges of vast salt marshes, and they are beautiful beyond belief, though the view passes all too quickly. I have made this trip by motorcycle a number of times on the 1985 K75 known as “Blue Balls,” which was destroyed in a collision with Emma Blodgett, back in 2005. The view spreads out right and left at Somers Point (Great Egg Harbor), and again where Parkway spans the Mullica River.

I hesitate to say this but New Jersey has (had) some of the most beautiful places on earth for years. When I was a boy, the locale around the tiny hamlet of Peapack rivaled anyplace in the Hamptons. The Jockey Hollow area was both historic and pristine in the same shot. Yet real estate developers have carved this beauty like it was a rump roast, cutting down centuries old oaks in favor of strip malls or sterile housing developments.

Though the speed limit on most of the Parkway is 65 mph, traffic moves faster than that. (The

cops are like snipers, however, and they will grab you without mercy.) I recall hitting the GSP bridges over open water doing 90 mph on that older K75, and it was almost better than getting laid in the back of my first car. There is a bite to the salt air, especially if the breeze is off the water. And the salt marshes have an aroma all their own. Hitting the incline of a bridge ramp at speed was akin to launching myself into space, with that finely balanced German engine screaming like a raptor. It has been my experience that each of these bridges is followed by a curve, so the landings were fun too. I wasn't pushing 90 mph on my drive to Avon, as my current vehicle gets 40 feet per gallon.

I arrived early, so that none of the NJSBMW members would see me disembark from a red 4x4 pick-up that has all the charm (and length) of fire apparatus. But at least two did.

I heard one remark, "Here comes Riepe... I can see his apparatus."

The other replied, "Well let's make sure his pants are zipped before he waddles inside."

Schneider's German-American Restaurant is a fixture in Avon. Popular legend has it that the zeppelin Hindenberg would follow the fragrant traces of fine German cooking from far out over the Atlantic, then dim its lights or circle overhead before landing in nearby Lakehurst. The restaurant's dark interior is heavy with the aroma of wienerschnitzel and the place would be ideal for staging a putsch. I can honestly say the wienerschnitzel was the best I have had in years, and the red cabbage had a tang worth savoring. Schneider's is also well-known for homemade ice cream, though I didn't try any on this visit.

Our waitress was a charming bunch of roses with an enchanting way about her that I will never forget. When she found out who I was, she went and got the owner to say a few words to me. Seldom have I been flattered to this extent.



*Above: Jack Riepe (second from left, with his concentration camp haircut that he got at SuperCuts) winding up for the pitch. Most people are laughing. Those with straight faces think he is lying. The guy on the speaker's left is actually smirking over Riepe's haircut. About 30 riders were in attendance. Photo by Roy Groething.*

The guys began drifting in with a ritual that is repeated by riding clubs the world over — regardless of the marque. There is the glance around the room, the eye-contact with riding buddies, and the exploding smiles as handshakes connect. The atmosphere was charged with the kind of camaraderie one has come to expect from riders who share a passion for distance, speed, and pure adventure. I have met a number of these guys on previous occasions and not one of them held it against me. Several even seemed glad to see me.

About thirty riders trooped in, most on flawless machines ranging from the mighty GS to the sleek F800. My former K75 was among these, though she no longer raised her head when I whistled. In fact, she snarled and spit at me like a former spouse. The meeting was called to order, and I was introduced. I had planned to begin with a tale of my youth, which involved a Kawasaki, a naked Asian woman, a boomerang, and a bar on Westside Avenue in Jersey City. It was then I noticed that we shared the room with the general public, several of who were taking quite an interest in my warm-up. I realized the punch line, "Then she polished my goggles with her panties, even though she was still wearing them," was likely to start a riot, or cause several patrons to start waving panties of their own.

(These patrons would have looked hot in lingerie back in the day when most railroads relied on steam.)

The best stories are the ones grounded in fertile personal experience, and I had more than a few of these. One had occurred en route to the event. It was the warmest March 14th in recent history, with temperatures in the mid-sixties. I had the windows down and the stereo cranked, releasing clouds of Meatloaf's "Louder Than Anything Else" into the atmosphere. The mating call of a crotch rocket reverberated through the truck's cab like a gunshot in church. I heard the scream of pistons long before I saw the bike. It was a sizzling Japanese "Fonguasa," or something like that. (They all look alike.) I knew it wasn't Italian because it didn't carry the colors of a pizza box. The rider was a young guy in his mid-20's, with a stick of pillion candy on the back. She was drop-dead gorgeous and in a perfect world, I'd have changed places with him in a second.

Traffic had coagulated at a light and I found myself stopped next to them. The rider jazzed the engine for no other reason than it sounded it cool, which seemed to get a rise from the lady on the back. I don't go for this sort of stuff normally, but I jazzed the engine in the Ford, and looked to see if something hot and sexy would appear behind me in the load bed. Nothing did. In fact, jazzing the motor in the Ford 150 (with the Titan engine) cost \$14.75. So I did the next best stupid thing, and cranked the stereo so loud that the windshield began to flex.

It was then I whispered the prayer of a desperate man, and said, "Oh gods of the motorcycle, send a me a single woman on a BMW, whose habits and lifestyle match my own."

Though the sky was clear, there was the distant rumble of thunder, and an "R" bike buzzed into view. The rider was a stately woman whose features were concealed behind a flip-face Nolan helmet. I was mesmerized. I then hung out the window and gave her the secret sign of a BMW rider. (This entails extending the fingers of your left hand like a fan, sticking your thumb in your

left ear, and waving.) She raised the face shield of the Nolan and yelled, "Want a chaw of my terbacca?" She had the body of eternal youth and the eyes of tempered skepticism. They narrowed as they focused on me.

I nodded... And she spit a darkened gob onto the truck's door. I didn't realize she was offering the chaw already in her mouth. She then bit into a hunk of leaf, slammed the Nolan closed, and pulled away. I will not wish for a woman so finely tuned to my way of doing things the next time. I concluded the story and those in the crowd still awake nudged those who were not.

A member in attendance raised his hand and asked, "Did that really happen?" I nodded, and two others wanted to know the direction in which she was last headed.

I always ask groups of riders if they have any suggestions or story ideas for me. These Jersey boys came up with a great one. Apparently, there is a hair-cutting place not too far away in which the stylists wear only bikinis. The New Jersey group suggested a Twisted Roads ride to this joint, resulting in a review of their services, which also includes things like "waxing." I wondered what it would be like to order a "bikini wax" for a vintage red K75.

Two attendees won copies of my book, Politically Correct Cigar Smoking For Social Terrorists, that evening. They were Harold Gantz, of the New Sweden BMW Riders Group, and Monica Gionet of the New Jersey Shore BMW Riders. Harold won his for wearing a Twisted Roads Tee Shirt. Monica got hers for coming up to me with a smile like a laser, and saying, "I really like your stories." Still, she had to guess a number from "1 to 10," and I presented the book to her husband Norm. (It is no secret that Twisted Roads is reaching out for woman riders/readers, and Monica buzzed in on a hot F800ST.)

Also present from the New Sweden Riders Group was Jim Nanfeldt, who was the guest author of my column in the BMW Motorcycle Owners of America's "Owners News" last month. Through the most implausible circumstances,



*Above: Harold Gantz, who won a copy of Riepe's book for showing up in a "Twisted Roads" tee shirt. Gantz has one of the most beautiful K75s that ever rolled off the assembly line. Photo by Roy Groething.*

Nanfeldt ended up riding Elizabeth Taylor's Harley during a motorcycle ride hosted by the legendary Malcolm Forbes. His deadpan account of the ride made for a great guest story and his debut as a moto-writer. Jim is thinking of doing a more serious interpretation of a cross-country run he took years ago.

The New Jersey Shore BMW Riders are a vital part of more than 250 chartered clubs that constitute a national network of Teutonic bikers across the country. I was flattered to receive their invitation and was honored to share a few laughs. I hope to host a New Jersey riders "Oyster and Dance Festival Ride" from the Garden State late this summer... And I hope I'll see these guys there.

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## April Fools Ride

*Don Eilenberger*

With nothing much else to do on 04/01/12 – I'd posted on the NJS Yahoo email list that I was considering a ride on April 1<sup>st</sup>. I didn't exactly know where, or how long, or who would be riding, but I threw it out there to see who would turn up.

Our meeting place was to be OurWAWA\* at 10AM (the crack of dawn!) I awoke, looked out the window, and found myself looking at a somewhat raw, damp and windy day. Not to be deterred since two stalwart riders had responded to the email that they'd be there – I geared up with my heated gear, put the Bar-Muffs back on the R1200R, plugged myself in and took off.

It was a bit brisk, but it still felt good to get the bike rolling and feel some fresh (if coldish) air entering my helmet.

I arrived at OurWAWA – and to my surprise, I found six club members there, trying to figure out how to change the clock on Greg Wright's R1200R. This obviously deserved a photo:



*How many club members does it take to change a clock to daylight savings time? Well..*

In addition to Harold, Joe, Greg and Mike, Chris Kjesbu and RD Swanson showed up.

After a bit of fat chewing, a caffeine hit, everyone visited the men's room, and we pushed off, on my favorite route of contrasts – through the sylvan glades of Allentown NJ, into downtown Trenton, and past the state prison onto Rt 29.

Along the way – Double-Jack Swanson caught up with me at a traffic light, and said the pace was too fast for him and he was going home.. go figure.

We made short work of reaching our destination, the firehouse at Stockton, where Harold led us on an off-road adventure (it sure surprised the people on the jogging trail) to the parking lot. There was rumored to be a pancake breakfast with all you can eat at the firehouse – and being our club (motto: Ride to Eat, Eat to Ride) we all felt obligated to help this worthy organization.

Since we all felt that we deserved the senior discount rate (I think I was actually the only one who did..) - breakfast was going to be a bargain. My wife asked how the breakfast was when I got home, and I could only describe it as pigs wallowing at the trough. In other words – it was ample (all you could eat – and they weren't kidding) and actually quite good. Two types of pancakes (blueberry and regular), two types of eggs (cheesy and regular), two meats (wonderful slab bacon, and good link sausages), coffee (decaf and regular) and juice. Everyone tried some of everything, then went back and had their favorites.



*We were all members of the "Clean Plate Club" - the couple at the end of the table had to endure the Skyland riders who had occupied the table before us.*

Waddling out of the breakfast – we decided to head north to Frenchtown, thence down Rt 12 to Rt 579 for a spirited run toward home. I managed to keep us off the slab with the exception of a short stretch on I-95/295, and we ended up wandering backroads to our favorite Dairy Queen not far from our starting place.

Two of us (Joe and I) continued on to go bother Mike Kowal and learn all the news.. then headed home.

Total about 5 hours of riding, eating, riding, eating and fun – about 180 miles door to door. It was a good way to spend April 1<sup>st</sup>!

*\* = **OurWAWA** – it's often asked by new members where the heck OurWAWA is? It's the WAWA on Rt 537 just east of the entrance to Six Flags. It's right off Exit 16 of I-195. Convenient for many members – it's a popular kickoff spot for quite a few rides. We meet on the right side of the building. The Harley groups meet behind the building. We're the quiet bikes with riders in funny suits. Come join us for a ride – it's fun.*

## **Annoying Mike the Mechanic**

*Mike Lamberti*

As most of you have figured by now, I know very little about moto mechanics. I ride, period!

So last week, I motored down to Mike's repair facility. A double tuft leather seat awaited me along with a nice hot chocolate. While Mike inspected my brakes for the second time, I noticed him shaking his fuzzy head. He looked up at me and said, "F...you got plenty of meat on these, take a look" Not wanting to offend, I bent over and made like I could actually see what he was talking about,

OK Mike you know best, I said!

A few minutes later I was pushed out of the moto den and off I went into the wind. While riding, I realized how much better I am having Mike yell at me than going to Cross County, paying tolls, risking my life from tractor trailers and being pocket picked while waiting for hours only to be told they don't have the part.

Thanks, Mike

PS: the only thing I missed at Mike's was pinup posters!

# Ballad of Big Joe and the Cheese Eggs

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Anon..

Once there was a motorcyclist, who seemed content, sitting down at a far away breakfast fare.

Yet, in the thrust of a waitresses good intent, He was failed in receiving the awaited cheese eggs.

Innocent act it was, the waitress knew not the disappointment; as the plate passed him by again.

The look on Big Joe's face was filled with a Machiavellian grin and a snipers squint of the eye.

Quickly a fellow rider seeing his discontent, and not wanting Big Joe to become Angry Joe, the cheese eggs made there way back to the plate.

To the delight Big Joe, once engaged, he made short work of the yellow gobs of melted cheese and egg.

With stomach almost filled Big Joe advanced to the pancakes and the waitress sighed in de-served relief.

If you ever encounter Big Joe, be patient as the cheese eggs come forth, better he has first dibs than for him to rattle the walls of any breakfast site!

## Club Activity and Events Calendar - 2012

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➤ **Regular Club Meetings** - 2nd Weds of the month at Schneiders. Meeting starts at 7PM, come earlier to eat.

➤ **Moribundi Lunchs** - for the old, infirm, re-tired, unemployed. It's a chance to get out of the house. 1st Weds of the month, 12:30PM at a restaurant to be decided by the chief Moribund Rd Swanson. Input for locations is

gratefully accepted. Usual turnout is 10-12 old pharts.

➤ **April 4th** - Moribundi at TBA.

➤ **April 11th** - Regular Club Meeting.

➤ **April 13th-15th** - BMW-MOA mini-national at Gettysburg PA - more details to follow.

➤ **April 15th** - Gathering of the Nortons (rite of spring!) - Washington Crossing State Park, Washington Crossing PA.

➤ **April 18th** - Tech night at EPM - Klaus Hueneke's shop in Tenant NJ. 6PM to ?? Pizza will be provided by the club!

➤ **May 2nd** - Moribundi at TBA.

➤ **May 6th** - Three Club Rumble, hosted by New Sweden. Parvin State Park in lovely(!) Pittsgrove NJ. Ride there will be organized (you can hardly get there from here.) We're looking into renting cabins there and making it a club overnight weekend.

➤ **May 9th** - Regular Club Meeting.

➤ **May 17th - 21st** - Morton's Spring Fling Rally, Natural Bridge VA. 2 days there, 2 days back, via great back roads. See Don for info.

➤ **May 19th - 20th** - Downeast Rally in Maine. Pre-registration strongly suggested (there are only so many lobsters..).

➤ **May 26th** - European Motorcycle Day - Maryland.

➤ **June 1st - 3rd** - Square Route Rally, Thurmont MD. Great rally. See Don for details. It will rain on this weekend. It always rains at SR (as long as Al Pierson shows up..)

➤ **Tuesday nights in June, July, August** - Ice Cream Runs. Locations to be announced. We need someone to take hold of this and make it theirs.

➤ **June 6th** - Moribundi Lunch at TBA.

➤ **June 13th** - Regular Meeting.

➤ **June 14th - 17th** - BMW-RA Rally at Copper Canyon, Colorado. Some thought is being given to a slow ride out, followed by a wander to California and back via interesting roads. See Don if interested. The ride would start on Sunday June 10th or Monday June 11th (depending on

planning.)

- ◆ **June 23rd** - Club Picnic. Location to be determined.
- ◆ **July** - Tuesday night - Ice Cream Runs - continue. Locations TBA.
- ◆ **July 4th** - Moribundi lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **July 11th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **July 19th - 22nd** - BMW-MOA National Rally in Missouri. Roger T is organizing registration and expects club members to attend and help out. This will be the hottest weekend on record in Missouri.
- ◆ **August** - Tuesday nights - Ice Cream Runs continue. Locations TBA.
- ◆ **August 1st** - Moribundi Lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **August 8th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **Late August** - Club weekend ride to somewhere nice - perhaps Bennington NY or that general area.
- ◆ **August 31** - September 3rd - Finger Lakes Rally, Finger Lakes NY.
- ◆ **September 5th** - Moribundi lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **September 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **September 21st - 23rd** - Last Chance Rally, Elmer NJ. See Harold or Don for details. Support our brother club - New Sweden BMW Riders!
- ◆ **October 3rd** - Moribundi Lunch - Location TBA.
- ◆ **October 10th** - Regular Club Meeting - and nominations for officers for 2013.
- ◆ **Late October** - Colors in the Catskills - Hunter Mountain NY, date to be announced. Anyone interested in making a weekend of it let us know. Great time to visit the Catskills.
- ◆ **November 7th** - Moribundi Lunch - Location TBA.
- ◆ **November 14th** - Regular Club Meeting - and annual officer election.
- ◆ **December 5th** - Moribundi Lunch - Location

TBA.

- ◆ **December 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **December sometime** - Annual Toy Run to Children's Specialized Hospital, Toms River, NJ.
- ◆ **December sometime** - Annual holiday party. Location and date TBA. RD Swanson is party captain.



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## March Moribundi Pics

At Harrigan's Irish Pub – Sea Girt NJ



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**MEETING – Weds – April 11<sup>th</sup>**  
**Schneider's, Main St. Avon-by-the-Sea**

**NJS-BMW-Riders Inc.**  
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Wayside, NJ 07712-3728