

**October 2013**

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

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The trouble with jogging is that the ice falls out of your glass. *Martin Mull (1943 - )*

Fall is my favorite season in Los Angeles, watching the birds change color and fall from the trees. *David Letterman (1947 - )*

An expert is a person who avoids small error as he sweeps on to the grand fallacy. *Benjamin Stolberg*

I wanna hang a map of the world in my house. Then I'm gonna put pins into all the locations that I've traveled to. But first, I'm gonna have to travel to the top two corners of the map so it won't fall down. *Mitch Hedberg (1968 - 2005)*

That is the greatest fallacy, the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful. *Ernest Hemingway (1899 - 1961), A Farewell to Arms, 1929*

This country has come to feel the same when Congress is in session as when the baby gets hold of a hammer. *Will Rogers (1879 - 1935)*

It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly American criminal class except Congress. *Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)*

## **President's Message**

Hello my friends! The weather has been great and I know many of you have enjoyed some great rides. However, the sky is not always bright blue. Some

**BMW Club**  
**New Jersey Shore Riders**



club members have had mechanical issues, close calls and yes even a visit to a orthopedist.

All of us know that the sport of motorcycling is not without its dangers and should always be engaged with a healthy degree of caution and above all respect for the machine and the unknown that awaits us with every ride.

When I learned to fly many years ago a seasoned flight instructor once told me that the majority of flying accidents occur with seasoned pilots. He indicated it was the sin of overconfidence and pushing oneself to do something our gut instinct is telling us not to do. With that in mind I would ask everyone to rethink how they make decisions concerning riding their motorcycle, repairs and their own health.

I know for myself that I need to lose some weight. Checking tire pressure has requires a bit more effort as of late. I also need to learn more about basic repairs. I have never gotten a flat in over 35 years of riding!

Guys, you know where I'm going with this. Don't take anything for granted, ride smart, ride healthy, be knowledgeable about your machine and above all your own limitations. Ride in such a way that you will always be able to ride another day!

Ride Safe! Your Prez., Rev'n Mike.

## **One from Column A, one from Column B: August 24<sup>th</sup>**

*Dan Thompson*

So the day started as usual, get up and head out to the Breakfast Club to meet other club members looking for a high carb, high fat, high flavor meal.

There was the usual cast of characters: Roger,

Dud, Don, Greg and his friend who just acquired an 1150R, Jerry and his lovely bride and myself. I apologize if anyone was left out. After breakfast we broke into groups for a ride on our motorcycles. I know hard to believe ...

Don, Jerry and I took the long way to Allaire Airport to check out the Warbirds. We were joined by Roger who apparently took the longer way. In attendance on the flightline was a B-17 Bomber (Flying Fortress), a B-24 Mitchell bomber and a P-51 Mustang. If one were so inclined, a ride could be obtained for a hefty sum. Being the cheapest thing on a BMW, we opted out.



Roger mysteriously vanished, so after a few photos we were off to.. well... we weren't sure.

As we reached our first cross street, our ride Captain took a survey, "Do you want to go to Allentown or the Delaware?" he said. Thinking this was curious behavior for a ride Capt., I ask him to repeat his query. Again I was asked Allentown or the Delaware? I choose Allentown, he nodded and we were off.

As our ride meandered down 524 and went through Allentown suddenly we pulled off the road. I thought a mechanical issue? No, again Jerry and I were motioned to the ride Capt's side and he asked "When we get to the Delaware do you want to go North or South?" We answered and that's when it hit me, our ride Captain had turned into Hop-Sing and our ride was to be decided like we were ordering from a Chinese take out menu.

Please choose one from column A and one from

column B. That reminded me, where were we going to have lunch? The rest of the ride was uneventful, and I got the answer to my question as we entered Frenchtown. Lunch was at the Bamboo House. Hop-Sing had chosen wisely as lunch was delicious. Even if it was more Japanese and Thai.

After lunch our ride captain had seemed to return and we followed blissfully and enjoyed another beautiful riding day.

*PS This article should have been in the Sept. issue but circumstances beyond my control forced me to miss the deadline.*

## **Adventures in Motorcycling**

*John Malaska*

On September 11, I began my more-or-less annual trip to the South.

Day One involved slabbing down I-81 to Roanoke VA. I spent a couple of hours in that city, including a visit to the Virginia Museum of Transportation. The museum is the home of the only remaining "J Class" steam locomotive, and it is a beautiful piece of art-deco machinery. The VMOT hopes to return the locomotive to the rails again soon to perform excursion trips. Spent the night at a motel in Wytheville VA.

Day Two was a shorter ride down to Asheville NC. I had planned to ride down US-21 and pick up the Blue Ridge Parkway, but there were low-hanging clouds in the region, and I didn't want to risk an unpleasant ride through fog. So I-81 and I-26 delivered me to Asheville. Some rain showers along the way, but the sun broke out later in the ride. Treat of the day was enjoying BBQ at Luella's.

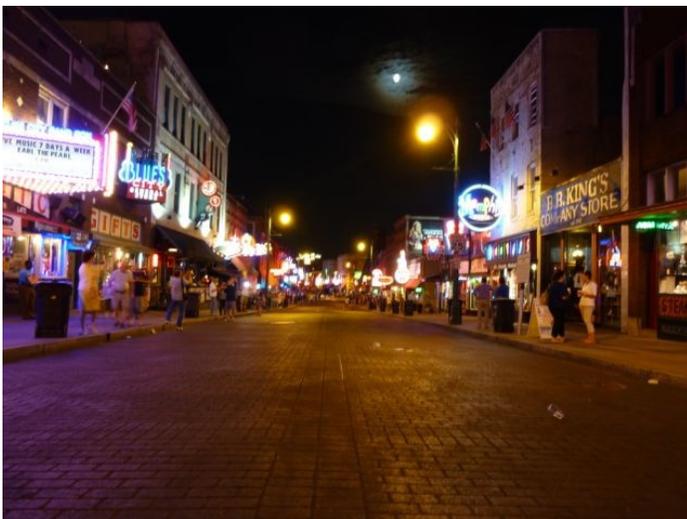
Day Three was a ride down to Robbinsville NC, and the eastern portal of the Cherohala Skyway. Before I left Robbinsville, another rider approached me and we ended up discussing western NC for about a half-hour. *(One of the things I've found interesting riding solo is that IMO you're more "approachable." If you ride with a group, strangers might be more intimidated to talk to you. But during this trip, I had many folks come up & chat to me, with the BMW initiating the conversation.)* When I told him that I was doing the Cherohala, he suggested that I take a side-detour to Bald River Falls, near the western portal at Tellico Plains TN. I heeded his advice, and the falls

were spectacular, due in part to the rainfall which the region has experienced over the summer. US129 Photo snapped some pics of me on the Cherohala. From Tellico Plains, I rode to Calhoun TN, then I-75 south to the suburbs on Chattanooga.

I spent Days 4-5 visiting the Chickamauga National Park battlefield. In September 1863, the Confederates won their last major victory there, and the Park scheduled a number of events to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the battle. Throughout the weekend, I participated in a number of walking tours and seminars.

Day 6 saw me riding west to Florence AL, riding past the Muscle Shoals Studio where the Allman Brothers Band recorded some great music. From there, I visited the Shiloh National Park battlefield along the Tennessee River. Continuing westward, I arrived in Memphis TN in time for its evening rush hour. Drivers there were a little (but not a lot) more courteous than those in the Garden State. Once I checked into my hotel, I walked down to Beale Street for some grub at City BBQ. Good stuff!

I started Day 7 by taking the obligatory ride down to Graceland. Not something that I had planned to do but, well, it was nearby. I was amazed that, even on a weekday morning in September, there were large lines waiting to get bussed over to the house (it is NOT a mansion.) Also, amazed that people not unlike me paid around \$30 to take the tour. Even more amazed at the people, but not me - bawling their eyes out at Elvis' grave.



**Beale St. Memphis**

Back in Memphis, I walked down to the Mississippi River, expecting to see bustling river barge traffic.

Not so! The river's level is 15 feet below normal (due to the drought conditions in the Central US.) No river traffic whatsoever. After having some surprisingly good pizza on Main Street, I did a tour of the nearby Rock & Soul Museum. Very informative. I also wanted to tour the Gibson guitar factory & museum, but it was closed for a private event. Spent the evening searching for good blues on Beale Street; unfortunately, none to be had. Maybe my luck would have been better had I been there on a weekend.

Day 8 was decision day. I had seriously considered riding down to Texarkana AR/TX, then to eastern Oklahoma, then back into Arkansas in order to ride through the Ozark Mountains. (Unlike Graceland, the Ozarks are on my bucket list.) But Jackie was asking when I was returning home, and the temps in Texarkana were over 95. Memphis had been almost as warm, so I decided to start the return leg. Via I-40, I-55, I-57 and I-70, I headed northeast into Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, then Ohio. Both Indianapolis and Columbus OH were congested; the latter due to the evening rush.

After having dinner outside of Columbus (where I planned to spend the night), I noticed that the back of the R12R was saturated in oil. Gear oil. You all know the rest of the story. Dumb luck had placed me almost adjacent to Motohio, a BMW dealer. I spent two nights in a mediocre motel near the dealer. But by Friday afternoon, thanks to Motohio, I was on I-70 again with a new final drive. Arrived home on Friday evening, Day 10.

About 2700 miles for the trip. Happy to have done the battlefields, the Cherohala, and (less so) Memphis. Unhappy that my FD blew up. Very happy that it blew up next to a BMW dealer.

The Ozarks remain unfulfilled.

## **It's a long ride to Cape North.. or how I spent my fall vacation – Sept 2<sup>nd</sup> -14<sup>th</sup>**

*Don Eilenberger*

This trip started with me thinking about going to the MOA rally in Oregon. I had decided I wasn't getting any younger (despite what I might be thinking), and it was time for a "long ride". Oregon wasn't to be. The timing was wrong for me, and facing the idea of endless highways in high heat just wasn't that appealing. If I had a month



to do the trip – where I could stay on mostly backroads, it might have happened, but I didn't – so it didn't.

So – where to go? September has always been one of my favorite times to ride. Early September especially, since the kids are back in school, the interesting roads and places uncrowded, and the weather is usually good. I've been visiting Canada in September for about 42 years now on and off – usually by car, but lately by bike. This was to be a bike trip.

In 2010 John Malaska and I did a Nova Scotia trip, that went to NS, then back south to the RA Rally in Bennington VT. It had been a very enjoyable trip, so I decided to do it again. The lure of great seafood and very friendly people was drawing me back.

For those who don't know – there used to be a ferry that made Nova Scotia a not too long trip from most of the Northeast US. The ferry left from Bar Harbor, or Portland ME, and landed in Yarmouth Nova Scotia. The ferry was a high speed catamaran that could make the trip in about 5 hours. This ferry's last year was in 2009 – the cost to run it was too high, and the Canadian government decided that subsidizing it was

no longer feasible. The loss of this ferry had a very bad effect on tourism in Nova Scotia. Tourism is Nova Scotia's biggest industry, bringing badly needed money into a region that has very little else to support it. Fishing and mining were the staple industries in NS, but in recent years the wholesale price of seafood has plummeted, and mining was no longer an economic reality. The result was – Nova Scotia fell on hard times, and in response – the people became even more welcoming of anyone who took the effort to visit them. No problem finding lodging, no traffic or land-yachts clogging the roads and never a wait for a great seafood lunch or dinner.

Their hard-times became our good-times.

As the crow flies – Nova Scotia isn't that far from NJ – but bikes aren't crows, and given my preference for backroads whenever possible Nova Scotia ends up being about 950 miles from my front door. For Iron-Butt riders this is a simple day's ride. For someone who likes backroads – it makes for a comfortable 3 day ride. My intent was a ride that was both enjoyable and not a chore. Backroads are the way to achieve this.

I had publicized the ride with the NJ Shore club

– and had a few responses, and a few “maybe”. I then extended an invitation to the New Sweden club (where I’m also a member), and got more interest (this seems to be trend to me.) Herb Konrad – of both NJS and New Sweden wanted to come, and a couple also wanted to come along from New Sweden. Bill Dudley was a “maybe” who became a “sure”. That resulted in 5 bikes leaving at 9AM from my house on Labor Day.

The ride north through NJ had one goal in mind – get out of NJ. We did that expeditiously by heading north on the Garden State until we were out of NJ. We then got on the NY Thruway for a short distance, and cut across at Newburgh NY to the Taconic Parkway. The Taconic was as usual – enjoyable, and surprisingly free of deer and LEOs. Herb brought up the rear of the group since he and I could communicate via my Schuberth-SRC and his Cardo G4. After doing the length of the Taconic from I84, we cut over to NY-22, a sometimes great back road. 22 was half a great road. About ½ of the distance was crappy frost-heaved pavement, the final half had been repaved sometime in living history and was quite enjoyable. NY-22 leads you to NY-7, where you can head east and end up going through Bennington, VT – getting on VT-Rt 9.

Route-9 through Vermont is a great back road – going through small towns, up over mountains, twisting around as it heads east.. eventually to Brattleboro VT where we spent our first night. I’d scouted motels using various Internet websites – and it seemed the “Quality Inn” in Brattleboro offered a lot for a little. A double/double (2 double beds) was less than \$70. And according to the websites the motel offered an on-site bar and restaurant.

Turns out the “Quality” wasn’t all that great at the Quality Inn – the rooms were just OK, beds OK. Had a Chinese/Japanese restaurant, and the bartender took Labor Day seriously, so the bar wasn’t open. We dined there anyway – no one got sick that I knew of. Eventually Herb and I grilled the kid at the front desk and found there was another bar down the street. This one was located in a derelict motels (Rooms \$29/night) parking lot – inside a thriving Polynesian restaurant – that was packed, unlike the one we’d eaten at – alone. Go figure.

After hiking back to our motel, it was an early lights out. About 350 miles for day 1.

The next morning – we were up at the crack of dawn – having breakfast at 8AM at the motel’s free “continental breakfast bar” - which was some stale bagels, a bit of cereal, warmed over plastic eggs and bacon and most importantly – coffee. We were on the bikes at 9AM and on the road again heading east.

We wandered through New Hampshire and eventually ended up on I-95 in Maine. As much as I like backroads – Highway-1 through Maine is a series of parking lots interrupted by antiques stores, seafood restaurants, and shopping malls. I-95 became our route – ending up in Bangor for the night. This time we went for a “Comfort Inn” which actually was quite comfortable, had a nice restaurant in their parking lot and made for a good stay. During dinner – the couple from New Sweden started talking about heading out early (apparently 8AM breakfasts were too late for them) and visiting some B&B’s. I explained that while a B&B might be a nice romantic destination for a couple – for 3 guys who aren’t couples, they really aren’t ideal.

That was the last we saw of the couple. When we got up in the morning their bikes were gone and so were they. Aside from one cryptic email we received from them, that’s the last we heard from them. They might have been abducted by aliens in a flying saucer for all we could tell. This wasn’t actually a “bad thing” since trying to keep 5 bikes together over some distance, and finding accommodations for 5 riders is about 4x harder than keeping 3 riders together and housed. I don’t understand the math – but 4x is not an unrealistic number. Days mileage – a bit over 350 miles.

So three riders on their BMWs headed off into the wilderness of Maine – heading to crossing from Calais Maine Rt 9 into St. Steven, New Brunswick, Canada on our third day. We were lucky enough to get behind a local in a pickup truck on Maine Rt 9. He knew everywhere where you might have to slow down a bit, and everywhere where you could go rapidly, it was great following him. I was sorry when he turned off about 20 miles from the border.

The crossing into Canada was quick and pain-

less. "Where are you going?" "For how long?" "Have a great ride!" - and we headed east into New Brunswick on Canada TC-1. Canada-TC-1 is part of the Trans-Canadian Highway system. Much of the western end of the route is newly constructed, with wonderful pavement, and moose-fencing all along the road. The moose fencing is interesting - there are periodic one-way gates through the fencing so any moose that somehow got on the road can get through the fence toward the forest, but can't get back on. The fencing leads to tunnel like under-passes just for the moose so they aren't tempted to try to jump the fence to get to the other side of the road. TC-1 at times turns back into a two lane road, and other times a four-lane undivided road.

There was no traffic to speak of and the speed limit was mostly 100kmh. Canadians generally don't seem to speed a lot - most of the traffic moved along at around +10kmh of the speed limit, meaning about 70MPH in US speeds. In some areas the speed limit went to 110kmh - and our speed went up to around 75MPH. This was fine since Bill was riding his 35 year old R90S, and his mileage (gas and oil) started dropping rapidly at higher speeds.



**Amber - 2010**

We stopped in St. John for lunch. I'll admit to an ulterior motive for the stop. When John Malaska and I had taken the trip last time, we had lunch in St. John at a very nice outdoor restaurant right on the waterfront, and were served by a lovely and charming, and very funny waitress named Amber. I was looking to repeat the experience. I found the restaurant, we took a seat

"anywhere" - and a friendly and lovely redhead came up to wait on us. I asked her if Amber still worked there - and she said "I'm Amber!" Last time we'd seen her she was a blonde. She remained as lovely and funny as 2010.



**Amber - 2013**

Our lunch was the first of what would become many memorable "Seafood Chowder" lunches.

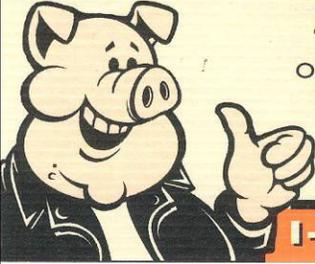


**Seafood Chowder #1 - half eaten**

The chowder was great, got to take another photo of Amber, and we were on our way to Moncton NB for the night. Moncton is a great place to stop if you stay near the waterfront. The outskirts can't be told from our strip-malls and WallyMarts, but the older waterfront area is both scenic and safe to wander around in. Herb and I had seafood at a local restaurant which was great (Bill had filled up on the free-pizza party the hotel had) we ended up with a 3 room suite at the hotel and were living large. Next morning - breakfast at 8AM, on the road by 9AM, and off into Nova Scotia.

*To be continued.. Watch this space for the second installment..*

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## Big Rumble Challenge October 13th

RDS

Mark your calendars! The contest is official. It's the annual gathering of New Jersey's BMW riders and the time to show your support for Shore Riders. We have never lost this challenge over the years (we do the counting).

It's also a time to renew friendships and make new friendships among the BMW riders of New Jersey.

So no excuses, reserve Sunday October 13th, 11am to 3pm. It promises to be an exciting day. And there will be food. It's at Pohatcong Park on route 519 just south of route 78, easy to find and nice country. Some call route 519 the best motorcycle road in the state.

## Finger Lakes Rally 2013

*Dan Thompson*

After lamenting canceling my plans for a ride through Nova Scotia with what turns out to be the Chowderheads, I decided to make plans to head for the Finger Lakes for the infamous Finger Lakes Rally in its 39th iteration. A stall-worthy member of the Finger Lakes BMW Club had been extolling the virtues of this rally for years, so what the hell. My only issue was to ride alone or invite someone along. Colin ( the son) jumped at the idea especially after I mentioned he could ride the RT, I figured , what could go wrong?

Roger T. had graciously contacted Brian of the Connecticut River Valley Club(CVRC) to see if they had bunk space for a couple of wayward New Jersey Shore Riders who wanted to be

spared from experiencing tent camping. He arranged safe passage through their cabin portal. Colin came home from school on Thursday evening, we packed the RT and GT, check the tires and decided on the route to be taken to Watkins Glen.

On Friday Morning with our bikes packed and ready to roll, we don our gear and I decided to make a slow start by going through the neighborhood, not that I was concerned with anything going wrong. As we pull up to the last stop sign on the block, I turn to Colin and ask if he was ready to go. He stated with an air of confidence, that he was. I pulled out shifted up two gears and glanced into my mirror expecting to see the glare of my RT's Pia driving lights. I see nothing and swing back around to where I had left Colin.

At the stop sign I found Colin standing next to the RT that was belly up resting on the right side case. I calmly ask, and that's the story I'm sticking to, what had happened? Colin looking a little uneasy explained what occurs when you have the handlebars turned and you stall on a slight uphill grade with a sharp crown dusted with gravel. I ask if he is OK, he says yes, I know he is more shaken and annoyed with himself, then injured physically. I believe he is concerned about the RT's owner and his reaction. We upright the bike and reattach the right mirror, survey the cosmetic damage, and see if we are mechanically sound. I take the machine around the block to ensure all is OK, and we head back to the house. I suggested checking the lights and tire pressure, more to have Colin calm down and reorganize his composure. Nerves settled, again we depart, of course taking a different route out of Oakhurst.

Our journey up to Watkins Glen consisted of a mix of highway and secondary roads with a pass-by of the 3 Club Rumble site. We negotiated our way to Scranton Pa. and a stop for lunch. Colin had regained his confidence and I chalked up to mornings events as a lesson learned. Route Six allowed us to ride some curves and skirt Binghamton, taking this to NY 14 and into Watkins Glens. As we arrived at The Hidden Valley campsite I could see Colin smile

through his visor, I felt that paternal pride that comes with your offspring's triumphs in life. Registration was painless, mostly cause Son number one pulled out cash to pay his share.



Roger T. welcomed and lead us to our digs for the rally. Introductions were made and we settled in, unpacked and began to make some new friends with the CVRC riders. As is true with our club, the mix of personalities in the CVR club made for an enjoyable weekend. This group welcomed us in and made us feel part of the group, We will enjoy seeing them in the future.



**Curtiss Museum**

The rally was well organized. There was plenty of food available, entertainment, and even a few vendors. If you weren't interested in riding the roads around the Finger Lakes, contentment could be found within the rally's borders. We decided to venture out to visit the Glen Curtiss Museum in Hammondsport which was thoroughly

enjoyable. A true visionary with a passion for cycling, motorbikes and flying, we spent hours going through all the exhibits.

Besides running into some New Sweden Riders, Herb Dyer and Wayne Reiss, one of the other highlights on the rally came on Saturday evening. This being awards night, there were murmurs I may know one of the award recipients. It turns out I had brought with me the youngest BMW rider. Colin sheepishly accepted the award. They never said it had to be his BMW, although Colin, for some strange reason, thinks it is his BMW.

On Monday we awake to thunderstorms that were mighty enough to bring down some trees. Fortunately, no tent campers or motorcycles were injured. Even though phone service was spotty, we were able to get a radar image and found a break in the lines of clouds to plan our departure. We started on highway, switched over to some back roads through NY in to Pa. Route 3023 was the best road we hit. There was rain in Scranton, that followed us to Easton, then a swift and dry ride back to home.

All in all, a fun rally made more enjoyable by sharing it with my son.

## **FluffButt-II: Remember?**

*Bill Dudley*

Now that I'm back from Canada, time to renew my assault on the FluffyButt Two challenge. I had yet to visit the Battleship New Jersey, and it's worth big points, so off I went.

After "the season" ends the Battleship curtails their hours, so best to get there well before the close at 3PM. I went on a weekday with my friend Zhao Xiu Lan. As we're both seniors, the admission was "only" \$17.00 each. The nice young man behind the counter asked us if we wanted the audio players, but since they don't have Mandarin as an option, we passed. Zhao's English skills are still, um, limited.

The parking garage is right across from the big Aquarium, but that means it's a long walk to the Battleship. There were some indications that

there might be a shuttle bus to and from the parking, but I think that only runs during "the season". Parking was a spendy \$8 to park our motorcycle. They should pay us to visit Camden!

Having recently toured the Battleship Iowa, which is moored in Long Beach Harbor, I was surprised at the differences in the tour experiences between the two ships.

The New Jersey tour was the more interesting, in that there were more docent's scattered around the ship, who gave little lectures about their little piece of the ship. There was one in the missile control room, one in the "new" Admiral's Quarters, plus a few others.

The focus on the Iowa seemed to be the "big" guns, with signs for special places to photograph them, but on the New Jersey the big guns were not featured at all.

One surprise was the condition of the teak wood deck on the New Jersey -- it was rotting away in places, and in other places had been restored to "like new" condition. I hadn't seen as much decay on the Iowa. I shouldn't be surprised, really, the New Jersey is over 70 years old.

The Iowa had a large, thriving "gift shop" that you are funneled through at the end of the tour. The New Jersey tour brought you through the kitchen/mess area, with it's closed-for-the-season snack bar, and then the gift shop was a locked, dark room off a hallway that the tour passed. I guess a weekday off season doesn't get enough traffic to make it worth opening the gift shop.

All in all, an interesting but somewhat expensive way to spend a few hours. We were probably there two hours, just sauntering around the ship ("follow the red line") looking at stuff. I think I prefer the New Jersey tour to the Iowa tour, as the New Jersey seems to have more going on, even "off season".

On the way home, I detoured us by "Jersey Joe Walcott's" grave. Not too hard to find, though the tree behind the grave in the picture you'll find on the internet has grown a lot since that picture was taken, so you're not looking for a little sapling anymore.

Is anybody else doing the FluffyButt 2 challenge anymore? I know Don has just put himself out of the running due to his recent off road adventure. Anybody else?

## **Annual Picnic – September 28<sup>th</sup>**

*Don*

Was held at "Pat's 30 Acres". About 30 members and significant others were in attendance. Pat's has a great location, and great facilities – if we had 100 people attending. As it was – we were sort of rattling around the picnic area.

Dr. Jerry treated people to the sight of his MG-TD bouncing around the grass with doors flying open threatening to spill RDS on the grass.



*Wives bragging about husbands riding skills..*

## **2013 Event Schedule**

Please email the editor with additions/corrections.

### **October**

**2<sup>nd</sup> - Moribundi Lunch.** Old and tasty. Location TBA.

**4<sup>th</sup> -6<sup>th</sup> - Oktoberfest/Bavarian Weekend.**

**9<sup>th</sup> – 8PM – Schneider's/Avon**

**13<sup>th</sup> – RUMBLE – see article!**

### **November**

**1<sup>st</sup> – Dues are DUE!**

**6<sup>th</sup> - Moribundi Lunch.** Old and wrinkly. Location TBA.

**13<sup>th</sup> - Regular Meeting,** Schneider's/Avon

### **December**

**4<sup>th</sup> - Moribundi Lunch.** Old and cold. Location TBA.

**7<sup>th</sup> – Annual Holiday Party – Rod's, Sea Girt**

**11<sup>th</sup> - Regular Meeting,** Schneider's/Avon

**22<sup>nd</sup> - Annual Toy Run,** Children's Hospital, Toms River

# New Jersey Shore BMW Riders Inc.

## Membership/Renewal Application – 2014

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Significant Others Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Cell Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

**BMW-MOA Member?** Yes [  ] No [  ]

If yes - membership number: \_\_\_\_\_

**BMW-RA Member?** Yes [  ] No [  ]

If yes - membership number: \_\_\_\_\_

Don E runs a private mailing list – only open to paid club members – on Yahoo. It is used to arrange spontaneous and planned rides, announce club events, remind you of meetings and any other club functions. The list is not used for idle chat, and you can select to receive no email from the list with the exception of administrative email (which is infrequent). You can also select to get the email as single messages (recommended since the volume of mail is very low) or in a daily digest. In order to be a member of this list you must REQUEST to be on it – and have a good Email address.

I would like to be on the Yahoo email list: Yes [  ] No [  ]

**EMAIL address for the Yahoo list (only if different from above):**

EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

I'm interested in: Overnight Rally's [  ] Longer Distance Touring [  ] Tech Sessions [  ] Day Rides [  ]

Other \_\_\_\_\_  
(Select as many as you want)

By signing this application, you accept full responsibility for any injuries you or any guests may incur during a NJS-BMW-Riders Inc. club activity. You accept that motorcycling is inherently dangerous, and that the club officers and members are not expected to accept any liability for injuries suffered by you or any guest you invite to an activity!

I've read the above paragraph and agree to hold harmless all members and officers of NJS-BMW-Riders Yes [  ] No [  ]

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

Please forward this application **with** a check for **\$20** made out to NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc. or bring it to a meeting.

**SEND TO:** John Malaska  
18 William Lane  
Ocean Twsp, NJ 07712

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**DUES are DUE! November 1<sup>st</sup>!**

## Motorcycle Insurance from a fellow rider and club member



**Greg Wright**

[greg@johnbwright.com](mailto:greg@johnbwright.com)

[www.johnbwright.com](http://www.johnbwright.com)

**800-224-6693**

Contact Greg Wright for all your motorcycle and other insurance needs. Greg is a club member, fellow rider, and club supporter.

The Wright Agency can provide at least 3 competitive quotes while making sure you're protected!

More than just buying insurance:

- Face to face personal attention.
- Quick, fair claims processing.
- We're there when you need us.

When it comes to insurance, our philosophy is simple – the broadest coverage at the best price, fast claims response and the advantage of a local agent.

See the difference personal services makes!

**Meeting – Weds – October 9<sup>th</sup> (Eat 6-7:30PM, meeting 7:30PM)  
Schneider's German-American Restaurant  
Rt 71-Main St, Avon NJ**

**NJS-BMW-Riders Inc.**  
John Malaska, Secty.  
18 William Lane  
wayside, NJ 07712-3728