

September 2020

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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dowski, Trustee; Bill Dudley, Trustee; Dave Rosen,

Trustee; Dan Thompson, Trustee; Joe Karol, Trustee.



Meeting?

Once again, you tell us..

The current Covid19 rules in NJ now allow indoor dining. There are rules about capacity and social distancing. We could probably get by the capacity rules at Our House, I'm not certain about the social distancing.

Last time I asked the officers – and received a lukewarm response. This time I'm skipping the officers and seeing what the membership thinks.

So – let us know. Are you interested? It would be our regular meeting night/time, we will be observing social distancing and masks when not eating.

If not – I guess we can plan our first meeting perhaps for sometime after a vaccine is found and produced maybe in 2021?.

Let us know via the email list..

Don (in Trustee role..)

President's Message

Email: edgerber1@verizon.net

This August I was on the bike only a handful of times and really don't have much to say. So I thought I'd devote this column to quoting other riders...

There's something about going riding with your friends - a feeling of freedom, a feeling of joy - that really can't be put into words. It can only be fully shared by someone who's done it. -Bruce Brown, *From On Any Sunday*.

Four wheels moves the body; two wheels move the soul. -Anonymous-

"Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma – which is living with the results of other people's thinking." - *Steve Jobs*

"If you set your goals ridiculously high and it's a failure, you will fail above everyone else's success." - *James Cameron*

"It is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see the light." - *Aristotle*

"Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail." - *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"In the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years." - *Abraham Lincoln*

"Many of life's failures are people who did not realize how close they were to success when they gave up." - *Thomas A. Edison*

"Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood." - *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"The only impossible journey is the one you never begin." - *Tony Robbins*

"You only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough." - *Mae West*

"May you live all the days of your life." - *Jonathan Swift*

"The way to get started is to quit talking and begin doing." - *Walt Disney*

Every time I start thinking the world is all bad, then I see people having a good time riding motorcycles and it makes me take another look.
-Steve McQueen-

When my mood gets too hot and I find myself wandering beyond control, I pull out my motor bike and hurl it top-speed through these unfit roads for hour after hour. My nerves are jaded and gone near dead, so that nothing less than hours of voluntary danger will prick them into life....-T. E. Lawrence-

Be careful going in search of adventure - it is ridiculously easy to find. -William Least Heat Moon-

We want to make good time, but for us now this is measured with emphasis on "good", rather than "time", and when you make that shift in emphasis the whole approach changes. -Robert Pirsig-

A wise man said that the only way to prevent a British motorcycle from leaking is not to put oil into it.-Tom Cotter-

I rode BSA motorcycle all through the Sixties, when they were the hot item- and regular maintenance meant getting out the tool kit (large) and going over all the many nuts, bolts, and screws once a week, every day if I was traveling. -Clement Salvadori-

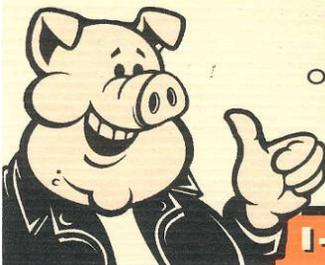
They say your never want a bike built on Friday. I think this engine was built around ten minutes before closing on a Friday. -The New Owner of a Forty-Year- Old 650 BSA-

What do a golden retriever and a BSA have in common?

They both spend a lot of time on the back of pickup trucks.
-old joke-

Ride Safe, Ed

SERVING THE MOTORCYCLE COMMUNITY SINCE 1977



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Schedule of Events – 2020

Due to the Covid-19 Virus and the limitations on any gatherings that has resulted – chances are a lot of these events won't be happening. We can hope that June July August Fall brings a lessening of the danger of the virus – but there is no guarantee.

Keep track of announcements on the club email list to find out what's actually happening in 2020.

- **September 2** Moribundi Lunch at 12:30PM, loc. Woody's Farmindale
- **September 9** club meeting at 6PM to eat, 7:30 meeting, loc. Our House Tavern, 420 Adelpia Road, Farmingdale ????
- **September 18th-20th.** Oktoberfest – waiting to judge interest in people going. Crystal Brook Resort, Round Top NY
- **October 7** Moribundi Lunch at 12:30PM, loc. TBD
- **October 14** club meeting at 6PM to eat, 7:30 meeting, loc. Our House Tavern, 420 Adelpia Road, Farmingdale ????
- **October 17** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. The Turning Point, 2150 NJ-35 #3, Sea Girt
- **October 24** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. Toast Asbury Park, 516 Cookman Ave, Asbury Park
- **October 31** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. Allenwood General Store, 3208 Allenwood Lakewood Rd, Allenwood
- **November 4** Moribundi Lunch at 12:30PM, loc. TBD
- **November 7** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. Corner Post Diner, 2791 Hooper Ave, Brick Township
- **November 11** club meeting at 6PM to eat, 7:30 meeting, loc. Our House Tavern, 420 Adelpia Road, Farmingdale

- **November 14** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. John's Cracker Barrel, 1 S Riverside Dr, Neptune
- **November 21** club breakfast at 9:45AM, loc. Allenwood General Store, 3208 Allenwood Lakewood Rd, Allenwood
- **November 28** club breakfast at approximately 9:45AM, loc. TBD
- **December 2** Moribundi Lunch at 12:30PM, loc. TBD
- **December 5** club breakfast at approximately 9:45AM, loc. TBD
- **December 9** club meeting at 6PM to eat, 7:30 meeting, loc. Our House Tavern, 420 Adelphia Road, Farmingdale

Note on the Club Calendar – obviously all items listed on the calendar are subject to change thanks to Covad-19. We can only hope a working vaccine is found before we draw up next years calendars.

Minutes of the NJ Shore BMW Riders Meeting, August 12th

Jim Thomasey, Secretary

Here is an abbreviated synopsis of the Wednesday, August 12 ZOOM meeting.

The monthly meeting was again held online as everyone stays socially distanced. The meeting was attended by 10 members who shared stories of the few group rides and some individual ones.

The treasury holds a bit under \$1600 and our membership shows 64 paid members. Roger mentioned that most, if not all, of the local and national MOA events have been canceled or postponed.

The 3 Club Rumble which we would have been hosting this year, is also in limbo.

Final Ice Cream Ride of 2020

Ben P

Will be on 3rd Wednesday of the month, September 16, but time will be moved up to 6 pm as sunset will be at 7:06 pm. The Ice Cream Parlor is – Sundae Times,

<http://www.sundaetimes.com/>

17 Atlantic Ave, Spring Lake, NJ 07762

The Moto Cheapskate: IXS Motorcycle Gear at Low Prices

Ben P

Anyone looking for some deeply discounted Swiss-designed motorcycle gear should have a look at the offerings from IXS at Iron Pony and Motostealz.com. I did see some Goretex gloves and pants. Their summer mesh jackets are as low as \$33, leather jacket as low as \$58, Goretex jacket at \$169, and more. I think those 2 sites are owned by the same company.

I have a couple of their items, winter gloves and a pair of pants. They're well made. Quality is as good as Alpinestars and maybe approaches Rev'it.

They had a display at the MOA National Rally in Hamburg, NY a couple of years ago. It seems like their gear is more Euro-centric in sizing and weather capabilities (example, mesh jackets with a high collar or textile jackets with less vents) but the prices undercut the budget brands like Bilt and Speed & Strength. Do double check on their sizing.

Two BMW Motorrad Recalls

Editor

NHTSA Recall ID Number : 20V476
 Manufacturer : BMW of North America, LLC
Subject : Front Brake Calipers May Leak /FMVSS 122

Make	Model	Years
BMW	R1250GS	2019-2020
BMW	R1250GS ADVENTURE	2019-2020
BMW	R1250RT	2019-2020
BMW	S1000RR	2020
BMW	S1000XR	2020

NHTSA Recall ID Number : 20V471
 Manufacturer : BMW of North America, LLC
Subject : Fuel Pump Flange may Leak

Make	Model	Years
BMW	HP2 ENDURO	2006
BMW	HP2 MEGA MOTO US	2009
BMW	HP2 MEGAMOTO	2007-2009
BMW	HP2 SPORT	2007-2010
BMW	K 1300GT	2009-2011
BMW	K 1300S	2009-2011

BMW K 1600GT	2012
BMW K 1600GTL	2012
BMW K1200GT	2005-2008
BMW K1200R	2005-2008
BMW K1200R SPORT	2005-2008
BMW K1200S	2005-2008
BMW R 1200GS ADVENTURE	2005
BMW R 1200R	2009-2010
BMW R1200GS	2005-2011
BMW R1200GS ADVENTURE	2006-2011
BMW R1200HP2	2006-2008
BMW R1200R	2006-2008, 2011
BMW R1200RT	2005-2011
BMW R1200S	2006-2008
BMW R1200ST	2005-2008
BMW S1000RR	2010-2011

You can expect to be notified via mail by BMW if your bike is in the BMW system. If you bought it second-hand and didn't send in the change of ownership form – chances are it's not in the BMW national system as belonging to you, so you'll receive no notice. In that case I'd suggest contacting the dealer you use for service.

Chances are excellent that it may take months and months to get the parts in stock to repair all the bikes in these two recalls. The second recall covers about every R bike and most of the K bikes BMW made from 2006-2011.

Requiem For A Tent...

Jack Riepe

Special to NJSBMW

The circumstances that brought me to New York City's Canal Street during the last week of summer, effectively ending my sophomore year in high school (1969), escape me. I can generally remember the oddest things in great detail — especially if they involved a woman — but why I happened to be on one of the grungiest streets in New York, mobbed by crowds sweltering in the summer heat, on this particular day has been erased forever.

A year later, I would be driving and the drinking age in the city would drop to eighteen. A common activity of my peer group was to tie on a shit-house drinking Harvey Wallbangers and Singapore Slings in trendy Bleecker Street saloons, then go for breakfast in Chinatown, on Mott Street, just off Canal... But this story starts dur-

ing one of the few times I saw Canal Street in daylight.

Just south of Chinatown and a block or two north of the circle leading out of the Holland Tunnel, Canal Street is lined by nondescript storefronts bearing names like the Woo Hing Trading Company, or the Hong Kong Mercantile. They sell everything in huge piles on tables outside. Within 300 feet you will find, gloves, hats, plumbing fixtures, electrical stuff, construction material, wallets, knives, toys, eating utensils and whatever the hell they could get a good deal on that week.

There was always somebody watching the tables, but they never seemed to watch the merchandise, only for the possibility of making a fast sale. These folks specialized in gratifying the impulse buy.

I came across a table of two-man canvas tents, priced at \$18. There was a picture of the tent set up, next to a stream, with a guide and an angler. Upon closer inspection, the guide and the fisherman were both Asian, but dressed like Elmer Fudd. The tent's dimensions were generous for a shelter this size, and included two guys on the sides, which gave added space to the interior. The door featured a three-way zipper and no-see-um screening, in addition to solid flaps.

I liked to go camping and bought it on impulse. The wizen Mandarin watch-vulture open the box to show me the tent stakes and the guys, before converting my twenty into two single dollars.

Tents came in two varieties in 1969: Coleman canvas stadium covers, and the first of the nylon breath catchers. Eureka had some specialty tents, but the game-changing "Timberline" was still a few years into the future. I'd had good luck spending weeks under canvas in all kinds of rain. My delight was complete when I set the tent up in the yard. It's fit and finish went way beyond \$18. In the years ahead, it never leaked nor tore. The zippers always worked as did the no-see-um screening. The heavy vinyl-like floor was double-sealed to the canvas.

This tent had its drawbacks. Folded and stowed, it was 22-inches long, made a roll about about 4.5 inches in diameter, and probably weighed eight pounds. This was challenge to strap to the backpacks of the day. It didn't work on a bicycle. It did work in my Volkswagen Beetle, and later, in

a canoe. It came into its own on my 1975 Kawasaki H2. Little did I know that day on Canal Street, this tent would be the accommodation of my deflowering.

The details of this event are the core chapters of my book: *Conversations With A Motorcycle*.

I used that tent for the next 9 years and it never let me down, though the vinyl floor was getting brittle. The last time the tent was pitched, the floor cracked into a little "L" shaped slit. I ignored this until it was discovered by a troop of ants. That night's patch was the sticky end of six Band-Aids

On one of the occasions when my girlfriend left me alone (for sins real or imagined), I got antsy and sought the kind of trouble that finds me all the time. This trouble was a friend of somebody I knew and I met her at the kind of party where somebody you know always introduces you to somebody like this. (This is how it will read on my indictment when I am assigned a spot in relationship hell.)

She was as thin as leek soup with languid eyes that appeared to make up 46 percent of her face. On this night, languid was my favorite color. She had brunette hair that was neither jet black nor burnt sienna. It was a non-committal shade of brunette that exactly matched the depth of my passion. She was dressed down in jeans and looked like an English bicycle wearing a t-shirt. Her breasts barely made a dent in the shirt, but she apparently had prehensile nipples. This is the sort of look that stops me dead in my tracks.

"You're the writer," she said.

I was 24 and had been paid for a few things I wrote. Technically, I was a writer and authorized to capitalize on this filmy literary cred.

"Yes," I said, attempting to adapt that faraway look that writers use to great advantage.

"Got pot? Writers are supposed to have great weed."

This was one of the rare times I did, thought it wasn't mine. My pal Cretin had left this great little fat bag of it at my house. That was three days earlier. Maybe he'd forgotten about it. I'd forgotten to call him every time I rolled one.

We went back to my place and she killed half a bottle of Irish whiskey and smoked her way through a quarter of that little bag. She had just removed the t-shirt at the point where she'd passed out on the sofa for the night. I covered her with a blanket and went into my room to sleep. In total darkness, I saw the little orange light on my answering machine blinking. Tomorrow, I thought.

Do you ever wonder why criminals are always executed at dawn? The sun was barely up when I shoved my hangover aside and played the message. It was Cretin. He figured out where he'd left the pot and would be here first thing. A) that bag was a lot lighter than it was when he'd left it; B) I barely had \$150 bucks to my name. It was time to vacate the premises.

My "Fast Departure Camping Gear" basket made loading the bike a cinch. I'd be out the door in 15 minutes. The girl was a complication.

"Do you know where my shirt is?" she asked.

"You took it off in the kitchen," I remembered.

Her shirt was in the refrigerator... Next to the whiskey.

This caught both of us for a moment.

"Are you going someplace?" she asked.

"Camping... Right now... Before all the good spots are gone."

"Can I come? I don't have anyplace to stay until Monday."

"Sure," I said. "But we gotta go now."

"But I don't have any stuff."

"Fuck it. We'll find you some."

"Will you bring the pot?"

"Count on it," I replied.

The possibility exists that I did not load the bike with my usual diligence, because when we stopped for gas about an hour later, the tent was no longer strapped to the sissy bar. Something

had loosened and the tent was gone.

I was headed for public land just north of South Fallsburg, in the old Borscht Belt of the Sullivan County Catskills. Since the Borscht had dried up, South Fallsburg had taken on the atmosphere of an East German resort.

Somewhere, in one of the towns where we stopped for breakfast, I bought a painter's tarp and some twine. I picked up groceries and an extra toothbrush. She came out of a place with two extra t-shirts and industrial panties.

Did you ever see any of those survival shows where a snug shelter is constructed in about 15 minutes? It took me two hours to get the tarp hung between two trees and two cut uprights. It still sagged and looked like shit. I spread another tarp on the ground and laid out the sleeping bag on the bottom, and a blanket on top.

"That's it?" she asked.

"We can see the moon through the clear plastic tarp and still feel the warmth from the fire."

She liked whiskey and she liked pot. And she pretended to like me because I had both, and metered them out like we were in a lifeboat. The fire had burned down to a subdued orange glow, and she shed the t-shirt right on cue.

It started raining ten minutes later. The tarp collected the cold rainwater before dumping it on the ground, adjacent to where we were stretched out. In ten minutes, it was too damp to light a match. There was a dry spot under the center of the tarp and I moved her into it. I would see about a motel in the morning. And so ended my first night of passion on the lam.

In those days, a motel could run as high as \$65 bucks and as low as \$30, depending on the neighborhood. I found a place that featured 5 little cabins, each named after a major Union defeat in the Civil War. For \$55 bucks, all our home for the next 24 hours needed was police crime scene tape to complete its charm.

The interior was modeled after the great depression. I could see Herbert Hoover's reflection in the bathroom mirror. The problem began when she wanted to take a shower, prior to walking around naked. This plan seemed perfect to me,

until she found three huge spiders in the tub. Her screams could be heard 40 miles away. The desk clerk came. I told him we were re-enacting the battle of Chickamauga. He approved.

She was convinced these were the vanguard of a vast spider army and insisted I spend the night sitting in a chair, with a boot in hand, ready to quash them. I finished the whiskey while she slept. She was really something without that shirt.

*This story was condensed from my third and upcoming book: **The Motorcycle Rider's Diet**. It was made available to the newsletter for the New Jersey Shore BMW Riders through the generosity of my three sponsors: **BestRest Products, Diamond Gusset® and Defender Jeans®; and the Kermit Chair Company**. Buy their products with impunity.*

First Rides – a continuing series:

My first introduction to a combustion engine driven two-wheeled vehicle was at about 11 years of age, when I was given my turn to ride a friend's mini-bike. Of course, my friend only showed me how to apply the throttle and neglected to bring up braking. Putting my feet down to stop did not prevent me from running into a fence.

I took up riding at the ripe age of 30. I signed up for a rider course at Coopers Motorcycle in Robbinsville NJ. I practiced so much going around in tight little circles, in their little enclosed dirt lot, that I probably could have joined a circus.

I purchased my first motorcycle from Coopers, a new 1994 Nighthawk CB 750. I still have the receipt, \$2,700 out the door. That bike was my one and only until I purchased my R1200RT in 2018.

Regards,

Rick Shapiro

How I Got Into Motorcycling

Ben P

...I was waxing my car in the garage when my wife comes in and tells me about an upcoming MSF course at Lakehurst. Perplexed, I asked her what that info had to do with me. She asked "don't you want to have a motorcycle license?" It seemed like a chicken or the egg style conundrum. Don't I need to have a motorcycle first to get a license or is it the other way around? How do I get a license when I have no idea how to ride a bike? She explained the process. I get to learn motorcycle basics on their bikes. I never really considered riding motorcycles so this was all new to me. Ah, what the heck. I signed up for their basic course, got my certificate and passed the DMV test.

Now that I have an M on my license, my misgivings about the whole affair were starting to play out. What good is this if I don't have a bike to ride? A couple of months later, I hear a rumble on my driveway. It's my wife's ex on his big, magnificent Honda Valkyrie. Turns out my wife offered him my detailing services. In exchange, he'll let me ride the Valkyrie and learn on it. I just knew it was a bad idea. He was just nonchalant about it, threw me the keys and said that he bought it from a guy who got scared straight after a low speed accident. There are dents on the tank and a bent engine guard. I get a free pass if I drop his bike. It was still a daunting undertaking. That's a lot of bike to fall on me.

I learned to eventually ride, kinda, but got better when I bought a Harley Superglide. The Harley was much lighter and easier to ride. I gained my confidence and tried the Valkyrie again. Now I get it.

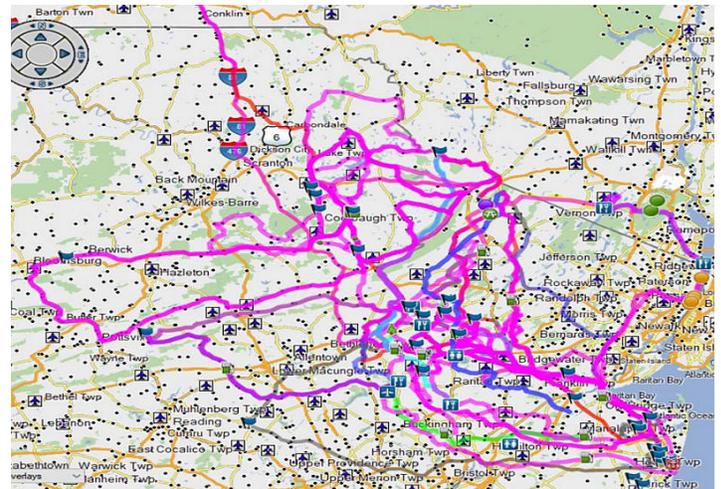
...I was waxing the Harley in the garage when my wife barges in and yells "when are you gonna get rid of that pile of shit? Go get a real bike! Get a BMW!" Sometimes we just have to listen to what the wife has to say and comply. You guys know the rest of the story.

I'm hoping to hear from more of you.. Please submit what got you into motorcycling to the Editor@njsbmwr.org

Thanks!

Long-distance rides are over for now

Roger T



Over the past several years I've done at least three long distance rides per year... to MOA National Rallies and to MOA board meetings. The shortest rides were to the Finger Lakes Rally and to our cottage in the Finger Lakes near Syracuse NY. These were 275 miles or so one way. The MOA events in the past were usually to the Great Smokies and to as far as Salt Lake City, Des Moines and Houston, a couple thousand miles to get there.

I really miss the cross country adventures as it complements my riding style: "slab-it, then meander." This style has been with me for as long as I can remember... at work and in retirement. I always like to be on-time for an event or meeting and then afterward take time to explore (meander). So what's changed? Covid-19.

All the BMW Rallies I signed up for this year are canceled or delayed: MOA National Rally at Great Falls MT, MOA Fontana Rally NC, Finger Lakes Rally at Watkins Glenn, MOA board meetings in Georgia and NC,... all evaporated.

So much for long-distance rides this year. The alternative opportunities this spring/summer have been several informal club rides and personal destinations. The new ride area for me has been secondary roads in Northwestern NJ and Eastern PA (Poconos) with 5 stops at Hot Dog Johnny's along the way. As shown in the map, I've covered a lot in only 3 months. Some of my riding had a destination... traveling to Binghamton NY to see Ginna who is caring for her 97 yr old

mother. Instead of holding to the interstates to get there, I ran back roads from I78 near Clinton or Phillipsburg, up along the Delaware, through the Poconos to the NYS/PA boarder (near I81).

As a volunteer to the MOA to help with the Pocono's Get-a-Way rally, I needed to create six routes around the Pocono area. I modified the GPS routes from last year due to a change in starting location (Skytop Lodge), so I took the opportunity to verify/ride these routes again.... either on my way to Binghamton or as a day ride from home. These six routes flowed in all directions from Skytop Lodge... West as far as Bills Old Cycle Barn in Bloomsburg , North into NYS above I84. East to Barrysville and Port Jervis and rides down river road and Rt611 along the Delaware River.

Other opportunities were from informal club rides, led by Johnathan, Skylands guys or by me. We rode on the PA side and NJ side of the Delaware from Barryville, all the way south to Phillipsburg/Easton, Riegelsville and Washington Crossing. ... and depending on the ride leader, we explored many routes adjacent to "river road."

Here are my obvious observations so far:

1. There's a lot of curvy, hilly, secondary roads in northern NJ and eastern PA when you get off of main routes... off of NJ Rt 31, PA Rt 611.
2. Nice and non-so nice asphalt roads, 2 and 1 laners and dirt roads.
3. In April/May, gas stations were my main source for food and drink.
4. Now there's lots of restaurants in small and large towns; most serving food outside; PA restaurants can now serve inside with 25 customer limit.
5. There's still a lot of businesses closed in small towns due to covid. Will they ever come back?
6. Traffic in the Pocono's is increasing; many resorts look well attended a lot of cars.
7. Traffic on the interstates is low compared to pre-covid days. I haven't been in a traffic jam yet. In fact the low traffic in the morning on the GSP cause the speeds to be much higher.... 80 +

Suggestion... put your GPS in Shortest Distance when you somewhere interesting; you'll discover many unexpected places and people.

Perfect Sunday Ride

Matt Scamardella



Perfect weather day Aug 30 Sunday ride to Barryville N Y and Delaware River at Cedar Rapids restaurant

Roger joined us and we were grateful for his presence

The 2019 R1250 RT did very well 2 up.....



Trip was 4 and a half hours round trip.