

# New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

CLUB NEWS - May - June 1996

## Important!

Our meeting this month will be on our normal meeting date - the 2nd Weds. Due to the month starting on the 1st - it may sneak up on you! The meeting will be May 8th at 8PM - Sun Cycle, Manasquan!

## Discussed at our April Meeting!

Our April meeting was a business meeting (the first one in over 10 months!), and the following topics were discussed:

**1. Club logo and patch** - We decided that the MAY meeting will be the meeting at which a patch design is selected! DO YOUR BEST and bring it to the meeting. BMW has some restrictions on the use of their logo (the Roundel) - they require it to appear unmodified and separate from any other decoration on the patch.

To encourage entries for the patch - we're going to award a \$25 gift certificate to Sun Cycle for the winning patch design! The design does NOT have to be done by a NJSBMW member - but must be submitted by one (family members are welcome to enter a design)! PLEASE bring your designs to this meeting - we would like to have patches ready before the national rallies!

**2. Club funds** - we discussed the use of our club funds. The following ideas were submitted:

**RA Membership** - We have made application to BMW-RA for a club charter. It turns out that there is NO fee for being chartered by RA. Dennis Swanson has submitted the application - and we hope to have it back well before the RA rally! (THANKS DENNIS!).

**Club Tools** - although this seemed like a good use of club money - enough members offered to donate tools to a common toolbox (or tool library) which will be maintained at Sun Cycle. I suggest that we spend a few dollars and buy a decent toolbox. We also offered to purchase the needed adapters so Frank could balance our rear tires on his dynamic tire balancer - but he refused our money and has ordered them on his own (THANKS FRANK!).

**3. Rally Coordinators** - we selected rally coordinators for both the national rallies. In some instances those selected were not at the meeting (so it pays to attend)!

For the BMW-MOA National, Jim Bessette and Bill Brown both volunteered by their absence at the meeting! (THANKS JIM, THANKS BILL!).

For the BMW-RA International - Jim, Dennis Swanson, Glenn Martin and I volunteered (thanks ALL - especially Jim who wasn't at the meeting).

The duties of the rally coordinators will primarily be to coordinate any group ride to/from the rallies - and to help coordinate our camping areas (for those camping) so that we can be located in close proximity to other club members.

**Local Rally Coordinators** - the following people volunteered (or were volunteered) for the following rallies:

**Dutch Country Rally** - Don - but I have to beg off on this one, at this time, due to family commitments, it is doubtful if I will be able to attend it. Hopefully this will change, and I would like to hear from anyone intending to go.

**Udder Nonsense Rally** - Frank Kirkleski volunteered. THANKS FRANK!

**Square Root Rally** - Kent Seydel volunteered. THANKS KENT!

The duties of the local rally coordinators are basically the same as a national rally coordinator - setup a ride to the rally and back, and coordinate our camping at the rallies!

Other topics discussed were the ERC course schedule (and the offer of Skylands to participate in their course) and our spring/summer Weds night rides:

**3rd Weds Night Rides:** Kent Seydell once again offered to be road-captain for our Spring into Summer 3rd Weds rides. These rides will leave (promptly - if you want to eat, arrive early) from Johnny D's diner at 7PM. If you want to go, be on time or be left behind!

**Our first ride will be on May 15th, with a rain date of the next week.**

We completed our business meeting at about 9PM and retired to the Manasquan coffee house for designer coffee and good talk until about 10:30PM.

## Next Meeting!

We have two potential topics for our next meeting besides selecting a patch design:

Don Eilenberger is willing to give a demo on wet-sanding your paint and polishing it back to better than NEW condition! If you have faded clearcoat, or hazy solid colors - bring your bike to this meeting. The results will surprise you!

If Jerry Schreiber is still willing - he has offered to let us help reassemble his R26 (27?) - this is a brave offer since he saw how we took Kent Seydell's R25 apart!

Sunday Rides are alive and well! The last month has seen a Nice Sunday Ride every weekend!

Dennis Swanson arranged a tree-like Sunday Ride list, so that you don't have to call everyone on the list to start a ride! We will distribute it at the next meeting and in the next newsletter issue!

## Bob Higdon's Adventures - continued!

Our last issue included Bob's adventures from Roanoke VA to Galveston TX - crossing the country in some of the very worst weather in recorded history! We'll pick it up from where we left off!

*A note on this text - it is as I snipped it from the digest I receive (frequently more than one a day) from the BMW riders email list run on the Internet by Joe Senner and various volunteers. The text was cut and pasted into a simple ASCII file, and saved on a daily basis. Each section is one submission by Bob - and was meant to be read as a single message.*

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- 2.23.96 Big Bend National Park  
Chisos Mountain Lodge

In my next metamorphosis I have decided not to return as a lightning bug as I had originally planned. No. Now I want to return as a national park concessionaire. I don't care which park or what concession. Give me one good season screwing the socks off the travelling public and I can retire in Bimini, drinking Goombay Smashes until my liver looks worse than Mickey Mantle's. These concessionaires have raised the rip off to an art form. They could teach scams to factory outlet stores.

The room is nice. It has two big beds, so I'll probably switch from one to the other at 0300. I'd reserved a smoking room, hoping that I could get one that was not only smoking but actually afire. They gave me a room that didn't smoke at all. All right. I know how to fix that.

They told me where the ice machine was. They didn't tell me it wasn't working. I would have called room service but I don't have a phone. So I took my room key and ice bucket and got a load from the restaurant. I returned to the room and learned that my room key was from the Motel 6 in Del Rio. I'd forgotten to turn it in. My real room key was on my beds. Back to the front desk.

I think there's a pretty steamy movie on HBO tonight. I would watch it except this room doesn't have HBO. It doesn't have a TV either. I can listen to the radio because I carry a King Kong Sony short wave. I can also add up the day's expenses on the palmtop computer. For the room I will enter \$59.36.

What the hell. Big Bend is spectacularly beautiful. It doesn't matter what things cost or how many

insignificant irritants I have to stare down. I'm lucky to be here. I'm lucky to have gorgeous places to visit and this is one of the very best. It combines what I like above all in a park: Searing loneliness, desert, mountains, brutal heat, clean roads, and eighty different things that can kill you with minimal effort.

Big Bend isn't for everyone. It takes a real commitment to come here, since it is about as far out in the sticks as you can get and still be in the continental U.S. El Paso is the nearest town, if you count that hole as a town instead of a dirt farm with railroad tracks, which it is. No. This place is a long way from nowhere. They have signs telling you how far it is to the next gas station. That is beyond rural in my book.

And once you arrive, the park takes some getting used to. It's ancient. The average rock is 35 trillion years old. Unlike other old rocks, the ones here actually look old. They are missing a lot of teeth and they don't seem happy about it. They are rocks with an attitude.

The weather is routinely awful. Wild temperature ranges are common. It swung fifty-five degrees yesterday. When it rains, there are flash floods. When it doesn't rain, there are dust storms. It could snow tomorrow or be nine million degrees. Nobody knows. It is the toughest sort of land imaginable. I cannot begin to understand how the first settlers could ever have called this moonscape home.

My mood was positively chipper when I rolled out of Del Rio this morning. The ugly kludge I'd done to the odometer was actually working. The temperature was in the high-80s, right where God intended. It was nearly perfect, but for a gusty wind that couldn't decide whether to smash my nose or left ear. I didn't much mind. All the other elements were harmonic for a change.

In an hour I came to Langtry and turned into the village to visit Judge Roy Bean's spirit. He was a sociopath hired by the railroads to bring some order to the territory and he did just that. He didn't hang miscreants; he fined them everything they had, including horse and gun, then expelled them from town. In late 19th century west Texas, that was tantamount to a death sentence. Bean kept the fines.

He was infatuated with the English actress, Lillie Langtry. He would get drunk and write her long, lugubrious letters. He named the town for her. Finally, in January 1904, she came to visit, but by then Bean had been dead nearly a year.

On my way out of the (free) visitor's center, I became involved in a little geopolitik theory with a pleasant old staffer. I asked her why Texans seemed to be so excited about the Alamo when, it seemed to me, that all Santa Ana was trying to do was to expel a bunch of rowdy invaders from his country. She stared at me, horrified at the rank blasphemy.

"They were fighting for Texas," she finally said.

"Except that Texas didn't exist and they were doing it in Mexico, right?"

I was about to advise her of my belief that Stalin had a better right to march into Czechoslovakia in 1948 than Abe Lincoln did when he terrorized Virginia, but happily sanity overcame me and I rode out of town, having thought enough about Manifest Destiny for one day.

My sanity lasted a mile. The odo quit working. I went beserk. It was a personal affront, this crummy meter, and I'd had it with diplomatic solutions. I smashed my fist through the glass, ripped the unit out, rotated it 180 degrees, pulled the speedo cable above the base plate, jammed the cluster onto it, and secured everything with more duct tape. It's been working fine ever since, I'm not running -6% mileage any longer, and if it threatens to rain, I'll throw another half-mile of tape over everything. Big deal. I've got a new unit on order anyway. Until then, I'll just read upside down. Like I care. I think other malingering bike parts will get the message.

All day long I've been trying to remember who told me that she --- I'm sure it was a woman, and I think it was a lawyer --- was from Sanderson TX. I stopped there for gas. I can't recall. It wasn't Sandra Day O'Connor, that I know. She's from Lordsburg NM, a place that makes even Sanderson look good.

Maybe it'll come to me as I dream in my beds.

Bob Higdon

- 2.24.96 Van Horn TX

There are 17 motels here and 22 restaurants, but most people don't stop except for gas. The length of town is about 1.2 miles and there are no traffic lights. When you walk along the road, people wave at you from their pickups. It is the middle of the great west Texas void. Maybe they're lonely and are trying to make a new friend. I wave back.

For a town this small, you might think that it would be bereft of history. But a lot has happened to me here. In 1951 it was the scene of The Great Swordfish Steak Disaster that ultimately propelled my brother into two 12-step programs and one 17-stepper. In mid-January of 1993 I came out of the icy, fog-shrouded Davis mountains to the east with a good story in my hypothermic brain and an even better title. If I am within 400 miles of the town, I will show up. I am going to have my gorditas at Chuy's Restaurant, icy fog notwithstanding. I called the story "Gorditas in the Mist."

I always stay at the Seven Kay Motel. It's a generic Asian-Indian dump that caters to pre-homeless people, truckers, and bike scum. But I know the phones will work. They have ice, HBO, and the Weather Channel. I have never seen a scorpion in the room, and that's more than I can say for a million-dollar home I stayed in one night in Houston.

The best part of the Seven Kay is that it's across the street from Chuy's, the finest Tex-Mex restaurant anywhere. Normally I don't give a damn about food on the road. I eat like a dog and spend about \$7.00/day on Kibbles. But if I know I'm heading for Van Horn, I'll starve myself all day. I hide the dry roasted peanuts in a saddlebag and drink less than a quart of Dr. Pepper. By the time I hit Chuy's, I could eat the menu.

Jeff Brody, whose opinion in these matters is due some deference, says that Chuy's is not only not the undisputed world champ of Tex-Mex, it is not even the best Tex-Mex in Van Horn. Sportscaster and noted fat guy John Madden disagrees. He has Chuy's listed in his Haul [sic] of Fame. He likes fajitas. Me, I hold with the gorditas. I don't know what they are; I just eat them and write stories about them.

It was a no-brainer day. I finished off all the paved roads in Big Bend and the 13 miles of corrugated dirt north from Santa Elena canyon on the river. Then there was another 10 miles of crummy mudstruction north of Study Butte. After that the road, Texas 181, was so clean it seemed vacuumed. I gassed up and washed the bike in Alpine. You have to admire the wry, optimistic names Texans give their towns.

I detoured over to Marfa. In addition to the place I was pre-born, the town is famous for the Marfa Mystery Lights. Five miles east of town you can pull into an off-highway viewing area to watch them. They first appeared in 1883 and have been glimpsed periodically ever since. The origin is unclear --- mineral deposits, swamp gas, UFOs, etc. The historical marker does not mention lethal blood-alcohol levels.

North of town I stopped to take a picture. It was beautifully empty and drier than a politician's tongue. Gray clouds to the west held a promise, a false one, of rain. The February precipitation this year is zero. I headed to Fort Davis instead of directly to Van Horn because for the first time on the trip I had stumbled upon an actual tailwind.

Beyond Fort Davis Highway 181 starts to show off. It runs through pretty mountains, skirts the McDonald observatory, and finally tees out at The Ten. I turned west for the last 37 miles. It was an easy end to an easy day.

One of the high desert's great roads runs north from here, Texas 54, aiming for the magnificent Guadalupe mountains. It has the added attraction of nearly guaranteeing a bypass around the scrophulous El Paso, but I'm way behind schedule. I don't think I can do it. I shouldn't do it. I might be able to do it, but it would be wrong.

Then again . . .

Bob Higdon

**TO BE CONTINUED! - Next Issue!**

# MARK YOUR CALENDARS!

DATE	WHEN	WHAT
May 8th	8:00 PM	Next Meeting, 8PM Sun Cycle Manasquan, Patch Contest!
May 10-12		Dutch Country Rally, Lewisberry PA. Interested? Contact Prez Don - he may be going - 908-449-1533
July 5-7th		Udder Nonsense Rally, Round Top NY. Interested - contact Prez Don - it's on his list!
July 11-14th		BMW-MOA national rally - Morgantown, NC
July 18-21		BMW-RA national rally - Quebec City, Canada
Sept. 27-29		New Sweden BMW Riders Last Chance Rally - a MUST go! Mays Landing NJ

## SUN CYCLE

Please support Sun Cycle!

Frank has been very gracious with his support of our club, and we owe him some support in return. He offers very competitive prices on accessories (tires, suspension components, etc.) and has a 'home town touch' - he has been here whenever we've needed him!

Many of our members have been impressed with his fair prices and excellent service for items such as tires and suspension! And - we've never heard a complaint!

Next time for tires or any accessory - give Frank a call!

## For Sale - Wanted!

To submit YOUR free ad, please send it to Don Eilenberger for inclusion in our next issue!

## Sunday Rides List

Will be distributed at our May meeting, and we will try to include an updated copy in our June issue - this month we ran out of space!

Mitch Toth - CB 77 69 500  
CB 350 72 280

**NJ-Shore BMW Riders**  
C/O Don Eilenberger  
1213 Pond Rd  
Spring Lk Hts, NJ 07762

Friday 5-10 -

11:50 all you can eat!

Airbrushing - for VCR Tapes

last weekend / check with Ray  
~ 18th May

at Kohler Industries

Aug 11 - Sec 1 Meet

Klaus Huenecke  
POB 40  
Tennent NJ

07763

Workshop at 70/571 10th street  
Trenton River

RT 35 - Walk Township  
Video taping bikes etc for TV show  
Brian will call around  
after setting up