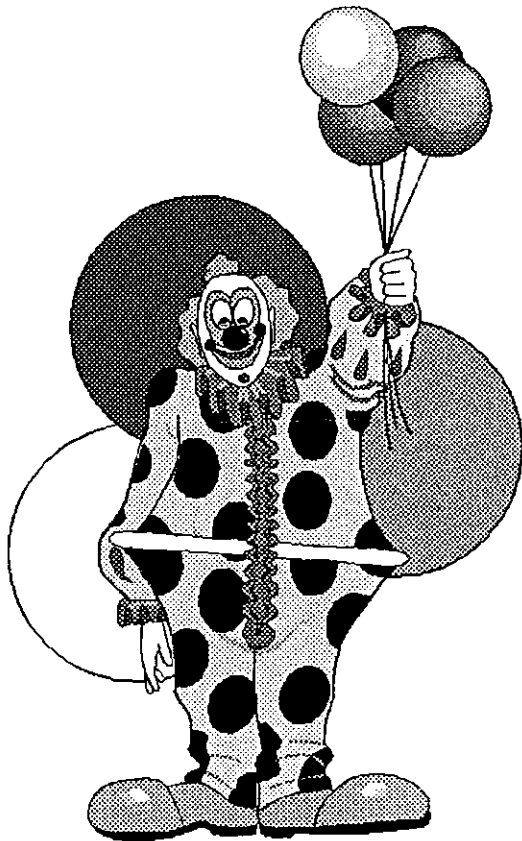


New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

CLUB NEWS - June - July 1996

Important!

Our June meeting, will NOT be held at Sun Cycle. Frank has family things to take care of, so we're taking this opportunity to have a dinner meeting. We will meet at 7PM at the Circus Drivein, Rt 35, Wall Twsp.



The Circus is located on Rt. 35 between Allaire Road (Rt 524) and State Hwy 138 (extension of I-195).

They offer an great drive-in menu at reasonable prices! We have use of the outdoor pavilion (we don't have to eat on the bikes).

Be there at 7PM and enjoy the company of your fellow club members!

Discussed at our May Meeting!

Our May meeting was a tech meeting with Jerry Schreiber offering up his R27 in an attempt to get it running - no success there, it appears some more extensive work may be needed than we can do at a club meeting. Don Eilenberger demonstrated (as promised) how to rub-out paint using wet-sanding and polishing compound.

Club logo and patch

Congratulations to Glenn Martin on coming up with the winning entry in our logo contest (Glenn won a \$25 gift certificate to Sun Cycle).

Thanks to Glenn and the work of Rich Reigler (in transforming the idea to a computer based reality), we now have a design for our club patch! The design is one which should pass the muster of BMW-NA.

Glenn has agreed to work with Mike Thorwart on getting an initial batch of T-Shirts made up with the logo. Expect to see them before our next rally. We will start work on getting the design in patch form next.

Club funds

We currently have a bit over \$300 in our treasury. Part of the funds will be used to have the initial batch of club T-shirts made up.

Club Tool Box

Thanks to the generosity of club members, we now have a club tool box of special BMW tools - at Sun Cycle. The tools include: special R-bike driveshaft offset 12 point torque wrench adaptor; R-bike clutch centering tool; R-bike clutch release bolt set; K bike oil filter wrench; R-bike exhaust wrench; and other special seal tools.

The rules of borrowing the tools are:

1. You MUST sign out the tool
2. You MAY borrow a tool for up to 2 weeks. It MUST be returned within 14 days of when it is borrowed
3. The honor system will apply - if this does not work, the tools will be moved to a members home, and you will have to arrange to see the member and obtain the needed tool personally.

RA Charter

Dennis Swanson has submitted the charter application - and we hope to hear progress by our June meeting!

Rally Coordinators - Upcoming Rallies

BMW-MOA National, Jim Bessette and Bill Brown - we hope to hear some information at our June meeting.

BMW-RA International - I will report on information I've received at our June meeting! There are places to stay if you don't want to camp. I also will discuss MY planned route to the rally for those who don't want to run the interstates all the way.

Udder Nonsense Rally - Frank Kirkleski has contacted the rally chairperson, and obtained information you'll find inside this issue. This rally is July 4th weekend - and sounds like a LOT of fun. Lets make a club event out of it (and I know I can find back roads to and from it!)

Square Root Rally Report

Kent Seydel served as Rally Coordinator for Square Route. THANKS KENT!

We had a total of 5 club members attend the Square Route - and the people who didn't make it missed a very good rally in an excellent riding area.

Club attendees were: Bill Brown, Don Eilenberger, Glenn Martin, Rich Reigler and Kent and Liz Seydell (with Mark as a 'guest' of the club).

BMW-BMW did an excellent job of running the rally, and the weather and riding area were super. We had three great days of clear 70F days and cool nights - perfect rally weather. The area around Thurmont MD is one that Bill Brown described as an area 'that time forgot' - and it really seemed that way. Great country roads passing through lush farm country, winding, hilly and in great condition. Every so often you pass through small towns that look like they did 100 years ago.

Friday was travel day to the rally - Bill Brown blasted down through PA, Don and Glenn found a great scenic route passing along the northern border of Maryland - going from Newark Delaware to the campsite. Don and Glenn left at about 9:30AM and arrived at the rally site at 5:30PM.

Kent and Liz came down with Mark on the back of Kent's R100RT, and Liz following by car. They left a bit later and didn't arrive at the rally site until about 10:30PM.

Rich Reigler came down for Saturday - returning north Saturday night. Unfortunately, Glenn had to return home on Saturday.

Saturday was a day for rides and organized activities - there was a poker run, several tech sessions and field games - which Kent and Mark participated in, and the rest of the club cheered them on.

Saturday night dinner was catered by a local eatery, and was 'bountiful' with the main courses being chicken and fresh baked ham. Beer was available on site (Killian's RED and Yeangling's Tan and Black). Door prizes were called after dinner, and a band arrived to play until 1AM.

Sunday was travel home time - Kent led Bill and Don on a backwoods ride through Pennsylvania Dutch country until we neared the outskirts of Philadelphia - where we got on the PA Turnpike and headed east for home!

Great rally with great weather - you should'a been there!

3rd Weds Night Rides:

Kent Seydell is once again leading 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!

Johnny D's is located at the intersection of County Routes 524 and 537 about 3 miles west of Freehold. Our next Weds night ride is scheduled for June 19th.

Bob Higdon's Adventures - continued!

If you had attended the Square Route Rally - you would have had the opportunity to meet Bob Higdon in person. I know that many members have greatly enjoyed Bob's tale of a strange ride across country - and here are the next installments:

Our last installments included Bob's adventures from Big Bend to Van Horn TX. 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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- From: bmw.bob@genie.com
- Date: Mon, 26 Feb 96 06:26:00 UTC 0000
- Subject: BMW: On the Road [15]
- 2.25.96 Willcox AZ

So I got my Dr. Pepper sitting here and I got the HBO going and I got some pistacio nuts rattling around in my belly and I got the feeling that in an hour or so I won't got this stinking headache anymore. Already I'm pretty sure my carotid arteries are working and by tomorrow I should be able to hear something less noisy than a 105mm howitzer out in the parking lot. Yeah, I'll be better, but I won't forget this goddamned day for a while.

In the past two weeks I've seen a little of everything, but one element never changes: The Wind. It's been pasting me from Hour #1. You'd think that occasionally it would just stop or say no but it doesn't. It is fixed, like the north star, and just as certain as lingering death. I have stopped trying to wish it or scream it away. That didn't work for King Lear and it's not working for me.

It was in the 40s when I left Van Horn at dawn. I vulted up and rode west. The wind was from the south-west. That put it on my port quarter, right between my nose and left ear. When The Ten angled to the north-west, the bitch became a crosswind. I couldn't worry about that; I was headed straight toward El Paso and that's a problem that trivializes everything else.

As much as I hate to defame inanimate objects, El Paso is simply the ugliest city in North America. It may be the ugliest city on earth. It's hard to imagine a serious contender. Everything about it is tawdry, outre', and

pathetic. When you can't believe it can get any worse, it promptly does. I spent twenty interminable minutes swallowing down a rising bile as I humped through the Truck Stop Oblige decor on the east side, the decaying skyscraper cum railroad stock yard downtown, and the Barrio Baroque to the west. I felt like hosing myself off with bleach when I cleared UTEP on the northern outskirts. It is the university of the full court press and 18' fadeaway jumpers, nothing more.

At least I was now heading due north. The downside was that the wind had picked up markedly. It was popping at 20-30 mph with gusts above that. If it changed to a west wind, I was screwed. It didn't. I made it to Las Cruces, turned back west, and started taking it in the left chops again.

It just kept getting worse. The helmet was being pulled off my dented head and the strap was clawing into the veins and arteries of my neck. The bike began dancing around so badly that at one point I thought the rear tire had gone flat.

The absolute worst part was being overtaken by trucks. The mass of air the tractor pushes tried to shove me onto the shoulder. As soon as it came beside me, I was automatically pulled five feet toward the trailer by the vacuum. When it cleared me, I was blasted by a wall of turbulent, insane air. It's perfectly predictable. There's just nothing you can do about it.

Then the front passed overhead. It was such a stark line I could see it clearly. That only made things worse. Between Deming and Lordsburg, I crossed the continental divide. It is a land completely denuded and utterly exposed. I wasn't in any meaningful control of the bike. It was operating gyroscopically. And while I appreciate with a religious sort of faith that the best strategy for dealing with such howlers is to speed up, that can really turn a merely scary ride into a pure white knuckler.

I stopped for gas in Lordsburg. As I turned toward the bike with the hose in my left hand, the wind began to shove the machine up and off the centerstand. I grabbed for wobbling bike with my right hand, simultaneously dropping the hose. The filler nozzle bounced off the left cylinder jug, splattering some gas on the hot head. Somehow I trapped the nozzle between my knees. The ancient attendant in the booth looked as if her aortic flow had gone retrograde. The tank's mileage was a laughable 30.6 on a bike that normally turns an easy 44 mpg.

By the time I reached Willcox, some 360 miles into the day, I was talking to myself but not really listening. The wind was, unbelievably, worsening, now gusting at least into the 50s. In 34 years and close to 400,000 miles of shoving BMW scooters around places they have no business being I have never seen such sustained, constant hammering. It was tolerable at all only because it wasn't any colder.

"Screw this," I said, paying attention for once. I saw the Motel 6 sign and stopped. It was barely 1500. I had

never before been clamped down by wind and I was pissed raw. But one thing I've learned in all those years and miles is that there's a first time for everything. Frequently it's today.

Tomorrow will be worse. Another front is eastbound on The Ten and this one is packing some worse winds and scary temperatures. So I'm moving into revision mode. I'll make Tucson and have breakfast with GENie moto sysop Joanna Strohn, find a hole to crawl into for the night, and drag out the maps of points east. I've had it. It's one thing to be a high plains drifter in July. But even Clint would draw the line here, unless the wind had blown it away.

Bob Higdon

- From: bmw.bob@genie.com
- Date: Tue, 27 Feb 96 01:12:00 UTC 0000
- Subject: BMW: On The Road [16]
- 2.26.96 Tucson AZ

This is turning into Black Comedy. Terry Southern and Paul Krassner should be writing the itinerary.

I awoke at 0700 and looked out the window. Pitch black clouds and brilliant sunshine were fighting for control of the heavens. The clouds were winning. A smashing rain had come through a half-hour earlier and was now heading for New Mexico with a fearsome resolve. For the first time on the trip, aside from a couple of trips to Mr. Bubbles, the bike was sopping wet.

The wind had moderated some overnight, but the temperature had dropped to near freezing. The local weather morons had predicted nothing like that. The mountains to the north had an obvious, and new, snow cover. I resolved once again to obtain further weather predictions from the Psychic Friends Network.

The Ten was wet and the trucks were throwing up huge roosters. I thought it might dry out. It didn't. West of Texas Canyon it started to rain like hell. The temperature was 33F. I saw a moto bozo on a massive Cavalcade trying to put on his rain suit. I tried not to laugh at him., but they never learn. Me, if I even think I'm going to need it, I'll stick the suit on in the motel, where I can chuckle at Bryant Gumbel trying in vain to recover from a cocaine jag, rather than try to pull wet nylon over wet boots on the side of an interstate, where some dazed trucker is passing within 10' of my shivering butt at 85 mph. Take your choice.

It lasted for 30 miles, dumping about 2" in my face. The Darien coat and pants kept most of it out. I can live with that. I averaged 75 mph through the crap because I was irritated. I know. Don't tell me.

Joanna Strohn walked up to me in the TTT truck stop parking lot. I yanked off my helmet.

"You know," I said wearily, "I think I'm getting too old for this shit."

"You should have been here last week," she smiled. When Mike Kneebone and I went to Alaska a couple of years ago, that's all they ever said to us. North of the border for 17 days, we had 16 days of rain.

We had breakfast and watched my clothes dry out. Joanna and her partner, Bill Muhr, run moto boards on GENie and the Microsoft Network. Bill is coming through tomorrow on a 1500 cc Vulcan, en route to Daytona for a MCN test ride. He's not a big guy. I'm betting the paint shaker will toss him twice before he makes Las Cruces. Joanna and I swapped bike rumors, computer lies, and a combination thereof for nearly two hours. Clouds burping with rain whistled east. I went through a couple of hot chocolates and decided that my trip to California had just reached its westernmost point.

Yeah. The ride has the curse of the Red Toothed Dog on it. I can't fight voodoo like that. And while I'd give at least a finger from my left hand to ride up to Flagstaff and curl back east on the state highways between I-10 and I-40, it's not going to happen. That's the high country. I know what's up there and it's out of my league. You can get into serious trouble betting against big mountains in February, I don't care how good you are. And I've never been that good anyway.

So I'll try to stay out of the way of the stupid black widows for a day --- the bastards are everywhere in this town --- and hope for a high of something better than 50F tomorrow. I can't wait too long. I'm convinced that the

wind is going to turn and steam from the east. I just know it.

CORRECTIONS:

Doc Smith pointed out that I'd written about Highway 118 in Texas when I meant 181. What can I say? The distance between the Q and P keys is 3". I'm lucky that these reports don't look any eptdr yjrm yjru fp.

My erstwhile legal mentor and friend, Joe Barse, sent me an e-mail note with the subject of "Tsk." For Joe that is almost seismic emotion. He chided me for referring to wind from the port quarter when it was obvious that I should have said port bow. I'll handle this as my newspaper would recommend. I've been reading the Washington Compost for 40 years. I've watched it rise from a crummy local paper to a crummy national one. So I deny I wrote port quarter. If your text file reflects differently, you need a new modem or someone planted the phrase. Even if I did write port quarter, I was drunk and didn't mean it and I will resolve to spend the rest of my life tracking down the people who are responsible for getting me drunk in the first place.

So there.

Bob Higdon

- TO BE CONTINUED! - Next Issue!

5 STAR RATED

Gummikuh Bahrer (Rubber Cow Riders) Presents:

"UDDER NONSENSE" BMW RALLY

Fourth of July Weekend
July 5, 6, 7 - 1996
AT

Riedlbauer's German Resort
in Round Top, New York

- 2 Nights Camping
- Prime Rib Dinner & Live Music
(Ernie Williams - the Grandfather of the Blues) - Saturday Night
- Swimming Pool and Hot Tub
- Field Events, Door Prizes, Awards! (Special Gifts to 1st 300 PreRegistrants)

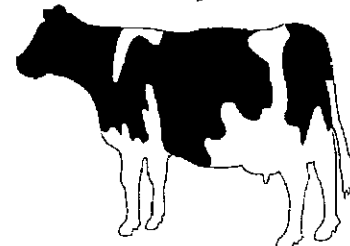
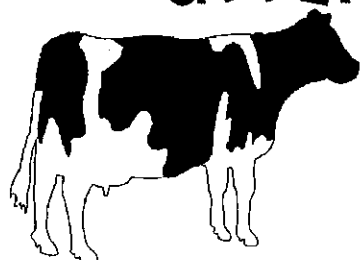
If you would like a hotel room, call Riedlbauer's for reservations at (518) 622-9584.

Tell them you are with the BMW rally, BUT - HURRY, rooms go fast.

Registration Fees:

\$29.00 per person by June 15th, or \$35.00 at the gate (Non BMW riders must pre-register as a guest of a BMW rider). Make checks payable to: "Post 1076",
Barbara Kipp, 101 Woodview Court, Voorheesville NY 12186
(518) 765-3201

Invisible cows currently control my life..

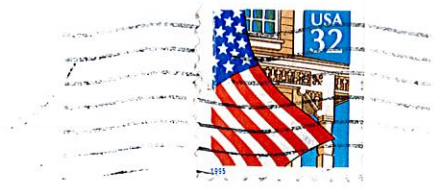


Mark your calendars!

When	Where	What
June 12th, 7PM	Circus Drive-In Resturant	June Meeting - Meet and Eat!
July 5-7	Roundtop, NY	"Udder Nonsense Rally" Gummikuh Fahrer (Rubber Cow Riders). Coordinator - Frank Kirkleski 908-240-2510
July 11-14	Morgantown NC	BMW-MOA National Rally. Coodinator Jim Bessette 908-303-0720 or Bill Brown 908-229-3940
July 18-21	Quebec, Canada	BMW-RA International Rally. Coordinator Don Eilenberger 908-449-1533 or Glenn Martin 908-583-3945
Sept 7-8	Montague, NJ	BMWMCNJ "Snappin' Turtle Rally" Coodinator Don Eilenberger 908-449-1533
Sept 27-29	Mays Landing NJ	New Sweden BMW Riders "Last Chance Rally" Two and a Half Arabian Nights of Debauchery in the Sands of South Jersey

This space available!
 We will consider motorcycle related
 advertisements in this space to offset the cost
 of publishing the newsletter.
 Contact Don Eilenberger for details!

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