

# THE NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS

June 1999

## Notes from President Dennis

**The club's flea market** at Cross Country BMW was a success. Next time we may even make some money now that we have some idea of what we are doing.

Many thanks to the members who gave of time and effort. We particularly note Grant Duncan's tree climb and Kent Seydell's building climb to raise our club banner. It's a real nice banner and paid by an \$80 club contribution and the balance of the total cost of \$275 paid by the generous contributions of some of our members.

Thanks again to Grant who took care of the whole process and to the members who contributed. Many thanks also to Dan and Lois Notte who hosted the event and provided the food and drinks.

They said we had a better turnout than they had on their grand opening. Rumor has it they also sold some motorcycles.

It looks as though our proposed "First Chance" rally may be a non-event unless we make a significant breakthrough at our next meeting. Time is growing short if we are going to do it in June. We also have some other rallies in the near future that some of our members plan to attend.

There is the 25th Square Root Rally in Maryland June 4th to 6th. Don, Willie, and George Hickman think they will probably attend. There is also the 7th Udder Nonsense Rally in the Catskills July 2nd to the 5th that many of our members plan to attend and then the BMW MOA International July 13<sup>th</sup> to the 16th that will bring a large turnout.

So we hope to see you at our June meeting where you can be a part of the activities and make your contacts if you plan to attend one or all of the above. There will be a July meeting, but it will be in Rhinebeck. -Dennis Swanson, Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ

## Variation on the "Sun Screen" Song

by Lews Therman, from the Internet BMW Riders List

Ladies and Gentlemen...wear leather.

If I could offer you only one tip for improving your life, wearing leather would be it.



The long term benefits of leather have been proved by serious bikers over many highways and many years, whereas wearing something unreliable like shorts and flip-flops means you will experience a trip to the emergency room. There, uncaring nurses will scrub gravel out of your wounds, and doctors will dispense ineffective painkillers and meaningless advice...like telling you to trade that "murdercycle" in for a Camry.

Bullshit. I will dispense some real advice right now:

Enjoy the power and beauty of your ride; If you don't already; you can fully enjoy it by doing block-long smokey burnouts in the parking lot at the local drive-in. Pass slower bikers on the right inside of the uphill curve when they will not let you pass to the left.

Trust me, in 20 years you'll look back at the photos of you and your pals on your bikes and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much fun you had and how fabulous you really looked hauling ass down the highway dressed in leather.

Leather is as sexy as you imagine.

Don't worry about what your Mom thinks; or worry about what others think. Know that worrying about what other people think is as effective as trying to scratch your nose in a blinding hailstorm at 80 m.p.h. with a full-face helmet and winter gloves on. The real troubles in your life are apt to be Volvo stationwagons, driven by some dipstick talking into his cell phone or doing her makeup; the kind that blindsides you at 4 PM on some urban roadway and then claim you crashed into THEM.

Do one thing everyday that scares other drivers...  
Lanesplit.

Ladies, learn to ride and then ride often. Nothing is more of an equalizer than a woman, dressed in leather, astride her own machine. Gentlemen,

respect the ladies who ride, for they could very well have been the rider that waxed your fanny in the mountain curves you just came through.

Sing into your helmet. Use mouthwash first. Keep mints handy.

Don't be reckless with other people's bikes, especially if you don't have insurance. Don't put up with people who mess with yours.... in fact, beat them with a chain.

Ride Fast.

Don't waste your money on chrome, or fancy paintjobs; spend it on racing or partying. Sometimes you're fast, sometimes you're slow. Sometimes you're hungover. The ride is long, and in the end, a cold beer tastes pretty damn good.

Remember the good rides you've had, forget the cuts and bruises.

Watch cage drivers to not signal before pulling into your lane. Be alert for brainless cage drivers to pull an opposing left turn in front of you. May the fool on four wheels in front of you have working brake lights.

Try to wear out the sides of your tires before the middle.... if you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your oil changed, throw away old traffic citations.

Enjoy your bike, use it every way you can...don't be afraid of it, or what other people think of it, it's the greatest instrument of pleasure you'll ever own, not counting porn sites and a fast modem.

Take chances.

Don't feel guilty if you ride faster than the posted limit ...the most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 how to ride conservatively, all the most interesting 40 year olds I know still don't.

Get plenty of saddle time.

Be kind to your passengers, you'll miss them if they fall off.

Maybe you'll crash, maybe you won't, maybe you'll have surgery, maybe you won't, maybe you'll ride a cruiser off a cliff doing 40, maybe you'll get a new motocrosser for your 75th birthday ...whatever you ride, don't congratulate yourself too much - your choices are 90% foreign, 10% domestic, so are everyone else's.

Wrench... even if you have nowhere to do it but in your hotel room.

Do not read American motorcycle magazines, they will only make you wish you'd bought a British one instead. Read British motorcycle magazines and laugh at how the Brits laugh at Americans. Stay away from German motorcycle magazines, they are too serious and difficult to read.

Read the owner's manual, even tho' you won't remember any of it.

Get to know your brake pads, you never know when they'll be gone for good. Remember, brake pads let you stop. Be nice to your tires; they are your link to the pavement and the things most likely to save your butt from a nasty highside.

Understand that mechanics comes and mechanics go, but for a precious talented few you should pay them well and buy them six-packs. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle because the older your bike gets, the more you'll need the mechanic who worked on it when it was young and still not paid off.

Ride in New York City once, but leave before you get killed; ride in Northern California whenever possible, but leave a plausible excuse when calling in sick for work. Ride in the Ozarks and learn the trick of the curve. Ride the Blue Ridge Parkway and learn to be smooth. Ride through Deals Gap and live to tell others about it. Stop and watch others ride through Deals Gap and applaud when others do it well.

Do lurid wheelies.

Accept certain inalienable truths: prices will rise, traffic will get worse, you too will get old, and when you do you'll fantasize that when you were young, gasoline was cheap, the highway patrol couldn't catch you, and Harley owners weren't all yuppies.

Respect your rev-limiter.

Don't expect anyone else to see your bike unless it has really loud pipes.

Maybe your bike has a big gas tank, maybe a smaller one; but remember, either way you'll have to make bathroom stops.

Stop and offer help to the stranded motorcyclist along the open road, for the next you come along could very well be yourself.

Don't mess too much with your carburetors, or by the time your done, you'll be walking home and your pipes will be blue.

Be careful whose advice you buy, and save your receipts. Don't take advice from those who supply it for free, especially if they own a Britbike.

Motorcycle restoration is a form of self-torture. Doing it is a way of pulling the past from the dustbin, degreasing it, painting over the rusty parts and dumping way more money into it than it's worth. Indian restoration is a truly refined ailment that is only cured by death or an unlimited bank account.

But trust me on the leather...

Custom modifications by Team Obnoxious, 5/11/99  
Additions by David Schneider, 5/23/99

**Destinations**

**Freemansburg Hillclimb**

One of the most exciting motorsport races to be witnessed is the motorcycle hillclimb. Freemansburg is a serious challenge on the AMA PRO circuit. The riders go from a standing start and fly over three jumps on nitro-methane burning machines on their way up a 500+ foot hill that goes almost vertical near the top! Sunday, June 13<sup>th</sup> at 1:00. There are many great back roads to take to get there.

**World Championship Observed Trials**

Sorry Mike & Sam, no councilors needed here. But imagine this:

Combine the daring of a mountain climber, the balance of a tightrope artist, and the concentration of a pro golfer making a sudden death shot, with all the tricks of a freestyle bicycle star and you have what it takes to be a *World Champ Trials* contender.

Observed trials is a motorcycle competition that pits the rider against the terrain, the kind of terrain that's too steep, too slippery, and too nasty for the rest of the off-road bike competitors to even consider.

Sound interesting? What makes it even more so is that the object of the whole exercise is to negotiate this hostile terrain without losing points by putting a foot down for balance or to assist the machine. The contest takes place in a series of marked sections arranged on a loop similar in layout to a golf course. The riders, starting separately at two minute intervals, must attempt each section in order. The competitors are scored by official *observers* and, like golf, low score wins.

Because it's not a race, *the atmosphere is relaxed and friendly; the bikes are very quiet*, like BMW's, and the spectators can be within feet of the action.

1997& 98 world champ, Dougie Lampkin will be here to defend his title against the competitors from Spain, Japan, Canada and the USA. *Don't miss this motorcycle magic.*

**BMW F650s Win Again** (4/19/99) from O.T.L.

Berti Hauser, the new BMW racing director, must be pleased. BMW's Richard Saint won the Rallye Optik Tunisie on 4/18/99 (the rally 2nd to Dakar in prestige). Jean Bruzy finished 6th. Both were on Schalber F650s. A prototype R1100GS/RR finished 36th after a first day disaster left it in 192nd place. See photo on last page.

Chrysalis Racing, two-time winner (BMW F650) of the Isle of Man singles, is seeking their third title. In a recent Motorcycle Sport and Leisure (UK) racer Alan Cathcart "reckons this is the fastest racing single cylinder in the world."

**New members as of 6/3/99 are:**

- Vic Commune, Spotswood NJ 732-745-2425
- Jerry Iadicicco, Jamesbury NJ 732-656-0390
- Kris Kahn, Jersey City NJ 201-222-6960
- Xan Kahn, Jersey City NJ 201-222-6960
- Jason Sharman, Tinton Falls NJ 732-389-8100
- Jan Tricarico, Pt Pleasant NJ 732-295-6618

Welcome to the club! If they're in your area - make contact and lets get some rides going!

**Club Classifieds, For Sale:**

**1994 BMW K75S**, 3,000 miles, Blue, garaged and in excellent condition. Maintained by Frank at Sun Cycle. With BMW saddle bags, & 3 helmets, \$5,000. Russell Tompkins, 732-449-0573, Spring Lake, NJ

**R100 Police Bike**, Very nice, call Eric Landmesser, 732-349-6185 Pine Beach, NJ

Visit the club web site at:  
<http://www.monmouth.com/~deilenberger>  
Photos for the Rogue's Gallery are welcome!

**Calendar**

- **Wednesday, June 9**, 7pm Club Meet & Eat at Bedrock Café, 10 Main St., Bradley Beach 732-502-4455
- **June – First Chance Rally – NJ Shore BMW Riders**, Canceled due to Sloth.
- **June 13, Sunday, Freemansburg Hill Climb**, Pits open from 11:00-12:00. Come early to meet the hillclimbers, and check out their machines.

Racing starts at 1:00. **Directions:** from the Hellertown exit on route 78 (the second exit into PA from NJ) take route 412 north. Go past Cokeworks road, and where 412 turns left; bear right on Shimersville. Go past the Freemansburg bridge- the road will turn into Riverside drive. You can't miss them!

- **June 11-13, 4th Annual Damn Yankees Rally**  
Back from hosting the 1998 BMW RA National Rally, the Yankee Beemer's regional rally returns, welcoming all BMW riders and guests. It is at the Heath Fairgrounds, just off the fabulous Route 8A in the hills of western Mass., from route 2, approx 10 miles west of Greenfield. Rally price includes spacious tent camping, 24 hour coffee and refreshments, Saturday Night barbecue supper, guided tours, field events, door prizes, bonfires and an awards ceremony. Saturday lunch, excellent snacks will be available on site. An easy ride to Gould's Sugar House and Cranapple for great breakfasts; within easy reach of the **Americade Rally**, Vermont's famous Route 100, and the very best back roads in all of New England. All this and much, much, more! \$25 if pre-registered before May 15; gate price \$30. To Pre-register call Rob Nye @ 401-682-1102 or email [crnye@bhcoua.com](mailto:crnye@bhcoua.com). No day passes or pets. Just great roads and wide starry skies on a hill top at the end of the day. For more information contact Dana Lewis @ 508-754-1109 email [dlewis@os.com](mailto:dlewis@os.com)
- **June 26-27 FIM World Championship Observed Trial, Exeter, RI.** Just over the Conn. border, it's your first chance to see international competitors test their skill on New England's natural terrain. **Directions to Escoheag Hill Road:** From RT-95 exit 5B to RT-102 South. Turn right onto RT-3. Follow Rt-3 for approx 2 miles to junction of Rt-165. Turn right onto RT-165 and follow for approx 6 miles. At top of hill turn right onto Escoheag Hill Road. Watch for orange arrows. From the West: Rt-165. Left on Escoheag Hill Road. Watch for orange arrows. Info: Bill Mathewson, RI Trials Club 401-397-9075, or Glenn 732-583-7710
- **June 28-29 Pridmore's CLASS School Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, PA, Directions:** take I-80 West to Rt. 115 South for 3 miles. Watch Sam & Glenn learn the secrets of smooth riding from a master, and try not to fall off. Spectators welcome. Embarrassing photos will be printed here. Info: 717-646-2300
- **July 2-5<sup>th</sup>, 7th Annual Udder Nonsense Rally**  
The **Gummikuh Fahrer** (Rubber Cow Riders) at **Rieudlbauer's Resort in Round Top NY.** 3 nights of camping, prime rib dinner (Saturday only), field events, door prizes, awards, 3 live bands, swimming, hot tub!! \$35 per person by June 15th/\$40 at the gate. Please help us get a good pre-registration count. We can provide for 350 dinners and camping to a total of 400. Rooms available. Call resort @ 518-622-9584 for reservations. Make checks payable to: Post 1076 send to Barbara Kipp, 101 Woodview Ct, Voorhees, NY, 12186 Phone 518-765-3201. **Directions:** NTS Thruway exit 21, take a left, go ½ miles and take a right at RT 23 West. Go 6 miles & take a left at light to Cairo. At blinking light, take a left onto County RT 24 ( Mobil Gas on corner). Go 2 miles & bear left at Log Cabin Cafe to RT 39. Go 1.3 miles and take a left at stop sign to Rt 39 (firehouse on corner). Go 0.8 miles & take a right on Winter Cove Road. Go 0.4 miles & take a left to Riedlbauer's resort. **CAUTION:** This Party is NOT for those who require a lot of sleep!
- **July 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup>, FIM World Championship Observed Trials, Montour Falls, NY.** A few miles south of Watkins Glen NY, is a 2<sup>nd</sup> chance to see world-class competition of this rarely seen motorcycle sport. Gate pass: 1day-\$12, 2day-\$20; Contact: World Trials, c/o Linda Brown, 150 Mill St., Montour Falls, NY14865, or call 607-535-2934. Or, call Glenn (583-7710) to receive a pamphlet with directions & lodging info. **If you go to Gummikuh Rally, plan a side trip here.**
- **July 13-16, 27th BMW MOA International Rally** The Rally site is the 142 acre Dutchess County Fairgrounds in Rhinebeck, NY, approximately 90 miles north of NYC. For more information contact the Rally Co Chairs directly. Michael Friedle (914-473-1337) or Josh Ascher (518-785-4671)
- **"RA In The Colonies." Sept. 23 - 26, 1999**  
Celebrate the **27th BMW RA International Rally** at historic Jamestown, Virginia. This event will be held at the spacious Jamestown Beach Campsites. Pre-Registration is \$20 (by September 10); \$25 at the gate. Fee includes three nights camping, rally pin, entertainment, self-guided tours, technical seminars and more! For additional information and pre-registration contact RA Headquarters at 407-984-7800

## Blue Ridge Byways -- 99 Mike LoGalbo

**What could be better** -- Beemers and Ducs on the Blue Ridge, inhaling pavement and seeing the good ol' U S of A one backroad at a time. Well that was the plan, anyway (more about this later). Muncie Abood, Glenn Martin, myself and my friend Gerard Leo on his Ducati, left May 19th for five days of Blue Ridge Byways.

I always have trouble sleeping the night before any motorcycle trip and can't wait for the alarm to go off, anticipating it like the bell at a prize fight. Our southern sortie began at 7:00 a.m. at, where else, the Jackson Wawa. At 7:15 the bell for the first round sounds, and we're off to meet Gerard at exit 7A and slab it to Front Royal, Virginia. The sky is threatening, with a light rain falling, but the southern forecast looks good.

**As we leave New Jersey** in our wake, the traffic thins and the road opens up. Route 95 just plain sucks, but for a slab, I-70 west of Baltimore isn't too bad. Plus, by now the rain has stopped and the sun is peaking out. A highway is not though, at least to me, the proper scale road for a bike. Moreover, if a road can have a concept, the slab's controlled access approach is anathema to the very experience I seek when traveling on two wheels. I hate being just another tourist at some nondescript rest area or fast food joint, each a clone of the one before. Instead, I'm drawn, probably like many of you, to the two lane backroads that wind their way through the countryside. Perhaps Kuralt said it best: "Thanks to the interstates, it's now possible to travel coast-to-coast and see absolutely nothing." We abandon the highway at Fredricksberg and jump onto the backroads of Virginia, heading toward the start of the infamous Blue Ridge Parkway. Because of its slow 35 mph limit, we avoid the Skyline Drive and instead weave together a route from the backroads recommended by Dale Coyner in *Motorcycle Journeys Through The Appalachians* along with some that I've discovered on my own. The number to remember: 810.

**Uma, my 93 K75S**, tolerates the highway well, but also seems happy to leave it behind and lean into the twisties, especially if you treat her like the classy lady she is, with precise control inputs and early throttle application. It also helps if I sing Sade's

"Smooth Operator" into my helmet as I attack the turns. I have no idea what everyone else is singing and, if their talent is comparable to mine, I probably don't want to know, but at our first stop since leaving the slab the smiles tell me that everyone is having as much fun as I am. And we haven't even gotten to the really good roads yet.

At about 2 p.m. we arrive at the **Blue Ridge Parkway**, an engineering marvel with a concept slightly different than the slab; simply put, the Parkway is about mile after mile of perfectly radiused mountain turns, four hundred and sixty nine miles to be exact. It's here we hit our first snag -- the Ducati's clutch has fragged, and Gerard can't even coax the bike up a small hill without it slipping and stinking up the place like a bad bar band. A local Waynesboro cop calls a wrecker, who in turn calls a local Honda dealer, who sends out a guy with a trailer to tow the bike to the shop. Nice folks. After several phone calls fail to locate a local replacement clutch pack, Gerard decides to leave the bike with the dealer, bus/train it home, then come back with his trailer to pick up the bike. I'm encouraging him to trade the Duc on the spot for a new F4 or VFR, switch the bags, and continue the trip, but he's having none of it. Instead, we whisk him to the Staunton bus station and bid a sad farewell.

**The BRP is a wonderful motorcycle road**, but if you want to avoid RVF (that's RV Frustration) and ride it "empty" it helps to run it mid-week and off-peak. Which, what a coincidence, we do. There are times during the first afternoon where, despite our mechanically delayed start, we are literally riding for over an hour without seeing another vehicle, all the while carving those perfect mountain turns. We stop at Natural Bridge for the night, coming down off the mountain on route 130, a great road in and of itself. This road conveniently ends directly in front of the "Natural Bridge Conference Center," a fairly nice hotel with a decent restaurant/bar. That evening we provide the waitstaff with some excitement, otherwise they spend their time tending to a convention of insurance agents and their spouses, none of whom appear to be less than 65. By comparison, we are directly out of Easy Rider. 493 miles for the day, one southern-fried clutch, and then there were three.

**Day two dawns** clear and crisp in the valley, perfect riding weather: just set the vest and grips on "simmer" until the day warms up. The approach to the mountain, however, reveals that the Parkway itself is encased in fog; the locals tell us it takes about 45 minutes to burn off. Sounds like a great excuse for a food stop. After breakfast served by a conspicuously hung over waitress, we climb up to the now perfectly clear Parkway and immediately fall back into yesterday afternoon's rhythm. Roll off, bank, roll on, repeat. And three-peat. Later, we continue to bask in sunshine as the bikes float over the Linn Cove Viaduct. The roadway is particularly awe inspiring here because it is cantilevered off the side of the mountain; it feels as if you're just riding through thin air. The further south you travel, the higher the roadway climbs and the more dramatic become the views, eventually peaking at over 6,000 feet. We have entered motorcycle nirvana, and I'm definitely still singing in my helmet. The song this morning is Earth, Wind and Fire's "September," "Do you remember . . ." Thank God we don't have intercoms.

At the Mt. Pisgah gas stop, we chat with a rider on a "Boss Hoss," the motorcycle built around a **Chevy V-8**, and whose rider is sized appropriately for such a monstrosity. Next to this West Virginia mountain man, even Glenn looks small. He informs us that she holds 9 gallons in the tank, and 2 more in "reserve" under the seat. Even though he asserts that she handles like a "dream," the car rear tire, w-i-d-e motor and low floorboards seem to suggest otherwise. Luckily, we've tanked up before he has an opportunity to run the pumps dry.

Muncie, unfortunately, is beginning to have not bike, but back, problems, which we're trying to solve with frequent stops. This has worked for a while, but he's considering taking a room at the Mt. Pisgah Lodge and calling it a day. Because it's only about 5 p.m., and there's just 60 or so miles left of the BRP, Glenn and I persuade him to soldier on to the Parkway's southern terminus, in Cherokee, North Carolina. There we find a modest hotel, complete with bike washing facilities, and catch our breath from the last 435 miles of mountain riding. It's time to recharge our batteries for day

three's planned adventure: Deal's Gap, the Foothills Parkway and the new Cherohala (or as Glenn calls it, the "cherry cola") Skyway.

**Day three** again starts out picture perfect weather-wise, but soon turns ugly. And expensive. As Glenn leads us through Cherokee, we don't even get ten miles before being required to make a donation to North Carolina's treasury, and warned that "we pull 2-3 bikes out of Deal's Gap every week, and I ticket every bike headed in that direction to get them to slow down." NC has an interesting revenue generation scheme: \$25 tickets with \$86 tacked on in court costs. Based on this not-so-subtle encouragement, we decide that discretion is the better part of valor, and jettison our NC riding plans. On our way back toward the BRP, we idle past two more of NC's finest, one of whom turns around to follow us as a further reminder that "our kind" is not welcome here. Taking the hint, we head north on the Parkway, which is under federal jurisdiction, with the intention of shooting into West Virginia at some point. The spirit of Fontana appears to be alive and well; needless to say, I won't be back -- there are too many other nice places to ride.

Muncie's back is really bothering him now, and the frequent stops are providing no relief. After a long and obviously painful lunch, he decides to cut the day short, rest up at a hotel, and then slab it home tomorrow; we wave goodbye at Blowing Rock. Glenn and I continue to carve turns until we call it a day at Fancy Gap, milepost 200, checking in at a not so fancy Days Inn. We ask the clerk if there's a restaurant within walking distance -- "Sure, right at the base of the hill, and here's a menu." Doesn't look too bad, so after unloading, we stroll down for some food. What do we see? A corrugated metal tin shack -- literally -- with a neon sign proclaiming "Eats" and a banner advertising 39 cent hamburgers. I don't think so. We run, not walk, to the much cleaner gas station next store and buy some prepackaged, hermetically sealed for your safety, made anywhere but here, food for an impromptu in room picnic. The south really is a culinary wasteland. 340 stop-and-go miles, one crippled back, and then there were two.

Day four begins with blue sky, but the weather forecast for West Virginia looks bad: strong thunderstorms, severe lightning and golf ball-size hail. Not what you would call conducive to sport-touring. Taking a page out of Gumby's handbook, instead of turning west, we continue north.

Our consolation prize is that at 7:15 a.m we're back on the BRP at milemarker 200 in bright sunshine, and four hours, an incredible number of turns, no traffic, and one Peaks of Otter gas stop later, exit the Parkway's northern end in Waynesboro. As Yogi says, deja vu all over again. Glenn decides over lunch that he would like to get home early, so he's slabbing it from here via I-81. I head off for the Virginia backroads, and am still harboring some hope for a shot at WV because I don't have to be back until Sunday. And then there was one.

The valley byways shield me from a mountain view, but provide some tasty tarmac for Uma to enjoy as we wind our way through the farms. Santana's "Black Magic Woman" is running through my head; please don't ask me to explain my musical selections -- a premonition perhaps? Arriving at Front Royal and looking west shows a humongous pitch-black storm cloud, complete with lightning show, rolling eastward over the mountains.

Montour Falls, NY July 3<sup>rd</sup>-4<sup>th</sup>  
World Champ Trials

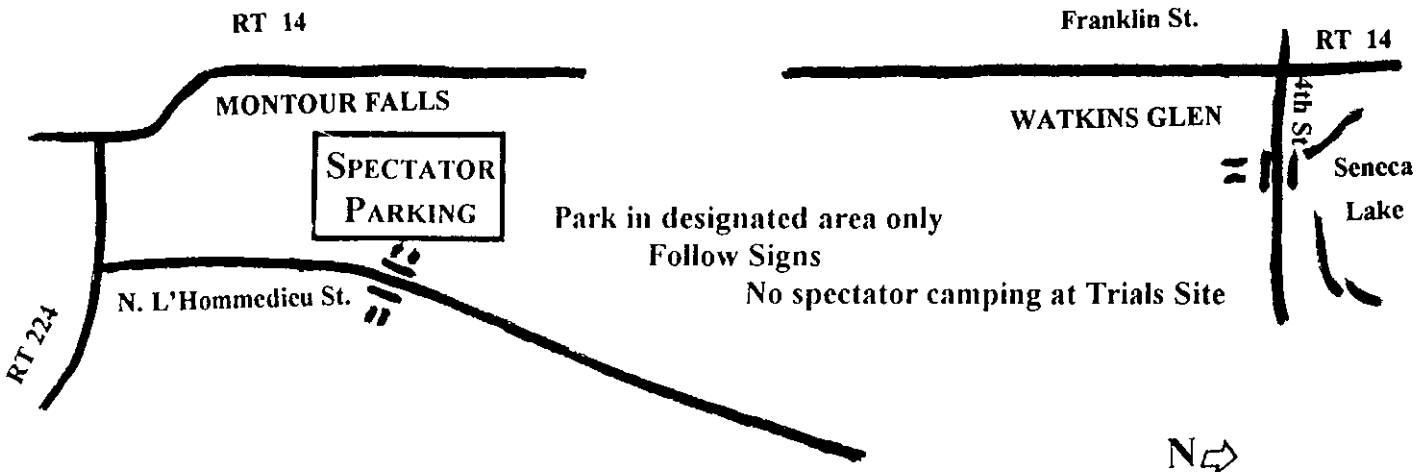
Start Times: 11am Sat, 10am Sun. For those not familiar with trials, note that the start is not where the action is. Spectators

In addition, the sheets of rain being dropped by this monster are clearly visible. WV will just have to wait for another day. Heading north and east after a quick gas stop keeps me in sunshine and ahead of the storm but, unfortunately, on the slab. My Blue Ridge Byway 99 adventure ends one day ahead of schedule, as I slide into the garage at 7:05 p.m. with 567 miles on the clock.

Epilogue: Four days, 1835 miles door-to-door. Muncie slabbed it home and found that laying prone on the tank with his feet on the passenger pegs did wonders for his back. Probably looked pretty racy, too. Gerard's Duc is quacking again with a new Barnett carbon/kevlar clutch. Sources reveal that at about 2 a.m., while waiting for his train connection in the Washington, D.C. station, Gerard was, for some as yet to be determined reason, solicited by a male prostitute. It is now confirmed that a full face Arai can, in fact, be used as an effective defensive weapon. Uma is reclining peacefully in my garage, not-so-patiently waiting for our next getaway\*. And a new rear shock.

\* Gaspé in August

should go directly to the 'sections' as shown on the map (available at the gate). After the event, however, you're invited to start area to see and talk to the riders, checkout the bikes, and attend the trophy presentation. Food is available.



**NJ Shore BMW Riders - Club T-Shirt Order Form**

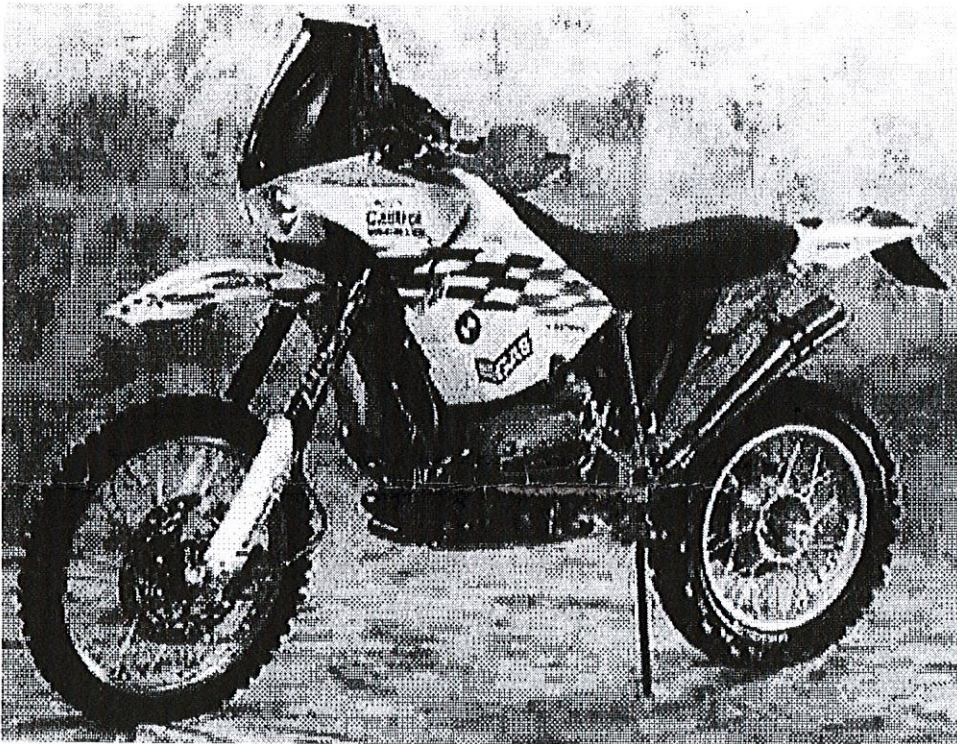
Please order your club T-shirts *in advance*. Clip & mail this coupon with payment to Don Eilenberger, or bring it to the next meeting. Price \$12.00 each, prepaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Size & Quantity \_\_\_Medium \_\_\_Large \_\_\_X-Large \_\_\_XX-Large



Die  
Deutche  
Desert Sled -  
R1100 GS/RR  
Prototype

Meeting: 7pm  
Wednesday  
June 9<sup>th</sup>  
Bedrock Café  
Eat &  
Meet.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders c/o D.Eilenberger  
1213 Pond Rd  
Spring Lk Hts, NJ 07762-1962

**TO:**

*Dues OK until 11/01/1999*  
Klaus Huenecke  
POB 40  
Tennent NJ 07763-0000



**Attention:** We need Flea Market photographs. Please forward them to Don. Thanks.