

THE NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS

September 1999



Notes from President Dennis

The August meeting was well attended. Most came by motorcycle and the food was good. As usual, after the meeting we hung around outside to kick tires and tell stories. We hung the banner over the mantle but forgot the taking down the banner ceremony. A motion was made by French to raise the yearly dues. This was after Don told us we were running out of money primarily because of newsletter costs. The motion was seconded and discussed. The vote to raise dues from \$12 to \$15 effective for the next fiscal year passed unanimously. We also discussed the yearly picnic but reached no consensus nor had any volunteer to arrange things so the matter was quietly dropped. George H. suggested we have a fifty-fifty drawing similar to the New Sweden club at our meeting as a way to increase our treasury so I expect we will do that. Upcoming rallies were discussed, particularly the RA National in September. Any one going who wants company should call me, Don, George or others to arrange a group. We also mentioned the LoGalbo run to Canada and the Grant-Stephan run to Prince Edward Island and beyond. Come Out to the next meeting to hear all about it and see whatever photos they have taken.

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**\$15 Annual Dues Due  
by November 10**

Mail to Don E.  
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Hold Your Breath Then Gaspe - M. LoGalbo

It's August in New Jersey. It's hot. It's sticky. Your only child is away at camp pursuing her ever growing passion for horseback riding. You have a supportive spouse that always encourages you to indulge your two wheeled related riding fantasies. What do you do? Head North, waaaay north, through New England and up to Canada's Gaspe Peninsula for a week-long moto-adventure.

Day 1, Monday, August 9th: Bill Schroeder and I hit the highway early to escape New Jersey before

rush hour. We jump on the NJ Tpk at Exit 8A around 6:30 a.m. and plan on picking up Glenn Martin, Grant Duncan and Stephan Kwiatkowski at the GSP's Montvale rest area at 8. Before I get into the meat of the trip, first some background on this rolling rally's participants. Bill rides a CBR 600F2 that he bought new and that now has over 52,000 (trouble free, I might add) miles on the clock. He and I have been riding together for over 7 years, both locally and on extended trips, and have also done several riding schools together. He is a quick and safe rider that also happens to get more mileage out of a set of sport tires than anyone I've ever seen. I think he fills them (and maybe himself) with helium.

Glenn's mount is a pristine 1992 R100RS that he recently acquired, and this will be their honeymoon run together. Time will tell whether the marriage will last, but early indications are positive -- they've been living together successfully for the past several weeks, each learning the others' habits. I have also noticed that Glenn now has a certain "glow." I'm on Uma, my 93 K75S, with a just-installed Works shock and a new set of Michelin Mac 50s (courtesy of the \$40 rebate coupon in ON) that I'm looking forward to trying. Glenn tells me you can "run 'em right to the edge, but they suck off road." I'm going to try not to confirm this last point. Grant and Stephan are on matching R11Rs; Stephan's is virtually brand new, so we have another honeymooner. They are planning to do the first couple of days, then break off to Nova Scotia and the world famous Cabot Trail. In the best "rugged individualist" tradition, they will also be camping, at least some of the nights. The Wimps-R-Us folks (that includes me) have already made hotel reservations.

We head out of NJ and onto the NY Thruway, skirting the eastern foothills of the Catskills. Because this is a backroad-oriented trip, we abandon the highway at Exit 21, and head north and east to Mt. Greylock, the highest peak in Massachusetts. Glenn leads us up the narrow, somewhat cratered, climb to the top, which has a magnificent view of the valley below. A perfect



On top of Mt. Greylock, MA.
Left to right: Glenn Martin, Stephan

Kwiatkowski, Mike LoGalbo, Grant Duncan, Bill Schroeder

photo op, especially considering the weather: bright and sunny. We head down the other side of the mountain and then north on Rt. 112 into Vermont.

to spend your time. Continuing north on 100 takes you past Ben & Jerry's, a mandatory stop for any ice

Much has been written about traveling through Vermont, especially the famed Route 100. Route 100 is a fine road and is an easy way to navigate the state south to north (or vice versa), but perhaps because of this, can be a bit touristy. Fortunately there are many, many other Vermont backroads that, though requiring more forethought and route changes, take you further into the rural countryside and all it has to offer. We're heading in the general direction of Stowe, but doing so in a circuitous fashion by criss-crossing the Green Mountains so we can ride the "notches" or "gaps." The northernmost notch is the Appalachian Gap on Route 17, perhaps the twistiest road in Vermont, and also one of the most fun. Route 17's eastern terminus is at Route 100 in Waitsfield, home of Cycle Speed, an itty-bitty, teeny-tiny Ducati dealer. Unfortunately, they are closed on Monday so we don't get to drool all over the beautiful Italian bodywork. I have, however, stopped here before and met the owner. He's a very nice guy who has what many of us would consider a dream situation: he sells skis in the winter and Ducs in the summer -- not a bad way

cream aficionado. It's then north into Stowe, for a stay at the Commodore's Inn. The owner lets us

keep the bikes under the front awning, and offers to hook up a hose for an impromptu bike wash. Glenn, acting ex-officio, declares this place "motorcyclist friendly." Grant and Stephan continue north to Stephan's brother's home, and we make plans to meet up Tuesday morning.

Day 2, Tuesday, August 10: My 44th birthday, so of course it dawns cool, clear and mostly sunny -- perfect riding weather. We head north on Route 108, through the boulders of Smuggler's Notch, big suckers that this road twists and turns around. You're not making time, in fact, you're not even going fast, but it's fun because the scenery is so unusual. The northern portion of Vermont is referred to as The Kingdom in the state's travel literature. For a motorcyclist, it really should be called The Magic Kingdom because the pavement is well maintained, there's very little traffic, and the roads

sweep back and forth with metronomic regularity. Grant keeps wondering where all the refineries are.

We take Routes 105 and 114 east right to the three corners of Vermont, Canada and New Hampshire, then 102 south, where we cut east into the Granite State. Route 102 hugs the Connecticut River and is, in my opinion, one of the best motorcycling roads in Vermont. Please don't tell anyone. Route 26 through Dixville Notch takes us past The Balsams, a world-class mountain resort with the views and prices to match. After we pass, I notice that I can now say "Beemer" and "Buffy" with the proper inflection, sounding just like Thurston Howell the third.

Maine, the final frontier. The northwest corner of Maine is nothing but trees, lakes and a few beautiful roads. The vehicle of choice appears to be some type of Jeep with a canoe strapped to the top; they're as numerous as springtime black flies in the Adirondacks. We head past the town of Stratton, north on Route 27 toward Canada, a great road that should not be missed if you're anywhere near the area. An interminable wait at the border while our credentials are "checked," (must be all the leather) and we're in another country. Grant and Stephan head up to Quebec City, while the rest of us are destined for Rivierie du Loop, on the St. Lawrence. The backroad route I've plotted turns out to be a bit straight, but is still fun because it's very remote, cutting through dense forest. We crest a hill to see the shimmering blue St. Lawrence spread out over the treetops, then jump on Rt. 20 for a "Pontiac turbo-454 minivan" escort to the hotel. A very nice dinner at the restaurant next door and as they say, life is good.

Day 3, Wednesday, August 11: Gaspé literally means "land's end" and if you look at the map you can see why: it is a finger-shaped peninsula that sticks out into the Atlantic and forms the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Route 132 circumnavigates Gaspé's perimeter, and on the northern coastline dives through ravines, climbs up the side of mountains and, for about 30 miles, is cut into a wall of nearly vertical rock elevated about 20 feet above the water. Sport-touring nirvana.

We stop at Cap Chat's vertical axis windmill (called an aeolian, after Aeolus, the Greek god of the wind, as if you didn't know), the largest of its kind in the world. [Pix next issue]. This wind powered generator stands over 300 feet tall, and is part of a "windmill farm" that includes what seem like about 50-75 other more conventional pinwheel-type power generators. Over lunch we're joined briefly by a solo rider from Montreal on his new R11S; thankfully he speaks

English. He loves the bike, which is in a new color scheme: yellow with silver stripes. We then ride along through Forillon National Park, making our way into Percé, home of Rocher Percé, a 250 ton monolith that visually assaults you as drop into the town from an elevated set of challenging twisties. This rock sits off the shore and is accessible on foot at low tide. Our hotel is on the quiet side of town, with a perfect view of the rock and the Atlantic.

Day 4, Thursday, August 12: Before leaving Percé, we play tourist and wait for low tide so we can walk to the Rock for some photos. Where's that GS when you need one? We then saddle up and take the southern portion of Route 132, which is flatter than its northern cousin; instead of hugging mountainous cliffs, you roll through numerous fishing villages and beach communities. Today's trip will take us into New Brunswick, which is in the Atlantic time zone, notwithstanding that it is no further east than Gaspé. English is also NB's official language, while we've been immersed in French these past two days. Our first rain greets us about noontime, and hangs on intermittently for the rest of the day. We say au revoir to Gaspé and cross into NB at Capbellton. Mirimichi, is today's end point. The route there is straight and fast, and the hotel is Okay, but unfortunately the town is home to a wood processing plant, and smells like it. Not the best choice of destinations.

Day 5, Friday, August 13: After doing a local Indian dance to ward off the day's evil spirits, we head west toward the US border. Route 108 traverses NB and is 100 miles of treelined two lane road. Nothing but treelined two lane road. Very deserted, making for yet another pleasantly spirited ride for folks used to New Jersey's congestion. At it's end, we stop for gas and Glenn notices that his rear swingarm is now loose at the pivot point, giving new meaning to the term "rubber cow." Obviously our dancing left something to be desired. A subsequent stop at a gas station with tools instead of twinkies, determines that the nuts have not backed off, and tightening them has no effect. Out comes the Anonymous Book, looking for the nearest dealer. Of course, this being Friday the 13th, that one is out of business, the next closest is in Falmouth, Me, about six hours away. Glenn gives them a heads up that he's coming, and jumps on the highway. [Turns out a routine re-torque of the bearing has me on the road in 30 minutes, and on to Laconia Raceway. Story & pix next issue-Ed.]

Bill and I point the bikes south and west on Maine's backroads, heading for Rangeley. Unbeknownst to us, Route 11 is under construction; 24 miles of dirt and gravel in both directions to be exact. How

thoughtful of Maine to provide an opportunity to practice our off road skills! We put this tedium behind us and take Route 16 west, a beautiful rural road that bisects the northern portion of the state and dumps us at the Rangeley Inn, the centerpiece (and most expensive) hotel of this trip. This is a small inn right on a lake, with a fabulous restaurant. Over drinks in the pub, we reflect on how easy it would be to get used to the less hurried, less congested pace of the areas we've just traveled through. The natural beauty of this part of the world, coupled with the solitude it offers is very attractive. Plus, the honking-cell-phone-talking-make-up-applying-breakfast-eating-newspaper-reading-sport-yuptipity-vehicle menace appears not to inhabit this ecosystem. Bliss, pure bliss. Or, is this just the grass is always greener syndrome at work?

Day 6, Saturday, August 14: We head out of Maine and into New Hampshire through Grafton Notch. As we then turn south, the traffic increases and we also encounter multiple groups of slow moving helmetless Harley riders. Live free or die! Today's destination is Killington, Vt and once again we're taking the roundabout route. Unfortunately, the rain begins about 2 pm and starts to take on a monsoon quality. Well, I guess this is why God invented Gore-tex. We take shelter in a covered bridge, directly under a "no trespassing" sign, re-plot our route, then splish-splash our way south on Route 14 and west on 4 to the Killington-Pico Motor Inn. This hotel turns out to be the surprise of the trip -- 50 bucks for a real nice room and although the restaurant isn't operational in the off season, the bar is. A phone call to a local pizza place snags us a pie without having to go back out in the rain. Some Long Trail Ale on tap washes it down nicely.

Day 7, Sunday, August 15: It looks like rain again and the dreaded homing instinct is starting to kick in. Peter Egan wrote an interesting column about this a few months ago in Cycle World called, I believe, Wasted Miles. You know, those miles you waste just trying to get somewhere in a hurry. Bill and I had actually planned to head north through another of Vt's notches, then over to Larrabee's Point for the cable ferry to Fort Ticonderoga, NY. Our objective was to intersect with Route 30 in the Adirondacks, a great road that cuts the Park in two. Because of the rain, we instead decide to head south on Route 100, then west on 9 to jump on the NY Thruway. It monsoons all the way until about 50 miles south of Albany, then becomes progressively brighter and hotter as we get closer to NJ. We avoid the Parkway and take 287 to Weston Canal Road, just because we can't bear the slab any longer. After 7 days, 6 states, 2 countries, 2 timezones, 2 provinces and 2750 miles, Bill and I split in Rocky Hill. It's

finally time to catch our breath. Next year: Lac St. Jean, Mont Tremblant or (say it like James Earl Jones) Thunder Bay?

Welcome New Members:

Jim Gorman, Bordentown
Mike Lamberti, Morganville
Leigh Ann Zaolino, Montclair

A first time BMW motorcycle buyer was so excited about picking up his new bike that he started jumping up and down in the dealership yelling:
"BMW - BMW - BMW !!!"

After a few minutes of this, the sales manager came out of his office and shouted "Be Silent!"

The man was quiet for a moment then began jumping around and shouting again:
"MW - MW - MW !!!"

See the new Club pictures at :

www.monmouth.com/~deilenberger

Calendar

- **Sept. 8, NJS-BMW-R Club Meeting, Bedrock Café, 7pm, Main St., Bradley Beach, NJ 732-502-4455 Eat & Meet**
- **Sept. 10-12, BMW Mass Confusion Rally, 11th Plymouth Rock Campout, Plymouth Rock KOA, Rte 44 Middleboro, MA between Rtes 495 and 105. Info: Harry Bruno 781-826-4663**
- **Sept. 12th, Freemansburg Pa. Hill Climb, Racing begins at 1:00. Admission \$10.** Tickets are available at the gate. Parking is free. **Directions:** Hellertown exit on Route 78 (the second exit into PA from NJ) take **Route 412 North**. Go past Cokeworks Rd, and where 412 turns left; bear right on Shimersville. Go past the Freemansburg bridge, the road will turn into Riverside Drive.
- **Sept. 23 - 26, "RA In The Colonies," 27th BMW RA International Rally, the event will be held at the spacious Jamestown Beach Campsites located along the beautiful James River. The campground is close upon the actual Jamestown settlement and adjacent to the Jamestown Ferry landing.** **The Virginia Peninsula** is a cradle of American history, starting with the settlement's founding in 1607. Jamestown is cornerstone to Virginia's "Historical Triangle" which includes a scenic loop to Colonial Williamsburg and Yorktown. Venture east and you'll discover numerous Civil War battle sites, including the "Monitor-Merimac Overlook," at Newport News. The city is also host of the famous Mariners' Museum. Nearby,

in Hampton, is NASA's Langley Research Center, home of the Virginia Air & Space Center. **Further south** is Norfolk, Virginia Beach and the spectacular Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel. Further north are the birthplaces of George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

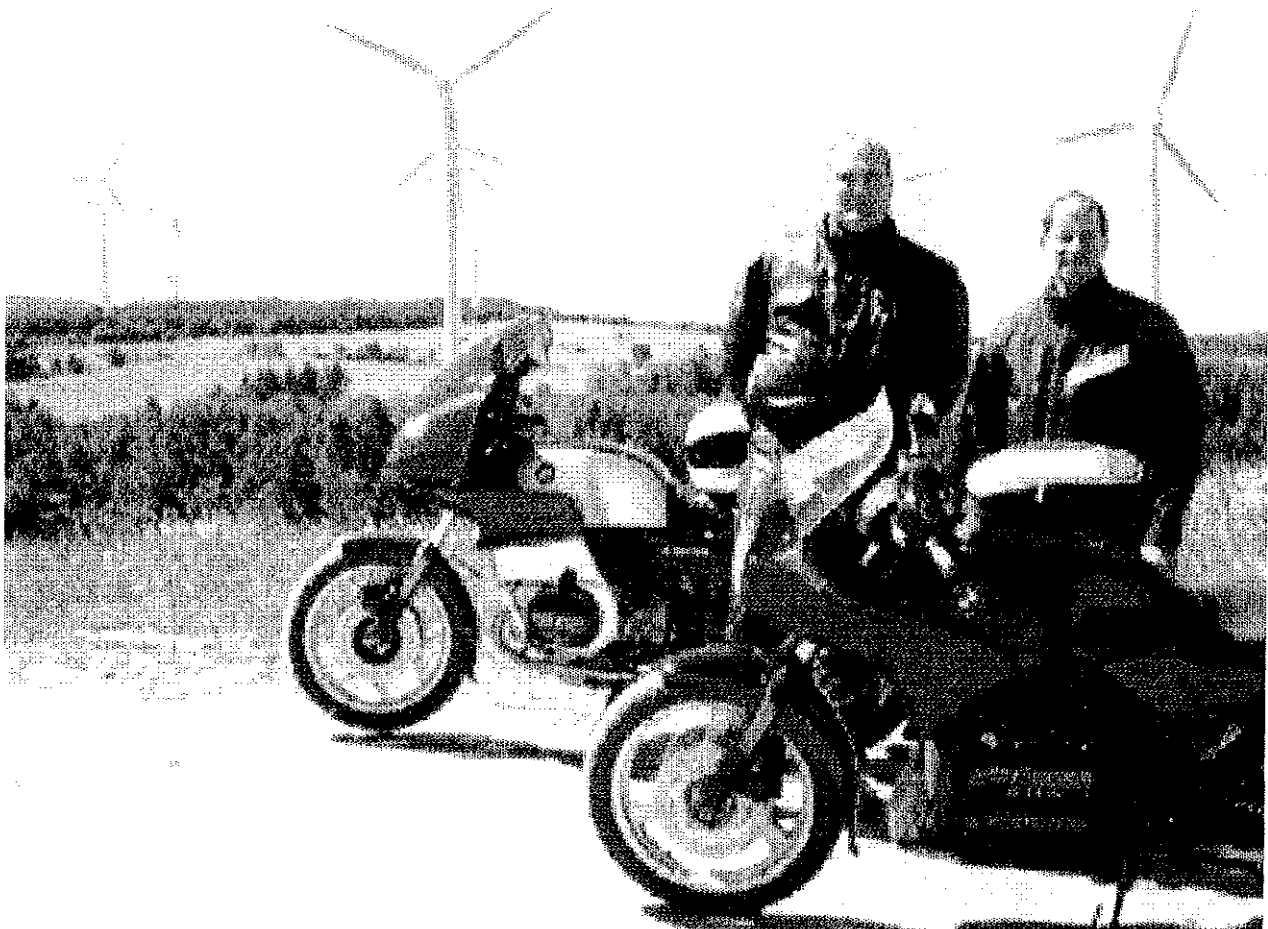
Best approach is from the south via the back roads of Surrey and Sussex Counties. Exit I-95 near Emporia and select a course that will take you east to Highway 31. Follow 31 north and board the ferry at Scotland. The Jamestown Ferry operates 24-hours a day (on the half-hour) and is free. The quick route from the north is via I-64 to the Colonial Parkway (Exit 242). Follow the signs to Jamestown.

Pre-Registration is \$20 (by September 10); \$25 at the gate. Please, cash or check only at the gate. Fee includes three nights camping, rally pin, entertainment, self-guided tours, technical seminars and more!

For additional information contact R.A. Headquarters at 407-984-7800 or

< <http://www.bmwra.org> >

- **Sept. 26 BMW Cruiser Run**, Cross Country BMW to Washington Crossing. Call Dan Notte for more Info. 732-635-0094
- **Oct. 22-24 17th Annual Last Chance "Rawhide" Rally**, New Sweden BMW Riders, Jellystone Park, Mays Landing, NJ, \$25/Adult, Pre-reg. by 10/8 Featuring a "No Wimps" GS/Funduro Run. Friday night - Pete's Chili. Saturday morning - Immodium. Info 609-728-9535 **YEEE - HAAWW !!!**



Spinning Propellers Meet: Fearless tour leader, Mike LoGalbo & the Editor at a windmill farm on the Gaspé Peninsula. Believe me, they were *really* spinning.

NJ Shore BMW Riders



New Jersey Shore BMW Riders
c/o D. Eilenberger
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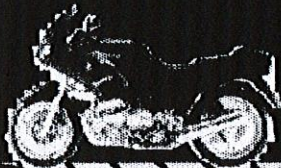
TO:

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

Meeting: 7pm Wednesday September 8th
Bedrock Café / Eat & Meet.



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