

# THE NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS

November 1999



## Two Notes from President Dennis

**Last Chance Rally.** Nice day on Friday and was able to leave work a little early to try and beat the traffic south to May's Landing. Heading for the New Sweden Club's rally at the Jellystone Park Campground. I did beat the traffic and was there in about an hour and a half. Captain Don Eilenberger had left earlier and was there to point out our trailer when I arrived. Jim Gorman showed up about the same time.

Don took the private room and the big bed, but that's what happens when you make all the arrangements and get there first. Jim took a couch and I took a bunk. After check-in, where we joined the New Sweden Club, we headed for the beer.

They had a keg of Black&Tan which was unlimited to members, so you can understand the reason to join the club. We also sampled Pete's Road kill chili. Yes, there were bits of fur and I'm sure I saw an eyeball. After socializing for a while, we retired to our trailer for after dinner drinks and a lot of tall tales.

Around 10PM the rain started and continued all night. It sure was great listening to the rain beat on the roof all night in a warm and dry bunk. Our own hot showers in the morning made it even better. The weather had cleared, so we headed out for a great breakfast at Johnny's in May's Landing.

At this time, a member of Skylands named Mario joined us for breakfast and the day's ride. He was good company. Captain Don led us to the coast of Cumberland County. We toured Bivalve, Shellpile and had some great chowder at Downe. No traffic and few people made this a very enjoyable and relaxing day. It's a nice part of the state and reminded me of Ocean County some 30 years ago.

We were back at the rally by about 3PM and in time to watch the field events. After a nap we went over for dinner and made it just in time as the food ran out. They had the usual awards and announcements and had a DJ for music and dancing. As the weather was getting very cool, we were again very happy not to have to climb into a cold tent for the night. Again we shared libations and talked about close calls and not so close calls with our hoofed and furry friends.

Up early the next morning, I headed north on the Parkway and thought I should have brought electric heat. Attending a rally like this makes one realize

that if our club is to hold a rally, we should anticipate a lot of organization, need a lot of participation from our members, and expect to spend a great deal of time and work to make it a success.

✂

Another beautiful late fall day and I'm sitting with my second cup of coffee and the Sunday Times when the phone rings. It's Grant Duncan on the other end. He and Stephan Kwiatkowski are going north to the lakes of North Jersey. He asks if I can be ready in twenty minutes and I say yes. In about that time we are heading north, no, racing north on the GSP.

Not having a coin changer on my moto, I have to do double time after the toll booths just to keep up. Off the GSP and west on 287, we set the pace for the rest of the vehicles. We cut off at route 206 north and pass through Peapack and Chester toward Netcong. The traffic is not too bad and the fall foliage is beautiful. At Andover we take route 613 north into Lake Mohawk. This is a nice twisty that you don't often find in NJ. At Mohawk we stop at Krogh's Brew Pub for what else, a brew, but also for our first pack of cigarettes and some cabbage soup.

Lake Mohawk is a really nice place and worth a visit. From there it's north on route 517 and more spectacular scenery, old farms and challenging roads. Really nice country that doesn't fit most people's vision NJ. From there it's route 23 and route 94 to Vernon Valley and Highland Lakes and more twistys and scenery. This being the first day of standard time and the beginning of deer rutting season, we decide to head south. We take route 23 south and east toward route 287. This is not a bad road either, although a bit more traffic and congestion.

I know when we will pick up speed. It's when Grant spots another motorcycle ahead of us and then it's warp speed until we are passing whomever and whatever it is, usually Harleys. Onto 287 it's double time to the GSP and back to the Shore. A really great day was had by all. It's a recommended ride. Talk to Stephan, he's the one who knows the lake country roads.

## The 'Rondack Project - Mike LoGalbo

The Adirondack Park is the largest state park in the lower 48 states, encompassing over 6 million acres. What little traffic there is on the Park's secondary roads drops even further in the fall as the tourist season transitions from summer to winter, and hotel rooms become inexpensive and readily available. The 'Rondack Project was born from this set of circumstances, and a battle plan was laid for an autumnal riding assault. Carpe diem.

Five fully armored specialists met up on Route 31 near Flemington, Saturday, October 9 at 8:00 a.m. for the attack: Glenn Martin, Bill Schroeder, Gerard Leo (with the Duc back at full quack), Janet Muller (a black ops expert on loan from Queens) and yours truly. The rules of engagement were simple -- travel only the backroads, searching for maximum "smiles per mile." North of Hope (how appropriate) the mission really begins as we head to Port Jervis for breakfast via 521, one of New Jersey's best backroads.

Route 97 carries us away from Port Jervis and high above the Delaware, tracing the river's every move. Up to this point its been spitting rain, but now the sun is peaking out, traffic is light, the trees arch over us with about 60% of their leaves on fire, and our team seems to be enjoying the rhythm of the road stretching out before us. Fallen leaves swirl in the vortex left behind. This, ladies and gentlemen, is why I love traveling by bike. There's nothing like it.

In short order, we're knocking on the door of Route 10, ready for a "reservoir run." Route 10 is a special road, first taking you around the western Catskill watershed, then through numerous central NY farming communities, and finally climbing into the Adirondacks with a rush of twisties that make you grin from ear to ear inside your helmet. The road surface is smooth, the switchbacks plentiful, the trees even more vibrant with color, and the traffic non-existent. Our assignment is clearly going well, with the road succumbing to the overwhelming onslaught of horsepower and torque. As we enter the Adirondacks, the air changes and becomes thick with the smell of pine trees and wood burning fireplaces, the heating fuel of choice.

Our route takes us through Speculator and east on 8. The sun is shining brightly now and we have an opportunity to enjoy yet another autumnal pleasure - the golden hue of the late day sun as it lights up the changing leaves. We set up our command post and bivouac at the Balmoral Motel, with one of the rooms a suite so we have a place to "hang" in the evening, thereby facilitating the required telling of

the day's war stories over an appropriate adult malt beverage. The motel was taken with no fatalities, and Uncle Visa was only injured for the modest amount of \$35 per commando per night. We grab some chow, settle in, stow our gear and wait for the Sunday dawn.

**Ah, I love the smell of bikes warming in the morning.** My K, Janet's oilhead and Bill's CBR fire up with the collective drama of an Accord, instantly ready for the day's adventures. You can almost see their tails wag. Glenn's airhead needs to be gently shaken out of her slumber a few times and her throttle caressed before she settles into a lumpy idle. Gerard's Duc, on the other hand, requires a bottle of Chianti, a few drags on a DiNapoli, a rude kick in the ass, anda coughing fit; only then does she fully comprehend the import of the mission before us and agree to turn dead dino juice into motive power. Who cares -- we're on a mission from God and she looks mahhhvellous!

**We head north** and west out of Lake George on 28N, climbing past the Gore Mountain ski area. At one point, there's a pickup pulling a horse trailer, followed by a car. I pass the car, and pull in behind the trailer, then out and past again at the next opportunity. Everyone else does the same leapfrog, but this time, one of the horses decides to take a dump. An exquisitely large dump, that comes crashing out of the trailer and onto the road right in front of our intrepid travelers. If this doesn't give you an incentive to make a brisk pass, I don't know what will. Breakfast is at a great little place on Racquette Lake, and it's just after we leave that our enemy scores their first victory. I had been battling a nasty cold and cough for a few days before the trip and was hoping to ignore it, but it just kept getting worse. Having a coughing fit while you're cranked over in an 80 mph sweeper is not a lot of fun so I decide to bag the day after we're about a hundred miles out. Turns out later that this decision was "judgment challenged" (a/k/a dumb) because I rode back into heavy rain, while the rest of the troop headed north and encountered only sprinkles the entire day.

**Bill took over** command duty and led up Route 30 into Tupper Lake, and 3 west in preparation for the 58/56 St. Lawrence Loop. A friendly wave from a Harley rider prevents a donation to the NY treasury. 58 leads you out of the Park and north to the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Canadian border. It is a little traveled road filled with twists and turns and not much else. A short stint on 11 west, past the Seaway locks that raise and lower the cargo ships, and we head back into the 'Rondacks on 56. This is a tight road with many elevation changes and blind

corners as it lifts you back into the mountains; a very efficient "smiles per mile" venue.

Not satisfied with taking only me out, our enemy decides to lay a minefield. Janet promptly runs over a four inch cracked "gear" mine that puts a *one inch* slash into her rear tire. Houston, we have a problem. Out come the plug kits. Because of its size, it requires 3 plugs just to fill the hole, but the repair holds enough to get back to the command post. Janet fills the tire at a gas station that evening, and decides to check the pressure in the morning to determine if she can make it home on the temporary repair. Bill presents her with the "gear" as a memento.

Twelve psi just won't do it; such was the morning reading. The nearest dealer is in Schenectedy, a few hours away, but at least in the right direction. Janet refills the tire and she, Glenn and Gerard hit the highway. When they get to the BMW dealer, it turns out that they are closed on Mondays. There's a Suzuki, Honda and Harley dealer also in town. The Suzuki dealer categorically does not patch tires, and offers no other help. The Harley dealer also will not patch, but offers to unmount the tire so it can be taken to an auto tire repair shop, and to make some phone calls to try and locate a new tire. Glenn and Janet pull the wheel, the tire's taken off, and they ride over to a Goodyear dealer. No luck, hole is too big. On the ride back, they go past the BMW dealer and Janet starts pounding on Glenn's shoulder - "Do you see that?" It's a pile of used tires out behind the building by a dumpster. A quick U turn has them scouring garbage. They find a tire in the correct size that's in good shape and has only one plug, dead center in the tread. This gets remounted by the Harley shop (their calls failed to locate a new tire) free; that's right, they charged Janet nothing. She throws the tire guy a twenty; say what you want about Harleys, at least *some* of them are riders.

Bill and I take the scenic route home, and I'm determined to just ride through the coughing/sneezing. If you don't know, the sneeze reflex that forces you to close your eyes is particularly thrilling on a bike. We roll through Lake Luzerne and take 4 west past Great Scandaglia Lake, winding our way along the shoreline. A very pretty road that's tough to find but worth it because the views are spectacular. One turn creates a major pucker because the wet road surface also has some type of gas/home heating oil dumped all over the entrance. We overcome without too much drama, but keep a very watchful eye out for additional surprises.

Route 30 carries us south first through rolling farmland and then through the Catskills. The leaves are at peak along this route, the sun is dazzling, and the temperature about 60 degrees; in other words, perfect fall riding. The enemy launches one final salvo at Route 30's end: a document check. We roll up to a group of troopers complete with Smokey the Bear hats; one comes over to me and says "I don't see any inspection stickers on these bikes, boys." You can see the drool forming in the corner of his mouth. "Well, officer, that's because they're on the license plate." He says, no kidding now, "Why would they be there?" "Well, officer, because we're from NJ and that's where our state requires them to be." A quick look up our butts, and we get a "Have a nice ride" sendoff. Another bullet dodged.

At Hancock, we cross into Pa on route 191, take this to 611, then return to the Garden State via the Reigelsville Bridge. As Ahhnhold says: "I'll be back." In the meantime, plans are being hatched for an all out assault on West Virginia sometime in May, 2000. You are hereby officially sworn to double super secret secrecy. **Troop dismissed.**

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**Pay your \$15 Annual Dues by Nov. 10<sup>th</sup>**  
Please fill in a new membership form, and mail a check payable to Don Eilenberger to keep your membership current through Nov. 2000. Or, fill in the form and bring it to the November meeting and pay then. Thank you.

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### Combined Charity Toy Run

The NJ Shore BMW Riders and the New Sweden BMW Riders are doing a combined club "Toy Run" for Deborah Hospital in December.

If you don't know about Deborah - it is one of the premier heart-lung hospitals in the USA - and patients are never charged - it is free to anyone. They specialize in pediatrics - and this is where we hope to help.

- When:** Sunday, December 5<sup>th</sup>,  
Rain/snow date December 12th
- What:** Toy run to Deborah Hospital  
Browns Mills NJ
- Meet:** WAWA, Rt 537 near I-195  
(Great Adventure exit), 12 Noon
- Who:** Any rider
- Bring:** An \*unwrapped\* toy suitable for child 2-12 years old

We will ride to the Fort Dix Officers Club, where we will meet the New Sweden BMW Riders for coffee/donuts/bagels.

From the Officers Club we will have an MP escort to the edge of Fort Dix, and then a police escort to Deborah Hospital.

After the visit to Deborah, we hope to again gather at the Dix Club. We also will be donating our next meetings 50/50 proceeds to a fund for a larger gift for the older children (Ninento, or something similar) - this will be coordinated with the New Sweden Riders.

**PLEASE tell any riders you know about this event - BMW or Non-BMW.** It will bring cheer to the faces of children who have or will face serious surgery. Deborah is a non-profit, anyone welcome world famous heart/lung center.

More info: Contact Don Eilenberger 732-449-1533

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NJ Shore Riders Web Site :

[www.monmouth.com/~deilenberger](http://www.monmouth.com/~deilenberger)

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### C a l e n d a r

- **Wed. Nov 10, Bedrock Café Eat & Meet**  
7pm. Bradley Beach, NJ
- **Sun., Dec. 5, Toy Run Charity Ride** for Deborah Hospital, with New Sweeden Riders, Browns Mill, NJ.
- **Wed., Dec. 8, 7PM Cross Country BMW Oil Head Tech Session**, demonstrate a complete 6000 mile service on an R11 bike. Will also cover all options and accessories for the R11 bike. Future sessions will cover the K bike and the F- 650. Pizza and soft drinks will be served by Cross Country.
- **Thurs. Dec. 16 NJS-BMW-R Holiday Party**, Eggiman's Tavern 2031 Rte 71, Spring Lake Hts. 732-449-2626. We will have three choice sit- down dinner, soup to dessert. \$15 plus gratuity per person. Choices: NY Strip Steak, Stuffed Flounder, and Chicken Florentine. Cash bar. They wil have a fire in the fireplace. The room is exclusively ours.
- **Cycle World Motorcycle Shows**  
**January 21- 23, 2000**  
Philadelphia Convention Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
**February 4- 6, 2000**  
Jacob K. Javits Convention Center  
New York, NY

### Polar Bear Runs

It is not necessary to be a member of the Polar Bear Club to do these rides. There is generally food at the destination and if you just want to go for a nice ride and join other folks feel free to attend. The cost to join the Polar Bear Club for the 1999-2000 season is \$15. and can be paid when you do your first ride.

Call **908-722-0128** to check on cancellations & updates.

#### November 14

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS Pine St., Old Bridge, NJ  
Phone 732-251-9817. Pine St. runs off Rt #18 E. by the Trailer & Truck Cap sale.

#### November 21

CORNUCOPIA, 176 Rt 209 North Port Jervis, N.Y.  
Phone 914-856-5361. From Port Jervis take Rt #209 North 2 miles. Cornucopia will be on the right.

#### November 28

FORT DIX CLUB Ph 609-723-3272 From Bordentown Rt. 206 South pass NJTPK to Rt. 68. Go 8 miles to General Circle take last exit(follow signs for Wrightstown) Go 1 mile to blinker. Make right on Pennsylvania Ave. After about 9/10 mile, go past 6th street to stop which is 8th street. Make a left on 8th street and go to the second street on left which is Alabama. Make left on Alabama. Fort Dix Club will be on your right.

#### December 5

SCHOCK'S HARLEY DAVIDSON, Snydersville, PA, Ph# 717-992-7500. Take Rt #22 through Easton to Rt #33 North to Snydersville exit, at stop turn left, go over Rt #33 Schock's Harley on right (corner of Rt #209 & Rt #33)

#### December 12

MONTGOMERYVILLE CYCLE CENTER, Rt #309 Montgomeryville PA, Ph 215-699-7511. Take Rt #202 into PA. to Rt #309. Make right on Rt #309 go approx. 5 miles. It will be almost straight ahead.

#### December 19

THE CABIN, Rt #33 Howell, NJ Ph 732-780-4744. On Rt #33 Howell Twsp. Approx 5 miles west of Rt 34 (or East of Freehold, NJ) (CHRISTMAS PARTY. BRING A TOY FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. PUT CHILD'S AGE AND SEX ON GIFTS.)

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders, Inc.  
Membership/Renewal Application

Sent 11-5-99

Name: Klaus Huenecke

Address: P.O. Box 40

City: Tennent ST: NJ ZIP: 07763-0040

Home Phone: ( 732 ) 303-9206

Work Phone: ( ) 845-3557

FAX: ( ) -3844

E-Mail Address: epm@monmouth.com

Bike(s): \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ Model \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ No changes Year \_\_\_\_\_ Model \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ same as last year Year \_\_\_\_\_ Model \_\_\_\_\_



BMW-MOA Member?

Yes  No   
60935

If yes - membership number:

If not, do you want an application?

Yes  No

BMW-RA Member?

Yes  No

If yes - membership number:

If not, do you want an application?

Yes  No

Our club has a listing of people who are willing to go for a ride on short notice. We call this our "Sunday Ride List" since it is frequently used on nice Sundays. If you are on the list - you can expect to be called by other members who are looking for company for in impromptu ride. This last summer, the Sunday Ride list resulted in over 10 impromptu rides - both on Sundays and on other days of the week, so:

Would you like to be on our Sunday Rides List? Yes  No

I'm interested in: Rally's  Touring  Tech Sessions   
Other \_\_\_\_\_

I'm willing to help out with: ? time permitting

By signing this application, you accept full responsibility for any injuries you or any guests may incur during a NJS-BMW-Riders, Inc. club activity. You accept that motorcycling is inherently dangerous, and that the club officers and members are not expected to accept any liability for injuries suffered by you or any guest you invite to an activity!

I've read the above paragraph and agree to hold harmless all members and officers of NJS-BMW-Riders, Inc.

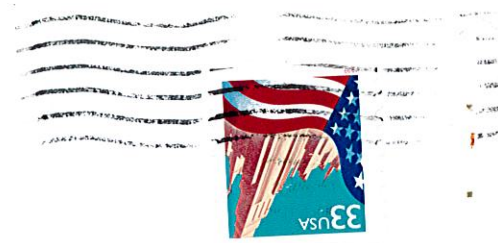
Yes  No

Date: 11-5-99

Signed: [Signature]

Please forward this application with a check for \$15 made out to our Secretary, Don Eilenberaer. 1213 Pond Rd. Spring Lk Hts. NJ 07762-1962

NJ Shore BMW Riders



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

TO:

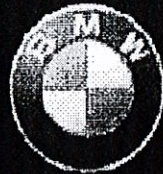
*Dues Overdue 3 days!*

Klaus Huenecke

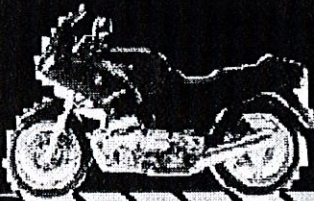
POB 40

Tennent NJ 07763-0000

Meeting: 7pm Wednesday November 10th  
Bedrock Café / Eat & Meet.



Motorcycles



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