

May 2009

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Skip Palmer, President, president@njsbmwr.org

Joe Karol, Vice President

Roger Trendowski, Secty/Treasurer

secretary@njsbmwr.org

Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Cub Reporter

Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor

John Welch, Trustee

John Malaska, Newsletter Publisher

Club Membership Application at: <http://www.njsbmwr.org>

[NJSBMWR_Application.pdf](#)

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

[Elbert Hubbard](#) US author (1856 - 1915)

Indecision may or may not be my problem.

[Jimmy Buffett](#)

To avoid situations in which you might make mistakes may be the biggest mistake of all.

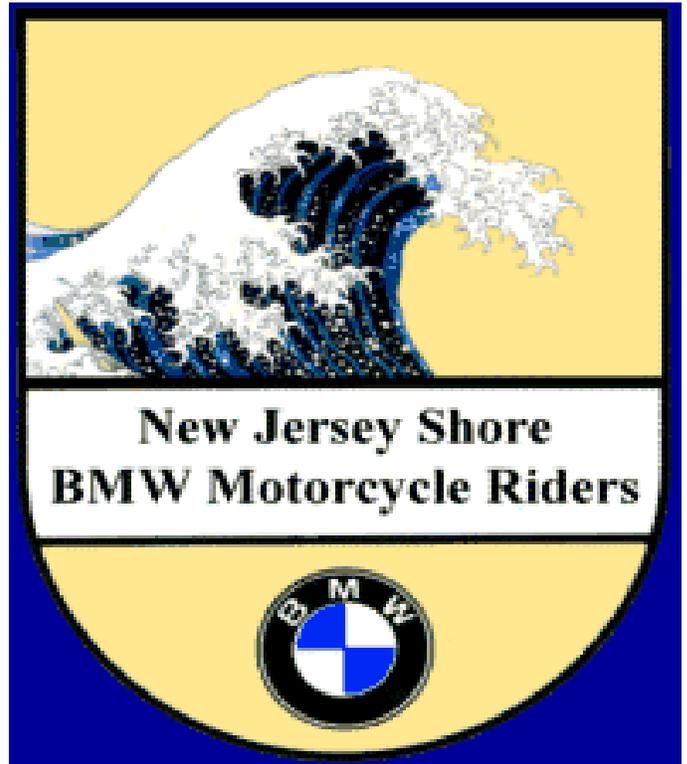
[Peter McWilliams](#), Life 101

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This past month, we participated in "Open Houses" at both Cross Country BMW on April 18th and DeSimone on May 2nd. Both of these dealers have supported us for several years and are now actively promoting our club with a club membership for every bike they sell this year.

Cross Country had perfect early spring weather and the attendance was exceptional. A quick count showed twenty-two of our club members in attendance. Dennis, Ken, Joe, Grant, Don and Bob set-up the grills, dining tents, tables and chairs before cooking over 500 hamburgers, 500 knockwurst, and 500 hotdogs. The owners of Cross County and staff were very appreciative of our support.

DeSimone wasn't as lucky with the weather. A heavy cloud cover, cool temps, and a steady falling mist kept the attendance down and everyone looking for cover. We had about a half dozen flea market tents



set up and some good items available for sale at bargain prices.

This month marks the beginning of the rally season with the Down East Rally in Maine, Americade at Lake George in New York, the Square Root Rally in Maryland, the Grand National Classic Motorcycle Meet at Rhienbeck in New York, and Laconia in New Hampshire. In just sixty days, we will be riding south to attend the MOA and RA National Rallies in July.

The time has come to dust off the bike, check the fluids and tire pressure and then start riding!

Skip Palmer, President

POLAR BEAR FINALE, APRIL 5, 2009

Oscar Gomez, reporting

This may not be the last polar bear ride led by Skip Palmer, but his house being sold and his plans to move to Florida make it likely. So not only was this ride the end of the "season" it well might be the end of an era. Skip has been leading these rides for years. When he announces a ride people show up because they know the route will be well-planned and the ride well executed; ridden at a pace comfortable for most riders.

If Grant or RDS announce a ride no one shows up because they don't want to risk their lives. If Don calls a ride only the aged and infirm make the call because they know it will take forever.

In any event, the ride started at Crown at 10am. Riders included me, Skip, Capt. Don, Bobby Truex, Joe Karol, J. Grant, RDS, Darryl and Maria Neff, Mike Palmer and Roger Trendowski. Roger peeled off at the next corner.

The route was backroads most of the way. Out of Monmouth County and into Ocean County, west on route 70, through Chatsworth, Green Bank, Mays Landing, New Gretna, Upper, Middle and Lower Townships, Dennis Township and into Cape May where we checked in.



The next stop was for lunch, but the spot chosen was closed and we went in search of another place to eat.

At this point I left for home as it was 1:30 and I had a birthday party to attend. Hopefully, someone else will provide the report on the ride home.

Thanks, Skip for all those great rides and all those good times. You will be missed.

RIDE HOME FROM THE CAPE MAY POLAR BEAR

Don Eilenberger

After RDS peeled off and headed north, we went to a great place for lunch, the name of which escapes me. It's right at the end of the bridge going into Cape May. Lunch was fun, food was good, Grant got to get filled up (he complained of emptiness, solved with a few

pints.) As we left – the group broke into several groups. The GO Fast group took off first, then the moderate group, then me. Mine was a somewhat solitary ride, although for a while I was leading the moderate group.

Uneventful ride up the Parkway. It was a great day to ride – mid 60 temps, sunny, nice 20-40MPH side-breeze. Was home by about 4PM. We'll miss Skip's leadership on the Polar Bears – and hope someone will step up to take his place. Won't be easy – but it will be worthwhile.

GATHERING OF THE NORTONS – A RITE OF SPRING, APRIL 19TH

Don Eilenberger

Like swallows returning to Capistrano – every year around income tax time, Nortons and other fire belching, oil dripping English iron gathers at Washington's Crossing State Park just across the river in PA.



This event seems to signal the beginning of riding season for many people. Each year the event has grown in popularity – and more unique and collectible bikes are to be seen.

While the focus started out as Nortons (the Norton Owner's Club is the sponsor) – it has expanded to include all old brit bikes, and finally all unique bikes.

It's a great bike show, free, worthwhile not only for the bikes, but also for seeing the people who ride them.

CROSS COUNTRY BMW – OPEN HOUSE – APRIL 18TH



The last new bike I owned – 1974 Norton Commando Mk-III

Club members came along for the ride that left from Our WAWA at 10AM, and others showed up on their own. After spending a few hours browsing the bikes on display – we headed north for lunch in Frenchtown. By the time we were ready to go home, temps were in the high 60's – and it was a great day to ride.



The Crew! (Don was taking the photo..)

A great crew showed up to help out at Cross Country's Open House on April 18th. The staff of Cross Country was very appreciative since the turnout surpassed all expectations – there must have been close to 1,000 people passing through during the day.

Our crew cooked and provided food for all the people – serving over 600 hamburgers, and equal number of hot dogs, soda, water, sausage, brats and side dishes.



RDS and Grant Duncan were seen, but they disappeared to find a pub for lunch, and then scare themselves silly riding home. Harold Gantz was there early with other riders from New Sweden. Joe Karol and his wife joined us for the ride and lunch.



Grant missed his calling as a short-order cook, Capt Dennis kept the dogs moving, and Ken setup the food supplies.

Despite it being a lot of work – it was also a lot of fun – got to meet some hungry friendly people. Skip helped out with the demo rides, and Don scouted the lots for potential new club members.

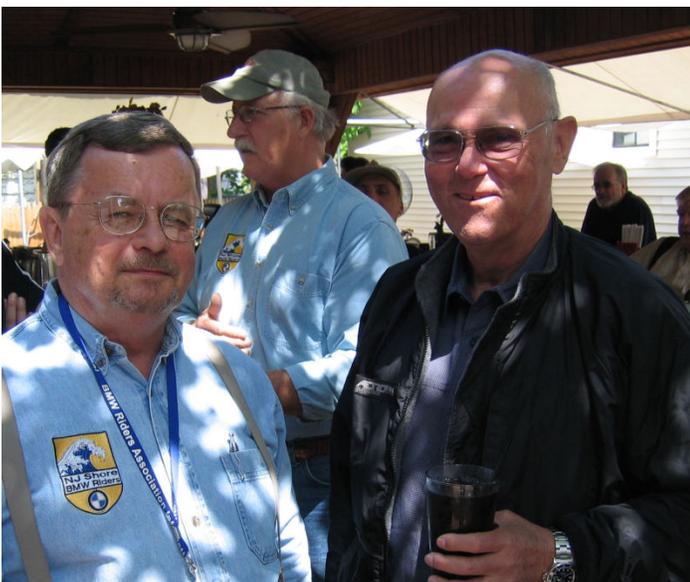
DESIMONE OPEN-HOUSE AND CLUB FLEA-MARKET, MAY 2ND



We came, it rained, and unfortunately – not too many other people came due to the weather. Bargains were to be found at the several tables members and guests had setup for the flea-market. Perhaps next year we can plan on better weather.

JOHN RYAN LUNCH AND COCKTAIL PARTY – MAY 2ND

Where might you find several of the leading moto-journalists, an nationally known author, major long-distance riders all gathered together? Strangely – in New Brunswick last Saturday.



Don, Skip and Bob Higdon

Melissa Holbrook-Pierson, author of *The Perfect Vehicle (What is it about Motorcycles?)* sponsored a lunch/cocktail party to benefit John Ryan's quest to break the record for the Ultimate Coast to Coast Ride – Prudhoe Bay Alaska to Key West Florida.

Club members in attendance were Skip Palmer, Dennis Swanson, Jim McFadden, Don Eilenberger.

Notables in attendance – Bob Higdon, regular columnist in BMW-RA OTL, Bill Shaw, regular columnist in Motorcycle Consumer News – and many from the long-distance community.

Food was wonderful. Even the stuff that looked like baby poo. Company was exceptional, and the event was great fun. I'm sure John appreciates the support our club members, and New Sweden and Skylands members give him. Also seen were Don Gordon of Skylands, and Herb Conrad of New Sweden (and NJ Shore.)



Bill Shaw, Bob Higdon, John

The gathering:



THE SAN FRANCISCO 1000 – PART 2

John Easton (Copyright IronButt Association and Author)

Editors Note: *Due to the length of this writeup – it has been presented in several newsletters. This is the concluding installment, picking up from last month.*

The story so far is of preparation to do 1,000 miles within the city limits of San Francisco in less than 24 hours. Players are some well known long-distance riders, including our own John Ryan.

The first few laps are nearly interesting, hoping for the best and anticipating the next safe arrival. The lights on those bikes make them clearly visible as soon as they're reached the exit ramp, nearly a half mile away. After a few hours, the novelty wears off, a nap in the pickup is really tempting.

Two hours later, Bob Mutchler and Neil Cook have arrived, Dave McQueeney's bike is running on both cylinders, Ryan has already made a gas stop, and Sean Gallagher is pulling in for his first. "How many laps is that f\$#! ahead of me?"

"Six right now, Sean", Dave tells him.

Ryan rolls past, waves, and yells to Gallagher. "Hi, Daddy!"

"Make that seven."

Tom and Dave don't seem the least bit fazed by what must be the blinding monotony of the task. Their fanatical attention hasn't lapsed a bit. Their devotion to riding, and to the Iron Butt Association, is renowned, but to see it in this context gives one concern for their well being. Gallagher and Ryan may be trying to live on the edge, but Austin and McQueeney went over and lost sight of it years ago.

I decide that it's time to experiment, and ride the route. The traffic light at the start is timed to turn green just as you've gotten bored enough to reach for a sip of water or a tankbag snack. Thirty Californians lean on their horns and remind you that "lanesharing" isn't just for motorcycles, as sheet metal brushes both knees, and a Ring Ding falls into your lap and begins to melt.

A left and a quick right, and another wait. To keep everyone in the great state of California safe, a right

on red is not allowed to the freeway ahead. Riding under the influence of diesel exhaust from the F450 in front of me is much more prudent. A motorcycle cruises by on the right, with several inches to spare, slicing its way to the front of the line. Maybe it's one of ours, and I can catch up to take a look, but it's out of sight by the time the light changes.

Traffic is already very heavy. Brake lights flash randomly, without reason, as when someone imagines a glimpse of nothing out of the corner of their eye while text messaging a girlfriend or trying to slap the brat in the back seat. A few sweepers undulate through the hills toward downtown, the forest of trucks and sloppy SUVs making it difficult to pick a smooth line. If I had the road to myself, this stretch could be fun, a chance to scuff the edges of the tires. Right now, it's more important to avoid scuffing the edges of the motorcycle against the sea of cars and trucks heading.

Congestion builds in the north, as people try to make their right lane exit from three lanes to the left, while others have their heart set on the exact opposite. There is an occasional turn signal. Hybrid cars lumber along at twenty miles per hour below the speed limit. There is an occasional fender bender.

The pace picks up approaching the Oakland Bay Bridge. I accelerate to the far left lane, looking for the last exit before you leave San Francisco city limits and with it a very sharp U-turn. "It's marked for 15 mph," Sean Gallagher warned. "There's no exit ramp, and a concrete wall on the outside. You're at highway speed going in. Sometime tonight, one of us is going to bounce off that wall." I put on my turn signal a half mile from the exit, trying to put some distance between myself and whatever is behind me, checking mirrors, and hoping that they're paying closer attention than I've seen so far. I frighten myself only moderately, feeling the ABS shudder as the concrete wall gets very big, very fast, and struggle to turn the thing around a curve with about a twenty foot radius. Ryan told me to make a bootleg turn as soon as I reach the end of the divider, and get right back on the bridge, per the advice of the CHP. The road on tiny Yerba Buena Island (which is the far edge of the San Francisco city limits) is under construction, preventing an easy return to the freeway in the process.

I'm back on the bridge again in seconds, this time on the upper level, with astounding views of the city, the bay, and Alcatraz. I'm reminded of a friend who

takes the annual swim from Alcatraz to the city, a mile and a half in fifty degree shark infested waters. There are all kinds of freaks out here on the left coast. Some of them come from the east, for no other reason than to circle the city on a motorcycle, at least 51 times in a day.

Two well-worn bikes pass as I reach a split in the freeway, north of the checkpoint. Gallagher and Ryan, a few hundred yards apart, suddenly signal and change lanes in opposite directions as I hear and feel a series of concussive thuds. The rear end of the car ahead hops a few inches off the pavement. I swerve and note four cages, each a little shorter than a moment before, sharing what the DOT has appropriately named "crush zones".

It has gotten warm enough that the shade from a tree near the sidewalk looks good, and I wave to the small IBA crowd that has gathered there while passing the checkpoint. Dave McQueeney makes a notation on his omnipresent clipboard. He shouldn't plan to keep track of what I'm doing, because there won't be much.

I return to the clogged freeway for a few miles, shifting and swerving like a kid in a schoolyard game of tag. The turn signals get enough use that my left thumb starts to cramp, and suddenly the odd BMW controls make sense. You can share the work between both hands. Relief is just ahead, though - a huge clot of brakelights, six lanes wide. I won't be needing the signals for a while.

I brake to a stop, keeping one eye on the mirrors. Sean Gallagher is just ahead, having tossed his lanesharing virginity to the wind. What would Jill think? Her only concern, according to Sean, was that he return home safe, sound, and on time for their daughter's wedding, six days hence.

My thoughts are yanked back to where they belong by a sickening impact and shower of broken glass, as a Ford Exploder on the left lives up to its name by joining the traffic jam a little too quickly. The driver removes an iPhone from the remains of his teeth and spits a mouthful of blood, while untangling himself from the offending airbag. Lanesplitting is starting to look very safe, and I creep forward.

Another bike goes by, to the extreme right side of the right lane. John Ryan pulls even with Sean, who is mired somewhere in the middle, beeps the horn, waves him over, and keeps rolling. Sean looks

around and begins to squeeze his way laterally, but doesn't get much cooperation. After a few minutes, he's able to reach the side and start moving again, disappearing into the sea of steel and plastic.

The cooling fan kicks in, adding a Death Valley breeze to what has suddenly become much too warm a day. The extreme right lanesharing is starting to look good, and I'm able to sneak over eventually, tiptoeing between fenders, mirrors, and the tire-puncturing debris on the edge of the road. After thirty minutes of this, I've reached the bridge again, and some relief, as the used car lot spreads out and picks up the pace. The U-turn goes a little more smoothly this time, without activating the ABS. The break doesn't last long, as nothing is moving when I return to the southbound side of the bridge. I'm beginning to understand the DMV motorcycle road test - this is what they had in mind when they have you teeter along at 4 mph between parking cones. I pass a car stereo blaring Journey's "City by the Bay", the singer taunting me about how much he wants to be here. Right now, I'd rather be anywhere else.

The misery persists. Eight miles to the checkpoint. Five. Two. Gallagher and Ryan pass again, with Sean starting to look like he knows what he's doing. My learning curve has flatlined. The best I can hope for is to stay at the checkpoint, feast on microwave burritos, and sip a Big Gulp.

Everyone's times have doubled since the start, so I feel a little better about my two laps in an hour and a half. The 26.3 mph average won't make a thousand mile day, but how long can these conditions last? Well, about 14 hours, with lanesharing a necessity on most of the route until nearly midnight. The San Francisco 1000 will never grace my resume.

Sean pulls in for a gas stop just after sunset, chuckling to himself. He passed a patrol car without realizing it until he heard a Dodge Hemi breathe deep and saw the black and white Charger pull alongside. The PA system crackled, and then announced, "SHUT YOUR BLINKER OFF!"

"How is it out there?"

"They're pretty good about clearing the wrecks. They're gone by the next lap. Remember The Outlaw Josie Wales? I keep repeating the Indian's mantra - endeavor to persevere. It helps. Then, that son of a bitch will pass me again, which helps, too. There's somethin' wrong with that boy," Sean says with a

grin.

When John's hideous FJR arrives for its third fuel stop a couple of hours later, Tom and Dave shake his hand and extend their congratulations. The San Francisco 1000 is finished. Ryan, unfortunately, is not.

"I'm going to keep going for 24 hours, if you don't mind...."

"Sure. Whatever you want to do, we'll be here."

"Thank you. How's Sean feeling?"

"Tired, but determined. He'll make it."

Ryan returns a few hours later, with bad news. The exit ramp has been closed by construction. "How many laps does he have left?"

"Three."

"He's not gonna be happy. We need to take one exit north, and wind through some residential streets to get back to Mission."

The lanesplitting requirement has expired, so I decide to head out for another look. Traffic has subsided to the point that it's no worse than riding through a herd of deer, until I reach a Highway Patrol car, crossing back and forth with emergency lights on, making it clear that no one will pass. I picture one of those minor disasters that closes the freeway, but soon see the reason - one driver has given another a NASCAR-style bump into the wall. The cop pulls over to the crash, closing only two lanes. I'm able to complete a full circuit without putting a foot down, except for the traffic lights. Sean Gallagher passes on the bridge, flipping up the chin on his modular helmet to enjoy a few long drags on a cigarette as he approaches the turnaround. His long history in the recycling business is evident as he extinguishes the smoke and puts it in the map pocket of the tankbag. "I can get four laps out of a butt that way."

He comes in for his last fuel stop an hour later, and gets his ending receipt. Tom Austin checks the GPS, which reads 1004.7 miles. Sean has been scored by Tom at the Iron Butt Rally, and knows what to expect - all business. Even so, he's a bit taken aback when Tom tells him, "I think you should take three more laps, for some insurance mileage."

Sean looks at the pavement, but is smiling as he gets back on the bike. "Yes, sir!"

With all of the suspense and both riders' San Francisco Saddlesores essentially finished, John is able to raise some interest. He cuts to the front of the line at the checkpoint traffic light, passing, amongst the dozen or so other cars, the California Highway Patrol. The officer zigs out of the turn lane and zags alongside Ryan at the front. The two look at each other, but nothing happens, and they go their separate ways when the light turns green.

Another FJR devotee, Tom Melchild, is a welcome sight for the late night crew, bringing his affable demeanor to lighten the load through the last few hours.

Sean pulls in with his insurance miles and a huge sigh of relief. He puts in a few gallons of gas, notes the odometer reading on the receipt, and collects signatures on the ending witness form. 1064 miles, GPS certified. He staggers over to the curb, looking for Ryan, hoping to wave him in. John cruises by, slapping his hand without touching the brakes. "Nice ride, Sean!"

He returns to his bike, leans against it, and lights another smoke, shaking his head in disbelief. "I'm finished. I have a flight home tomorrow afternoon, a friend's keeping the bike at his place. I'll ride it back next week."

Sean shakes hands and thanks everyone before climbing back on the motorcycle. His only goal now is arrival at a good night's sleep, just a few miles away. Hopefully, he'll awaken before that afternoon flight.

The most fascinating thing in the small hours after midnight is Dave McQueeney's nearly robotic ability to function. He's been out here nearly 24 hours, on a few hours of sleep, calmly and precisely making notes, without taking a break or missing a lap, without a sign of fatigue, boredom, or change in disposition. He passes the hours quietly sharing his multitude of riding experiences, everything from gorgeous destinations to keeping an Airhead together for hundreds of thousands of miles. It's no surprise that BMW awarded him their highest honor, Friend of the Marque, a few years ago.

Ryan finally pulls in, exactly 24 hours after his start. After getting all the paperwork finished, he's ready for breakfast, but no one is willing to join him. I've started

to fall asleep standing up, and want nothing more than the squeaky bed in my cheap motel room. Dave McQueeney, however, is ready to ride home. Four hundred miles. "I checked out of the hotel yesterday." These people are not like us.

It has been said that whoever is in charge of the universe looks after drunkards and fools, and they apparently look after some of the IBA's stranger denizens, as well. Ryan's front tire begins to show its steel belt, and the front wheel bearings aren't bearing anything by the time he reaches Flagstaff. Sean Gallagher flies back to San Francisco the following week, determined to score a 50CC on the way home, when his BMW final drive does what they have become famous for, in Tallahassee. Whoever's in charge wanted to see a San Francisco Saddlesore, but decided that was enough.

Another city has fallen within the IBA realm. Much of the membership has regarded these rides as the very edge of sanity, and they are certainly not appealing in the traditional sense. Most long distance riders want to go somewhere, without concern for the journey as destination, as it is in the purest sense with an urban Saddlesore. The constant high demand on situational awareness makes it so, and that is not something many riders are comfortable with, or perhaps capable of, for a thousand miles. Those who claim such a short, repetitive route is boring clearly have no relevant experience. There is no opportunity for boredom, with conditions and hazards changing so much that no two laps are alike.

Steven L. Thompson has written "Bodies in Motion", a book which offers to explain why riding motorcycles feels good. We are beings who have learned to enjoy the physical sensations of moving around, which started as basic instinct and grew as we evolved into the planet's dominant species. For some, a spectacularly distant place isn't needed to enjoy this instinct. Simply being on a motorcycle, braking, accelerating, swerving, reacting, and surviving is not only good enough - it is fantastic.

UPCOMING RIDES AND EVENTS

The following rides and events are sponsored by the AMA or other organizations and are not NJSBMWR's sponsored. Please feel free to personally arrange rides with your friends and attend.

- May 8th - 17th ~ Myrtle Beach Spring Bike Week, SC
- May 13th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly

Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ

- May 15th - 17th ~ the Down East Rally, Hermit Island, Phillipsburg, ME
- May 17th ~ British Euro Classic Motorcycle Show, Germantown, MD
- May 24th ~ Rolling Thunder, Memorial Day, Pentagon in Washington, DC (Weekend Ride)
- May 27th ~ 7 PM New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at El Azteca, 1155 Rte. #73, Marlton, NJ 08053
- June 1st ~ 7 PM Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ the Lamp Lighter, 190 West Main (Rt. #24), Chester, NJ
- June 1st - 6th ~ Americade Rally, Lake George, NY
- June 3rd ~ 12:30 PM Moribundi Lunch location TBA
- June 5th - 7th ~ Square Root Rally, Thurmont, MD
- June 6th - 7th ~ Weekend Ride to north-central Maryland, Lancaster County & the Gathering at Ephrata, PA
- June 10th ~ 7 PM Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- June 12th - 14th ~ Grand National Classic Motorcycle Meet, Rhienbeck, NY
- June 13th - 20th ~ Laconia Motorcycle Week, Laconia, NH
- June 14th ~ British Motorcar Rally, Hellertown, PA
- June 17th ~ Metheny School Children's Ride, Gladstone, NJ
- July 16th - 19th ~ MOA National Rally @ Appalachian Fairgrounds, Grey, TN
- July 23rd - 26th ~ RA National Rally @ Canaan Valley State Park, WV
- July 24th - 26th ~ AMA Vintage Motorcycle Days Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course, Lexington, OH
- Sept. 25th - 27th ~ Last Chance Rally, New Sweden BMW Riders, Apple Farms, Elmer, NJ
- Oct. 9th - 11th ~ Barber Museum Vintage Festival, Barber Motorsports Park, (Leeds) Birmingham, AL (Week long ride)

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Talk to your club member, Klaus Huenecke, for advice and suggestions.

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FOUND ON THE WEB

Longer-Faster-Stronger – a new blog by club member John Ryan can be found at:

"One Flew Out of the Cuckoo's Nest - A Motorcycle Problem?"

<http://longerfasterstronger.wordpress.com>

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