

March 2011

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor

John Welch, Trustee and Absent in Florida

John Malaska, Newsletter Publisher

**Skip Palmer, Trustee, Montana, Southern Branch
and Colorado Chapters of NJSBMWR.**

Club Membership Application at: [http://www.njsbmwr.org/
NJSBMWR_Application.pdf](http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMWR_Application.pdf)



If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw,
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood;
Ankle-deep you stick in mud In the meadows while
you sing, "This is Spring."
Christopher Pearce Cranch, A Spring Growl

Spring is when you feel like whistling even with a
shoe full of slush. *Doug Larson*

Every winter, When the great sun has turned his
face away, The earth goes down into a vale of grief,
And fasts, and weeps, and shrouds herself in
sables, Leaving her wedding-garlands to decay--
Then leaps in spring to his returning kisses.
*Charles Kingsley (1819 - 1875), Saint's Tragedy (act
III, sc. 1)*

"The ides of march are come." *William
Shakespeare, Julius Caesar (Caesar at III, i)*

October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months
to speculate in stocks. Others are July, January,
April, September, November, May, March, June,
December, August and February.
Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

President's Message

Finally February has come to an end...and we are just that much closer to hopping back on the bikes for some fun. It has been a trying winter season with all of the snow here in the Northeast, and we are all looking forward to racking up those miles once again this season. February had a few great days for riding that most of us took advantage of. For those who have not yet pulled the cover off of their bike, it is inevitable that you will be doing so much sooner than you think.

Now is the time to get that pre-season maintenance done so that you are ready to ride come those great weather days. Call Mike Kowal before he's too busy.

We had a very informative and successful MSF course at our "clubhouse", Crown Engineering a couple of weeks ago. Turnout was great, and we had the pleasure of being joined by New Sweden and Skylands club members. Our esteemed proctor for the course, Dennis Swanson, was phenomenal as always and deserved all of the thanks he received from the attendees. Another big thank you to Don E. for securing the curriculum so that all of us could benefit from the experience.

We are looking forward to administering another

MSF course soon. The final details will be announced shortly, and we will once again welcome our fellow club members from New Sweden and Skylands.

Some of our members are heading to Daytona Bike Week within the next couple of days. If you are interested in the trip, please post your intentions on the Yahoo group message board for other club members to see. It will certainly be a great trip and we look forward to the stories and photos that should be published in next month's newsletter.

Our monthly club meeting will once again be held at Schneider's on Wednesday March 9, 2011. We have lots to discuss and many plans to fortify at that time. We look forward to seeing all of you there with your comments, concerns or opinions.

Dave Rosen
President

GPS "Shortest Distance" is like the Stock Market – Feb 13th

Roger Trendowski

It was my first ride in about 2 months mostly because of all the snow and holidays.

The R1150GS was feeling neglected... battery was low as was the tire air pressure. Besides being a pretty nice day with temp in the low 40s, I needed to exercise the bike before I travel to Daytona in a few weeks. I headed out from Middletown on back roads to Farmingdale's famous Breakfast Club restaurant. The food was excellent as usual. On the first leg of my trip I found that my GS' electronic cruise control didn't work.... Lights were lit but no throttle engagement. After a quick inspection of the magnetic sensing device on the front wheel I found a tiny magnet was missing. The magnet is supposed to be mounted in one of the star-screw heads in the front disk brake. This obviously would prevent speed input to the cruise control computer and falsely indicate that I was standing still. Therefore for the remainder of my 200 mile day, I had to resort to a twist-the-grip throttle control... how fatiguing!

After breakfast I headed south on Rt 547 to I195 then west to Great Adventure exit. Consistent with my long-distance riding philosophy, I wanted to

quickly get to my destination....and then take my time to cruise the back roads on the way back home.

From Great Adventure, I traveled 537 to Rt 206 then south. Many other bikes started to converge onto 206 from side roads and Rt 70 as I neared Pic-A-Lilli Bar, this week's Polar Bear site.



Grant Duncan and Harry Costello were already there and quickly came over to say hi and tell me to move since I was blocking a poor woman's car. With hundreds of bikes surround her; she was trying to maneuver her Dodge Caravan out of the parking lot while minimizing bike damage. The scene reminded me of ants surrounding a piece of food... when a few move out of the way, more take their place. Bike parking space was a premium.

Grant and I headed our separate ways following a quick lunch; Grant to the north and I went further South on Rt 206.

My plan was to find an east bound road that eventually would hook up with Rt 539 North then to Rt 70 since I wanted to pick up some high-quality tools at Harbor Freight in Toms River. To execute my plan, I needed to find a secondary road that went east from Rt. 206 in Hammonton NJ. So I switched my Garmin GSP to “shortest distance.”



Typically if the GPS is in the “fastest time” setting it will route me over main highways and not lesser roads. From the Polar Bear site, my old Garmin wanted me to go back north on 206 to Rt 70 and east to Toms River... but I didn't want to go that way... I wanted back roads!

So with my trusty Garmin 2730 in the “shortest distance” mode I rode multiple paved secondary roads eastward...but had no idea where I was. Miss Garmin repeatedly said, “in point x miles, turn left on xxx road.” As commanded, I slowed and readied myself for these left turns, but there weren't any roads... only what looked like red neck gravel driveways.

Realizing I was in the heart of the Pinelands, I finally found a left hand turn onto a nice marked asphalt road. After about a mile the lines faded and pot-hole markers were prevalent... then came the dirt road section.

Now...to connect the title of this article to my situation.

Remember 2000 and mid 2008 when the stock

market started to crash. You had invested your hard earned capital in stocks and when their value started to fall you hesitated and thought “the market really can't fall much further.” Right?

You had time and money invested and couldn't bring yourself to get out of the market (to turn around an exit) as the market got worst and worst... after all it wouldn't be manly.

So, here I was heading down a marked asphalt road that changed to one lane (with potholes). I remember thinking “avoid the water and mud and keep the bike clean.” Then the environment started to degrade even more. Broken asphalt morphed to dirt with snow and ice cover, then ultimately to sand and mud w/ruts. By now I wasn't too worried about a dirty bike; I was more concerned about keeping dents and broken prices to a minimum.

Clearly, like the stock market in 2008, I was fully invested, all 5 miles worth. With my front wheel swerving in the loose sand I came upon a massive steel gate blocking any further movement northward.



My alternatives were: 1) go through the uncharted woods, 2) climb over a couple 5' mounds of sand and brush to skirt around the gate end-posts, or 3) backtrack to the main road.

Back I went over all 5 miles of sand, pot holes, snow, and ice. After hitting solid pavement again and traveling 10 more miles I navigated onto the GSP and headed north to Harbor Freight and home.

So, the GPS “shortest distance“ routing option sometimes gets you into trouble by taking you down a risky road... and like a major stock market pull-back, it is hard to just stop, turn around and exit. Pride, stubbornness and wishful thinking keeps you forging ahead in spite of the obvious negative conditions.

Back in Middletown \$3 bucks worth of quarters took care of my bike, my boots and my muddy pant legs... but not my pride.

Odd Bikes at Polar Bear Feb. 13th

Roger Trendowski

To a BMWer, anything without two cylinders protruding from the sides of a bike looks ODD.

Of course the Polar Bear group is non-denominational, that is they are made up of all kind of different bikes and people. At the Feb 13th Polar Bear site Pic-A-Lilli Bar located on Route 206 south of Route 70, there were hundreds of Harleys and Hondas and many look-alikes too. Grant Duncan, Harry Costello and I surveyed the crowded parking lot and three bikes caught my attention.



The first was a Victory bike with a neat skull paint job. I don't know if these designs are standard or not, but this one looked good. Second and hopefully a woman's bike was a custom pink paint and floral design.



Grant and I rounded one unique 3 wheeler several times. It was not the typical Gullwing or Harley conversion. Up front it had a chrome plated V8 followed by open cab with bench seating for 3 (driver centered), custom bike handlebars. Two portholes in the firewall allowed the driver to see the road near the extended front wheel. This bike even had a heater box located in the open cap near the driver's feet. A foot peg was mounted on the side of the box.



Why? I guess when you become old enough to need a 3-wheeler you might as well do it in style like this guy.

Crotona Mid-Night Run, Feb 19th

J. Grant Duncan

Jump on the R1200GS with stock windscreen and no hand guards. Temperature flashing at 30 degrees on the dash. $\frac{3}{4}$ helmet, no problem! Doug Evans and I depart 9:30PM.

Hit the Parkway with 50MPH gusts that cause half-lane shifts. Just lean into them as if making 90 degree turn, right? Bridges are quite the surprise when we reach the top, then hit the North-West blast on the back side. Any zipper left the least bit open - the infiltration drills the cold into your spine.

Make the GWB lower level and get pushed around like some kid in a playground. Reach Nathan's parking lot in Yonkers, NY 11PM. Now flashing 20 degrees. Take off helmet and gloves to check in - BIG MISTAKE! Pick up our position number for start time.

Find a diner and drop the bike the parking lot. 30" inseam doesn't help on a pumped up GS. Once the center of balance is beyond the point of recovery, jump and run clear. Pulled some kind of muscle or tendon trying to reach stable ground. Doug and friends right it, kickstand down and key off before I can limp back. Nice save guys, Thanks! Ride Much? Need warmth NOW.

Well, we don't have to be at the start line until 12:40AM. Coffee and go over course sheets. 12:15 at start and we're told the first half of run is canceled. Six foot diameter tree is down blown on course and they don't have a chainsaw big enough? Maybe motorcycles playing in the middle of the night didn't warrant a crane. Still heavy gusts coming across the reservoirs. This means we have a one hour direct ride to the Carmel Diner.

Shift from lane to lane with gusts and now flashing 16 degrees. You know the little snowflake warning indicator? Mustache rock had with icicles reaching below lower lip is the rude awaking. That's not too bad, but when your breath creates an oval frost ring inside the flip-down shield, and its starting to impair our peripheral, that's bad. Did I mention $\frac{3}{4}$ helmet? F... it's cold out here. Heated grips? They can't make them powerful enough. Try to feel your fingers by moving on occasion helps.

Arrive at the diner and meet a limited number of riders. Hot cocoa, soup and a NEW course change announcement. Shit, our course sheets are out on the bike. Warm up and nod now and again to stay awake!

Reach the 3:40AM start line and I tell the Ramapo Member "I'm just going to follow Doug for moral support." Go and forget the one minute interval.

Between my glasses and shield fog, everything in front reflects back double vision. Taillights, headlights and brain shutdown makes for quite the trip. The new directions send us and others to somewhere not known to all. Street names and turns do not match. What a cluster f..!

Lets follow the Blue Knights. Too slow and too many discussion stops. So we pick up the course on our own. Pull out of a residential area (the course) and there's the knights head on to us. They make a right turn, we make that left. We're not too far off. Come to a six point intersection. Stop, scratch your ass amongst the crowd and go in circles again. Ten minutes on our own then the damn Knights are back in view. Just follow but then they stop. OH! It's a checkpoint. The Crotona Run is over!? Another barrier setup. "Have a nice night."

"Where can we get fuel?" Race committee said "Don't know where we are." What?! GPS to the rescue. Oh shit need to take my gloves off. The ATM bank foyer is packed like sardines. Take a pee in a snow bank to keep hands warm. Sorry.

Gas up seventeen miles later with three miles remaining on reserve. Push favorites, then HOME. Somehow - Sawmill Parkway, 97, 95 in The Bronx and GPS knows detours through cones, barriers and potholes. How do it KNOW? NJ Turnpike at first rest stop because I can't feel my knees anymore. Suns up, but it's been hour since our gas stop, and one more hour home.

Doug says "Look at my bike!" Lost one of his side-cases. Throws his arms up "Can't do anything about it now. Glad you stopped. Lets go in." Hour or so later we get back on the horse and it's about 8AM. Slab it through, State Police everywhere with stopped cars. Arrive home and start a fire, watch Little Rascals DVD, reminisce what seemed like a five-day ordeal.

Just a short note: I ordered and paid for a Schubert C3 helmet at the Javits show, they said "Have it in two to three business days via UPS. "Good because I need it for Feb 19th." Call a week later and Cross Country says "Oh, that will be one month till delivery." WHAT?!

Do the run again? I could warm up to it.
PS: Hey, nice helmet. Feb. 22nd, 11:30AM.

Group Riding Class, Feb 16th

Luigi Bosconi

At our February meeting, Prez Dave announced that the club would have a class on group riding the third Wednesday at Crown Engineering in Howell. Mike Palmer generously let us use his factory for the class. Captain Don had procured the materials for the class from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. Instructor-General Dennis would lead the class. Skylands and New Sweden were also invited to attend.

So at the appointed time, about 20 riders from Shore Riders and New Sweden gathered to absorb some learning. The topic was most appropriate because we are planning a series of rides to diners, dives and drive-ins throughout the state.



Class Time

Turns out that the class actually offered a lot of group-riding practices that make a lot of sense. These would be safety, convenience and just plain common-sense practices that could make a group

ride a lot more fun.



Chow Time

Riding with a group of individualistic BMW riders could be compared to herding cats. But with appropriate hand signals, prearranged gathering points, route map, and other agreed-upon practices some of the problems of group riding could be eliminated. How many times have you ridden with a group only to be separated from the ride? How many times did you need that rest stop only to find the leader continue? How many times did someone in the group have problems and drop out without notice? I could go on but you get the picture.

If you missed the class, don't worry, the next ride leader will have things better organized and you will be prepped for the ride. And you should consider the real purpose of the Shore Riders is to organize rides. Prez Dave will be calling on some of you to lead a ride to one of New Jersey's infamous eateries. We also plan to rate these "greasy-spoons" for food quality, servers time to get the coffee on the table or to call you "dearie, sweetie or honey." You might think of some other ratings we could use.

So dust off the iron horse, ask the warden for permission, and lay out your riding gear in preparation. It will only be a few short weeks more of this abominable weather ends and the skies will clear, the temperature will rise and you will be on the road to culinary pleasures that only the Garden State can offer.

Roebing Feb. 27th

RDS

Ever been to the town of Roebing? If not, it's worth a trip. I had been there before but never stopped.

Quite typical for me. And I had been there to take the train (also worth the trip, it runs from Trenton to Camden).

It's not very far from the shore, just this side of Bordentown. it can be a nice ride through Freehold, Millstone and Allentown on mostly secondary roads.

It's a company town built by the Roebings in the 19th century to house their workers. Their factory produced cable for multiple uses including the suspension for the Brooklyn Bridge. The housing is mostly brick and varies by size; larger and more gracious for the management and smaller and attached for the mill hands and their families. Today the housing is privately owned (you can tell this by looking at the roofs which have a patchwork of shingles running together). The factory is gone and it's a giant "brownfield". It's located on the Delaware River and there are nice views and wide-open spaces. The river, however, is fenced-off and apparently out of bounds for the locals. There is some kind of clean-up or levee construction in progress on the river bank.



Capt Don and his beautiful R1200R

Don and I started early afternoon for a lunch ride and reached Roebing around 3pm. The day was glorious for late winter. The temperature reached 59 degrees and there was little wind. The road traffic was light. We walked around and the Captain took some photos with his new "high- tech" camera. (I think I will have to get one just like his.) We hoped to engage some locals in conversation to find out more about the local scene, but none would approach us. I noticed a restaurant on the way out. It might be good

destination for one of our planned "dive" rides.

I had not been out on my K bike since November and it was definitely a long-overdue ride. I was warm and comfortable without electrics. This doesn't happen too often in February. All in all it was a good ride.

2011 Event Calendar

April

- 17 Gathering of Nortons
Washington Crossing SP, PA
- 29-5/1 Georgia Mountain Rally
Hiawassee, GA
- 29-5/1 Antique M/C Meet
Oley, PA

May

- 13-15 Morton's BMW Spring Fling
Natural Bridge, VA
- 20-22 DownEast Rally
Hermit Island, ME
- 22 British & Euro Classic M/C Day
Clarksburg, MD

June

- 3-5 BMWBMW Square Route Rally
Thurmont, MD
- 10-12 Antique M/C Meet
Rhinebeck, NY
- 30-7/3 BMW RA National Rally
Chippewa Falls, WI

July

- 21-24 BMWMOA National Rally
Bloomsburg, PA

August

- 8-11 BMW ST's "UnRally"
Little Switzerland, NC

September

- 3-5 AMA Roadraces @ NJMP
Millville, NJ
- 3-5 Finger Lakes Rally
Watkins Glen, NY
- 5-9 Salty Fog Riders Rally
Nova Scotia
- 16-18 Rally in the Poconos
Honesdale, PA

During the Club's Planning Meeting last month, most of these events were recommended. Note, however, that this does not necessarily mean that the Club will organize a ride to all of these events. Consider it more of an "FYI". As we get closer to the riding season, I will update this calendar, as well as the calendar on the Yahoo group. JohnM

Insurance packages could save you money



Whether you're on the road or at home, we can cover you. By placing your auto and homeowners insurance with our agency, you could qualify for premium discounts, get preferred rates and have added clout when both policies are placed through the same insurance company.

Best of all, when you place all your business with us, you'll save time, eliminate claims confusion and have a single, full-service agency ready to handle all your insurance needs.

For professional insurance advice, contact:

John B. Wright Insurance

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MEETING: March 9th – Meeting at Schneider's

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30 Trask Ave
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