

June 2012

NEW JERSEY **SHORE BMW** **RIDERS Inc**

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"My advice to you is not to inquire why or whither, but just enjoy your ice cream while it's on your plate--that's my philosophy." *Thornton Wilder*

"Well, remember what you said, because in a day or two, I'll have a witty and blistering retort! You'll be devastated THEN!" *Calvin & Hobbes*

"Revenge, at first though sweet, Bitter ere long back on itself recoils." *John Milton*

"If you ever reach total enlightenment while drinking beer, I bet you could shoot beer out of your nose." *Jack Handy*

"Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat; Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." *Samuel Butler*

"I had always thought that once you grew up you could do anything you wanted -- stay up all night or eat ice-cream straight out of the container." *Bill Bryson*

President's Message

Hi all, .

The Three club rumble went quite well with a good ride down and a great feast put on by The New Sweden Crew. The Jersey Devel was messing with Rogers GPS on the way home, It was slow to update and we missed several turns and got to practice our u-turns in parking lots and making sudden right turns from the left lane with traffic, What fun.

Next big event for June is the Skylands Matheny School Run and BBQ. We meet at the Peapack-

BMW Club
New Jersey Shore Riders



Gladstone Fire House off RT 206 and east on Pottersville RD 512 north on Main St, left on Dewey Road at 6p.m. for a escorted ride to the school where we will give the children and adults of the school rides and then off to a BBQ.

Not sure if Roger is leading a ride from the GSP Cheesequake service area at 4 p.m. as he has in the past. I will be leaving work in Freehold at 3 p.m. and go up Rt 9 to Pkwy and 287.

I've ordered sidecar mounts for my K100LT and plan on mounting the Custom CS Motorsport chassis and home made body. Will most likely trailer it up there.

Hope everyone is adapting to the warmer weather.
Ride Safe.
Kenton

Big Rumble – May 6th **The Outcome**

Leo Tolstoy

Whether we have the most riders or not, we always claim the most. This year it was no contest. We won it hands-down. Our group going out from OWW split into three groups. Capt. Don led one, George Roberts another and John Malaska yet another. As planned, we gathered at the 54 Diner in Buena and rode to Parvin State Park from there.

New Sweden members were set-up and waiting for us at the park pavilion. The grill was going and the tables were loaded with all kinds of good eats. Deviled eggs, sausage, cucumber salad, barbecue, potato salad and more provided an ample spread.

The grill turned out franks, burgers and sausage. Later there would be pies and cakes and assorted sweets. In the food department they have no equal. Skylands also arrived in a large group. Not as large



Pre-Rumble Gathering at Diner 54 in Buena

as ours, of course, but respectable. It was good to see everybody, renew friendships, trade stories and break bread. NJ BMW riders are a great bunch of mostly guys, but also a few great ladies. Nancy Glindmyer and Susan Quitzau can ride with the best. (Suzie is moving to Utah so we might not see her again anytime soon,)



NJ Shore easily outnumbers the other clubs!

Parvin is a nice park with nice facilities and at least for today, no bugs. It's not easy to get there from anywhere else in the state. It took about an hour and a half for both Skylands and us to get there. You need a map or GPS and need to take a lot of secondary roads.



Tiny Crowd from New Sweden

The weather was cool and cloudy in the morning, but by afternoon it cleared and the sun shone brightly. Group pictures were taken and you can see that ours is the largest, but everyone was well represented.



Skylands - Hummhhh.. can count them on two hands and a toe..

Klaus counted fifty motorcycles parked in the lot. The ride home was more of the same. But we had good memories and full stomachs to take with us.



For a first try at hosting - New Sweden hit it out of the park! (And the food was good too!)

Making Haste Slowly

Harry Costello

First apologies to Michelle Duff for paraphrasing the title of her book but it explains the MotoGiro events perfectly.



Fall 2011 Moto-Giro

For those not familiar with the MotoGiro it's an enduro type event put on by USCRA (United States Classic Racing Assn.) run on public roads usually with a 50/50 blend of dirt and paved back roads. The bikes must be road legal and have been manufac-

tured in 1968 or earlier and 305cc or less, there are classes for 65cc, 125cc, 200c, 250cc, 305cc and scooters.

The event takes place over two days with AM and PM loops that usually are around 80 miles in length with an average speed of usually 25 MPH. Before and after each loop the entrants are required to do a skill test which involves negotiating a course (sometimes easy, sometimes not so easy) in a specific amount of time (timed to the hundreds of a second), do it too fast or too slow and it will get you points.

Once on the course there are time checks (late or early gets you points) and route checks to make sure you are on time and don't take a short cut. At the end of two days the points are counted and the person with the least points wins.

Sounds easy but remember these are 40+ year old machines most with engines smaller than the average push lawn mower and suspensions

in the 3/5 inch range. Imagine riding a 24 inch bicycle at 50 MPH or riding that same bicycle at 25 MPH over dirt roads covered with gravel or mud and pock marked with pot holes and then attacking the various mountain passes and gaps in Vermont screaming up the mountain in second gear at 8,500 RPM and 15 MPH. Lack of attention will result in heavy bruises or worse.

I've ridden long days and long miles on a motorcycle and got off the bike tired, but after a day of pounding a little bike in this event I usually get off beat up and very tired.

The good news is the routes are laid out by people that live in the area (the location usually moves around the Northeast) and the roads highlight the sights and views that only the locals know. You also get to rub elbows (sometimes on the road) with Superbike racers, motorcycle magazine publishers and writers, guys that run the Isle of Man and best of all a guy that tore his engine apart on Saturday night just to see what the piston looked like.

Where else could you see a rusty old 160cc Honda CB dusting off a \$15,000 MV Augusta 175cc on the open road.

The organizers keep reminding us it's not a race it's an event, but if you're on a 125 and someone on a 125 tries to pass – well we know how that works. One of my best memories of the Giro was running down Vermont Rt100 flat out at 55 MPH swapping the lead with a CB125SS (twin) on my CB125S (single) both of us laying on the tanks and only 5 MPH over the limit.

The events are usually run in early May and early September at a ski resort or a golf course taking advantage of their off season rates. People that just want to watch can get substantially discounted rates by mentioning the MotoGiro, and usually buy their way into the dinner on Saturday evening.

Anyone that wants to get involved (participate) can get in touch with me and I'll get you up to speed (a relative term).

New Orleans – Unplanned, March 16th - 31st

Jim TB McFadden

On Friday, March 16, I got out of NJ in what best could be described as a trip with no route, only a destination.

My sister-in-law had undergone a knee replacement; in that my wife is recently retired, she volunteered to lend a helping hand. This assistance was to take several days: Did I mind? If I were a Native American, my name would be "Jim of big heart". And so it was that my road trip was hatched.

What actually prompted New Orleans was an episode on the food channel featuring jambalaya...later the same day, Jim Cantore, of Weather Channel fame, visited towns devastated by Katrina.

The highlight of the special was Cajun cooking...crawfish, catfish, and turtle. I can, and did them all with a few beers. I really wanted to order a pinot grigio, but with bearded fishermen and sundry swamp people comprising the bulk of the patronage, I figured my manhood might be called into question. And forget the Jersey tags!

But back to the prep...my first stop was Morton's for rain gear that hadn't shrunk. I continued south on I 95 to Petersburg, Va, where I picked up I 85 to Greensboro, NC. Night #2 found me in Peachtree, Ga; Day 3 I rolled into New Orleans. Each day the mileage was pretty much the same: 450/500.

Let me say that "Norleans" was not the quaint, iconic southern town I expected, but rather a maze of raised highways, a stench borne of wood pulp mills, and countless slabs of concrete recognizable as foundations only from the colored tiles in the bathrooms. With Bourbon Street, the Superdome and a good meal under my belt, McFadden headed south to Thibodaux- (that H be silent.)

From there I could visit fishing villages and nature preserves for up-close encounters with alligators. I wanted to ride in an airboat and maybe get some fishing in; however, this was

not to be. Rain, rain and more. Not that the \$49 motel was breaking the bank...TB was getting out of Louisiana.

The weather cleared and what should have been a 160 mile jaunt to Natchez, MS, turned into a 300 mile "follow the Mississippi" adventure. In Natchez, I treated myself to the finest Southern hospitality--the EOLA hotel. Decidedly from yesteryear. (Please Google) I would not be surprised if Rhett Butler himself hadn't graced its halls.

With so much to see and explore, I reluctantly departed Natchez. It is here, adjacent to the river that the Natchez Trace begins. I know its history predates the colonies; with seasonal migrations of Native Americans having encompassed eons. Colonialists made use of the Trace to receive and deliver goods from Nashville.

I exited the Trace at Vicksburg, MS. My son was researching naval intervention in the Civil War and I thought some photos would aid the term paper. Barring the siege of Baltimore, Vicksburg was textbook in that saga of naval bombardment.



The Vicksburg Battlefield has marble and granite monuments to rival any I've seen at Gettysburg. The death-toll was great in that the townspeople were simply part of the equation.

Leaving Vicksburg put me back on the Trace in short order; its reasonable 45mph limit was a relief from the accursed interstate. The Natchez Trace has multiple historical stops that could

thwart a teacher. There are original stretches which are accessible by a short walk from the roadway.



Vicksburg Battlefield

Inching north and east I encountered a sign which chronicled an F5 tornado meandering toward Tupelo, MS...home of the young Elvis Presley. The tornado didn't devastate the town, but what it did to trees 2 feet in diameter was too much for this Jersey boy to comprehend. In the low sections, trees were snapped mid-height; on hills, sheared at trunk level. Hardwoods! Elvis' town was chock full of trivia signs recalling the King's youth. One sign outside of a hardware store told of the heart wrenching choice Elvis' mother had to make either buying the boy a guitar or a BB gun for his 10th birthday. By the way, Elvis had a twin brother who passed early.

The Trace unceremoniously terminates just south of Nashville...lost out of my element. I eventually made my way to lodging befitting a cheap Yankee. Nashville to Roanoke. Roanoke to lovely Bayonne. Day 16. 3474 miles.

Morton's Spring Fling – “Virginia is for Lovers” of Motorcycles and those who have NJ ties. May 17th - 21st

Greg Wright

Well, it all started when the Morton Rally was announced at one of our club meetings. I think it was either January or February. Anyway, I figured it would really be nice to see an old stomping ground where I once spent some time riding dirt bikes and backpacking.

I went online and registered to attend on Morton's website. The event was to be held at the famed resort called Natural Bridge (in fact my parents stayed there on their honeymoon.) The event included a stay for 2 nights, a Brat and Beer Fest on Friday night, a cocktail reception and open buffet on Saturday night. On Saturday you could choose to sit in on a seminar or join few structured rides offered by associates from Morton's.

When I signed up I really had no idea who would be going. I gave some thought about riding solo since, Captain Don, Dirty Harry & Jimmy Mac and others do it all the time. I thought maybe I should give it a try. But after my wife Bonnie found out that I was toying with a solo ride, she put the kibosh on it. While I may be “Mr. Right”, she is “Always Right”. She suggested that I bring a couple of my riding buddies. She said “it's safer that way” So, I invited my friend's non-club members Ed Cicio and Lewis Faust.

As time drew closer to our trip, I learned that we were going to be joined by a nice group of riders. Fellow club members Capt. Don, myself, Dave, Klaus and his bride Faridah, Dr. Tom and his fiance Manga, Grant “fast man” Duncan and Jimmy McFadden would all be going.

Don set the route up and distributed it the best he could. He distributed it as a link on Google Maps, Printed turn by turn instructions and finally offered to download the route by connecting our GPSs to his home computer. We found out that some Garmin's, like mine “the cheaper ones” won't allow you to download another's route. What it did download from Don's GPS

was a list of only the finest white tablecloth restaurants (HEE HEE) from here to Timbuktu. So we had to rely on the printed version and Don leading the way.

We staged at OurWAWA, drank a cup, took a pee, filled our tanks and set our course. Out the driveway and on to 195 headed to 295 south. If you couldn't maintain at least 80 mph, then maybe our group wasn't right for you. (*Editor's Note – I wanted to get outta NJ fast..*)

If you wanted to ride a bit faster, perhaps Dave and Grant's pace would be your best bet. They left the parking lot a bit earlier, so I thought they'd be there first.

We headed over the Delaware Memorial Bridge and into Delaware. Next exit was route Rt 273 and through the University of Delaware. Boy, do I wish I could go through college again.

A little bit down the road, who would have guessed, here comes and there goes, Grant and Dave. It's funny how we beat them there since they left the WAWA before us. The tortoise and the hare would be repeated throughout our trip. They passed us and everything in between as they took off outta sight. Our next stop would be somewhere in Maryland for lunch at Sam's Bagels in Westchester MD.

We all pulled in and were scratching our heads. Can Don really be considering a Bagel Shop outside NY or NJ? Yup, this is the place. Walking in we were the only ones to be served. A nice Asian woman was standing behind the counter eager to take our eight orders. I thought to myself "Let's see, a bagel shop in Maryland that is owned by an Asian business woman? How's this going to go?" It wasn't adding up until we finally received our bagel sandwiches. They were outstanding! Good call Don. (*ED: Been going there for about 15 years.. It's always been good. And it has a bathroom.*)

As we wandered our way back to the bikes, Grant and Dave waived to us from across the street. It seems that they had a different idea, Beer and a burger. Maybe next time well eat there as we are just passing through.

We were back on the road and enjoyed the glorious views in all directions. Farmlands and val-

leys, this reminded me of when I was younger and grew up just east of DC. That part of Maryland was nothing but wheat and corn fields, Budweiser and Marlboro Red. Now, it's research centers and office buildings. "They paved paradise and put up a parking lot." Oh the good years.

Our overnight stay would be at an old reliable Comfort Inn. We couldn't beat the rate and to boot, we were next door to the nicest little Italian/Greek Restaurant from here to Baltimore.

After a little dinner, spirits and cigars we all met back at the pool and sat around and told stories. Well we didn't tell stories. Lewis is a freakin trip. You see, when Lewis gets plugged in you can't stop him. Tonight he was as extraordinarily funny. He had one story after another. All of us couldn't catch our breath because we were laughing hysterically hard. This became a memorable nightly routine especially at Natural Bridge for those who gathered on the balcony of their room.

We set out again with Natural Bridge as our destination. While Don chose to ride the highways to the Blue Ridge, Ed, Lewis and I decided to make a left, head up the mountain and see what Skyline Drive had to offer. To our delight the views were breathtaking. I found myself almost in a state of a Trans seeing how beautiful Virginia was. (*ED: Very shortly after reducing the parade to a manageable size, Don and Klaus with Faridah headed off to the Blue Ridge for the rest of the ride. Most enjoyable.*)

It was getting late in the afternoon and we still had about 40 miles to go. We hadn't had lunch yet and started looking for a nice place to stop. One mile, then the next, then the next... Nothing. Then out of nowhere, a small Pizzeria. Great! We decided to stop at Naples Pizza and fine Italian restaurant. While ordering, the woman at the counter saw my New Jersey Shore BMW Riders shirt. She asked "Are you from New Jersey? I said yes. What part? Brielle. No kidding she said, my dad owned a pizzeria there. I asked Scinaros? Yes she said. Wow what a small world. I asked her a couple of questions and she almost burst into tears as she remembered where she grew up. That was a nice visit.

As we arrived at Natural Bridge there were hundreds of BMW's and various other bikes including Lewis and Ed's Yamaha Stratoliners. We checked in to our rooms. I made my reservation months in advance; I assumed I was in for a nice stay. Lewis and Ed however, booked their room a week in advance so I thought they might not be in for a little less than desired accommodations. To my surprise, they get a suite with a balcony and I get a room next to the air conditioning and dumpster! I'm glad I didn't have the balcony though. It seemed that was the party place after dinner. I was ok leaving to my quiet room, sleeping to the white noise of the AC.

The first night was Beer and Brats over at the KOA campground. It was nothing to write home about, except for the few folks who showed up on their motorcycles with side cars. When they took their helmets off, I guess they were no younger than 75 or 80. To my amazement, when they helped their girlfriend or wife out of the side car, they were the same age! I asked one of them, "How did you convince your wife to ride in the side car at only 3 inches off the ground?" She piped in and said "He didn't have to convince me, I was tired of helping him pick up the bike off the ground after he kept dropping it!"



Tommy and Manga

Did I have a blast playing cat and mouse with Tom and Manga. Yes, Manga. She hung on and rode that bike as a passenger better than anyone I've ever seen. Tom and I both have experience riding Mountain Bikes and Road Bicycles very fast. Couple that with years of riding motorcycles and bang! That makes up for a hell of a cat and mouse game. For hours, we dove into hair pins, dragging the back brake only to shoot out of the apex in 2nd gear hitting third only to drop in again! Except for the hat and jacket that fell off my bike and that Klaus and Faridah were so kind to retrieve, it was the most fun I have ever had on a motorcycle. Thanks Tom and Manga

We arrived at a little pristine town of Paint Bank only to be reminded that we can't park there the lady said. "The owners are from NJ and they don't want you to park there". Here we go again, people from NJ. What is it that attracts people from NJ to rural Virginia?

You see, John and Nancy Mulheren of Rumson NJ went to school in Roanoke. He went on to be Ivan Boesky's protégé and made millions on Wall Street. He was found guilty and did his time in jail. After serving his time, he and his wife Nancy decided to become huge philanthropists. His reputation is one of the finest in our area. He lived in Rumson before he died a few years back... In fact, you may know of his Ice Cream Shop, called Crazy's, It sits at the foot of the Oceanic Bridge. Anyway, they took millions of their money and bought 7,000 acres in southwest Virginia. Along with the acreage a



Klaus and Faridah (Klaus wearing the glowing orb all the cool guys are wearing this season!)

The next day was Saturday, the big day to tour the country. Tom, Klaus and their significant others came along with me, Ed and Lewis decided to head to the Blue Ridge and head to a little town called Paint Bank.

little town and train stop of Paint Bank was included in the deal.



Over the years they transformed this little hamlet into a quaint tourist trap. Similar to a Cracker Barrel but with more class is the general store and restaurant. They have a mill for grinding flour, a farm which raises buffalo, chicken and vegetables and fruits. All of which is served at their restaurant and bed and breakfast. After a buffalo BBQ sandwich we were off to the resort for our final night there and another round of Lewis' humor.

We got up the next day, had breakfast and hit the road. This time it was only me, Lewis and Ed. We decided to do the parkway and skyline back to Front Royal. Breathtaking!

After we entered Front Royal we found a late lunch at a fly infested restaurant. We were all too tired to find another, so we swatted and ate. Just as we were sitting down, wouldn't you know it, Dave and Grant wizz by headed somewhere fast. We thought how could that be, they left before us.

Slabbing it on the way home, we stopped in Fredericksburg. We got a nice Hampton Inn with a Bar, Steak and Breakfast in the morning. Good Stuff.

Hit the road in the morning only to be riding on 15 and PA Turnpike in the rain. Call me crazy, but there's solitude doing 80 in the rain on the freeway. Home Safely. God Bless. Nice Trip, Thanks to all who attended!

Morton's Spring Fling May 17th - 21st

Don Eilenberger

Thanks to Greg for writing up such a great tale of our Spring Fling rides.. I'll just add a few notes.

This was the 2nd Morton's Spring Fling. They really are getting it together as a premier event in the middle eastern seaboard area. A good friend of mine – Steve Anderson – GM of Morton 's runs the event, and he's doing a great job. The event last year was planned at 100 people, 150 showed up. This year more than 250 people attended. I suspect with this growth it will be even more popular next year, so if you want to go, watch in the newsletter for an announcement (sometimes I know a tad in advance when the date is.)



Dino Land - Stephens City VA

Our ride down was uneventful, but quite enjoyable due to the great riding across northern Maryland and West Virginia. Going through Harper's Ferry is always fun – 3 states in about 1 mile. This was a 5 state rally – NJ, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia.

The Comfort Inn we stayed in is in Stephens City VA, and it's a great kickoff spot for lots of good riding in the area. To the west is West Virginia, to the east is Skyline Drive and the Blue Ridge. It also is much less expensive than the dumps in Front Royal. Add in Roma's Italian/Greek restaurant within walking distance, and it's a natural place to stop. It is about 275 miles from OurWAWA to the motel.



Dinner at Roma's

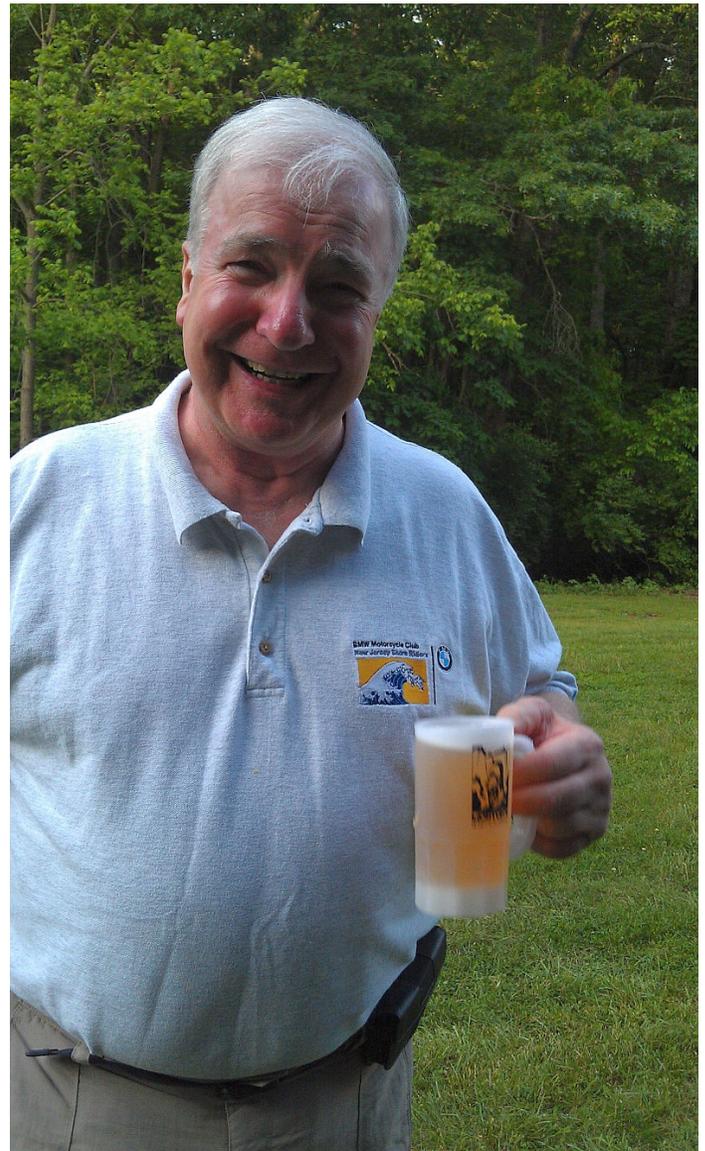
Our ride the next day started out as a parade, and soon broke into separate smaller groups, which is perfect for riding in this area. We knew where we had to end up (Covered Bridge) and could pick our own route/speed to get there.

I ended up having a very enjoyable ride down the Blue Ridge Parkway with Klaus and Faridah. We arrived at Covered Bridge at about 3PM. Plenty of time to check in and grab a nap, or hang out watching people arrive. I spent most of the afternoon catching up with old friends from around the country (there is a group of us who meet every year – see my left saddlebag for details on who they are..) and making plans for a long trip with them later this summer (Ontario and Quebec, and...)

The ride to the Beer/Brats was exciting. I didn't want to drive, so a bunch of us hopped into the bed of Morton's shop pickup – and they ferried us to the KOA campground where the dinner was being held. Other club members were to be found at the Beer/Brats.



Ride to Beer/Brats (pretty sure this is illegal - at least in NJ..)



Jimmy TB McFadden with brew..

After surviving the ride back, a few old friends and I ended up in the bar for a bit, and then it was off to bed – early for me (10PM).

Next morning, we gathered for breakfast in the hotel dining room (buffet style) at 8AM and planned out our activities for the day. Morton's provided route sheets for some interesting rides, and a few groups headed off to them. There were also seminars and talks for those wanting to take a rest-day from riding. I ended up catching Jimmy McFadden, and going exploring – trying to find some new interesting light-blue-line roads.

Jimmy and I succeeded – we first headed north on Rt 42 for about 45 miles, then I headed us to a tiny little back-road called Rt 253 and headed south. It was a perfect road. NO traffic. A great mix of tight

and sweepers, great scenery as it followed a valley alongside a fast flowing river. It went through several small hamlets that appeared to be stuck in the late 1800's. We stopped for lunch in one (didn't meet anyone from NJ – I think) called Middlebrook, then continued on. The ride was only about 160 miles or so, but it was very enjoyable. We got back to the hotel in time for the cocktail hour before the banquet dinner.



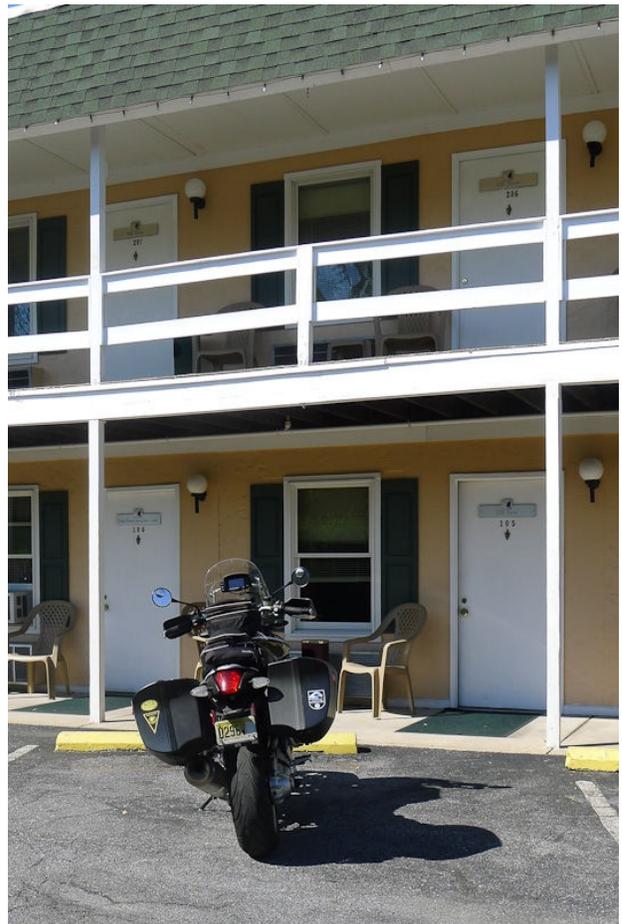
Middlebrook VA General Store – Lunch stop

The dinner was various forms of BBQ. Lots of meats, lots of side dishes, served buffet style. Company was enjoyable with most of the club at one table. Ample liquid refreshments were available for those desiring. After the dinner awards and door-prizes were awarded, and there was a speaker who had participated in the 2011 Paris-Dakar race in South America. It was an interesting talk.

Sunday morning – the crowd took off early as usual. Kiaus, Faridah and I had a leisurely breakfast, then started heading north. Staying off major highways was my goal, so we stayed on Rt 42 most of the way, eventually ending up at the Cozy Inn and Restaurant in Thurmont MD. I had the NBC news room. Great weather all day Sunday, was followed by a rainy morning on Monday.



Mural at the Cozy Inn- it's pretty confusing actually. Someones idea of history.



NBC News Suite at the Cozy Inn

We had rain to about Westminster MD, then it cleared until we reached mid-NJ, where it started raining again. Eventually we rode home in rain and rather dense fog. Home at 3PM.



End of the trip..

Total trip – a bit over 1,000 miles. Smiles – endless. It was a good tuneup ride for the riding season, and everyone seemed to have a great time!

Club Activity and Events Calendar - 2012

- ◆ **Regular Club Meetings** - 2nd Weds of the month at Schneiders. Meeting starts at 7PM, come earlier to eat.
- ◆ **Moribundi Lunchs** - for the old, infirm, retired, unemployed. It's a chance to get out of the house. 1st Weds of the month, 12:30PM at a restaurant to be decided by the chief Moribund Rd Swanson. Input for locations is gratefully accepted. Usual turnout is 10-12 old pharts.
- ◆ **Tuesday nights in June, July, August** - Ice Cream Runs. Locations to be announced. We need someone to take hold of this and make it theirs.
- ◆ **June 6th** - Moribundi Lunch at St. Stephens Green, Spring Lake Hts..
- ◆ **June 13th** - Regular Meeting.
- ◆ **June 14th - 17th** - BMW-RA Rally at Copper Canyon, Colorado.
- ◆ **June 23rd** - Club Picnic. Location to be determined.
- ◆ **July** - Tuesday night - Ice Cream Runs - continue. Locations TBA.
- ◆ **July 4th** - Moribundi lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **July 11th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **July 19th - 22nd** - BMW-MOA National Rally in Missouri. Roger T is organizing registration and expects club members to attend and help out. This will be the hottest weekend on record in Missouri.
- ◆ **August** - Tuesday nights - Ice Cream Runs continue. Locations TBA.
- ◆ **August 1st** - Moribundi Lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **August 8th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **Late August** - Club weekend ride to somewhere nice - perhaps Bennington NY or that general area.
- ◆ **August 31** - September 3rd - Finger Lakes Rally, Finger Lakes NY.

- ◆ **September 5th** - Moribundi lunch - location TBA.
- ◆ **September 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **September 21st - 23rd** - Last Chance Rally, Elmer NJ. See Harold or Don for details. Support our brother club - New Sweden BMW Riders!
- ◆ **October 3rd** - Moribundi Lunch - Location TBA.
- ◆ **October 10th** - Regular Club Meeting - and nominations for officers for 2013.
- ◆ **Late October** - Colors in the Catskills - Hunter Mountain NY, date to be announced. Anyone interested in making a weekend of it let us know. Great time to visit the Catskills.
- ◆ **November 7th** - Moribundi Lunch - Location TBA.
- ◆ **November 14th** - Regular Club Meeting - and annual officer election.
- ◆ **December 5th** - Moribundi Lunch - Location TBA.
- ◆ **December 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- ◆ **December sometime** - Annual Toy Run to Children's Specialized Hospital, Toms River, NJ.
- ◆ **December sometime** - Annual holiday party. Location and date TBA. RD Swanson is party captain.

Cass and Square Route Rallies 2012, May 25th – June 3rd

Harry Costello

Friday 5/25:

6 AM start then across NJ into Lancaster County. At Frederick, MD I picked up Rt340 to Winchester, VA and then Rt50 into W. Virginia where I met up with a Moto Guzzi buddy to find some nice roads. We took Rt259 South after brunch and were disappointed as it turned out to be just another North South W. Virginia road. Going south we intersected Rt33 just west of Harrisonburg and were rewarded with a typical East West W. Virginia road. Riding in a sporting manner we passed a few vehicles in areas not normally used for passing (I was riding with

a Guzzi rider). When we stopped for gas at Judy Gap one of our victims that pulled in for gas when we were getting ready to leave found to necessary to inform us we were going to die, I told him we knew that as we were old and trying to cover as much road as we could before the end came. He walked away muttering something. Arrived at Cass about 3PM.

Saturday 5/26:

After a night of listening to the neighbors hound dogs barking it was across the street for two eggs , ham and home fries covered by sausage gravy. Went to the Greenbank Observatory and took the tour after riding past it for a bunch of years (bucket list item). After the tour we wandered around and ended up on Back Mountain road which brought us to the southern end of the Cass Railroad where we stopped for ice cream (rode the train last year).

Back Mountain is one of the must ride W Virginia roads, but IMHO it's just a 1½ lane gravel covered road where the most exciting part is trying not to be killed by the pickup trucks coming in the other direction. Then back to the rally to spend the evening with a bunch of riders from the Black Diamond Club.

Sunday 5/27:

Went looking for Smoke Hole Road another of the 'must ride roads'. It ended up being a narrow low speed road winding along a stream through the Seneca Rocks Recreational area, a pretty road but after a while at 20 MPH it becomes boring. Spent afternoon just riding around looking for ice cream.

Monday 5/28:

Big breakfast then off to look for Spruce Knob highest place in W Virginia. Interesting road but gravel in the turns, good news is it's paved to the top. Last time the last mile or so was dirt/gravel. Dropped south on a very back road and picked up Rt250 near Head Waters and rode it west to Durbin, great road lots of 20MPH turns with elevation changes and a road I've been on a bunch of times.

Spruce Knob



Tuesday 5/29:

Hooked up with the Black Diamond guys and headed toward Athens, Ohio where we stayed at a farm house owned by one of the guys parents. Took Rt33 all the way across W Virginia and crossed the Ohio around Ravenswood. Nice road enough turns and elevation changes to be interesting but you could still make good time, bad news was the temperature was in the high nineties.

Wednesday 5/30:

Took a ride to the AMA Museum in Pickerington, OH. The guy I was following was a local so the roads were interesting but mostly flat and straight as we got closer to Columbus. The Museum was very well done, a very nice modern building with manicured grounds in a more or less residential area, but it was a little smaller than I thought it would be. After the museum we headed East to Zanesville and picked up Rt555 (the Triple Nickel) one of the must ride roads in the area. It's about 60 miles long and a scenic railway type road. Lots of quick elevation changes with big drop offs, you never knew what was ahead until you popped over the hill. We passed a lot of Harleys on double lines as we were moving at a little over the limit.

Thursday 5/31:

Stopped by Holts BMW (Paint job people) in Athens on the way out. I expected a big operation but it's just a small shop in a dingy old building.

Holts BMW



Headed East on Rt50 to the W Virginia line then took Rt219 To Alt 40 (the old road) also called the National Trail. We rode that (Alt 40) all the way to Hagerstown where we used a few local roads to come into the rally from the West. Rt40/144 is a very enjoyable road that parallels the slab that replaced it, very light traffic good surface and lots of turns and views. Upon arriving at the rally site we were informed that there were no early arrivals allowed but we would be allowed just this one time. *It's better to be forgiven than to ask permission.*

Friday 6/1:

In typical Square Route tradition it rained most of the day followed by rain of biblical proportions in the evening. Someone said we got four inches of rain. Good news was the cabin I was in didn't leak and no bikes fell over. We spent most of the day watching the rain and catching up with some old Beemer friends.

Saturday 6/2:

Sun rose on a great motorcycling day. Not being a fan of group rides I passed on the planned ride to Bobs and elected to go with a few other guys. First time there for me and I was impressed with the amount of stuff in the show room and the tiny jelly donuts I found near the coffee machine. I headed back to the rally alone over back roads, the people I was with used the slab to get to Bobs. I had a good time on Rt77 up the hill to the rally site, no particulars here but I hear a Maryland Trooper is look-

ing for a black Beemer and a rider with a green jacket.

Sunday 6/3:

Standard ride home. Stopped in Westminster at Don's bagel place only to find it doesn't open till 8AM. Cut through Lancaster County but didn't see any Amish carriages because I was too early and they were still at Sunday services. Overall a great ride with very little bad weather and I got to cross a few things off my bucket list. I was impressed with how many Black Diamond people were at both rallies.

What's with the Glowing Orbs?

Don E

All the cool guys in the club are now sporting the day-glow yellow/green Schuberth C3 helmets. If we all get together at the same time there may be a meltdown. Come to the next meeting to see a few.. only the cool guys have them.

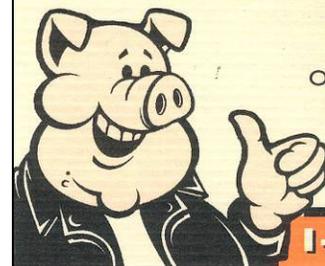
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