

**September 2012**

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

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Fall is my favorite season in Los Angeles, watching the birds change color and fall from the trees. *David Letterman*

There is no kind of dishonesty into which otherwise good people more easily and frequently fall than that of defrauding the government. *Benjamin Franklin (1706 - 1790)*

I wanna hang a map of the world in my house. Then I'm gonna put pins into all the locations that I've traveled to. But first, I'm gonna have to travel to the top two corners of the map so it won't fall down. *Mitch Hedberg (1968 - 2005)*

That is the greatest fallacy, the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful. *Ernest Hemingway (1899 - 1961), A Farewell to Arms, 1929*

I believe in an open mind, but not so open that your brains fall out. *Arthur Hays Sulzberger*

If you stand still outside you can hear it... Winter's footsteps, the sound of falling leaves *Takayuki Ikkaku, Arisa Hosaka and Toshihiro Kawabata, Animal Crossing: Wild World, 2005*

## **President's Message**

Hi all,

This month's meeting will be held at the Princess Maria Diner 2044 Rt 35 Wall, NJ 07719 732-282-1722 on the east side of RT35 south of 524 and New Bedford Road and north of Ocean RD. [www.mariadiner.com](http://www.mariadiner.com) . Schneider's will be closed

**BMW Club**  
**New Jersey Shore Riders**



while they are away on vacation during the time of our meeting. We wish them all a happy vacation away from the busy restaurant world.

Labor Day Weekend, Summers last hurrah and the beginning of fall. Already the sun is rising later and setting earlier which means shorter riding days and more sun glare. Maybe a bit cooler in the early morning and late nights and the return of school buses slowing traffic up and flashing school zone lights and crossing guards. Lots of Labor Day sales to check out, seems this is when Sears put most of their tools on sale. Bugs will be becoming fewer and deer more abundant. Anyone seen a bear crossing yet? Saw a roadkill bear up on 80, sure don't want to hit one of them. Wonder how well deer alerts work on them or can I rely on the K-wine to keep them at bay?

New Sweden's Last chance Rally will be the forth weekend of September the 21st to the 23rd. Check out their website for registration info. [www.lastchancerally.com](http://www.lastchancerally.com)

Ride well and enjoy life.  
Kenton

## **Meeting CHANGE for September**

*Don Eilenberger*

As Kenton pointed out – our September meeting will be held at the Princess Maria diner in Wall Twsp. Just south of Rt 524 (Allaire Rd). I'll repeat it for those who are hard of reading:

## **September Meeting – Princess Maria Diner**

## Fluffybutt Updates

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*Don Eilenberger*

Apparently the hot weather put a bit of a crimp in people's riding plans.. since I didn't receive as many photos this past month. A few stalwarts have sent in their photos, and some stories that we can all share. Once the September rallies are out of the way, I'll be leading a few longer rides to some sites I haven't visited yet (Stokes State Forest, High-Point, Cape May) – stay tuned on the Yahoo group for announcements!

## FB may be able to solve unemployment.

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*Pillow-Pants McGee (Alex)*

It is that time of the month again for me. No I'm not cramping or moody. I've got to get my points for the FB by writing a newsletter article. So today, I'll try to compare the journeys of the FB with those of the job search.

Most of you know I've been doing IT and computer consulting as a privateer. Yes, I move solutions to the cloud. Yes, I fix software and hardware issues with laptops and desktop computers. Yes, I replace the broken screens on iPhones. These efforts are not paying my annual gas bill for the bike (\$2054) nor the cost of tires if I were to buy new (\$900...Thanks Mike). Let us not forget the maintenance, repairs and all the food at interesting road stops.

The journey back into the corporate IT world has begun. By providing a list of goals, Don, is much like my career councilor. Neither Don nor the councilor tells you how to get there or what to do along the way, but they are clear on where you need to be.

So armed with a new resume, cover letters, updated LinkedIn profile, a list of trusted contacts and a one minute elevator speech, I head out the job search highway.

Though, I don't lose sight of the destination of the job search, much like riding, I'm trying to enjoy the journey to get there.

## How to Spoil a Summer Afternoon on Your Bike Without Falling Off.

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*Don Gordon*

It was warm when I left the house to collect a few more points in the Challenge. Today's ride was SouthEast to Cheesequake, Leonardo State Marine, Twin Lights, Monmouth Battlefield and Craig House.

I arrived at Cheesequake just in time to meet the lawn Nazi. As the entrance road was narrow I rode onto the grass in front of the sign to take the required photo. After getting off the bike and removing my helmet I see this guy on a big mower blazing across a ten acre field heading in my direction. Now within shouting distance he commences yelling "get off MY grass". Shouting all the way he pulls along side my bike and orders me to "get off MY grass". Telling him I need but thirty seconds to take a photo in front of the sign he starts ranting about calling the cops. We briefly engage in a Jersey conversation and I move the bike off the grass and take the shot. One down.



The ride to Leonardo and onto Twin Lights was uneventful. The lights are interesting and offer a great view of the Highlands area and Sandy Hook. While in the parking lot I was treated to a car load of Hasidim with one child screaming his fool head off. The man was the epitome of patience with a kid that should have been relegated to a caged trailer. Two more in the book.

Now off to Monmouth. The GPS led me across the bridge at Highlands and down Rt. 36 to

Rt.18 and into Freehold. This I found is an area of way too much traffic and multiple red lights. Impressive is the fact that you get a ratio of thirty seconds green to three minutes of red at most of the intersections. Frustration level is exacerbated by the driver at the head of the line who, ceasing to pay attention, wastes five seconds of green with slow reaction time. Finally arriving at the park I got the picture and was on my way to Craig House.

I thought I had pinpointed the Craig House location on Google Earth and set the Coordinates in the GPS. Arriving at the given spot I found an empty field. No house. I knew I must be close so I went back to civilization and tried to find someone who knew it's location. I think many of those I spoke with could have told me where the Taj Mahal was but nobody knew of the Craig House. Finally, with the help of my iphone I found the house on Schibanoff Ln. and got a photo.



Enough for today. It was time to return home. I trust the locals have a better route to the Clinton area but trusting the GPS to get me there I diligently followed instructions. North on 9 to 18 to 287, 78 and home. What a mess. Ninety seven degrees on the bike thermometer, one red light after another and a monumental traffic jam on 287. Making matters worse I was stuck behind a Waste Management truck with last night's dinner remnants from a sea food restaurant. Had I the balls I would have lane split the entire twenty miles. Maybe, some day this will be legal.

Hopefully the next locations will be more appealing.

## A trip to Wellsboro

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*Bill Dudley*

Wanting to avoid the fate of member A, I decided to lay off the Fluffy Butt stuff for a while and do something other than try to avoid getting arrested for photographing prisons.

August 31 I took off on my 1971 Moto Guzzi 750 Ambassador with friend Zhao as passenger. Destination: The "Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania", a.k.a. Pine Creek Gorge.

I should have paid more attention to the routing that Google Maps suggested: north from Monmouth Junction, where I picked up Zhao, to I-287 and from there up to I-78, PA33, I-80, and US 15.

Instead I blindly followed my GPS, which routed us over to the PA Turnpike, and north via the "Northeast Extension". That plan fell apart when we got to the ramp for the Northeast Extension and found a parking lot. Typically, the Northeast Extension backs up when ever the volume is a little high, like rush hour every single day of the year; so Friday of Labor Day weekend it was completely unusable.

So I aborted, but not soon enough to stay on the PA Turnpike. I got off the "Blue Route" as soon as I could (Norristown?), and was trying to wing it to get back to the PA Turnpike. Naturally, this was the time when the clutch cable chose to break.

Using the last few strands of the cable, I was able to bring the bike to a halt in the parking lane. I always carry a spare clutch cable on this bike, so 20 minutes later, we're back on the road. Oh, and the radio antenna decided to loosen, so I have to bungee the radio antenna in a stable configuration until I have time to fight with it more.

Our 10:30PM arrival at the motel is getting less and less likely. I tell the GPS to route us to Reading, PA, and it quickly gets us back to the PA Turnpike. I change the destination back to Wellsboro, PA, and the GPS announces an 11:30 arrival time. It's going to be a long night.

We grind along on the Turnpike until it's time for gas and "dinner", if you can call Turnpike food "dinner". Called the motel and warned them of our late arrival, they agreed to leave the room key under the trash can by the motel office, so they could go to bed at a reasonable hour.

Zhao managed to lose a glove at the rest area; fortunately I packed a spare set of gloves for her.

Many more hours and several fill-ups later, we finally drag ourselves into Wellsboro, find the motel, find the key, and are safely in for the night. Six hours in the saddle and another hour spent replacing clutch cables and feeding us and the bike and we've managed to turn a four and a half hour drive (Google maps time) into a 7 hour endurance session.

The Airhawk seat cushions are a real blessing. I'm really glad I bought a second one for the passenger seat, as both of us arrived in Wellsboro, and the only part that wasn't tired and achy was the parts of us on the Airhawks.

Saturday we had perfect weather; first order was a walk down the street to the Wellsboro Diner for breakfast. The Wellsboro Diner was built in the 1930's and is wonderfully preserved. They were doing a "land office" business (as my parents used to say), and most of the patrons seemed to be Harley Davidson owners. Tioga County PA is HD country. I'd estimate we saw 20 to 30 Harleys for every non-Harley that rode past. I certainly had the only Moto Guzzi in Tioga County that day. And oldest bike, too.

One thing I noticed about the HD riders: they have a lot of motorcycle specific clothing, just as I do. The difference is, most of theirs was "fashion" garb: vests and bandannas figured prominently. On the other hand, my motorcycle specific clothing is all protective: armored jackets and such. (We're pretty much even on T-shirts -- motorcycle themed, not particularly protective. And boots: that's more or less common to both HD and non-HD riders.)

But I have to give them credit -- they were out riding in force this weekend. There were HD's

everywhere, all the time. Pity about the whole "loud pipes" thing.

Anyhow, we eventually made our way over to the Canyon, hiked one of the trails, took photos, and then nearly ran out of gas returning to town. A good Samaritan riding his lawn tractor gave me some gas after I stopped him to ask the direction to the nearest gas station ("The Acorn, about 8 miles east; a bear got hit by a car there yesterday. It was in the paper.") Good thing he gave us the gas, too; that Guzzi is a heavy son of a bitch.

We found a nice Greek diner masquerading as George's Restaurant at the northern entrance to Wellsboro. I'd have tried the Greek Spaghetti (really!) but pasta is prohibited on my (Atkins) diet.

Sunday's ride home was less fraught; but it still took 7 hours as we tried to do as much 2 lane as we could stand, so Rt 6 all the way from Wellsboro to Clark's Summit, and 611 from Easton to the Reigelsville Bridge, then 627 to 29 south to Trenton. Hit intermittent light rain around Easton and again further south, but not a frog strangler so ordinary rain gear worked a treat.

Next time -- more FluffyButt adventures.

## Mr Policeman?



Can you imagine this face being mistaken for a policeman? I can't -- come to the meeting to hear Dan tell it himself.

## Time to Step Up

*RD Swanson*

Elections for club officers take place in November, but the process begins in September with the selection of a nominating committee. That's Prez. Kent's job.

The nominating committee then presents its selections at the October meeting for the members to consider.

Next in November elections are held. At that time nominations may be made from the floor. If there is a contest the balloting is secret. Those elected assume the offices in January. So consider how important it is that we have officers to lead our club in 2013. They set the tone and make all the difference in a vibrant organization. Perhaps it's your time to give back. Give it some thought. You might even enjoy it.

## Smoke-Chasing in NJ

*Cy Young*

Since I don't really have the free time to Fluffy-Butt, I thought I might write up some rides in connection with SmokeChase 2012 (<http://smokechasing.com>), a charity ride to visit BBQ or "Smoke" restaurants as you travel. I joined the ride last year, but ended up with little time to really participate. This year, when I received the invitation to try again, I decided that in that I was going to be traveling a lot more, including out to the MOA Rally in Missouri, I would get more serious about it.

The basic idea of Smoke Chasing is to ride to restaurants/dives/roadside locations with Barbeque or its derivatives (BBQ, BarBQ etc) or Smoke in the place's name. All you have to do is take a picture of your bike with a numbered "flag" and the place's name in the picture. You don't have to actually eat at the place. That is good, because otherwise I would need new shocks even sooner! The goal is to get to at least 15 locations either all in one state, 5 in 3 states, 3 in 5 states or 15 in 15 states.

The year started out a bit slowly. The first place I went to was in my home town in VT, but it was closed by the time I got there (6:15PM on a Saturday?). I got the picture though and I was started.



Wicked Awesome BBQ, E Thetford, VT  
The next couple of places I bagged on my ride to ferry PSYCLE (09 R1200R) to NJ where we have been temporarily exiled for work.



Curtis' in Putney, VT - well known to NE riders - usually packed and a bit overpriced



Bubb's, Sunderland, MA -has a great hot and cold salad bar to go with really good BBQ

Then I had to get my wife's 12 R1200R serviced and moved down to NJ as well, so I got a few more locations.



Porkez, N Hampton, NH - fairly new and within walking distance of Max's NH store – good, but pricey



Wilson's, Fairfield, CT - reasonably priced for CT

On the way to our apt in NJ from work, I regularly pass a roadside spot, so stopped one evening to pick up dinner (unfortunately they do beef BBQ and I am more of a pig fan)



KK's, Burlington, NJ – beef ribs when I stopped – I'm more a pork guy ☺

## **Christmas/Holiday Party Set!**

*Double-Jack*

It's still September and yet the holiday season is just around the corner. So those of you with busy schedules will need to mark Saturday December 8 on your personal calendar. It will be a grand affair this year as we celebrate with food and drink our year of riding.

Mike Kowal will be awarding solid-gold trophies to deserving members. They will recognize outstanding achievements in the motorcycle world. Captain Don will announce the winners of the "Fluffybutt" contest and award gift certificates worth hundred. Roger will present mileage awards.

This sterling affair will be at Rella's Italian Tavern, 110 Union Avenue (route 71), Brielle. Menu and final cost are yet to be decided. In the past the club has underwritten some of the cost. Further details will follow.

## **Last Exit in NJ..**

*Don Eilenberger*

I try once a year to get a good ride in. Visiting our neighbors in the great white north always seems to be fun, so once again this year I planned to meet a few old friends for a ride to Canada.

Little did I know what an exciting trip this was going to be.

We left NJ in semi-sweltering weather on Friday August 17<sup>th</sup>. As usual – my friend Fletch was a bit late. Fletch is a high up executive in the military-industrial complex, but when he's on vacation he seems to take quite a while to actually get moving on his bike. We had originally planned for meeting up at my house, but then decided it would be quicker if we met at the first Parkway service station north of the Parkway and NJ Turnpike crossing. The plans the night before were for Fletch to call me when he crossed into NJ, giving me a probable time of his arriving at the service center. I'd figured he'd be calling around 10AM or so (he lives between Baltimore and WDC), so I was all set to roll out of the garage when I got his call. Thing is – the call didn't come until about 1PM. By then I'd had lunch, read a book for a while, obsessed over weather on the Interwebz, and generally fidgeted around totally driving Eileen crazy. Fletch was supposed to call again from the service center below 7A on the NJTP, which was about equidistant to our meeting place. Finally around 1:15 I decided I better just head up to our meeting place, so I did – arriving about 1:30.

I got a water, then filled my tank, found a curb to sit on, and sat. And sat.. and sat. Fletch rolled in about 2:15PM.. he'd stopped and had something to eat at the NJTP service center.

We finally got on the road heading north. Destination: Albany where we were meeting another friend who was joining us – Roger.

Fletch had never been on the Taconic Parkway, so when we got to Newburgh, I headed us east over the river on I84, then swung onto the Taconic. The ride was uneventful, partly in thanks to the speed trap database I have installed on my Nav-III. The first time the alarm went off I was a bit surprised, but then looking at the GPS screen – across the top was a red band with yellow letters spelling out "SPEEDTRAP". Great addition to the GPS, I forget where I found it, but I'm sure some Googling would turn it up. It did save us from a possible performance award, since there was an LEO sitting shooting laser in one of the red-lined areas.

We continued to the north end of the Taconic, getting on the Interstates going into Albany just about 5PM and in the middle of a downpour. Fletch had forgotten his pin-lock insert for his helmet shield, which caused him problems with fogging a number of times during the trip.

We finally followed Doofus right to the hotel entrance. Big fancy downtown hotel – right across from the state capital building.



View from my window..

First order of business after removing our damp riding gear was to find a place to eat. We discussed this with the Concierge who suggested we walk a few blocks to an area in Albany that has recently been gentrified, and has a lot of good bars and restaurants. We did.. and found a place that was suitable.



We gave the local beers a try, and some great steaks.. Life was good. After dinner, we wandered the area a bit – looking for a suitable pub to just hang out in. We found it down the street.. and ordered another round of local beers.

I noticed some activity on the corner opposite the pub we were sitting in, so I started watching. A guy was setting up video equipment on

the corner. What the concierge told us was – the fancy bars and restaurants were in an area which had been zoned for other uses.. and the city was going to crack down on them, when they came to their senses and realized the places brought people into what would otherwise have been a deserted downtown. So, the local TV station was doing a talking-stick on-the-street report.



We did resist going out and jumping up and down in the background.. but it wasn't easy.

We eventually wandered back to the hotel, getting to bed at an ungodly early hour, with the intent of taking off at the crack of dawn for Montreal.

Next morning, I was up at about 7AM, and downstairs and ready to go at 8AM. That wasn't to be. First we had to find breakfast.. The hotel dining room looked a bit expensive, so the Concierge again came to our rescue. Directly behind the hotel was a small greasy spoon that has the healthy cholesterol laden breakfasts that the Breakfast Club is famous for. After an order of eggs and bacon, I figured we'd be on the road. It was now about 9:30AM..

We pulled our bikes around to the entrance and loaded our stuff. This took Fletch a while.. then he polished his faceshield. And his windshield. And his faceshield again. Finally I started my bike and said I was leaving.. so off we went.

We'd decided to skip the Northway going up, and jump over into Vermont and go up the east side of Lake Champlain. Great ride – we stuck to Rt-7 as much as we could. Stopped for lunch

in a small town in Vermont where it only took about 90 minutes for lunch and faceshield polishing.



Finally we're off again, and heading for a back-road crossing into Canada. We did this to avoid the supposed delays in crossing at the major Northway/Autoroute-15 crossing. It was worthwhile anyway since about ¼ mile from the border we were able to get reasonably priced fuel.

We were heading to a hotel that Roger had reserved using Travelocity "Bidding".. It should have been a hint when Roger did the bidding during our lunch stop he paused and said "Oh shit.." We were to find out what that meant.

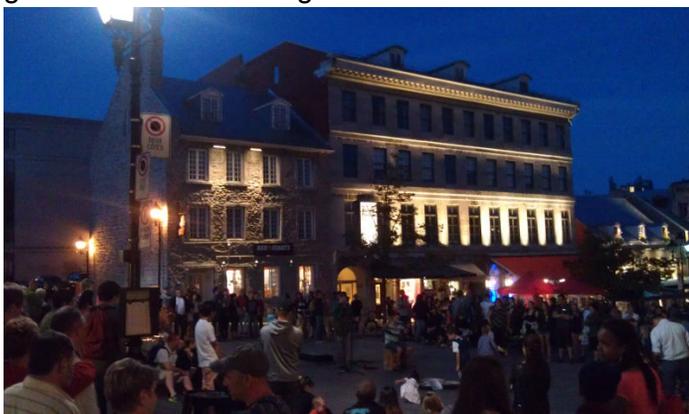
We spent a lot of time looking for the hotel. Fletch had taken the lead with his BMW Navigator-IV, and it apparently got easily confused, as did Roger who gave Fletch the wrong address. After we found the wrong address, I looked on my NAV-III and looked up the hotel by name in the Garmin database. We were a mere 30km away.

Off we went – with me in the lead. The signage was a challenge, combined with Doofus not knowing quite how to pronounce the French street/exit names, but after about 40 minutes we pulled up to our super deluxe 4 star hotel – at the Montreal airport. Great price on the rooms (\$80/night), wonderful marble bathrooms, great linens, comfy beds, fast Internet – but it was like visiting NY City by staying at Newark Airport. It was 30 miles outside the city.

That evening – after a \$70 cab ride we were wandering the streets of old Montreal. Great place – wonderful scenery. Great nightlife. Restaurants weren't bad. Waitresses were uniformly attractive and friendly. Not too shabby.



Street performers rotated through spots in the square in front of the Montreal City Hall – directly across from our outside dining seat, so we got a lot of interesting free entertainment.



All seemed great – and after exploring the area, visiting a few stores, checking out the locals, we negotiated another \$70 cab ride back to the hotel (the cabbie was a young chap who had no idea where the airport was – it was his first week on the job.) Off to bed early again – figuring on taking back roads the next morning toward Ottawa and then over to Quebec City.

That wasn't to be.. at around 4AM I woke up.. with fireworks going off in my right eye. I knew what it was since I'd had the same problem with my left eye a few months ago. I also knew I had to get back to NJ and my retina guy rather quickly.. so after a pretty much sleepless night, I was up at 7AM ready to take off back to NJ. Fletch offered that they'd follow me to the border to make sure I wasn't having problems riding, which was great of them. Problem was – it took until 10AM before we were ready to leave.

I headed at a rather brisk pace down Autoroute-15, detoured to a small border crossing again, re-entered the US, and started down the Northway. Doofus calculated I'd be home before 4PM.. which would have been true, except it was Sunday, and I was heading south. The NY Thruway became a parking lot around Poughkeepsie. I told Doofus to detour me. She had me get off, and start taking some roads southwest that were equally crowded. I finally just decided to head west until I found a north-south route that wasn't jammed up. Found some very nice riding doing this, it was quite enjoyable, but wasn't getting me home quickly. Finally – around 5PM, I gave up and found a Quality Inn in Kingston NJ for the night, figuring I could call to make the Doctors appointment and be down in NJ early. That all worked out as planned, and around 3PM on Monday I was in getting my eye tack-welded back together.

BMW Motorrad Navigat III Bluetooth

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That's what Doofus showed when I arrived home (the tie-wrap is another story..)

The MD didn't say anything about not riding, and since I could tell Eileen had plans, I decided around noon Wednesday to get back on the road after an all day test ride in NJ on Tuesday... the question was where to go? I knew by the time I got up to Quebec City my friends would be leaving to come south. So – where to meet them?

I've always enjoyed riding the upper Catskills. For a number of years – a club out of the Albany area held a rally in Round Top at a German resort named Riedlbaurs. Riedlbaurs is a throw-back to when families went to a resort in the “mountains” - where there were things to do without getting in the car, and where you were fed all your meals. Riedlbaurs still offers this.. for the amazing price of \$84/night per-person. I called and spoke with Anita who is in charge of reservations, and they could take me on Wednesday without a problem.

So now I had a destination.. and it was more or less en-route for Fletch on his way back south. We also have a good friend who has a cabin in the area who had wanted us to visit, so Fletch was in for Riedlbaurs – for Thursday night.



I got to Riedlbaurs about 5PM, after leaving home at about 1.. and that was taking some backroad routes through the Catskills. I registered, found my chalet, unpacked the bike and took had a nice chat with the owner, Henry Riedlbaur. Turns out Henry used to have a BMW – an R50 in Germany in the 50's. He was fascinated by the resemblance of the R12R to his R50.

The dinner bell (really) rang promptly at

6:30PM. Riedlbaurs serves their meals “family style” - if you arrive alone, you're not alone for long. Henry Riedlbaur picks a table for you where he thinks you'll make some friends. I got to be friends with an Long Island cop and his wife, and an older gent “Arty” who has been coming to Riedlbaurs for 20 years, almost every summer weekend. Arty was born in 1928.. but he was still sharp, and great fun to be around.

Dinner was a goulash over home made noodles, with salad and dessert. All you can eat. It was announced that the evening activity was going to be a weenie-roast around the campfire near the pool. Just in case you weren't completely full from dinner. The campfire was fun – Henry can play a mean guitar and sing along with it, and the 20 or so people staying there got into the spirit. Afterward I stopped in the bar for a beer (good German draft beer!) and chatted with the locals, barmaid and Arty. Then off to bed.

Breakfast was at 8:30AM – a full breakfast with your choice of pancakes or waffles, cereal, eggs any style, bacon or sausage, juice and coffee. I was not going hungry.

Since I knew Fletch wouldn't arrive until early afternoon – I took off on the bike to see how the Irish alps were doing (East Durham) and find some new roads. East Durham, with the exception of the Blackthorne looked like it was on it's last legs. All the vacation cottages were falling down, the motels were closed up, and the bars weren't even open at 9:30AM. I continued through East Durham, and found a road – County 67 that went from East Durham east toward the Thruway. County 67 is a WONDEFUL road. It's easily on my favorites list.. the engineers who laid it out didn't want to make many cuts through the surrounding mountains, so they followed the twisting valley. They want cars to stay on the road in bad weather, so all the curves are banked.

Fletch arrived just before lunch, and got the room in front of mine. He joined us at lunch, and after unpacking, we went to see our friend Jerry, a retired geologist. Jerry was about 30 miles away – we had a good ride, purposely getting lost on the way back, and arrived back in time for dinner.

Supper (lunch) had been fresh ham, with veg-

gies, salad, desert. Dinner was wonderful home made meatloaf, potatoes, salad, green-beans, desert, coffee. You won't go hungry at Riedlbaurs.

Fletch and I retired to the pool for a while after dinner, then went and held down two stools at the bar. The evenings entertainment was a bingo game (for the kids) and a poker game for the adults. We passed on both – Fletch claimed he was getting an early start in the morning heading for home. I bet I'd see him at breakfast, but he surprised me. Henry told me he was outside the kitchen at 6:30 AM begging a cup of coffee.. they prepared him a quick breakfast, and he was on the road by 7AM.

I hit the road around 10AM, and wandered on back roads down through the Catskills – arriving home at around 3:30PM.

Final GPS stats are:



All in all – a fun trip. Hey, y'all were invited.

## September RIDING events

There are two possible riding events that our members should be interested in:

New Sweden's 30<sup>th</sup> Annual “**Last Chance**” Rally. Held in lovely Elmer NJ at a YogiLand park, this three day event is the annual party for New Sweden members that they invite friends to join them at. Price is reasonable, it's always fun, and it's close enough (about a 4 hour ride if I take you all backroads..) So far – aside from dual club members, I have seen no one from NJS say they're going. HEY – it's our sister club, and they deserve our support. More info and a registration form can be found at:

<http://www.lastchancerally.com>. Lets show the New Sweden club that we're riders, and we support their rally.

The other event coming up is “Colors in the Catskills” - as part of my trip this fall, I stayed for two nights at Riedlbaurs German Resort in Round Top NY.

For \$84/night you get a comfortable room, 3 huge meals, and a great bar with good German beer on tap. Plus you're in the middle of a riding area that seriously competes with West Virginia for great roads (and no gravel in the corners!)

I've proposed that the club do our fall trip to Riedlbaurs, (3.5 hours from our area) and visit Hunter for the Color in the Catskills event. “Colors” is on September 28<sup>th</sup> – 30<sup>th</sup>. Contact ME if you're interested in attending.

## 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.
- **September 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- **September 21st - 23rd** - Last Chance Rally, Elmer NJ. See article.
- **Sept 28th-30<sup>th</sup>** - Colors in the Catskills - Hunter Mountain NY. See article.
- **October 3rd** - Moribundi Lunch
- **October 10th** - Regular Club Meeting - and nominations for officers for 2013.
- **November 14th** - Regular Club Meeting - and annual officer election.
- **December 12th** - Regular Club Meeting.
- **December sometime** - Annual Toy Run to Children's Specialized Hospital, Toms River, NJ.
- **December 8th** - Annual holiday party.

## Motorcycle Insurance from a fellow rider and club member



Contact Greg Wright for all your motorcycle and other insurance needs. Greg is a club member, fellow rider, and club supporter.

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**Greg Wright**

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**800-224-6693**

**MEETING – Weds – September 12<sup>th</sup>  
Princess Maria Diner – Rt 35, Wall Twsp.**

**NJS-BMW-Riders Inc.**

John Malaska, Secretary

18 William Lane

Wayside, NJ 07712-3728