

October 2022

NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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President's Message

Mike Palmer, President

September brought a couple of trips for me. First I went to N.H. to see my brother's cabin and visit with an old Scout friend. Then a trip to VT to see another friend who I hadn't seen since before Covid. Then my wife & I flew to Phoenix and rented a car where we headed to Sedona (everyone should go there once in your life). The surrounding mountains are breathtaking. Then we were off to Flagstaff and got on a tour to the Grand Canyon. My wife's mouth dropped wide open. The vastness of it all can't be seen in pictures, you have to go there.

Next we drove to L.A. to visit with her brother and brother-in-law. Then back to Phoenix to fly home.

Now you all know I have a bike on order with Cross Country, a K1600 GTL. Well I finally got the call that it was delivered. A slight problem, the crate was damaged, and when they opened it up so was the bike on the left side. They promised they would fix it "good as new".

I made arrangements to pick it up on Tuesday when they opened up this week.

The trade in went smoothly and soon they were explaining all the electronics on the bike. Naturally, I will be 90 years old I figure out how to operate the radio and the GPS. But I was happy to drive it home. The clutch is much different than the one on my last bike. Oh wait, there was no clutch on the Scooter. So I revved her up and slid the 1st gear in. It didn't sound good, but I got better on the way home down Route 9 to Jackson.

The next day I was looking the bike over and decided to start her up. That took 10 minutes to fig-

"It is better to offer no excuse than a bad one."
George Washington (1732-1799) in a letter to his niece Harriet, October 30, 1791

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

"To accomplish our destiny it is not enough to merely guard prudently against road accidents. We must also cover before nightfall the distance assigned to each of us."
Alexis Carrel (1873-1944)

"Pain (any pain--emotional, physical, mental) has a message. The information it has about our life can be remarkably specific, but it usually falls into one of two categories: "We would be more alive if we did more of this," and, "Life would be more lovely if we did less of that." Once we get the pain's message, and follow its advice, the pain goes away."
Peter McWilliams, Life 101

"Almost everything--all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure—these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart."
Steve Jobs (1955 - 2011)

ure out the combination of buttons , switches etc... I may call on some of you who are not technically challenged as I am to help me load apps, maps, Pandora, Sirius XM.

I call her Big Blue as you can see by the photo I took of her in my garage. I can't wait to take her on her trip.

Don't forget our meeting this month on October 12th at Woodys. I will be bringing Big Blue to show her off.



Mike P. - Prez

Last Month's Club Meeting Minutes

Jim Thomasey

Meeting was held at Woody's in Farmingdale and began at 7pm. We had 20 members attend and we welcomed back Herb Konrad who had been away for a few months healing from a tractor/lawn mower incident. There was a motion raised to accept the minutes from the last meeting and the motion was passed. Committee reports showed we have just under \$1200 in the treasury and some receivables to come. Membership stands at 60 paid members with the new membership year to begin again in November.

The date for the Holiday party this year will be Saturday, December 10, please save the date. Locations for the party were discussed and will be confirmed at the October meeting. The annual Toy Run to benefit the Children's Specialized Hospital in Toms River date has been confirmed for the day after the Holiday party, Sunday

SERVING THE MOTORCYCLE COMMUNITY SINCE 1977



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December 11. As in past we will meet at the DMV station on Rt 70 west and Towbin Rd. intersection.

There was discussion of setting up a table for the Open House being held at Cross Country Motors, there may be a story elsewhere in this newsletter.

The Fluffy Butt contest is still ongoing with a handful of participants having already completed all the stops. We are still investigating the most efficient way to get new club T-shirts, so watch your emails for ordering info.

Roger spoke about his trip to the MOA getaway rally at Sugar Bush VT saying it provided great rides, food and very good weather with the exception of rain for the return trip.

The extended 50/50 had Herb Konrad, Rick Shapiro, Steve Garrett, Joe Karol and Jeff Diorio as winners this month. These folks were offered gifts from the MOA rally held this summer.

Club Calendar

Note: Events may be canceled or modified. Check your email or the club website for updates.

October

- October 5 Moribundi lunch 12:30PM Azteca Restaurant, Belmar
- October 12 Club meeting 7:30PM (6PM to eat) Woody's Roadside Tavern, 105 Academy St., Farmingdale
- October 19 Ice cream ride 6:30PM TBD

November

- November 2 Moribundi lunch 12:30PM

- November 9 Club meeting 7:30PM (6PM to eat) Woody's Roadside Tavern, 105 Academy St., Farmingdale

December

- December 7 Moribundi lunch 12:30PM
- December 14 Club meeting 7:30PM (6PM to eat) Woody's Roadside Tavern, 105 Academy St., Farmingdale

Tour de Fluffy-butt

Bill Dudley

Saturday, September 24 was a lovely fall day, and Roger T invited folks to breakfast in Jackson followed by a ride to visit some Fluffy-butt sites.

Don, Joe, Roger and I met for breakfast at the Mug Rack in Jackson. After brekky, Rahul D. joined us for the ride, and Joe and Don headed home. So we were three.



I rode my 1971 Ambassador. Rahul was on his new R18 tourer, and Roger was on his BMW F750. Roger led us using his GPS; we didn't realize that it was acting flakey, forcing Roger to restart the routing at every stop light or stop sign.

We headed out to the first location, Fort Miflin, using two lane roads to get us to the Ben Franklin Bridge. Fort Miflin is located "behind" the Philadelphia Airport (i.e. between the airport and the Delaware River). The road around the back of the airport has lots of black rubber marks on it; the local squids go there to hang out and



do wheelies etc. Fortunately for us, not on Saturday afternoon.



What was weird about our "visit" to Fort Miflin was that there was a music festival/event/thing happening there that day, so we weren't able to enter past the gates (to use the Porta-potty).

From Fort Miflin, the next site was the statue of William Penn in "old city" New Castle, Delaware. The surprise here was the gnarly (but thankfully short) section of cobblestone street. It must have been bone jarring to ride in a horse drawn wagon on cobblestones; I was afraid my bike was going to share apart. (No japes about my old bike, please.)



The non-cobblestone bit near Wm Penn statue.

After New Castle, a bit of highway to go east and then south on the NJ side of the Delaware to Fort Mott. I can recommend Fort Mott as an interesting place to visit, but we didn't have time for more than an ice-cream break there.

Next stop was Fort Mercer in the oddly named town of National Park, NJ (population ~3000). This is a lovely park right on the banks of the Delaware River.

From there, we decided to visit Penbryn Lake Wildlife Management Area. The driveway to the "parking lot" is a steep gravel road, and there isn't a flat spot anywhere in there. We all elected to take the photo from the paved road.

From there, Rahul headed directly home, and Roger accompanied me to the Prospertown Lake site.

All in, a lovely 200 mile day.

After the Race of Gentlemen

Matthew Ercolino

This story is about returning home from the shore after I had one of the best weekends in recent memory, hanging out at a weekend-long vintage car and motorcycle race on the beach in Wildwood, NJ called the Race of Gentlemen. My second year at the event, everyone dressed up in 30s and 40's garb and raced 1947 and earlier American cars and 1937 and earlier American motorcycles on the beach in the surf for an 1/8th of a mile track. Not for any prize per-se, but more for the participation prize and just plain looking cool.

I had the best time and I felt great that this year I got to ride my motorcycle down to the event to be a part of the scene. The last day was a scorcher, for early June it was unusually hot, almost 100 degrees and I had taken my heavy leather with me for the ride. Safety, right? I figured, going home I could pace myself, pick a shady route, make plenty of stops and just take it easy. I picked a nice Jersey back road and set out for home. 45 minutes into my ride turning onto what was my relaxing stretch of road, all of a sudden, traffic stopped. Traffic, cops everywhere, lights, fire trucks and what looked like a detour. Sure enough it was a detour, everybody off the road and make this left, right here, right now! Fra-la!

OK, no biggie, as soon as I saw a spot, I would make my first stop. Following traffic and not thinking about anything special except how great a weekend I had, I turned right onto the road where all the traffic was turning. This should be fine I thought, it is running parallel to my road home and it looks shady. As I turned onto the road I just caught the street sign in the corner of my eye: "Sandy Causeway." The images of Charlie Boorman and Ewan McGregor sliding in the sand with their GS bikes flashed in my mind—nahhh...I assured myself.

Well, about a half -mile down the road, the pavement ends and I am on hard packed sand, not a big deal I thought, slow goes it and feet down. 20 MPH, 15 MPH, 10 MPH, 5 MPH. Wow, this sand kicks up some frigging dust. About two and a half miles into this road, the hard pack sand gives way to ratty sugar sand and down I go! All 685 pounds of bike with all my gear and 200 pounds of me, into the sand, snap! My Right side pannier breaks off the bike, loaded with stuff!

Traffic is stopped both ways because everyone's GPS is taking them down this stupid road! Sandy Causeway! A nice man and his wife behind me, jump out of their car and run up to me as I climb to my feet. "Are you OK?" the woman asks me. "Yes I'm fine, I just bruised my pride, and this was a perfectly nice weekend up until this moment!" "Can we help?" She asked. Another couple folks appeared and asked: "What's the deal? Why are we all stopped?" Then looking down there was a collective "Ohhh!" Meanwhile, I could hear someone shrieking about a motorcycle on a sand road out of another car with other yelling and screaming from elsewhere in the lineup of now stopped traffic! I thought, well you

can yell and scream all you want jackass, but it will not get me out of your way faster.

The now collected group all jumped in and muscled my bike up in the sand with me. A collective wrestling match, to get that almost 700 lb. monster up again! It was at this moment that I thought about my wife, a woman who is infinitely smarter than I am. I remembered she had recently gifted me for my birthday, a bunch of little motorcycle doo-dads and a beautiful BMW motorcycles history book. My mind then flashed quickly to one of the widgets that she gave me.

It was this little plastic plate that you see in motorcycle showrooms. You know, the thingies you see underneath kickstands to protect the spotless tile floors? I had luckily brought this little \$2 piece of plastic with me and in my moment of frustration and unknowing verge of heat exhaustion (in the middle of the New Jersey Pine Barons), I realized that this little piece of plastic was an essential lifesaver! If I didn't have this stupid plastic there was no way I could put down my kickstand and keep the bike from falling down in the sand again. Wow! What an amazing little widget!

The nice man and his wife told me that they would take my now broken pannier home and when I got home safe and sound, I could ring them up to pick it up at my convenience. The nice man gave me his card and asked if he could call anyone for me when they got back out to the "road" as there was not a single bar on anyone's cell phone. I said sure and gave my wife's number. Everyone cleared past me (going both ways mind you) and shortly I was left alone in the middle of nowhere.

Before long, I saw a Suburban lumbering through the sand toward me. It was a woman and her daughter that I proceed to flag down. Thankfully, my bike had been turned around and in the up righting, and I resolved to go back the way I came, to the paved road world. About a mile back toward where I came from, sand ruts again and I was down one more time. This time, there was only one car behind me and thankfully, nothing coming the other way. I muscled up the beast from the ground, made it back to pavement, shade and water. WOW, what a weekend!

The morals of the story: death by GPS is a real thing, following crowds can get you killed too, al-

ways carry extra tie downs, water and **ALWAYS HAVE A KICKSTAND PUCK IN YOUR POCKET!!**

Sugarbush MOA Get-A-Way Trip (9/8-9/13)

Roger T.

Sugarbush VT is the third MOA Get-A-Way Rally that I and other club members have attended this year in addition to the MOA National Rally held in Springfield Missouri. Get-A-Ways are much different than the typical BMW rallies held around the U.S. Other rallies, including the MOA National, feature camping, home-made food (or if large enough rally, food vendors), seminars, equipment vendors and extended multi-day events. The Get-A-Ways are hotel-based and relatively short, held on a weekend (Friday to Sunday). The MOA provides two dinners, happy-hour (usually cash bar), and raffle drawing prizes. Local clubs help by providing maps and GPS files around the local area. For the past few years, the sponsor Cardo Systems, has provided a grand raffle prize of a pair of PacTalk Bold communicators, a \$600 value. The MOA also provides a half dozen or more MOA logo Tee shirts, sports bags and dozens of other vendor products like tire tools and compressor, lights.

When I was on the Board of Directors 2017-20, we carefully selected and/or renewed places to hold the Get-A-Ways. Major sites like the Fontana rally in North Carolina and some out west are anchor locations because they are in major riding areas, have dependable hotels, and continuously draw a large crowd of riders. Sugarbush VT is a relatively new site (this year and last). Vermont is a great location but the previous site had some issues with pricing for hotel rooms and food. Sugarbush area has plenty of hotels, mostly with "Sugarbush" in their name. We stayed at the Sugarbush Inn which was an overflow facility for the main Resort. This meant there were less services at the site, e.g., no breakfast restaurant. However breakfast was served at the main resort location, a short ride uphill (or 15 minute walk).

Sugarbush Inn is located on the eastern side of the mountain leading up to the slopes. We could see only a few of the ski trails in the distance. The Inns in the area accommodated more hikers and bikers than motorcyclists as apparent by the bike racks on the cars in the parking lot. Since no

city or large town was located nearby, the only place I found for groceries was the “Sugarbush Provisions” store or a convenience/gas station 5 miles away. My friend and room-mate Marc Souliere (from Ottawa) apparently found a liquor/grocery store in the small rural town of Warren about 10 miles down the road, off of VT100. Good thing he did since we acquired our much-valued room refrigerator stock of beer and a bottle of Irish whiskey (for medicinal purposes of course).

I traveled from home in Middletown NJ to Vermont over two days. My first two stops were at FluffyButt sites. The first was #21 Watchung Reservation Sign. It was somewhat difficult to get there as the route involved numerous secondary roads and turns; it is located on the side of I-78 between towns of Summit, New Providence and Westfield but with no direct simple road to get there. My second FluffyButt stop was across the Tappan Zee Bridge (excuse me, Gov. Mario Como Bridge): Site #28 is a plaque in front of Washington Irving’s house. Where Jonathan finds these places, it’s a wonder. Because this FB site is on the east side of the bridge, I figured I wouldn’t be going that direction again due to the distance from home as well as toll cost. The house site, located in a state park was closed for the season so I took a picture of the entrance gate and historic location sign. Visiting this site was convenient since it was on my way to Vermont.

Since I was on the east side of the Hudson River, there were several route alternatives going north including Route 9 along the river, Rt 100, Rt 22. I headed on a mix of roads that eventually took me through Great Barrington, Lenox, and Pittsfield MA. My overnight destination was to see my daughter’s family/grandkids in Pittsfield MA. (Did I mention that my original plan was to overnight and ride with Henning in Conn. However he contracted Covid and had symptoms from a recent trip to Germany.) Surprising the grandkids was great as was dinner and the overnight visit.

Pittsfield is an interesting place like a lot of old New England towns. In 1738, 24,000 acres were purchased as a speculative investment by Jacob Wendell. Then by 1743 a group of young men began to clear the land but threats of Indian raids associated with the French and Indian War forced them to leave. It wasn’t until 1752 that

settlers returned and started to grow the town. In 1761 the actual township was formed. Like several other Mass. towns, the streams and rivers were used to create mills which produced lumber, paper, and textiles. Pittsfield continued to grow. But like many New England manufacturing towns, there was a decline in the 70’s. Pittsfield redefined itself as a cultural center with cleanup of the Housatonic River, reconstruction of factories into businesses and living quarters, and creating an ARTs center. Many well known individuals call the area “home” including James Taylor who lives on a mountain nearby.

On Friday the kids were on the school bus by 8am so I had the flexibility to leave as early as possible. Mass and VT Route 7 run north from Pittsfield to Burlington VT; it’s a nice scenic route through the Green mountains. Just over the border from Mass. is Bennington VT. Bennington is the home of Hemming’s Motor News, a long-time car collector news magazine (Hemming... not Henning). You may remember that they used to produce a 1 inch thick monthly catalog that advertised old cars, motorcycles, service/parts vendors. Most of their current advertising is on-line.

In Bennington I really wanted to visit their museum. It was still there but closed since Covid struck. An employee I met in the back of the place said they were undecided if/when they will reopen the museum. However two gas pumps in front were active and selling reasonably priced gas... with no attendant/sales person. Around the back where I talked to their employee, were located a couple old trucks and an antique road grader.



One of Hemming's Motor News classic trucks, parked out back of their museum.

With recommendation from the employee, I stopped two blocks away at Sunny Side Diner... a great local place to eat. The waiting line was 15 minutes, but a lone man sitting at a table-for-4 invited me to share his table. Food was great and my conversation with this guy was even better. He was from Winston-Salem NC and comes to Bennington a few times a year to relax. We discovered that not only did Ginna and I use to live near him in W-S, but he use to work for the telephone manufacturing company Western Electric like I did. It's amazing what commonalities you can discover when you meet new folks.



Vermont is noted for covered bridges. This one was in the very small town of Warren.

From Bennington I continued north on Route 7 to Manchester VT where I turned eastward to reach VT 100, the most direct route to Sugarbush. Route 7 looked like a relatively new highway, sometime 4 lanes and sometimes 2. On my GPS I noticed that routes 7A and 7B paralleled 7, so I took the alternatives when I could. Routes 7A and B are the old roads. Original old towns and homes/farms were scattered along these narrower 2 lane roads. It was interesting to see the much older venues. The roads were not only narrow, but cracked and patched with serpentine tar strips leading the way north.

After turning off Rt 7 in Manchester and hitting Rt 30 for a ways toward the northeast, I hit VT100. This route is famously curvy and passes a number of ski resorts including Killington, Pico Mt, and Sugarbush. Unfortunately the road was under resurfacing construction in many places and traffic was stopped for 10 minutes or so in each direction. It happened four times on the way to Sugarbush. By 3 pm Friday afternoon, I arrived. To my surprise there weren't many bikes in front

of the Inn. I assumed others had not arrived yet or they were all out riding.

Friday and Saturday evening activities included MOA happy hours and dinners. Both activities gave Marc S. and me time to greet old friends and meet many new ones. Rally attendance was 105 BMWers. The furthest someone traveled was from Kansas but most were from NY, Pa, NH, and Canada. On Saturday evening, the Jackie Hughes from the MOA staff handed out many raffle gifts including a pair of Cardo communicators. I didn't win them but did get an MOA 3 ft packing bag. A few years back at the Poconos Get-a-Way, Henning actually won a set of Michelin tires. (He had new ones installed the week before winning new ones.) I helped Jackie draw tickets and give out prizes.

My ride on Saturday morning didn't go as planned. I met several members at dinner the night before and planned to ride with them to Lake Champlain after breakfast. However the main lodge breakfast restaurant opened at 9 am which was a long waste of time... so they looked for me, then left. I too waited for awhile and left alone. All was not lost though. I found a dirt road nearby that pointed west; Lincoln Gap Road was gentle and mostly dirt for about 10 miles. Following secondary roads from the end of the dirt, I wound up in Bristol VT, a large town by VT standards... many downtown stores/shops and restaurants.



Vermont routes taken during the Sugarbush MOA Get-A-Way Rally. The Lincoln Gap Road was a 10 mile dirt road. Fort Ticonderoga Ferry was about 1 mile shortcut across Lake Champlain cutting off 50 mile leg around the lake. VT Route 17 at top of map provided an excellent, very curvy, medium speed ride.

The most appealing eatery, “Snaps” was located in the middle of town but no parking places were available (meaning this place had to be excellent). I maneuvered my bike into a narrow triangular no-parking zone and entered Snaps in my full “snow mobile – AeroStich suit.” Snaps turned out to be another excellent local restaurant. The lady at the counter next to me said “if you have pancakes, order only 1.” She was right... it was ½ inch thick and overflowed the plate.



Snaps restaurant in Bristol VT.

From Bristol I headed due-west to Lake Champlain on VT17. Eventually this led to NY State Crown Point Bridge and Park. South from Crown Point to Fort Ticonderoga was only about 30 minutes. Fort Ticonderoga was critical during the American War for Independence. It is referred to as the Gibraltar of North America and because it is strategically located at the confluence of Lake Champlain and Lake George. For details, see <https://www.battlefields.org/learn/articles/fort-ticonderoga> .

Nearby was a ferry which went due east on Rt 74 and avoided the southerly long trip around Lake Champlain (avoiding 50 miles). The ferry connects Fort Ticonderoga NY and Shoreham VT and is privately owned. It cost only \$7 for MCs. <https://fortiferry.com/> Once landed in VT I headed northeast to connect to VT 17 again, following it all the way to VT 100 which I missed earlier in the day while on my dirt road ride. Approximately 20 miles from VT 100, Route 17 turns into a great curvy paved road as it runs over a mountain. Holding 50 mph was not a problem although some of the curves were tight.

Sunday morning I was up early and out the door by 8. Heading south I stopped in Bennington again to eat at the same great diner I found near Hemming’s Museum. Again, I met interesting people waiting in line except this time I had a table and two riders who just arrived had to wait. After accepting my invitation to share my table, I found out they were BMW guys... one probably 35ish and the other maybe 50ish. They had not been to the Sugarbush rally but were traveling from homes in NH to down south. Both talked about the Back Discover Route (BDR) Northeastern ride they had completed a few years ago. If you saw the BDR video, parts of route were treacherous. The older rider fell 15 miles from the north end of the BDR, breaking his clutch lever. He finished the ride in the rough terrain without a clutch and with some bruised and broken bones.

I finished my long weekend ride by stopping for a few hours at my Daughter’s in Pittsfield and then traveling west to Syracuse and south to our cottage on Otisco Lake (Finger Lakes). I spent Sunday and Monday nights at the cottage doing cleanup and maintenance... then Tuesday night in Binghamton with Ginna (at her mother’s). I finally descended in Middletown on Wednesday afternoon after a total of 1100 miles over 7 days; Light rain for only an hour on Sunday evening between Utica and Syracuse on Interstate90. Temperatures ranged between 50 degrees in the mornings and 75 daytime. I hadn’t ridden Vermont in over 10 years... it was an excellent ride and met great friends. See my trip video: <https://youtu.be/E5mTqBLA2zw>

September Ice-Cream Social

We had a nice but thinly attended visit to Four Boys Ice Cream in Farmingdale. Don, Don’s friend, Joe, Roger, and Dud enjoyed a lovely evening in Farmingdale.

Highly Classifieds

For Sale: Triumph Bonneville 65 w 12 update; has orange 66 tank, professionally reconditioned. \$5000, call Jerry at 908-472-8585

For Sale: 1995 BMW R100RT – call Jerry at 908-472-8585