

October 2002 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Website: <http://www.njsbmwr.org>

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<http://groups.yahoo.com/njsbmwr/>

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**Dennis Swanson, Trustee and International Roving
Cub Reporter, Newsletter Publisher**
Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor
Glenn Martin - Strange but True Reporter

*The Terminator: I need your clothes, boots and
your **motorcycle**.*

Cigar Biker: You forgot to say please.

President's Message

Our next meeting will be held at Schneider's Restaurant
October 9th @ 7:00 PM. I will not be able to attend
since I will be on vacation until October 17th.

The nominating committee will announce the
candidates for next year's slate of officers.

Our club picnic was a great success with twenty-five
people attending. I would like to thank David & Valerie
Davidson for the use of their beautiful home and Roger
Trendowski for organizing a successful picnic for our
club.

John Welch

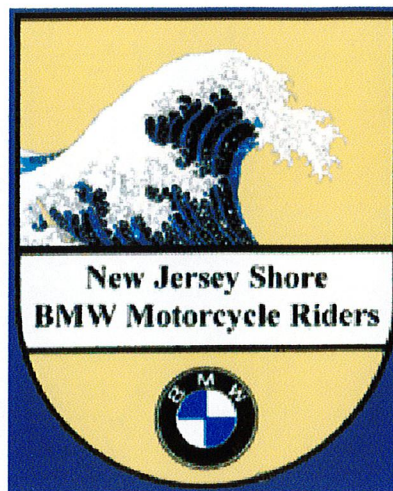
Last Chance Rally Report

Don Eilenberger

As always the New Sweden Last Chance rally was a lot
of fun. I've been there in torrential downpours, in blast-
furnace heat, in freezing cold. It's still fun! It's even fun
when all those weather conditions combine in one
weekend!

Friday dawned cloudy and rainy. I generally have a rule
of not leaving in the rain – but Last Chance has caused
me to break this rule quite a few times. I left my house
at about 11AM, traveled 4 miles to Rt 34, and found dry
pavement. I stayed dry the 85 or so miles to the rally
site (Jellystone Park in Mays Landing.)

I arrived at 12:30PM (one quick stop along the way), to
find the rally just starting up. Vicky Hickman greeted me



at the registration table. She also gave me a lucky
door-prize ticket (double-winner!)



I got the key to our single-wide (trailer that is – as in
Souf Jersey), and moved my gear in. I was sharing the
trailer with Jim Gorman. Palatial digs – AC, radio,
kitchen (which we only used for beer storage), inside
plumbing complete with a shower. We needed the AC
on Friday afternoon and evening – it remained rather
hot and humid – although sunny. Jim arrived around
6:30PM and moved in also.

Dinner Friday was Pete's Famous Chili (from a can,
but with some hot pepper slices added to it) – and a
rally sausage (kielbasa in my case). Filled the hole in
my stomach. I then damped it down with some beer
from the keg in the kitchen (there is a reason to belong
to more than one NJ club.) The rally was starting to fill
up – Grant Duncan and Nancy G (new NJSBMWR
member – long time NS member) appeared. Pete
Bartos came over with his son and introduced himself
to me (Pete described himself as our phantom
member – I think this was the first time I'd met him.)

Jim and I did the best we could in trying to float the
keg in the kitchen, and then turned in fairly early.

Luckily – with him at one end of the trailer and me at the other – no snoring problems.

Saturday had one planned event for me – the annual Chowda' Run to Dividing Creek. I guess I must have talked it up enough – since lots more NJSBMWWR members showed up for the day to take the ride and do the chowda. We had 8 in our group going out, and Skip Palmer mentioned a lighthouse on the Delaware Bay shoreline that I'd never been to.



Figure 1 - Dave Davidson looking distinguished

The lighthouse stop also served as a pit stop for a few of us. Bushes were luckily handy, and blueberries were more or less out of season.

We got a great view of where we were headed from the beach by the lighthouse – we were going to tour (and get lost – as usual) in Bivalve and Shellpile NJ on our way to Dividing Creek.

As usual – the chowda' (this year – fish chowder, with lots of mussels, veggies) was GREAT, and the clam-pies we had (think chicken-pot-pie – but done with very fresh clams instead) were excellent.

Everyone managed to overeat and kill any appetite for the most excellent dinner New Sweden prepared for the rally (it really was – no rubber chickens this year!)

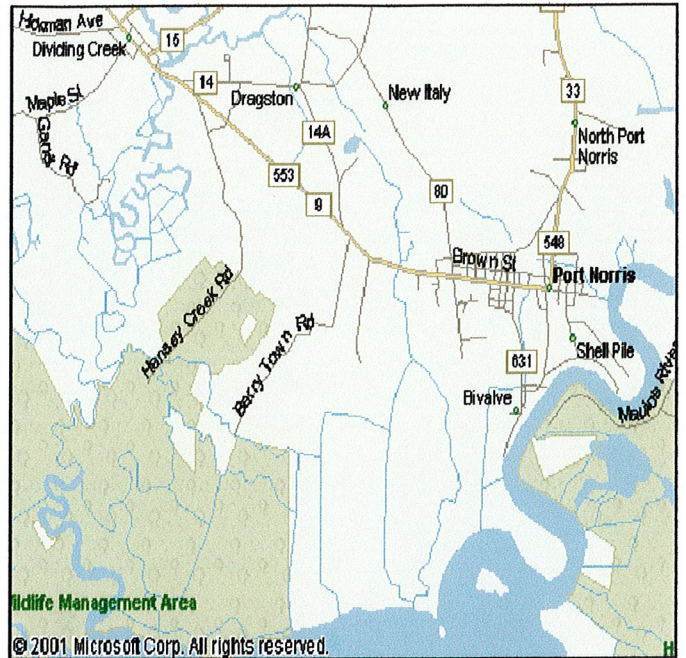


Figure 2 - Dividing Creek, BiValve, Shellpile

One of my favorite parts of NJ to get lost in – the south-west belly of NJ on the Delaware Bay.



Figure 3 - Jim Gorman looking distinguished

Our return trip wasn't quite as organized as the trip heading to Dividing Creek. Some consultation with

maps and various generations of GPS had us going on some roads I've never been on before (and I thought I knew most of the few roads in that area). Eventually we broke up into 2½ groups.. the fast group (Jim Gorman, J. Grant Duncan) the middle group (Skip Palmer) and the other group (me, Dave Davidson, Jim Baechle, Allen Clarkson [Citibeemers friend])



Figure 4 - Map/GPS consultation

Despite the best efforts of the GPS users, and the worst efforts of the map reader (me) – we all arrived back at Last Chance in ample time for dinner.

Dinner was great (ham, chicken, lots of veggies, and a 20th Rally-Birthday cake) – then it was time for the awards. We would have won biggest club – if they gave out a biggest club award. This – in my opinion is great – there were a few years where it was me representing our club at Last Chance!

After oldest/baldest/longest/man/woman/two-up/etc awards were given out – they called the tickets for the grand door prizes. I was lucky enough to be the 4th person who had their ticket picked – and ended up with the vest-o-pockets (George – where DID you find this). I'll have to bring it to a meeting – it's hard to explain, but I got tired of counting pockets after I reached 20.

Saturday night we ended up with a campfire outside our trailer – and more beer was consumed, tall tales were told. Turned in about 11:30PM to a cold nights sleep (our luxury trailer's heat was kaput).

Sunday was clear, cool – perfect ride home weather. After a free breakfast from New Sweden – I was on the road by 10AM, and home by 1PM (I took a detour to Lucilles in Warren Grove for breakfast).

Great rally! NJS members seen at the rally: (And I hope I remember everyone:) Pete Bartos and son, Jim Baechle, Bill Brown, Dave Davidson, J. Grant Duncan, Don Eilenberger Nancy G, Harold Gantz, George and Vicki Hickman, Glenn Martin and Janet Muller, and Skip Palmer.

Garden State BMW Grand Opening

Dennis Swanson, International Cub Reporter

Sept. 14...Grand Opening at Garden State BMW...Eight Shore Riders met at the rest area south of the Raritan toll booths on the GSP at 8AM. John Welch, Roger Trendowski, Skip Palmer, Jim Baechle, Dave Davidson, Dave Mason, Kent Seydell and myself departed shortly after arrival.

Skip led and I brought up the rear as we headed for the Chester Diner. After breakfast there, Roger led to Garden State on some back roads.

The dealership was all tricked out with flags, food, demo rides, discounts, raffle prizes, and greetings. Mike Hopkins, owner of Garden State, was on hand and circulating about to make us all welcome.

The food was great! Breakfast goodies, beverages, grilled hot dogs and hamburgers and all the fixings were free for the taking.

George Hickman rode in with a group of New Sweden riders including Hans Ertl, Pete Stone, and Al Pierson. Max Monaco and a group of Skylands riders including Matt Fretague and Bruce Kenny also showed up.

Needless to say, there was lots of tire kicking and telling of tales. The weather was also perfect.

After the raffle and Kent's tires being balanced and Dave's helmet being speakered, we took Max's offer of a guided tour of local roads. Unfortunately, we were unable to stay together and after twice being separated, we split off into two groups. Those of us who remained with Max were treated to some really nice riding roads and scenic vistas.

Nevertheless, we all made it back safely and can say thanks to Garden State for a nice affair and thanks to Mother Nature for a nice weather! Well, almost anyway. The group that split off from Max ran into a downpour on the way home.

Those are the breaks.
Dennis Swanson

Edelweiss Tour

Dennis Swanson, Really International Roving Cub Reporter!

Alps Adventure: Left USA for Munich on Sept. 20 with the Skylands Riders.

There were nine of us. We arrived in Munich early morning and were met by Patrick, our Edelweiss tour guide. Taken to our hotel by van we had begun our "adventure." Matt, Susan, and I took a walk and found a nice little restaurant where we began what would be a series of great meals. These places are all spotlessly clean, reasonably priced, picture post card spots with really good, and for us different, food. Think cold meats, sausages, hot soups, cheeses, salads, various breads and you will have a partial picture.

That afternoon we took the rail for the Munich center and old city and a walk around. My first trip to Germany and I was impressed. Simply said, it's a beautiful city. Shops and sidewalk beer gardens, statues and old cathedrals, architectural harmony blending old and new construction, and cleanliness all blend together. You guessed it - we stopped at a beer garden.

Sunday the 20th was our day at the Internot Motorcycle Show. If you have been to Javits or Philly Shows, you have a partial idea. Just multiply by about ten. Spent the day there. You could have easily spent another day to see it all. That night we went to the Oktoberfest. It's the seaside boardwalk blended with a carnival. Add giant beer tents. Inside these tents, which are really vast halls, are hundreds of singing, dancing on the tables, beer drinking revelers.

Did we drink too much beer and dance on the tables? Yes, we did.

Did we stay out until four in the morning? Yes, we did.

Did we find our way back to the hotel? Barely.

Did Patrick (our tour guide) age a couple of years? Probably.

Next morning came too soon as we packed and took the bus to Innsbruck where we would stay for the rest of the trip. Were we all hung over? Probably. At least I was. We passed through the German and Austrian countryside and slowly the Alps came into view. Again, it was beautiful. Lovely farms and villages, green fields, and forest came and passed from view. A couple of hours and we were at our hotel and checked in then assembled for motorcycle transfer and first tour briefing. The hotel was a spa with all the amenities including a complimentary massage, heated pool, steam, sauna and the rest. The food? See above.

To try and write here the next days of motorcycling would take too much time and space. The downside was the rain and snow, which was highly unusual for this time of year. The upside were the most challenging mountain passes and beautiful scenery I have ever experienced and seen! Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Austria were all in our daily routes.

The Fernpass, Passo Dello Stelvio, Offenpass, Rechenpass and the like and of which I had never heard, provided the thrills of a lifetime! King Ludwig's Castle, Innsbruck Harley Davidson, St. Moritz, Livigno, Prato Allo Stelvio, Garmisch Partenkirchen, and Bad Kohlgrub were no longer just names. The passage from country to country was the same as state to state here. You didn't know what country you were in. You really couldn't tell Italy from Austria excepting by the language spoken. (Almost everyone speaks some English.) Again super lunches, but no alcohol when riding. Brief shopping and picture taking stops in alpine villages sort of completes the picture.

Snow-covered mountains passes, 14 switch-backs in a row, narrow roads with thousand-foot drop-offs, tunnels under the mountains, good drivers, curves, twisties and sweepers and heart-in-your-throat riding challenges almost complete the picture, but you will never will have the complete picture unless you go.

The company was splendid. The guys and one gal from the Skylands club and the three California guys that completed our group all laughed, rode, drank and ate together in harmony. Don Rigg's jokes, Tom Bailey's whiskey, Susan Quitzau's photography, Matt Fretague's technical knowledge, Bruce Kenny's endurance in sharing a room with Tom, and Max Monaco's leadership are vivid memories. Did I say Max's leadership? Peter Traphagen, Dennis Dauria, Pete Bartholomew and the three California guys all added to the mix with their stories and wisdom.

Did I say wisdom? Rounding this out was our tour guide Patrick who deserves a medal for leading a group of wisecracking Jersey guys through the Alps.

You want to hear more? And there's lots more to tell, including my undetermined speed wipeout. Come to our meeting.

Dennis Swanson

Elections in November!

Please come to our October meeting to hear the slate of candidates for officers for 2003. If you'd like to make a nomination - you must be at the meeting!

DUES ARE DUE!

Where else can you have this much fun for \$15 a year?

Upcoming Delmarva Weekend

Skip Palmer

Friday November 1st:

- **8:00 AM:** Forked River Rest Area Garden State Parkway. Sidestands up at 8:15AM.
- **10:20 AM:** Cape May – Lewes Ferry to Delaware.
- **11:40 AM:** Lewes Delaware ride across Delaware & Maryland to the Cheasapeake Bay towns of Easton & Oxford. Ferry across the Trent Avon River to the sailing town of Saint Michaels on the Miles River for an early dinner.
- **Check-in:** Comfort Inn – Rehoboth Beach 2Q-NS \$80.90 4439 Highway One. Confirmation #40051574. Rehoboth Beach, DE19971. Cancel before 4PM 10-29-02, 302-226-1515.
- **O'PM:** Meet at the Sports Bar next to the Comfort Inn.

Saturday November 2nd:

- **8:00 AM** breakfast @ diner across the highway.
- **9:00 AM Option #1:** Ride to Punkin' Chunkin' Festival. Adult Foolishness!
- **9:00 AM Option #2:** Ride south to Chincoteague, Va. & Assateague Island National Wildlife Refuge to see wild ponies, etc.
- **9:00 AM Option #3:** Shop @ the five Outlet Malls on Route #1 Rehoboth.
- **5:30 PM:** Dinner @ Dog Fish Brew Pub, 320 Rehoboth Avenue, Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971. 303-226-BREW
- **Sleep:** Comfort Inn – Rehoboth Beach

Sunday November 3rd:

- **8:00 AM:** Breakfast at diner across the highway.
- **9:00 AM Option #1:** Polar Bear sign-in, Lewes, DE, Ferry to Cape May, NJ
- **9:00 AM Option #2:** Highway #9 Along the Delaware to the Delaware Memorial Bridge [DMB].
- **9:00 AM Option #3:** MD Hwy. #213 country drive through farm county and towns paralleling the Chesapeake Bay for lunch at the Waterman's Crab House on the Chester River. Return to DMB.

Interesting web links:

- www.punkinchunkin.com
- www.dogfish.com

Additional questions contact Skip @ office: 732-493-0702 or cell: 732-890-3832. For a complete trip route sheet for the options – see our website, or come to the October meeting!

DUES ARE DUE! Send to Carl Cangelosi at the address on the back page!

Keep an eye on:

From: connolly.mike@rogers.com
Subject: Ride On Coverage of Trenton

For those who get Speed Channel, according to the Ride On site
<http://www.rideontv.com/episodeinfo.html>

Their coverage of the BMWMOA Trenton rally looks like it will be aired on the following weeks:

EPISODE CRN0010
BMW International
Merlin Roadster
Metric Cruiser

Airing the week of:
September 24; November 12; February 11

Dear Sir / Madam

I have recently established a Motorcycle Adventure Safari company operating in Egypt, The Himalayas and India, using the "GS" range of BMW Motorbikes and am keen to make the company as visible as possible to BMW enthusiasts. My company will be working in partnership with World Of BMW for their Blue Ribbon Tours for 2003, details of which will be found on their web site and literature shortly.

Please check out <http://www.jladventures.com>
Best regards
Jess

Dues are DUE!

It's that time again. Please come to the October meeting, or send a check for \$15 (made out to NJ Shore BMW Riders Inc.) to Carl Cangelosi at the address on the back page.

You must be current in dues to vote in our November election!

Weekend Ride Report

Phil Sikora

Well, another annual camping (almost) trip (sixth) to Frost Valley has come (9/14) and gone. And when it's over, we always say we want to have a spring one in addition to our usual September one. Maybe we can try that next year. But let's step back first.

When I was 17 (back when they just started allowing high school seniors to park their dinosaurs in the lot) a friend found out from someone local to the area about a really cool place to camp eight miles north of Claryville, NY in a place called Frost Valley. (The place has come to live up to it's name many times, like the time I took my Honda 750 up there for a camping trip and almost got snowed in). So a bunch of us went up for a senior-fling weekend. My cousin got sick from the

mescaline in the Cool-Aid (was that Ken Kesey or Tom Wolfe? Can't remember but I guess that's what happens). We had a reasonable time.

And I've been camping there ever since (sans recreational ingestibles). A National Geographic issue that featured the Catskills had a picture of the pool that's downstream from the State land that we camp on (bathing suits optional). Very photogenic place.

This year, our Motley Crue rebelled at the prospect of cooking breakfast and packing up in the rain so we made a day trip out of it. Since our original plan called for us to end up sleeping in fairly primitive conditions (where do I plug my blow dryer in? Why would I even need one being so follically-challenged?) I thought we'd start the trip out by touring the least primitive surroundings that Warwick (NY) had to offer. So we took a tour of a whole development of McMansions around the corner from me.

From there we headed out to the Black Dirt area of Pine Island. If you haven't been there, the dirt really is pretty dark from years of dinosaur decay until Polish immigrants "reclaimed" the land in the early part of the 20th century (sounds funny referring to it like that, doesn't it? But it is last century). Onions is/was the primary crop. At one point, they supplied 90% of the onions to the US (another National Geographic article from the '40s). It's down to about 10% now. They have as tough a time as other farmers in our country. In my 20 years in Warwick, I've witnessed all sorts of weather conditions that decimate their crops for the whole year.

Ok. Back from the morose. So there's some nice, newly-paved roads through the onion fields (which smell sweet when the onions are growing) but we opted for some seldom-used access roads that migrant workers and farmers use to get to the more remote parts of their lands. This was only a few miles from the McMansions. This got us to Florida (Wow! What a trip. Actually that's only Florida, NY).

After a short hop on 17A (one of the many 17-alphabet roads in NY) we took a turn-off that brought us into Goshen, the county seat for Orange County, passed the many fine, older homes that line that particular street. Great examples of Victorian architecture and even older Georgian-Revival homes.

Passed the Government Center, an example of a '70s preschoolers attempt at stacking blocks, which most people hate but I like 'cause it looks like a building I would make. Onto a faster, Orange County road (207) for a few miles until we turn off onto Neeleytown Road. Here's a direct, back road with very little traffic that gets us up to another historic town in Orange County, Montgomery.

A short mile or two through town, past a great tractor dealer, and we cut to the right to follow the river until our next turn-off. I'm trying to bring everyone through

some local roads that they'll probably never wander onto to get us to our first picture opportunity, the street sign for Beamer Rd. I know it's not the right spelling but it was the best I could do.

From there we hang a right onto County Route 14, which is the historic Albany-Post Road. This was another one of those George-Washington-slept/traveled-here kind of roads from Colonial days. Following that to its northern terminus might make for an interesting trip.

This road turns into Ulster County Route 9 that we take until we get to Route 44. We had west through the "Gunks" (the Shawangunk mountain range) which has some nice motorcycling associated with it including one 5 MPH, uphill switchback. We head north for a few miles when we get to 209, looking for County Route 3. Although we have no problem finding 3, I wound up leading everyone off course onto a few miles of gravel and end up making a big loop. Not my intention. So we head north on 209 again until we get to 213 so we can head north to Ashokan Reservoir.

That actually works and we make the reservoir, traveling through some deep woods, which was welcomed on a warm day. We thought of stopping for the lunch that I packed for everyone at the reservoir but I previously explained that shortly after lunch, I will feel the thunder building and will need to seek some relief. We all agreed that lands around the reservoir might not be the best place for that. And we are sure that the State Police parked and watching the road across the reservoir (a post 9/11 activity) would agree with us, so we pushed on.

We head west on 28 when we get there towards Phoenicia and the Esopus River. They do a bunch of water stuff there. Seeing no suitable place to stop for lunch, we continue towards our turn-off at Big Indian.

At this point, only 15 minutes of so away from our ultimate destination and turn-around point, we decide to have lunch at the pool in Frost Valley. And just to delay us a little more, we find that they are oiling the road for another season's repair. Pretty slow going on the gravel, especially when the turns are down and away.

But get there we do and have lunch at 3:00pm. That's a little late but made the sandwiches taste that much better. We jaw a bit, take in the natural beauty of the area, I take care of my thunder problem, and we head home.

We take a more direct route home, while still avoiding highways, and cut the time in half and lop off 50 miles from distance. Interestingly enough, this route home is only 15 minutes slower than taking Route 17. How do I know this? As soon as I arrive home that night, I realize that my wallet has fallen out of my thigh pocket

on my Joe Rocket overpants while in Frost Valley, This could only be when I took them off and carried them down towards the pool. So a three hour round trip Sunday morning produces said wallet and proved that we would have in fact been eating and packing in the rain as it starts to rain as soon as I hit the Claryville-Big Indian Road.

A little puzzle: if you've been reading this far and like these simple mathematical problems, there happened to be enough clues to figure out how long our up took. If you can figure it out, see Don E. for your prize. Until next year.

Slaying the Dragon

Tom Spader

The Cherokee Indians used the word 'saconage', meaning blue, like smoke to describe the mounds of dirt we now know as the Smokey Mountains. So, being 1/32nd Native American, I packed up the camping gear recently, mounted the RT (on the trailer) and headed south. After dropping the trailer off in Greensboro, NC it was off for three days of riding the Smokey's and specifically a patch of US Route 129 at Deal's Gap, NC known as 'The Tail of the Dragon'.

This 11 mile stretch contained 318 turns, bobs and weaves with elevation changes that were enough to work the mind, limbs and the RT to the limit. I was joined on the adventure by old college buddy Frank Ralph and Turpin Ashurst, both of Montgomery, Ala and K12LT riders.

I'm happy to report 'The Dragon' has been slain. . stomped on and buried! The Dragon was wonderful, great, hairy. . .all the adjectives including 'distracting', having to look at all the crosses along the way. The crosses kept breaking my concentration level but apparently the dragon likes to recognise it's victims and with the crosses is hoping to create more. The "Tree of Shame", located at the Deal's Gap Motorcycle Resort was funny with all the broken bike parts from the failures hanging from the tree with magic marker dates, comments and signatures scribbled on'm. A photo board inside the store revealed many raspberries on arms, legs, hands, bellies, rumps along with twisted up machines. . .and surprisingly, some smiling faces.

Enjoyed camping on the lawn of the 'resort' (funny word since the 14 room place was a dump, built in the early 1900's and not repaired since) and met a lot of very interesting people. Riders from all over the place but the red-necks on the crotch-rockets were the best. As it turned out, bear hunting season began my first day there and I was thinking about bears most of the night as tent walls are pretty thin. About 1:30 AM a group of Suzuki riders came into the 'resort' hooting and howling about running the Dragon and coming around one turn at speed and finding two bears in the road and one on the shoulder. They weren't sure what to do. . .but fearing if they fell off their bikes, the bears might run

over and eat'em up. What a way to go. . wrecked bikes and no bodies!! Needless to say, they all survived to joke about the run.

So, after some riding with Frankie and Turpin (a retired Methodist preacher) on Saturday morning, they took off for home, as did I. . .except that somewhere along the line someone mentioned that the Harley riders were having a rally, their third annual Maggie Valley Rally that day. Since I was literally passing thru Maggie Valley. . .I had to stop in to see how my other half was doing. Well it was the standard HD thing; beers flowing in the streets, big tits, navel rings, tats, brats, ribs, leather, noise, music, long hair, more tats, some rain. . .you know the drill. IT WAS GREAT FUN. Met some interesting and unusual people and experienced my first 'unisex' bath room. Didn't think too much about it during my first and only visit. . .ya know, saw some boots under one of the stall's cafe doors, normal. . . although something didn't sound right. Moments later I looked up to see a Harley chick washing her hands and giving me a smile as she exited the room. Crazy!!



Figure 5 - Igor D'Ruski

Also, bumped into a deaf and mute Russian fellow on a Jawa who is trying to become the first person in his condition to circle the globe. He left Belarus, Minsk on 5/29/00 and has logged 38k miles to date, expecting to finish up in 2005. His name is Ignor (short for something, I guess). . .and while I tried to interview him for this column in the BMW newsletter, the interview was very short.

All in all a great trip. . .fun camping, fun riding, fun time with the BMW and Harley brothers, wonderful Southern BBQ and camaraderie. Next stop is Key West in early Nov. . .stay tuned.

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Carl Cangelosi
20 Beechtree Lane
Plainsboro, NJ 08536

(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

Dues are DUE! See inside!
Club Meeting – Wednesday, Oct. 9th, 7PM!
Schneiders in Avon

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