

May 2004 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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

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To me it seems that youth is like spring, an over praised season - delightful if it happen to be a favoured one, but in practice very rarely favoured and more remarkable, as a general rule, for biting east winds than genial breezes.
The Way of All Flesh, Samuel Butler

Our trip up the Hudson to the Motorcycle exhibit in Albany and on to the Catskills is scheduled to leave fifteen days from now on May 21st. I have one person signed up!
Skip Palmer

President's Message

This past month, members of our club have visited the New Sweden, Skylands and Internet NEPB BMW Rider's meetings to personally invite their members to attend our First Chance Rally in five weeks. The response has been positive. Thanks to everyone who has worked to promote the rally.

Dave Mason has been on the road the past few weeks. We heard from him after he left Fairbanks, AK and was headed for Detroit, MI from Salt Lake City, UT. John Ryan has also been busy burning the tires off his bike. Last weekend, he rode to Chicago for dinner and a quick return. I understand there was some misunderstanding with an Indiana trooper concerning velocity. Klaus Huenecke & Mike Kowal are headed for Frankfurt, Germany before attending the upcoming races on the Isle of Mann.

June 25th ~ 27th, the "Ride the Ridge Rally" is being hosted by the Biltmore Estate in Ashville, NC. The Biltmore is, without doubt, the most impressive property in America. The house, farm, gardens, orchards, vineyard, and forests, are situated on a several thousand acre estate. The Broad River flows through the property with the Blue Ridge Mountains forming the backdrop to the west. The riding in this area is as good as it gets in the East. I hope you are making plans to attend this event.

Sunday Norton Rally – April 18th

Capt Don and I decided to take the ride out on this beautiful sunny and warm Sunday morning to Washington Crossing State Park to take a look at the assembled Nortons and other British motorcycles. This is an annual event and it's a lot of fun to see the assortment of bikes from the "Lost Empire." There was also an abundance of classics of other marques.

Skylands and New Sweden Riders were well represented, but excepting Miles Cannon, George Hickman and a late arrival by Dan Thompson, Shore Riders were conspicuous by their absence.



As the evening approached activity shifted again to the Flying W Airport banquet room on the second story of the restaurant. Sixty-seven good friends had a sumptuous dinner watching the sun set over the runway and small aircraft down below. After the meal wound down, we retired to the bar and told more lies, then stumbled to our rooms and waited for Sunday.

Sunday morning started off sunny and bright, even though that would change later. People began arriving for brunch and pretty soon the large parking lot was ringed with over 100 motorcycles. One hundred and thirty-three attend brunch, from New England to Washington DC and as far away as Ohio and Chicago.



Part of the NJ Shore Crowd

However the person winning the award for 'Longest Distance Traveled to NEPB' was Junji Yoshida from Tokyo. He was in the Big Apple for the weekend and Brian Curry drove him down to NEPB for Sunday brunch. The award for 'Longest Distance Rider' went to Jon Diaz whom I finally met in person after nine years of casually swapping email and seeing him post to every BMW list in the universe. (It was my pleasure, Jon.)



Brunch

After we stuffed ourselves with eggs, home fries, sausage, bacon, waffles, pancakes, danish, and whatever else I missed, the door prizes were handed out. We had about 40 door prizes that were generously donated by over a dozen sponsors. In addition we had two vendors displaying their products: Klaus Huenecke from Run-N-Lites and Wilbers Suspension and the Best Bag Lady in the World (she received an award for same) Helen TwoWheels showed off her Super Packing System. We held a 50/50 and John Ryan (candidate for MOA Secretary) was the lucky winner. The "other half" of the 50/50 will be donated to the IBMWR to help fund this list and the website.



Nate Kern

If you saw the BMW ON article and cover featuring Nate Kern on the boxer cup race bike, then you know who Nate Kern is. His phenomenal racing career is exploding and he attended brunch and gave a heartfelt speech, thanking all the BMW riders who came to races last year and enthusiastically supported him.

Following brunch several Presidents took helicopter rides while many others poked and prodded the Ecomobile and Nate's racing BMW. The stage was set. The Flying W allowed us to close the runway while Dan in the Ecomobile and Nate on the race bike made a couple of high speed passes in front of us. The last run was a side by side "speed comparison" of the two machines (aka "a race") down the 5000 foot runway.

The race bike pulled ahead, before both machines had to shut down at the end of the runway. Dan said he

adversity. Can you finish an Iron Butt Rally after riding a bike that ignites 11 gallons of fuel beneath you? That's Dennis....

In deference to their experience, I agreed to stuff the bike into the truck bed with Dennis' Kawasaki ZRX-200. Paul's GS, and a K1200LT for his brother, would ride in the trailer.

While gearing up for the trip to Paul's house in Virginia, the zipper on my rainsuit tore. I was running late, and getting frustrated, so I threw it away. It should be easy to find another rainsuit in Daytona (wrong). I would regret this later.

I arrived at Paul's house about 1900, but he was out running some sort of vague errand somewhere. Dennis was there, installing wheel chocks in the trailer, and muttering about Paul. We hit the road about midnight.

Despite my disdain for four wheels, I will admit that Paul's truck, an enormous GMC thing with a full-sized, four door cab and dualies, was very impressive. My driving shift came about 0300, and we motored along effortlessly at 2 Ev, despite 700 lbs. of people and 2700 lbs. of motorcycles.

Our first stop was at Gustaffson plastics in St. Augustine. Leif Gustaffson loves motorcycles, and has been making fairings and windscreens since he arrived in the U.S. from Norway more than thirty years ago. His shop was filled with thousands of them, and several one-off projects, like a fully enclosed vintage Yamaha that now resembles the Ecomobile. He designed a custom, taller screen for Mr. Kessler's ZRX, and my compulsive shopping tendencies forced me order one for the FZR, as well.

We arrived in Daytona in the early afternoon Wednesday, and set up camp in the B Cubed area, twenty miles north of town. It was now time for my first trip to Main Street.

It was exactly as expected. After finding a prime parking spot on the corner of an intersection, I put my earplugs back in, and sat down to watch the show. There was a ton of interesting fabrication and gorgeous paint on the custom cruisers, so much that they all began to look the same. A sportbike burned up its rear tire, while riding in the back of a pickup truck. Many people asked about the fuel cell on the back of the K75 - "Do you really want to ride that far?"

The competition for attention was so fierce, and constant, that no one seemed satisfied, from the "took a home equity loan to build this" chopper owners, to the scantily clad, synthetically enhanced young women strutting the sidewalks. After all, in this venue, \$100K choppers were a dime a dozen. The police looked as if their patience was running on empty, but they soldiered on, keeping everything reasonably under control.

We went on a search for bratwurst and ice cream, and left my Shoei X-SP on the seat of the bike. In this crowd, there wasn't much interest in a \$600 helmet.

The best things about Main Street? The bratwurst, ice cream, and the fact that I can say that I've been there, and never have to go back.

We returned to the campground, and spent the rest of the evening shooting the breeze with friends, many of whom we hadn't seen since the end of last year's rally season. Every evening was like this, an important reminder that the best thing about BMWs is the people who ride them.

The next day, while browsing the vendor area at the Speedway, I picked up a ticket for Saturday's Boxer Cup and Superbike races. Plans for Thursday included a dinner meeting for a group of Skylands, New Sweden, and Jersey Shore riders in Deland. About a dozen showed up, including Captain Dennis, Jim Hoehl, Max Monaco, Al Peirson, Jim Owen, and Duane Kerzic.

Duane and I arrived early, and saw that the road was closed. A helicopter approached. Morbid curiosity drew us down the street. Someone said there had been a motorcycle accident, but we were able to get the real story from an officer at the scene - an elderly gentleman in a wheelchair had been struck by a car. He was okay, and was being Medevaced as a precaution. That was a relief, and made dinner at the Main Street Tavern much more pleasant.

Friday morning, my left bag latch broke, sending my saddlebag sliding through the parking lot. A trip to BMW Daytona, \$50, and an emergency order later, I had hopes for a functional saddlebag before my departure Sunday. That evening presented an unfortunate schedule conflict - the BMW-NA dinner and the Iron Butt Association dinner would be held at the same time.

It was an easy decision for me - I wanted to compare bike setups, and size up the competition for the 2005 Iron Butt Rally. Dennis and Paul suggested putting all of the bikes back in the trailer, and arriving at the dinner with tongues firmly in cheek. While it seemed a good idea, we agreed that we were all too lazy to load up the bikes again.

Tom Austin, tech inspector for the IBA, and Rob Nye, Rallymaster of the Minuteman Rally offered valuable advice on my fuel cell, and what I needed to reach compliance with endurance rally standards. Dennis, Paul, and Jim Shaw introduced me to all of the IBR staff, and we discussed my plans for Sunday's Bun Burner Gold 3000. It was suggested that a 50CC on the way home "would look good on your resume", and thus added it to my list of things to do.

I was honored to have met Ardys Kellerman, First Lady of long distance riding. She was busy kicking tires in the parking lot, and had stopped to admire my K75. She

hour of my time, and \$207 of my money, the officer thanked me for my time and courtesy. What a waste of courtesy....

I pulled into the local truck stop to put on thermals. The temperature had dropped into the forties, which isn't very cold, but six hours of it, traveling at 2.3 Ev, will bring on hypothermia.

Stopped to refuel in Sonora, and needed rest. The attendant let me sleep with my head on the table of a booth inside. Woke up about 2 hours later.

I needed 248 miles, and 3 hours, 52 minutes to successfully complete the first leg. Seemed reasonable, as long as I didn't fall asleep.

I arrived at the Sheriff's Department in Sierra Blanca, with a fuel receipt that showed 1545 miles in 23 hours, 55 minutes. They were happy to sign my witness forms for the first leg, as several of the sheriffs rode bikes.

Back to the road. The clock for the second leg starts as soon as you obtain a gas receipt ending the first leg, and it had taken half an hour to have witness forms signed. That's 00:30, 0 miles, and 0 rest. I would need to run a very efficient second leg.

Everything went smoothly for the next 900 miles, and I slept at the IB Motel again, for about an hour, after getting away from the L.A. metropolitan area. When I awoke, there was less than 600 miles left, and about eight hours left in which to do it.

Sleep deprivation began to set in, however. North of Sacramento, when things got very bad, I remembered my discussion of this ride with Captain Dennis at dinner on Thursday. He may claim that I've misquoted him, but it sounded to me like, "I don't think you can do it." He declined to put money on it, however, and provided motivation for those last few hundred miles. Thanks, Dennis.

I arrived at the Oregon state line at 0700 PST, with 3139 miles in 47 hours, 48 minutes. I should have been better rested at the start, and had hoped to finish near 3400 miles, but this will have to do. Lewis Osborn, a certified IBA witness, was kind enough to meet me in Medford, Oregon to sign my end of ride form. Only twenty one others had completed this ride alone, and I hoped that this would help to draw the attention of the Iron Butt Rally staff.

<To be continued next month>

John Ryan

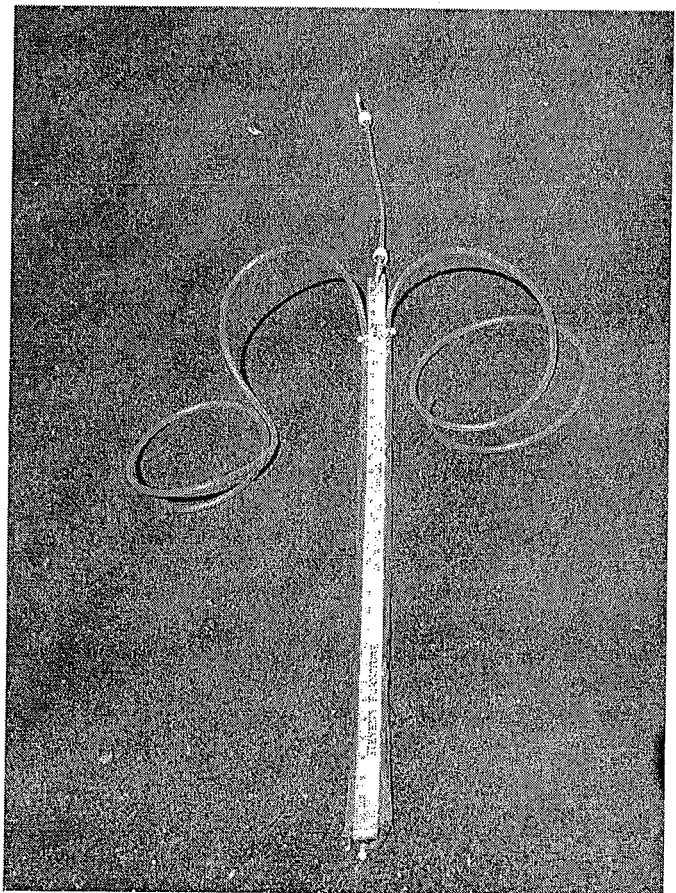
\$4 Synchronizer for an \$8 Bike

A month ago, my R100RT airhead was idling a bit rough. The carbs had just been rebuilt, as were both heads. To check if the carbs were properly synchronized, I researched and found an article on the

airheads website. In fact, this site is loaded with all kinds of technical do-it-yourself procedures.

<http://airheads.org/> Look under the menu item for "Technical Tips" for "\$4 Carburetor Synchronizer."

The first step is to build a simple sync device so you can see the effect of vacuum or differential pressure on both carburetors at the same time. Start with 20 feet of surgical hose (get the right inside dimension to fit the nipples on the bottom of your carbs.) Get a sample piece of hose by clipping 1/2 inch piece from the existing hose leading to the bottom of the carb. Next, you will need an old yardstick, transparent packing tape (2-3 inch wide stuff), a couple of nylon cable ties and a budge (to be used to hang the contraption from the ceiling above your bike). Lay out the hose, equal lengths, on each side of the yardstick. The hose goes down one side of the yardstick and up the other. Use the tape to hold the hose in-place. Use the cable ties to secure the hoses at the top of the yardstick (through the hole at the end of the yardstick. This same hole is eventually used to hang the carb synchronizer from the garage door railing or other overhead structure in the garage. Next, suck up about 36 inches of red automatic transmission fluid into the hose then tie both ends of the hose up so that the fluid drains to the bottom of the synchronizer. This might take a few hours. When done, there should be about 18 inches of fluid up each side of the yardstick. By the way, you could also use light oil or other petroleum based fluid, but it's easier to see red stuff.



All the articles that I researched said that the engine

"First Chance Rally" Registration Form

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Please check off below:

I will arrive Friday Evening _____	\$30.00
Saturday _____	\$30.00
Saturday Diner Only _____	\$15.00
Saturday Diner Guests _____	\$15.00 each
Total amount enclosed _____	

Please return to Dan Thompson, 4 Barbara Lane, Oakhurst, NJ 07755

EERC Class Update

I have tried in every way I could think of to make contact with the State MSF course people. It has been impossible. They give a phone number where a message plays telling you "We're very busy now, so we can't answer the phone. You can leave a message if you'd like - but we won't return it."

Finally - Truth in Government - they didn't return it.

Glenn Larson gave me a business card of one of the MSF instructors who apparently works for the state. Email to her goes unanswered.

I've finally resorted to mailing the Governor of NJ asking what's up with this?

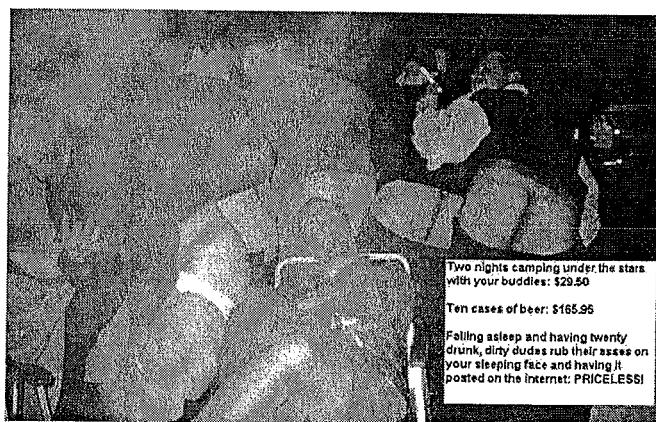
Given my past results mailing Jimmy - I do expect some sort of response - but it usually takes about a week.

In the meantime - New Sweden has brought up the possibility of an MSF-ERC being given at Lakehurst Naval Air Station - for a fee.

I will stay in contact with Bill Alford - the New Sweden President to try to work out some opportunity for members of both of the clubs to attend an ERC this summer.

Don Eilenberger

Senseless Space Filler



Two nights camping under the stars
with your buddies: \$29.50

Ten cases of beer: \$165.95

Falling asleep and having twenty
drunk, dirty dudes rub their asses on
your sleeping face and having it
posted on the internet: PRICELESS!

BMW Recall:

On January 15, 2004 NHTSA issued a recall for Fuel System Defects on BMW R Series Motorcycles. NHSTA advises owners of these motorcycles to contact BMW at 1-800-831-1117. NHTSA Campaign ID Number 04V028000. NHTSA expects owner notification to begin during Feb. 2004.