

June 2004 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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

Messageboard:

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

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rides on bikes with sidecars. Because this is one of our most satisfying events, please plan on riding with us so that we may add some excitement to the lives of these young people.

Looking ahead, save September 11th on your calendars for our club picnic, the next major event.

Skip Palmer

May 23 Ride to Classic Motorcycle Day in Maryland

On Sunday, May 23, VP Roger Trendowski, Tom Spader, and myself departed the WaWa gathering place at 7:45am for a full-day's ride down to the British & European Classic Motorcycle Day (CMD), outside Germantown, MD. President Skip Palmer was unable to participate, but did escort us to the Harley-Davidson dealership in Hamilton Twp. on his new K-LT, where we collected our 4th partner, Carl Cangelosi.



Tom Spader's Favorite

Travis Bickle: June twenty-ninth. I gotta get in shape now. Too much sitting is ruining my body. Too much abuse is going on for too long. From now on there will be 50 pushups each morning, 50 pullups. There will be no more pills, no more bad food, no more destroyers of my body. From now on will be total organization. Every muscle must be tight. *Movie – Taxi Driver*

President's Message

Soon we will be hosting our 4th First Chance Rally in Farmingdale. On Friday, June 11th, at 10 AM, the set up begins, which includes organizing tents, tables, chairs, and grills etc. The registration table opens at noon. The first activity is Friday evening's dinner of German wurst, rolls, sauerkraut, and the traditional sides.

Saturday, after a breakfast of bagels, coffee, and juice, the morning ride is to the 17th Annual Belmar Seafood Festival. The afternoon ride to Sandy Hook, Highlands, Navesink Hills, etc. will return to the rally site in time for Don's nap time. Dinner will start about 6 PM.

The riders going to Spokane, WA will meet at 4:30 Saturday afternoon at the rally to discuss our plans, finalize details, and commitments. If you are planning on going out West, please plan to attend this meeting.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, we will start to breakdown the rally site and should be finished by noon.

On Wednesday, June 16th, we will join the Skylands Riders for our annual ride to the Methaney School in Gladstone, NJ. We will meet at the Cheesequake Rest Area MM-124 GSP-N at 4 PM and ride to the Chester Diner on Route #206-N for a quick dinner. At 6 PM the Chester police and fire departments will escort us to the school. The residents of the school are then treated to

were all those people going? It was like a rush hour exodus from the Nation's capital. Once we rode out of Frederick onto Rt. 15, the traffic cleared considerably, and it was a pleasant, relaxing run through Thurmont and Emmitsburg. We bailed off of the freeway onto Business Rt. 15, and into the Gettysburg National Battlefield, where I had difficulty concentrating on the road ahead, as I was stealing glimpses of Big and Little Round Top, Cemetery Ridge, and reliving Pickett's Charge over these same grounds. Gettysburg proper was a slow-going, but we finally escaped out of town on Rt. 30 (Tom reminded me that it is Lincoln's Highway), and to our next gas stop.

Sheetz is a super WaWa, with many customers attracted to the regionally-inexpensive \$1.95 unleaded regular. For us, it was an air-conditioned oasis from the heat. Not oppressive in the sense that it was record-shattering, but that we had been riding in it for so long by now. Combined with the temps radiating from my K75, I was becoming parboiled. Soaking my t-shirt in some water, as well as drinking a liter of it, provided some necessary relief. Roger tinkered with a valve cover of his airhead, which had been weeping some oil. I watched the chaos of cars jockeying for position to vacant gas pumps.

All along, I had been keeping a weather-eye, anticipating that thunderstorms would move in on us. The clouds were building to the north, so we continued east. Pleasant countryside. You could see that this was a major east-west artery, before the PA Turnpike and interstate system drained off all major traffic. Old motels and restaurants. Every town's square had a roundabout to navigate. For the most part, we were able to motor along at about 50 mph. Many helmet-free motorcyclists passed us (including all of the H-Ds that weren't at CMD), heading in the opposite direction. Next, we rode on the freeway around York, PA, past the H-D assembly plant, and onto Lancaster. Then, we jumped off of Rt. 30 onto Rt. 422 to the PA Turnpike. The threat of rain never materialized.

Two-lane freeways like this give me the creeps in rush-hour settings. There's not enough room to maneuver, so you have to patiently sit in the fast lane and hope that some impatient cager behind you doesn't try to pass on the right, and then jam his car in between you and the car in front of you, all while doing 75 mph. Fortunately, the drivers were, for the most part, equally patient. Happily, this leg of the ride was very uneventful.

Anticipating that the NJ Turnpike would be jammed north of Exit 6, as is customary for summer weekends, we bailed off at the Rt. 1 interchange, which took us to the Delaware River Bridge at Trenton. Carl had pushed ahead, as he would ride home via Rt. 1. Roger passed Tom & myself, following Carl, not realizing that we would be jumping off of Rt. 1 onto Rt. 29 immediately after crossing the bridge. (Roger later e-mailed me, saying that he found his way home, after negotiating

the scenic vistas of downtown Trenton.) It was my fault that I didn't tell Roger back in Gettysburg of the sudden exit. So it was just Tom & myself. One more gas stop for me on I-95 in Allentown, NJ. (I still don't have a comfort level on the range of the K75. Although it turns out I could have made it home on the remaining fuel, today was not the day to experiment.) Tom accompanied me until I got onto Rt. 18.north.

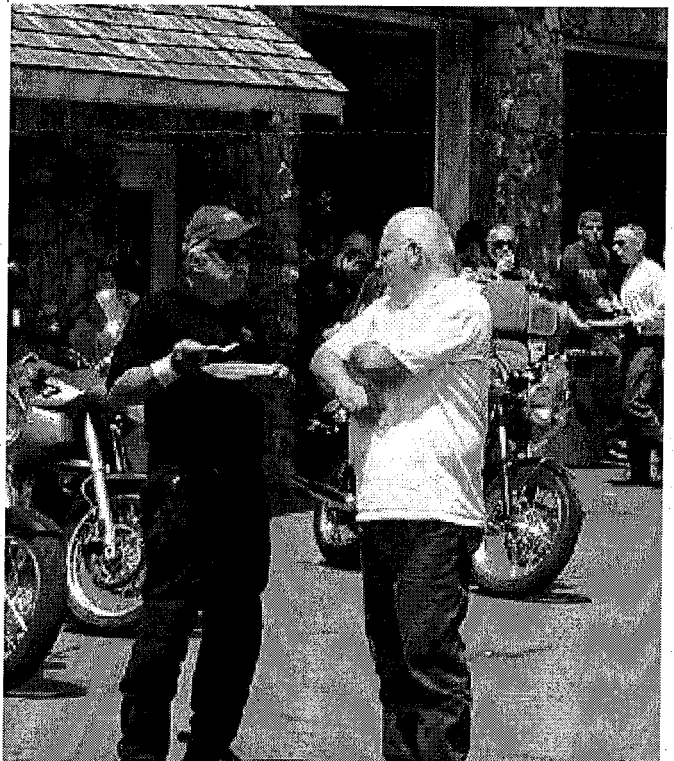
Arrived in Wayside at 6:00pm. 472 miles. 10 hours. Not IBA numbers by any means, but a great time.

Replacement driving lamps have been ordered. Even though it was just a tip-over, I got away cheap, damage-wise.

Thanks Tom, Carl, and Roger for the company. And you too, Skip, for the send-off.

May 15th Ride to Hermy's

On May 15th, Art Goldberg, Pete Lasky - a old MC buddy from Lucent, and I ventured out west to Hermy's BMW shop just north of Reading PA. The free food was, as usual, the main reason to travel over 200 miles that day.



Max et. al. were also there partaking of the delicacies. Art had to leave our threesome to head home mid day... but Pete and I headed north on Route 61 to the X-town of Centralia. I say X-town, because of it's history. Underground coal mine fires have been burning in this Anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania since 1961.

being tilted left for the last 30,000 miles.

I nitpicked about the shape of the seat, and Jim trimmed foam, added foam, tightened the elastomers, and provided an infinite supply of patience. He was clearly enjoying himself, a true, ummmm...., seatmaster. After about six test rides, each about twenty miles, we finally had a result that everyone was happy with. With a break-in period, I was confident that it would be perfect, and this was later proven true.

One of my test rides included a trip to Home Depot, here I picked up an MR-16 halogen bulb to replace the one in the burned out Motolights. This bulb is often used in household halogen lighting, and is easy to find. While a set of Motolights includes free lifetime bulb replacement, I certainly didn't expect them to track me down and deliver a bulb, but would need all of the light possible for the ride home.

A specially made wrench removes the ring that holds the lens in place, and it broke while trying to loosen the ring. I called Motolights, hoping that they might be able to overnight a new wrench to California from Cincinnati.

Not a chance. Tina and Rob Hollander, who sold me the lights last year, answered the phone. They said that they had missed me in Daytona, and heard I had been doing very well with some of the Iron Butt rides, but there was no way that they would send me a wrench. They explained that someone must have forgotten to put anti-seize on the threads, if I had broken that wrench. Instead, they would prefer to express mail (\$30) a new set of lights (\$365) to California, free of charge! Motolights are a great product, beautifully made, and their customer service is truly incredible.

The new lights were waiting for me when I returned to Russell the following morning.

Terry was happy to clear a spot in the shade, as the temperature was climbing toward a record for the date, ninety degrees. I installed the new light, and packed away the spare. After thanking everyone for their patience, hospitality, and craftsmanship, I set off in search of place that would let me do an oil change. Yamaha of Redding, just a few miles down the road, was willing to accommodate me, and refused any offers to pay for use of their facilities.

I was finally ready to put some serious miles on the new seat, and started the trip south at a leisurely pace, taking two days to reach San Diego, the starting point for a 50CC return ride.

Riding through southwestern California makes one wonder why anyone would want to live there. The air is bad enough to offset the weather, which might be nice if the sun were visible through burning eyes and smog. The traffic is even worse. The only nice thing about the

area is the ability to split lanes legally.

Found another Motel 6 in San Diego, for double its price in Redding two days earlier, and scouted around town for the nearest gas station to the interstate. There was a Shell station two blocks from the beginning of I-8, with a firehouse nearly across the street, making for an easy starting point with a computerized gas receipt, and a public official to witness it.

The easy start disappeared the next morning, however. The Fire Department was out on an emergency call, and there was no telling when they'd return.

A city maintenance worker sent me to a police station a few miles east, but there was no answer at the door. I returned to the firehouse and waited.

A young man staggered over, explained that he was eighteen years old, suffering from alcohol poisoning, and asked if I could help him out. I offered to call 911, but he didn't want that kind of help, and collapsed on the firehouse lawn. Just as I was running out of sympathy, two friends showed up to drag the carcass off.

Finally, the firefighters returned, and were glad to sign my witness forms. This was the preferred start/end point for a 50CC, and they had witnessed many of them. I fueled up, and was happy to get out of town at 1124 local time.

Near the Arizona border, I-8 climbs and winds its way through piles of stones that resemble polished pebbles, though each is several hundred feet across. The air is clear, and the high speed sweepers are a ton of fun. A few miles after reaching the peak at about 4000 feet, I passed a water tower with a black line labeled "sea level", about 100 feet above the ground.

After nightfall, in eastern New Mexico, spectacular cloud-to-ground lightning strikes began to silhouette the mountains against the sky to the northeast. My luck with the weather seemed about to run out, and I was getting tired, so a quick stay at the Iron Butt Motel might help.

I pulled into a rest area just a few miles west of the Texas border. The building was spotlessly clean, with polished granite floors and walls that were about 20 feet high. I considered sleeping inside on the floor, but felt guilty about getting it dirty.

Back on the road about an hour later, I thought about getting gas in El Paso. Nahh, there's plenty. Fort Stockton, and my reserve light wasn't even on yet. Twenty miles later, it was. No problem, I've got thirty or forty miles left. I would soon learn that the next gas station open in the middle of the night is in Ozona, about one hundred miles east of Fort Stockton, and forty miles east of the rotting deer that marked my

easy and slow down. Did I listen to myself? What do you think? Nevertheless, disaster was narrowly averted and the day ended. It is addictive. Bill asked me if I was ready to do it again. I'm thinking about it

Back to the lodge, we gathered at the bar, swapped tales, and ended with a good meal. For some reason Dan Thompson had a grin that went from ear to ear. Did he discover something out on that track? We also debated about the meaning of a chicane. Keith Code said it was linked to chicanery and the dictionary says something about a crooked stick. There was one on the track, but I'm not sure where it was.

Next day Peter led Nancy, Grant, Dan and I through some great roads to Jim Thorpe for lunch. Then it was down to Easton and interstates home. It was a great time!

Dennis Swanson

Strange But True

Glenn Martin, Internet Reporter

From <http://www.motorcycledaily.com/>
Several web sites are now running photos of a production 2005 BMW K1200S. These are primarily European sites.

The most detailed discussion of the production K1200S is contained in an article on the BMW Riders Association web site. The BMW RA site also has a photo of the bike in a different color.

We have written previously about some of the breakthrough technology on this new BMW, including, particularly, the "Hossack" front suspension system.

The K1200S will clearly be the sportiest BMW manufactured, yet, with an expected 160 horsepower coming from an 1157cc in-line four-cylinder engine, coupled with a very light (by BMW standards) chassis. from <http://www.motorcycledaily.com>

ERC Class Update

My bugging Governor Jim seems to have had a reasonable effect. I received a letter from someone inside the Justice Department Highway Safety Division, that gave me a phone number of the person in charge of the MSF course for the state.

I called the number and had a nice talk with the woman who answered – and she agreed it would be nice if we could do an ERC as a club. She asked me to email her my request, and she'd pass it up the line to her boss.

The next day I heard back – and we're in like flint! Our class will be held on July 31st at Sea Girt. Right now I have 14 people on the list – and they will accept 12. If you want to get on the waiting list since I'm sure there will be some cancellations – please contact me via email. I'll need your name, address, phone number, date of birth and drivers license number.

Don Eilenberger

June Events

Monday Jun. 7th / 12th Americade Rally,
Lake George, NY

Wednesday June 9th Club Meeting
7 PM @ Schneider's Restaurant

Friday June 11th / 13th First Chance Rally
@ Crown Engineering
550 Squankum ~ Yellowbrook Rd
Farmingdale, NJ 07727

Wednesday June 16th Ride to Methaney School
6 PM @ Chester Dinner
Route #206 N
Chester, NJ

Friday June 25th / 27th Ride the Ridge Rally
Biltmore Estate
Ashville, NC
www.biltmore.com/rally.shtml

Senseless Space Filler



***I only read it 3 times
before I 'got it' !!***