

March 2005 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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

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"Some people will tell you that slow is good - and it may be, on some days - but I am here to tell you that fast is better. I've always believed this, in spite of the trouble it's caused me. Being shot out of a cannon will always be better than being squeezed out of a tube. That is why God made fast motorcycles, Bubba...."

On my tombstone they will carve, 'IT NEVER GOT FAST ENOUGH FOR ME.'" Hunter S. Thompson,

President's Message

Our next club meeting to be led by our newly elected VP - Dan Thompson. If everything goes all right, I will be in Daytona shedding my electrics and insulated jacket for something cooler. Our meeting will be held at Schneider's Restaurant as usual, on Wednesday, March 9 @ 7pm.

There are two groups headed south that I know of. Bobby Truex and I will be starting out on Sunday March 6. Skip and several others are leaving Friday the 11th and headed to the Concours d'Elegance on Amelia Island, then onto the Florida Keys and other sites. (Not Daytona) It also sounds like Tom Spader is trailering his bike down to Daytona sometime in-between. Anyone else who would like to ride down, pick a departure date or meet us down there. You can reach me on my cell phone 732-306-6182.

For the trip, I am going to try the Autocom Active -7 communications system that we heard about at the Cross Country Tech Session last month. I'm installing it in my Tank Bag with my cell phone and a 4 watt GFRS Midland radio. The radio I found at CostCo for \$60 pair. They advertise 10 mile range but I'll be satisfied with 2-3 miles of good communications. I bread-boarded the system in my tankbag in my basement, using a 12vdc



power supply to kick start it. Since I don't have an MP3 or iPod player yet, I attempted to use a portable CD player. The CD device just doesn't work dependably. It skipped when I road tested it, even over the mildest bump. I found the headset & mic were easy to install in my Nolan Helmet. The Active-7 unit provides plenty of amplification and a volume control for the GFRS radio and the VOX seems to work OK (no handlebar push-to-talk button). The phone and CD provide their own volume control. As the advertisement says, the music is muted by 50% or so when the cell phone or FRS becomes active. It should be a great experience with a new communications system...one that may be worth more than my bike.

See you at the April meeting.
Roger Trendowski

Cross-Country Tech Night, Feb 17th

Dennis Swanson



New Members

The following have joined our ranks in the past month:

Joe McClue
Guy Corbett
Hank Farber, Princeton
Michael Naghski,

Please welcome them into the club!

February Ride Reports

John Malaska (Photos Alex Edly)

February saw me leading three Sunday rides. Weather was sunny, albeit cold, on all three occasions. Road conditions were good, especially as the sun is starting to climb higher in the sky, melting off any pesky road ice.

On February 6, Larry Edelman, Dr. Tom & his friend Mike, George Roberts, and Alex Edly joined me on a ride to Hot Dog Johnny's in Warren County. Rather than going to Rockaway for the Polar Bear Club event, we left from "our WaWa" to Trenton, then north via Rts. 579 & 519.



Unfortunately, HDJ's was closed for winter vacation. So we then headed east to Hackettstown, and south on Rt. 517 through Long Valley and Oldwick to Whitehouse. After topping off our tanks (almost put diesel fuel in mine! yikes!), we lunched at Loukas Last American Diner on Rt.22. Alex provided the entertainment as he attempted to get American Express to explain why he had been charged \$75 for gas back at "our WaWa." Larry, Tom, and Mike then left for home, while George, Alex, and myself continued south to Branchburg, Neshanic Station, around the Sourland Mountains, to Skillman, Princeton, Lawrenceville, I-195 and home.

On February 13, I arrived late, and almost missed the ride I was supposed to lead to the PBC event at the Landslide Inn in Pattenburg. Skip, Prez Roger, Alex, George, Dr. Tom, VP Dan, Bobby Truex, and myself departed the GSP Cheesequake rest area north to I-

287 and I-78 west. Then, the secondary roads of Rattlesnake Bridge Rd. & Black River Rd. to Pottersville, then Rts. 512 & 517 to Schooley's Mountain. Pleasant Grove Road took us west along the spine of Schooley's Mountain, and down to Penwell and the 1st of several crossings over the Musconetcong River, which we paralleled until we reached Rt. 173. Over Jugtown Mountain to the Landslide.

After chatting with several members of the Skylands club, Skip led us to the Warrenside Inn for a tasty lunch (lobster bisque was excellent!), then west to Finesville and the Alba Winery. I purchased the raspberry /chocolate sauce, which Skip recommended for "special occasions." Skip then took us along CR-627 (aka, the "one lane, but not one-way, road") to Milford, then south on Rt. 29 to Frenchtown, Stockton, Lambertville, Trenton, and home.

On February 27, Joe & Betty Christy, Alex, Dr. Tom, and George joined me for a ride to the PBC event at Bahr's in Highlands.



Departing from Crown Engineering, we took secondary roads (Rt. 524, Howell, School, Dutch Lane, Laird, Longbridge, Middletown, Nut Swamp, and Navesink River) west, then north, then east. The sections on Laird & Longbridge saw us sharing the roads with a local footrace, and we tried our best to avoid its participants.



Strange but True

Glenn Martin, Internet Reporter

RIP – Hunter S. Thompson

"MIDNIGHT ON THE COAST HIGHWAY"

Hunter S. Thompson, 1975

www.mightymedia.com.au/~bigiain/ausmoto/stories/midnight.html

"All my life my heart has sought a thing I cannot name."

"But with the throttle screwed on there is only the barest margin, and no room at all for mistakes. It has to be done right . . . and that's when the strange music starts, when you stretch your luck so far that fear becomes exhilaration and vibrates along your arms. You can barely see at one hundred; the tears blow back so fast that they vaporize before they get to your ears. The only sounds are the wind and a dull roar floating back from the mufflers. You watch the white line and try to lean with it . . . howling though a turn to your right, then to the left and down the long hill to the Pacifica . . . letting off now, watching for cops, but only until the next dark stretch and another few seconds on the edge. . . .

The Edge. . . . There is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over. The others - the living - are those who pushed their control as far as they felt they could handle it, and then pulled back, or slowed down, or did whatever they had to when it came time to chose between Now or Later.

"But the edge is still Out there. Or maybe it's In. The association of motorcycles with LSD is no accident of publicity. They are both a means to an end, to the place of definitions."

Song of the Sausage Creature

by Hunter S. Thompson

There are some things nobody needs in this world, and a bright-red, hunch-back, warp-speed 900cc cafe racer is one of them - but I want one anyway, and on some days I actually believe I need one. That is why they are dangerous.

Everybody has fast motorcycles these days. Some people go 150 miles an hour on two-lane blacktop roads, but not often. There are too many oncoming trucks and too many radar cops and too many stupid animals in the way. You have to be a little crazy to ride these super-torque high-speed crotch rockets anywhere except a racetrack - and even there, they will scare the whimpering shit out of you... There is, after all, not a pig's eye worth of difference between going head-on into a Peterbilt or sideways into the bleachers. On some

days you get what you want, and on others, you get what you need.

When Cycle World called me to ask if I would road-test the new Harley Road King, I got uppity and said I'd rather have a Ducati superbike. It seemed like a chic decision at the time, and my friends on the superbike circuit got very excited. "Hot damn," they said. "We will take it to the track and blow the bastards away."

"Balls," I said. "Never mind the track. The track is for punks. We are Road People. We are Cafe Racers."

The Cafe Racer is a different breed, and we have our own situations. Pure speed in sixth gear on a 5000-foot straightaway is one thing, but pure speed in third gear on a gravel-strewn downhill ess-turn is quite another.

But we like it. A thoroughbred Cafe Racer will ride all night through a fog storm in freeway traffic to put himself into what somebody told him was the ugliest and tightest decreasing-radius turn since Genghis Khan invented the corkscrew.

Cafe Racing is mainly a matter of taste. It is an atavistic mentality, a peculiar mix of low style, high speed, pure dumbness, and overweening commitment to the Cafe Life and all its dangerous pleasures... I am a Cafe Racer myself, on some days - and it is one of my finest addictions.

I am not without scars on my brain and my body, but I can live with them. I still feel a shudder in my spine every time I see a picture of a Vincent Black Shadow, or when I walk into a public restroom and hear crippled men whispering about the terrifying Kawasaki Triple... I have visions of compound femur-fractures and large black men in white hospital suits holding me down on a gurney while a nurse called "Bess" sews the flaps of my scalp together with a stitching drill.

Ho, ho. Thank God for these flashbacks. The brain is such a wonderful instrument (until God sinks his teeth into it). Some people hear Tiny Tim singing when they go under, and some others hear the song of the Sausage Creature.

When the Ducati turned up in my driveway, nobody knew what to do with it. I was in New York, covering a polo tournament, and people had threatened my life. My lawyer said I should give myself up and enroll in the Federal Witness Protection Program. Other people said it had something to do with the polo crowd.

The motorcycle business was the last straw. It had to be the work of my enemies, or people who wanted to hurt me. It was the vilest kind of bait, and they knew I would go for it.

Of course. You want to cripple the bastard? Send him a 130-mph cafe-racer. And include some license plates, he'll think it's a streetbike. He's queer for anything fast.

tracks as I passed them, but my mouth was too dry... I landed hard on the edge of the road and lost my grip for a moment as the Ducati began fishtailing crazily into oncoming traffic. For two or three seconds I came face to face with the Sausage Creature....

But somehow the brute straightened out. I passed a schoolbus on the right and got the bike under control long enough to gear down and pull off into an abandoned gravel driveway where I stopped and turned off the engine. My hands had seized up like claws and the rest of my body was numb. I felt nauseous and I cried for my mama, but nobody heard, then I went into a trance for 30 or 40 seconds until I was finally able to light a cigarette and calm down enough to ride home. I was too hysterical to shift gears, so I went the whole way in first at 40 miles an hour.

Whoops! What am I saying? Tall stories, ho, ho... We are motorcycle people; we walk tall and we laugh at whatever's funny. We shit on the chests of the Weird.... But when we ride very fast motorcycles, we ride with immaculate sanity. We might abuse a substance here and there, but only when it's right. The final measure of any rider's skill is the inverse ratio of his preferred Traveling Speed to the number of bad scars on his body. It is that simple: If you ride fast and crash, you are a bad rider. And if you are a bad rider, you should not ride motorcycles.

The emergence of the superbike has heightened this equation drastically. Motorcycle technology has made such a great leap forward. Take the Ducati. You want optimum cruising speed on this bugger? Try 90mph in fifth at 5500 rpm - and just then, you see a bull moose in the middle of the road. WHACKO. Meet the Sausage Creature.

Or maybe not: The Ducati 900 is so finely engineered and balanced and torqued that you *can* do 90 mph in fifth through a 35-mph zone and get away with it. The bike is not just fast - it is *extremely* quick and responsive, and it *will* do amazing things... It is like riding a Vincent Black Shadow, which would outrun an F-86 jet fighter on the take-off runway, but at the end, the F-86 would go airborne and the Vincent would not, and there was no point in trying to turn it. WHAMO! The Sausage Creature strikes again.

There is a fundamental difference, however, between the old Vincents and the new breed of superbikes. If you rode the Black Shadow at top speed for any length of time, you would almost certainly die. That is why there are not many life members of the Vincent Black Shadow Society. The Vincent was like a bullet that went straight; the Ducati is like the magic bullet in Dallas that went sideways and hit JFK and the Governor of Texas at the same time.

It was impossible. But so was my terrifying sideways leap across the railroad tracks on the 900sp. The bike did it easily with the grace of a fleeing tomcat. The

landing was so easy I remember thinking, goddamnit, if I had screwed it on a little more I could have gone a lot farther.

Maybe this is the new Cafe Racer macho. My bike is so much faster than yours that I dare you to ride it, you lame little turd. Do you have the balls to ride this BOTTOMLESS PIT OF TORQUE?

That is the attitude of the new-age superbike freak, and I am one of them. On some days they are about the most fun you can have with your clothes on. The Vincent just killed you a lot faster than a superbike will. A fool couldn't ride the Vincent Black Shadow more than once, but a fool can ride a Ducati 900 many times, and it will always be a bloodcurdling kind of fun. That is the Curse of Speed which has plagued me all my life. I am a slave to it. On my tombstone they will carve, "IT NEVER GOT FAST ENOUGH FOR ME."

Signs of the Times

