

September 2005 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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

Messageboard:

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

Roger Trendowski, President 732-671-0514

Dan Thompson, VP 732-229-0904

Carl Cangelosi, Secty/Treasurer 609-275-9387

Dennis Swanson, Trustee and Cub Reporter

Don Eilenberger, Trustee and Newsletter Editor

John Welch, Trustee and Membership Chair

Skip Palmer, Trustee and Ride Co-Chair

Glenn Martin, Strange But True Reporter

Art Goldberg, Publisher

John Malaska, Ride Co-Chair

*"Hogarth Hughes: You are what you choose to be.
The Iron Giant: Superman" Movie – The Iron Giant*

President's Message

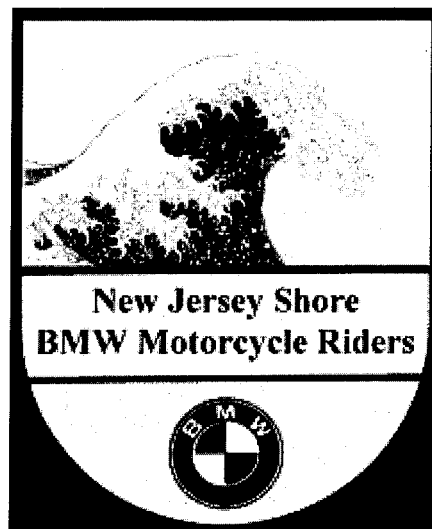
By far, the biggest event of the month has been the Iron Butt rally. Even though only a few of our members headed out to check points to cheer on the riders, I feel that I was there. Thanks to Bob Higdon's well written daily reports and thanks to Don Eilenberger for relaying them to us. Here's hoping that John Ryan and others that we know, make it to the finish line.

Another big event this month is the Fingerlakes BMW Club Rally, held in Watkins Glen NY. I am writing this piece the night before leaving for the rally. I will spend Wednesday 8/31 and Thursday helping set up the rally grounds and equipment for the 1100+ BMWers that will attend. I hope to see you there. I'll most likely be under the flea market tent as that is my management responsibility this year.

Coming up in September are a couple of important events: tentatively 8/17 Mathany School ride. We are asking all the side car buffs in our club, New Sweden and Skylands to contact us if they can attend. The disabled kids at the school love to ride around the parking lot. Hopefully this time we won't be rained out as earlier this summer. Also this month is the New Sweden Last Chance Rally on 9/23-25.

See you there.

Roger Trendowski



RYAN SWEEPS 7th PLACE in IronButt!

Don Eilenberger



John discussing strategy with the scribe of the IronButt Bob Higdon

John Ryan, our endurance rider extraordinaire, achieved a remarkable comeback in the final leg of the IronButt Rally. He rose from 23rd place at the third checkpoint (Buxton Maine) to 7th place at the finish in Denver.

John's final leg route took him to: Black Point Lighthouse, NB Canada; Cape Bear Lighthouse, Prince Edward Island, NB Canada; Currituck Beach Lighthouse, NC; Cape Hatteras Light Station, NC; Ocracoke Lighthouse, NC; and New River Gorge Bridge, WV for a total leg point score of an amazing 64,843 points. His total mileage for the Rally was 12,573 miles, and total points of 101,218 – only 10,000 behind the first place finisher.

In our pre-BMW days, Jim & I had discovered several nice roads leading north from East Stroudsburg, and I had planned that we would use PA-447 & 191 up to Hancock, NY. However, a steady rain began at Analomink, which forced us to U-turn back to the NJ side of the Water Gap. I was depressed, as I had my eyes set on Woodstock (the site, not the upstate town.) After discussing our options, we tried to head south via I-80 but, fortunately as it turned out, we ended up paralleling the Delaware River on Old Mine Road.

The rain stayed to our west, and blue skies returned by time we were in Layton. Rts 206 & 521 took us into Port Jervis, and our next stop at Elks-Brox Memorial Park. The park includes a scenic overlook, providing stunning views of Port Jervis, High Point State Park across the valley, and the confluence of the Delaware & Neversink Rivers.

We continued on NY-97 along the Delaware, through the Hawks Nest, watching the flotsam of rafters, kayakers, and canoeists traveling down the river, as well as numerous motorcyclists enjoying NY-97 on this fine day. After refueling at Barryville, we headed north on NY-55, another nice road through lush pine forests, into White Lake. Buster's BBQ, situated with a deck overlooking the lake, offered a delicious lunch break.

From there, we traveled west a few miles on NY-17B, then turned right at Hurd Rd. I had anticipated that we'd have some difficulty finding the festival site, but to our right, it appeared plain as day. The concert stage had been situated at the bottom of what was a natural amphitheatre, and the grounds are still very well kept, offering a very park-like setting. A monument memorializing the site was emplaced in 1984 at a location which looks down at the "bowl." While we were there, several cars pulled up whose passengers, like me, just wanted to see, or show their children "Woodstock." (And no, I wasn't there on that August weekend, even though I lived only 70 miles to the south. A couple of friends wanted me to hitchhike up with them, but I declined.)

Jim & I retraced our route down to Port Jervis, with a pause at the HawksNest overlook. Rain briefly re-entered the picture as we headed into New Jersey via Rt-23, but the sun returned once we were over the Kittatinny Range.

I missed our turn for Rt-519 at Colesville, but managed to hook up with 519 at Plumsock. Roads were very wet, so it looked like we had avoided a real soaking. From there, we headed home through Beemerville (interesting carillon there), Branchville, Newton, Bedminster, I-287, the GSP, and arrived in Ocean Township at 5:30PM.

A nice, full day's ride.

September Rides and Events

Skip Palmer

- Sept 11th Concours d'Elegance Radnor Hunt Club 8 AM Wawa
- Sept 14th Monthly meeting 7 PM @ Schneider's
- Sept 17th Methaney School Ride Noon @ Cheesquake Rest Area GSP MM-124
- Sept 23rd ~ 25th Last Chance Rally, Mays Landing, NJ ~ New Sweden BMW Riders
- Oct. 6th ~ 9th RA National Rally Shelbyville, TN
- Oct. 12th Monthly meeting 7 PM @ Schneider's
- Oct. 16th BMW Clubs of NJ Annual Rumble
- Nov. 11th ~ 13th Waterfowl Festival, Easton, MD

I don't wanna pickle, just wanna ride my motor-cycle – Aug. 27th – Sept 1st

Don Eilenberger

It all started with me getting very tired of work – while at work.

I have a copy of MS Streets and Trips at work, and somehow it came into my mind to see just how far Buxton ME was from Spring Lake Heights.

Once I found Buxton (easily reachable in two days taking back roads, one day on the slab) – other spots in the area just somehow got added to the round-trip route. First thing I knew – I had a nice looking 5 day trip planned out – covering NJ, NY, MA, NH, VT and ME.

And I had some extra vacation time to use up.

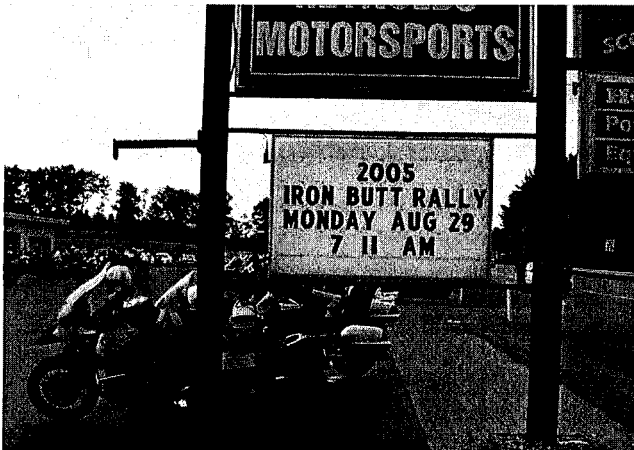
First thing I knew – I posted to our Yahoo group email list to see if anyone else was interested in a little ride to Buxton and around New England. I heard back almost immediately from Mike Mulroy – who had plotted very much the same exact route using standard paper maps. Mike was willing to join in a back-roads ramble to Buxton and beyond. COOL. I told the boss I was going to be out the next week.

Mike and I left early on Saturday (well – earlier for Mike than for me – he had to travel 70 miles up to our meeting point) and headed north on the GSP. We went to the very end, and got on the NY Thruway following it to the Beacon-Newburg (Alexander Hamilton) Bridge crossing the Hudson via Rt I-84. We followed I-84 a short distance and got on the Taconic Parkway, which we took to the end, and then started up secondary roads in Massachusetts, heading for our first stop in Greenfield MA.

Our route took us up through Pittsfield MA, and Dalton MA where we stopped for lunch. We were following a route I'd worked out last year coming home from Damn Yankees Rally in the Birkshires.

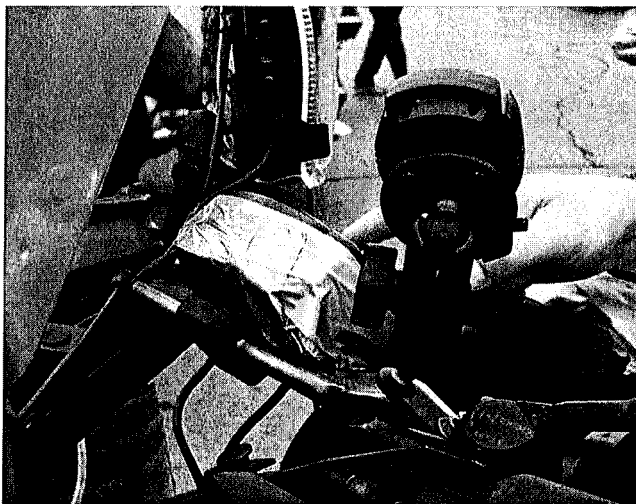
inside of the windows. Just as we were about to leave, John's friend Dennis Kessler swung into the driveway on his bike. He also had heard nothing from John yet – so we agreed to meet the next morning at the checkpoint at 8AM. We arrived at our motel in Portland ME at about 2PM, well in time for our naps.

Those who know me – know that I am not a morning person. 8AM is just about time for me to think of opening an eye. But – this was for John so after a great meal of scallops and swordfish, I turned in EARLY to bed (11PM! A record!) Mike and I arose early, and were off (in the rain and fog) to the rally checkpoint.



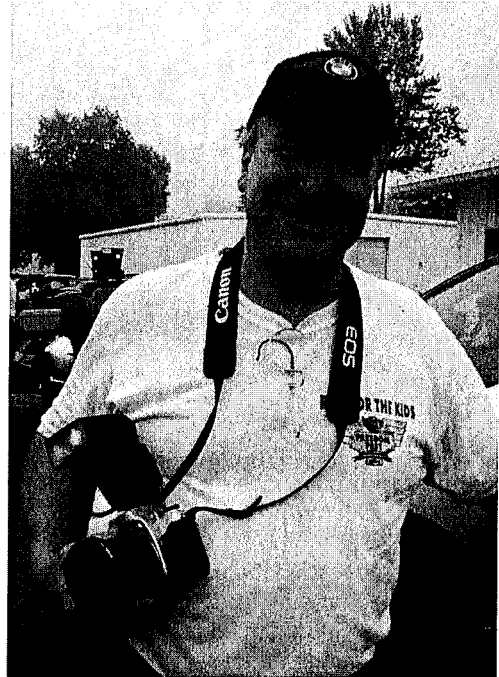
IronButt checkpoint in Buxton Maine at Reynolds Motorsports

There were a lot of bikes at the checkpoint – competitors and their support teams, families and friends. Mike and I quickly found John's bike, and eventually found Dennis and John. Our pit crew then swung into action – doing a quick tire/rim swap and oil/filter change right in the parking lot. There were also a few minor repairs to be done to the bike, one involving a lot of duct-tape:



This had been a brand new BMW GPS when John left NJ. I think there will be a warrantee claim on the mount.

Much to our surprise – another NJSBMWR club member appeared! Jim McFadden, in his quest to find a checkpoint – any checkpoint had ridden back to Buxton from NJ!



Jim McFadden finally finds a checkpoint!



John's bike is ready to go! Really.

After lots of looking at other bikes, kicking tires, telling lies and considering routes with John, we left John to head off on his third leg of the rally, and headed to lunch with a few friends from the Internet BMW Riders.

Lunch was OK – the meeting with friends was better and enjoyed!



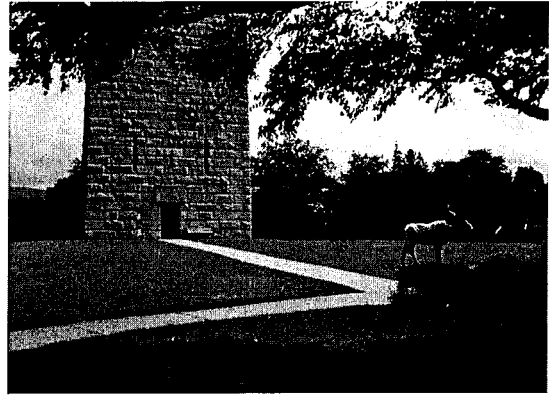
Hemmings Collection

We then went to the Bennington War Memorial – located on top of a hill in Bennington.



325 feet to the top

We had another good dinner in downtown Bennington at the Rattlesnake Café (Tex-Mex and good!) and headed back to the Knotty Pine.



Yup – the memorial has a moose..

On Thursday morning we started back towards home, trying to stay to back roads as much as possible – our route took us down through western Massachusetts, and took an unexpected turn as I recognized a spot I'd always wanted to ride a bike to.

Those of us of a certain age might remember the song "I don't wanna pickle – just wanna ride on my motor-cycle" by Arlo Guthrie. It was a late '60's song when many of us were young. Arlo's song was one that often runs through my head while I'm riding.. and I remembered that Stockton Mass was near where the old Trinity Church, which was a centerpiece of Arlo's ballad "Alice's Restaurant." I'd been to the church, now owned by Arlo and dedicated as the Guthrie Center – a non-denominational center - by car a few years ago, and at the time wished I was on a bike. Well – this time I was!



**I finally got a bike to Alice's church,
and I didn't wanna pickle –
just wanna a ride on my motor-cycle!**

The rest of the ride home was enjoyable and Mike and I parted company at Exit 98 of the GSP. Five days, 1,200 miles of SMILES – gotta do it again in the spring! **Maybe it will rain again!**

Cops armed with shovels and pitchforks and wearing gas masks extricated Klein's body from the approximate 750-pound "load" he was buried under.

"His face was frozen in a grotesque mask of agony," says one policeman.

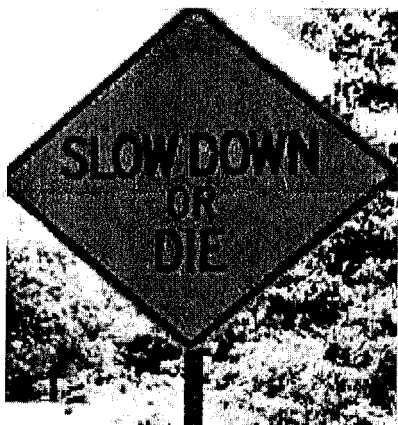
"It's hard to say how long he had been there.

"The pile was still warm to the touch, so it couldn't have been more than a few hours."

News of the poacher's "death by doody" traveled fast and elicited an outpouring of grief, not for the dead poacher -- but for the elephants that are being killed for their tusks.

"I wish the elephants would 'sit and s---' on every poacher," says one animal lover. "Those slimeballs deserve the WORST the animal kingdom can give them."

Filler – some tasteless, some not



Tell us how you REALLY feel!

PERKS OF BEING OVER 50

1. Kidnappers are not very interested in you.
2. In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.
3. No one expects you to run--anywhere.
4. People call at 9 pm and ask, " Did I wake you?"
5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
7. Things you buy now won't wear out.
8. You can eat dinner at 4 pm.
9. You can live without sex but not your glasses.
10. You enjoy hearing about other people's operations.
11. You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
12. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
13. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room.
14. You sing along with elevator music.
15. Your eyes won't get much worse.

16. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.

17. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the national weather service.

18. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.

19. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to manageable size.

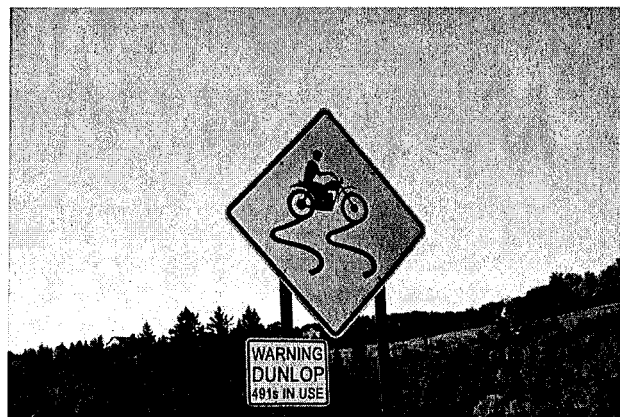
20. You can't remember who sent you this list.



And which way do I go?



I knew there was SOMETHING I didn't like about Taco Bell!



Yup – been there ridden on those..