

June 2006 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of. *Benjamin Franklin (1706 - 1790), 'Poor Richard's Almanack,' June 1746*

Be open to your dreams, people. Embrace that distant shore. Because our mortal journey is over all too soon. *David Assael, Northern Exposure, It Happened in Juneau, 1992*

President's Message

June has finally arrived and there are plenty of opportunities to get out and ride. The Methany Children's School ride is June 13th, our club picnic is June 17th, the Square Root Rally and Americade are also coming in June.

As always, volunteers for the club picnic should contact Dr. Spader for final preparations. Last years event at Allaire State Park were well received, hope to see everyone at the park.

As most of you know, VP Dr. Spader gladly accepted to role of sending out the welcome letter to new members. This letter explains what sites the clubs uses and how to access the Yahoo web site. If you have not gotten a welcome letter as a new member, or have any questions on how to access the Yahooie site, please email myself or Doc Spader. Thanks Tom for your support and help.

Remember the BMW MOA Rally is coming up in July. Again I would like to thank those who volunteered for registration duties on July, 21 between 12 noon and 4 pm. There are still housing option opened, and fellow members may have rooms or beds or floor space available. All you have to do is ask.

On a personal note, I had the opportunity to test ride the K1200 GT and a Ducati SR4 Monster. Look out Dennis; I am right on your tail. All I can say is WOW. I



could not stop smiling after the short, but of so swift excursion. Both bikes, yet different handled like nothing I had ever ridden.

I had to quickly pull myself away from the ever so helpful sales staff at CCBMW. I was ready to trade my trusty R1150RT for one of these beauties, but I could not decide which one I like better. Since I couldn't carry one on my shoulder, Jerry who accompanied me, along with Master Colin riding pillion, convinced me to leave gracefully, and to stop drooling over my two new loves. Thanks to Cross Country BMW for another great Open House.

Finally, I would like to wish Alex, our public domain web site administrator, well wishes as he recovers from thankfully minor bumps and bruises, after ordering a t-bone. Hope to see you up on another trusty steed soon. I recommend, well you already know, what I'd recommend.

I would also like to extend from the club to Skip our thoughts and best wishes, and hope to see him soon on his new trusty steed.

Well ride safe and see you soon
Prez Dan

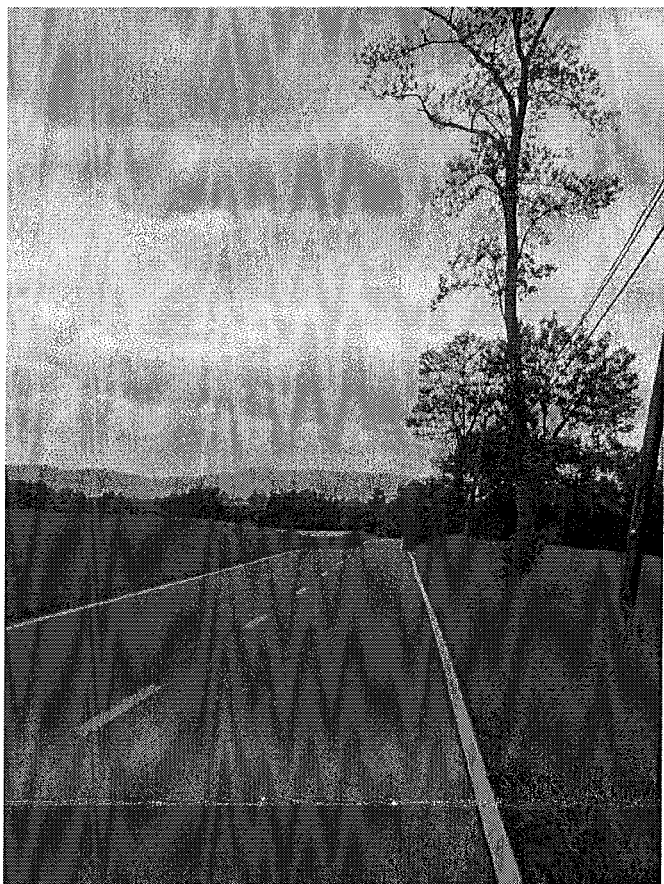
Square Route, June 3rd-5th, Thurmont, MD

Don Eilenberger

Square Route was a great rally (as usual).

I rode out on Friday morning with Art Goldberg and Al Peirson. We took the usual "get out of NJ as quickly as possible" route to the scenic Maryland route. This is one of my favorite rides - and we didn't even take a wrong turn this time. After 10 years of taking the ride -

We went out to Hagerstown, dropped down along the river to Harpers Ferry then worked our way back up, more or less paralleling Rt 17 - and stopped at several civil war historic sites. We absolutely failed..



We found great roads, even greater roads and some absolutely WONDERFUL motorcycle roads. Hard to pick which was the best one actually - I'd have to do them a few dozen more times to make sure. We spent a bit of time reading roadside Civil War history plaques, and stopped in at Antietam battlefield.



Saturday night dinner was excellent - chicken, beef, rice, lots of salad, fruit - and plenty of it. On Saturday night - Doug Grosjean - a budding author - gave a reading of several chapters of his upcoming book "Growing Up - on a Motorcycle" - the story of his relationship and experiences with his son from when his son first rode on the back of Doug's bike at five, to when his son took his first motorcycle riding lessons at eight. It was an interesting talk, with a different perspective than the talk the evening before.

Lots of awards were handed out during the Saturday night awards ceremony, door prizes were awarded. John Ryan won a set of tires - which looking at the willpops on his bike will be put to good use. Our club would have tied for largest in attendance except for a brain fart on one member's part. We had 6 members there - as did one other club.

Al and Art decided they had a LOT OF THINGS TO DO on Sunday so they broke early Sunday AM for the PA Turnpike and home and the slab route home. That was fine with me since the weather was perfect, and that let me do a solitary ride home. It was a wonderful ride back across the top of Maryland. 130 or so miles of wonderful roads in perfect weather with no traffic.



I purposely took a few turns I'd never turned before and found even more interesting roads - my new GPS was working fine and kept me on course.



60 some miles of tow. I'm just waiting for my new tire to arrive and thinking about which rally I'll be heading to next. Damn Yankees? Return to Trenton? So many choices - so little time.

May Ride, May 27th

Dennis Two-Jacks Swanson

John Welch called on Thursday to see if I was up for a ride on Saturday. I was OK with that and we decided to visit Fast By Ferracci in Pennsylvania to look over the MV Agustas. Luckily, I checked their web site for directions and found they would be closed for the Memorial Day weekend. This may have been a good thing as an MV is really on my wish list. So it was going to be somewhere else. I posted the ride on the Jersey Shore Yahoo thingie and another rider appeared at "Our Wawa." It was Jerry Rouvrais from Long Branch (a friend of Prez Dans so we immediately were suspicious). He rides an R1150 GS Adventure. John had his brand new yellow R1200S, a real beauty and the first one sold by Cross Country. I had my now year-old K1200S. We decided to head for Van Sant Airport in Buck's County.

We went west on 195 to 524, then back on 195 to 29 north through Trenton, then picked up 519 at Stockton to 12 west and then into Frenchtown. We crossed the Delaware, took 32 south and were soon at Van Sant. Traffic was light and the weather was perfect, until we stopped at the airport and it started to rain. But it was just a light shower that lasted all of 15 minutes. The "hot-dog lady" wasn't there and excepting some fliers no one else. We decided to head north and visit Touch of Class. It didn't rain again.

But first it was a nice lunch in Frenchtown. I don't remember the name of the place, but had a terrific soft-shell crab sandwich. John had a "Yuppie" natural beverage that promised to restore virility and bring back hair. It contained magical jungle herbs and tasted like wood. Yes, I had one too. Jerry was skeptical, but I think John actually started to look younger.

From there it was north on 32 to Easton, then back across the river and into TOC. We had not been there in a long time and wondered how they were doing. It seems just fine. Steve and Cindy were most hospitable. We kicked some tires and had a nice chat with them. Steve said BMW is promising a bunch of new models for the Fall. He did have a nice new R1200S on the floor in silver and red. It had just arrived.

John wanted to pick up the tool kit for his new "S", so we were off to Cross Country. Scott, Doc and Brian were on hand and made us welcome. They have an extensive inventory that includes the new K1200GT. Brian said I could take it for a ride, but I declined. I was afraid the temptation would be too much for me.

Then, wonder of wonders, who should rumble into the parking lot but Skip Palmer on his new R1200GS Adventure. He was there for his 1000 mile service so the bike would be ready for the Labrador trip in early June. It's a great looking machine, too big for me, but perfect for Skip. It is all tripped-out with cases and lights, engine-protection bars and GPS. Skip said he really liked it. We know he will put some serious miles on it.

From CC we took the Parkway south to the Jersey Shore and home. For a holiday weekend, the traffic was relatively light. It had been an excellent day. John and I were glad that Jerry showed up for the ride. He's an OK guy despite his being a friend of Prez Dan's. Hopefully we will see him on future rides.

So, where were you?

Ryan sets another record!

Mike Kneebone, IBA

Bob Higdon said it was "impossible" but very early this morning, Iron Butt Veteran John Ryan became the first person to finish the Washington DC-1000!

Showing that he was at least willing to throw himself at a task beyond comprehension, Robert Higdon came in next, followed by Michael Kneebone.



John Ryan and Mike Kneebone – pre-ride preparation

What best can be described as combat conditions, our trio put up with massive traffic jams when a four car pile up closed part of the D.C. road system they were using, riding through areas that when a local police officer noticed the motley crew, he pulled them over and suggested this was no area to be riding a motorcycle at 2 a.m. In fact, he said it was no area to be riding a motorcycle anytime! John's craftily engineered route did mean covering ground in some of the most dangerous parts of what was for many years known as the Murder Capital of the World. The officer warned Mike, "Do NOT stop, no matter what when you come back around."

Where is he now? Or - Old to you, but New to me...

Mike LoGalbo



Mike LoGalbo

Motorcycle riders in the Tucson area all seem to know about Route 191 to Alpine...one of the motorcycle roads in the state. Well, it may be old news to you, but being a newbie to the great Southwest, it's all new to me. And it's time to explore...

What better way to explore a new area, new roads, new cultures, new people than with a new motorcycle? One of the things I enjoy most in life is traveling by bike; you meet so many interesting people, especially if you stay off the interstates and on the little backroads. Saturday, I picked up a brand spanking new R1200GS from Iron Horse and promptly left the next morning for a run up and back to Alpine via 191 to break her, and me, into riding Arizona.

Rolling out of the garage at about 6:30 am, it's cool, about 60 degrees and the sun is just up over the Rincon Mountains, not a cloud in the sky. Even after being here for 2 months, it's hard to get used to the weather being great all the time...back east, you were always checking the weather report on Wednesday to see what the riding weather would be for the weekend...here, you just jump on and go. Another difference is the temperature extremes from low to high, a 30 degree spread (or more, depending on elevation) is normal...takes some riding gear adjustment. Thank god for mesh gear...

Bike fires right up (for the price, it damn well better!!!)...and a short stint later on I-10, I'm exiting onto 191 north. The bike is perfect, exactly what I remembered after riding it for 2 days this past summer on an Edelweiss Alps tour...that's where I decided the GS would be my next bike. It handled the mountain twisties with aplomb, was incredibly comfortable for me, and cruised the Autobahn/Autostrada at 200 kph with ease. The new motor was smoother than any boxer I had ridden previously, with a gearbox that (finally)

shifted with a snick rather than a clunk. Certainly a good choice for the wide open roads of the Southwest.

The only way you can make 191 a better motorcycle road would be to move it closer to Tucson. It is a nice combo of sweepers, with some tight technical sections that are well marked...and beautiful views. If you've not been, it gets interesting just north of Morenci, home to one of the world's largest open pit copper mines...quite a spectacular site as they dismantle several mountains. The bike is working well, and I'm starting to contemplate names for her. My Ducati is Sophia, an Italian temptress with two big jugs and peak-a-boo red clothing; my last BMW, a K75S, was Uma for, well, I don't really know why other than that's all I could think of at the time. Or maybe I just saw Pulp Fiction. What now? Have to come up with something because I think I'm gonna keep this one for a while... Gertrude? Helga? Hilda? Hmmmm....send me your suggestions.

Iron Horse also needs an honorable mention here. They (John, Max, Tom and Jennifer) were all pleasant to deal with, and the deal was a good one...with the benefit of establishing a relationship here in town. In 30 years of riding, I'd put them near the top of my good to do business with list. Oh, and thanks too to Harb for being my personal negotiator and chauffeur.

Back to the ride...I'm partial to roads with rhythm...they wind back and forth, back and forth; at the right speed (usually around 20 over, why is that?), you can actually sing along. The entire Blue Ridge Parkway is that way; so too the northern section of Route 100 in Vermont, Route 27 in Maine, Route 10 in NY's Adirondacks, Route 16 in West-by-god-Virginia, and Route 666 through Pennsylvania's Allegheny National Forest (they, unlike Arizona, ain't afraid of no devil), to name only a few. I'm sure you have your own personal favorites, and I've just added 191 to mine. I've been singing for the last 100 miles. And grinning.

The climb up to Alpine takes you through aspen and pine, quite a change from Tucson's desert. The temperature has stabilized at "perfect." Lunch was at the Old Town Buffet, just in time to watch them give out roses to the mother's day patrons...very quaint...and charming, actually.

The ride home was retracing the same steps...with the temps ever rising this time. Even stopped off at The Thing...oh, my god!!!! A real slice of americana...that can easily be missed...!!!

Can't wait to do it again...

Editors note: Small world syndrome – an Internet friend in Tucson met a rider new to the Tucson area – the rider was from NJ. He asked the rider if he knew me (since NJ is a small state..) and sure enough, it was Mike LoGalbo. Mike was kind enough to give permission to publish an article he wrote for the local newsletter.