

July 2006 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

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If you live life right, death is a joke as far as fear is concerned.
Will Rogers

We make a living by what we get, we make a life by what we give. *Winston Churchill*

President's Message

The June 17th picnic was a resounding success. I would like to thank the Picnic committee for all their hard work, so Tom, Art, and Mike, thank you for your shopping and supply logistics expertise. The quantity and choice of gastromic items for our cookout was superb. Roger, thank you for staking out our territory, fending off any wood be picnickers from encroaching on our space. Eileen, thank you for your coordination efforts, this allowed for our day to run smoothly. And lastly, but not least, Grant, A fine performance at the grill, your culinary flare pulled it all together.

Of, course thanks to all that came and those who made sure the site was left as we found it, so others can enjoy a wonderful park. I think we have found a spot that our annual picnic can call home.

The MOA Rally is just around the corner, or should I say corners, in beautiful Vermont. I know we are looking forward to festive event jammed packed with vendors, numerous seminars, like the one being presented by our own Don E. and another by Klaus und Duane, and of course the many roads and attractions that Vermont has to offer.

If any of our members have not volunteered for registration duties during the rally, we as a group, have offered our services on Friday July 21st between 12 noon and 4 p.m. I have been notified that all comers are welcome; just let me know so Marlene, Registration



Chair, can add your names to the growing list of NJSBMWR members. I can also email the instructions and other correspondence that has been previously disseminated.

The Black Diamond Rally registration was been sent, thanks to Carl for collecting the forms and the timely manner in which our cabin was procured. I am sure there are spots available so get your registration forms and send them. If we are going to have a Rally within Rally, or does the First Annual Parasite Rally fit?, lets have a strong showing of NJSBMWR members.

Ride safe
Prez Dan

George Garo, RIP, June 13th

Dennis Swanson

One of our former members, George Garo was struck and killed by a pickup truck that apparently strayed over the center line. George was on his motorcycle and never had a chance.

John Ryan, Mike Kowal, Duane Kerzik, Don Eilenberger and I paid our respects at his viewing on June 16.

The crowd that came to pay their respect to George was so large that it took us two hours to reach his casket. On either side of the bier were two Howell police officers in full-dress uniform that provided an honor guard. Numerous uniformed police officers and firefighters from various towns crowded the scene. The funeral home had prepared a photo memorial that was shown on two television screens.

George certainly was a man who led a full life. While we waited, the members of his Masonic order conducted a

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?

Labrador and New Foundland Ride

Skip Palmer

This past winter my brother Mike started to plan and research a trip for the summer. We wanted something different! We sought someplace we have never been and also an adventure ride beyond breezing over some more asphalt to another typical destination. For the past six years I have covered more than 148,000 miles touring and revisiting the forty-eight continental United States and nine of thirteen Canadian Provinces. A close riding companion often reminds me that once you have seen one National Park what's the attraction in the other hundred and sixty plus. The problem is I have seen them and although I have enjoyed them a repeat visit would not be as exciting as a new experience.

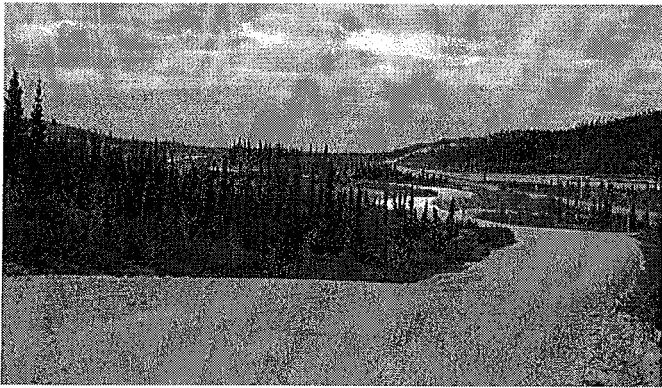


Tom Mahon, Skip and Mike Palmer

Time restraints for the duration of this trip left the two outer-most Atlantic Provinces: Labrador and Newfoundland. If you have ever spoken to anyone who has made the effort to travel to these Provinces they all want to return. Although difficult to ride to, they offer dramatic landscapes, three World Heritage Sites, icebergs, exotic wildlife, and people who are beyond friendly. The Grand Banks located just off-shore have been fished by the Europeans for more than 1,200 years and the Vikings visited there over 1000 years ago. When Columbus set sail to "discover" the Americas, the city of Saint John, Newfoundland already had eight-one bars. Now you know why Mike and Tom were so willing to endure some extra effort!

Mike and I settled on a route that would take us through Quebec and along the shore of the Saint Lawrence River to Baie-Comeau then north to Labrador City and the Trans Labrador Highway to Goose Bay-Happy Valley, Labrador. The road from Baie-Comeau to Goose Bay is over seven hundred miles of primarily clay and loose gravel. The only population centers along the route are in company owned mining and power generating communities. These tend to be located between 120 and 190 miles apart. Between these towns, you are isolated in a breath-taking glacier

second floor so they can get out in the winter. The snow cutters leave a wall averaging 24 feet along the curb. When the children leave home in the morning to walk to school their mother's remind them not to touch the transformer wires! School normally only has to close one day per year because of snow or poor weather (24' of snow isn't much for the kiddies to hike through).



Monday, "ditto" for the weather and the road. However, with only 330 miles to ride and one power station along the entire route, we left town eagerly looking forward to what adventure the day might bring. We made the power station and topped our tanks about mid day with just 190 miles to go. About sixty miles later I lost control of the bike for about the third time that day and by the grace of whoever watches over fools managed to miss the guard rail and avoid the river. With adrenaline once again in full control I dropped my speed from a crawl to something less, checked my mirror for the thousandth time to see John doing the same and proceeded to climb the next hill. Cresting the second hill, I again checked to see how John was doing and there was no one in sight. I turned around to discover John had caught a rut with his front tire and the tire swung side to side as he fought to regain control before he went down on the right side of the bike. He was able to get to his feet, but felt unsure of his ankle. The pannier box had caught his boot and tore the heel and sole loose. In over seven hundred miles of road, we had seen only between twenty to twenty-five vehicles on the open road. John was having a bad day turn worse, but he also was about to meet an angel. A woman with an empty pickup truck was right there when we needed help the most. Then a semi truck stopped. We got John's bike secured in the pickup and the woman promised to take his bike the 130 miles to Goose Bay as though this was nothing special. The trucker took John sixty miles to the clinic at the power station for first aid, but he sternly warned Mike and me that he had just come from Goose Bay that morning and the road was progressively worse closer to town. Disheartened, we rode on arriving safely in Goose Bay early that evening. We got a room and set our clothes out to dry, showered and walked across the parking lot for dinner. As we were eating dinner, two men approached our table. The first man, Jim, was the woman's husband and he let us know that the bike was secure for the night. He agreed to meet us

in the morning to help arrange shipping. The second man, Monte, had just driven John the one-hundred ninety miles from the clinic to the hospital in Goose Bay. The clinic was not able to treat him and sent him to the hospital. Monte drove Mike and me to the hospital to see John. He was in good spirits and surprisingly in little discomfort.

Monday morning, the weather broke for a perfect day. Jim arrived early with John's bike still secured firmly in the pickup bed. He made some phone calls that morning and located a freight shipping company that would handle the crating and arrange for shipment. Jim, then, drove with us to the Post Office and helped us box John's personal things and mail them home. We all returned to the freight company and secured John's panniers to the bike. Later that morning, Monte found us and he had John in the truck with him. John had a broken bone that the doctors secured and bound before allowing him to fly home that afternoon at two to see his own surgeon. We said our sad good byes and wished John a safe flight and speedy recovery. John is home, his surgery is over, and he is recovering.

That evening, Mike and I boarded the over-night ferry to Cartwright, Lab. We spent the evening with Tad Gralewski, a fellow rider, from Elgin, IL. He has a website you might enjoy:

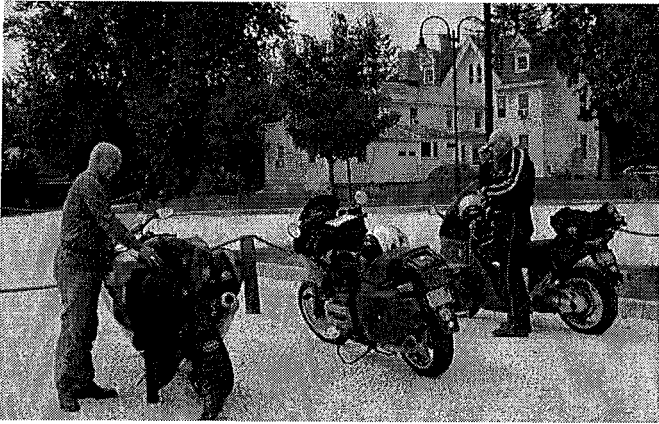
<http://tad.gralewski.com/atlantic2006> also try <http://tad.gralewski.com> to see more of his travels. Tad rides a 2001 650 Kawasaki KLR. We spent the next several days riding with him. He stopped in NJ last weekend and spent the night before he and I rode through NJ and DE together on his way back home.



Wednesday morning, I was on deck at 4 AM to witness the icebergs and sunrise in the North Atlantic before we landed in Cartwright. Tad, Mike and I spent a perfect day riding the east coast of Labrador. We took several 30 to 60 mile side roads to remote fishing villages and made numerous new friends. The road was well graded after the winter thaw with a cover of loose gravel that left the bike feeling like you were riding on a bed of ball bearings for 360 miles.

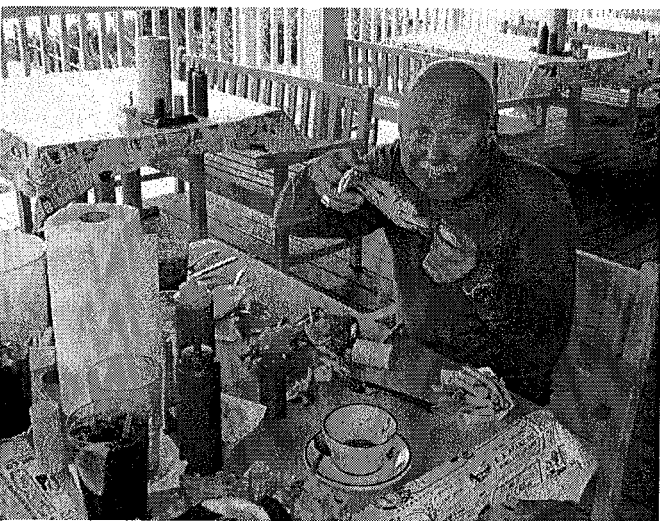
This was another day in paradise.

And so this was why Mike Mulroy, Don E and I met at "Our Wawa." It was a bit of a trial getting in and out of the parking lot without some sort of collision with our city brethren getting their refreshments before entering their 'Great Adventure.' We lingered a while watching patrons streaming in and out. Humanity can be quite interesting when you consider the fashion statements, protruding body parts and colorful tattoos on a hot day outside the Wawa.



Dennis and Michael

After gassing up, we cut south through the pines to Tuckerton and a long, leisurely lunch at the seaport. I had a few 'blueclaws' and even offered Don some of the shells. We really had a nice time catching up on recent events and telling lies. There was a nice breeze out on the porch. The food was good and the iced tea most refreshing, but the real pleasure was to be riding and reminiscing. Good company is priceless. I think the flies enjoyed the company too, but were disappointed when I removed the crab entrails and shells. I offered to take them home in a 'doggy bag' for Don, but he demurred.



From Tuckerton we moved west and south out through the relatively uninhabited Jersey pines. Mike cut off when we started north. Traffic was light or nonexistent, as we passed Batsto, Green Bank and other little

towns. We stopped in Chatsworth when Don's faceshield collided with a monstrous bug and he was temporarily blinded. You have probably heard the joke about the last thing that goes through a bug's mind when he hits your faceshield, so I won't repeat it.

We stopped by the small motorcycle shop in the center of town and an 'oldtimer' came out to inspect our motorcycles and ask a lot of questions. He was a Harley rider, but speculated that a BMW might be in his future.

There was also a lovely gal named Robin selling cold drinks, so we had one. She had beautiful blue eyes and I offered to take her out of this little town and show her the 'big city' lights, but for some unexplainable reason she declined. Can you figure the feminine mind?



Chatsworth on a warm July afternoon

The ride home was a bit of a trial as the traffic increased and we had to slow down and suffered the consequent lack of cooling air. The day, nevertheless, restored my belief in the restorative powers of riding a motorcycle. We have to do more of this!

Editors Note: The ride was great, and I got to break in a brand new pair of moto-boots.. another pair of Prexport (which I had before and really liked.) Oddly, the new boots – despite being waterproof (my old ones went through almost a week of rain and my feet never got damp) – are staining my socks:

I've really got to call Prexport about this. Love the boots but suspect I'll run out of socks rather quickly if this keeps up.

FOR SALE

1992(?) K75 Standard with a Parabellum Scout headlight/fairing. Low miles (18,000?), price unknown, contact Willie Egerter 732-892-7283.

Garmin GPS-V – excellent condition, with maps and mapping software, plus moto power connector and some auto mounts, and auto-charger, computer connector and a buncha other stuff. \$150 OBO. Don Eilenberger (deilenberger@yahoo.com)