

course is actually the next right, 200 yards up the road. I followed a few cruiser riders for about three miles before realizing that we were off course, and made a quick U-turn. I never saw them again.

The route winds through small villages and scenic twisties, with scattered patches of black ice and layers of salt that were thick enough in places to start the bike sliding, if one isn't careful. I was fortunate to have an LED map light mounted to the dash. Skip planned to use "ambient light", which translates in Crotonese to "pitch blackness" for 99% of the route. Despite this, he arrived at the Carmel Diner on schedule.

Between reading the directions, riding safely, cursing the deer, and using the clock and odometer to calculate an average near 30mph, there's plenty to keep the rider occupied, and time passes quickly. I pulled into the diner for the halftime break what seemed to be about five minutes after the start.

Skip, Leon, and I enjoyed a leisurely breakfast together, laughing about our attempts at technique, wrong turns, development of the Harley Dieselson, and the general stupidity that we've enjoyed so much of on our bikes over the years. The two hour break was about the perfect length, enough for a good meal and some lively conversation with other riders. Any longer, and the Carmel Diner would have needed to be the Carmel Motel. The first rider started the second leg at 0400.

In my three previous attempts at the Crotona Midnight Run, I either got lost or followed someone who looked like they knew where they were going. This time, with the map light and a little patience, I managed to stay on course most of the time and even close to schedule, pulling into the finish as a pre-sunrise glow emerged behind Nathan's.

Skip was thirteen riders ahead of me, and already long gone. The rendezvous for the Polar Bear ride was scheduled for 0800, and he might have time for a quick nap before leading it, but it wasn't likely.

A few days later, finishing results were listed on the Ramapo MC website. Skip placed 11th in the Novice Class (you're a Novice until you win an individual trophy), an incredible ride for a rookie using "ambient light" to read the directions.

The first news I heard of my ride was, well, disheartening. Rick Johnson posted to the Citibeemers list, "John, they have you listed as disqualified! WTF?"

WTF, indeed. Had I squandered the club's sponsorship money? If so, I should have stayed at Tom's place to watch the grandchildren, and sent him to ride....

The only ways to be disqualified would be to discharge a firearm with the intention of slowing down another contestant, use a GPS, or to miss a checkpoint. I wasn't even armed, and made a couple of wrong turns,

but had corrected them and rode the entire length of the course. I stored the GPS in my soft topcase long before the start, and hadn't touched it until after the finish.

After speaking with Dick Roberts, Ramapo MC's chair for the Midnight Run, he explained that they had me down as missing a checkpoint. He also pointed out that with 69 riders starting, and eleven checkpoints, there was a lot of data, and it wouldn't be difficult to make an error. After double checking, they determined that I did blow past a checkpoint, probably trying to make up time after a wrong turn. However, they did record my time and were able to identify me ("The K75 with those real bright lights, right?"), and I was thereby reinstated as a finisher, 7<sup>th</sup> place, Novice.

During the night, the thermometer on Skip's bike showed 14 degrees before deciding to head south for the evening. The letter with results sent to riders said, "Weather-wise, this one one of the best midnight runs that I can remember, although it was a bit cold. At one point during the night, the temperature was 9 degrees, but I don't think we could have asked for anything better for February."

Such temperatures aren't nearly as difficult to ride in as it may sound. Some good, basic cold weather gear and careful preparation make for a very warm, comfortable, and enjoyable ride, all night long.

The 90th anniversary Crotona Midnight Run (what happened to the 89th?) will be held next February. Skip and I will almost certainly be there. Will anyone else join us in our quest to earn a New Jersey Shore BMW Riders team trophy?

## Another view of the Crotona Midnight Ride

*Skip Palmer – 7<sup>th</sup> place finisher!*

Saturday morning, February 10<sup>th</sup>, I scanned our Yahoo site where Al Pierson and Don Eilenberger posted an announcement for The Crotona07. I had been "poking the bear" all week about not having any riders left in the club. So.... now I found myself with the option to put-up or shut-up! I had no idea what this event was, but a double-dare can't be left unanswered.

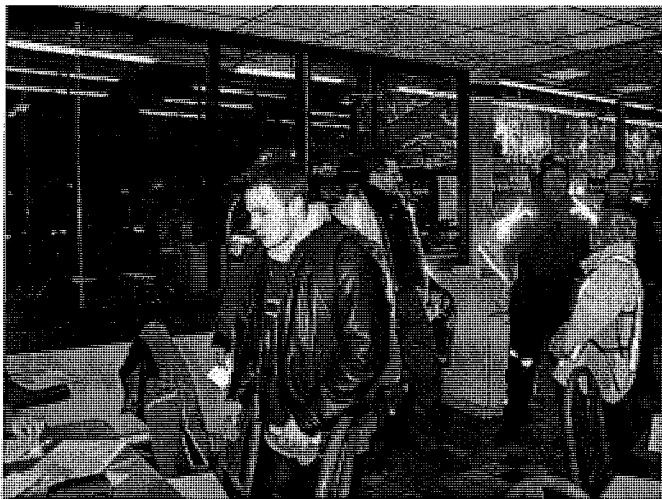
John Ryan called to give me the **GOOD** news. First, the ride starts at midnight and finishes about six-thirty the following morning. The start is at Central Park Avenue and Crisfield Road in the middle of Yonkers, which requires a ride through the Bronx in the middle of the night (areas of NYC that I would normally avoid in daylight in a bullet-proof SUV). The good news was that the forecast was for a clear night with a quarter moon and the temperature about eleven degrees (wind chill factor unknown). John called every member of the club who had ventured out after October, but none

would come out of hibernation. We were on our own. Things were looking up! I probably should reconsider therapy. I don't think it took the last time.

Fortunately, I had four hours sleep the previous night and that evening I took Sue to her favorite restaurant to celebrate Valentines Day. Sunday morning, I was scheduled to lead a Polar Bear Ride to the Landslide Saloon in Pattenburg leaving from our Wawa at 10 AM. Plenty of time to ride from the middle of Yonkers to the Wawa, refuel and chug several diet cokes since sleep didn't seem to calculate into this schedule. I seem to perform best when faced with a little challenge!

I dropped Sue at the house by nine and dressed for the coldest ride of my life. By 9:30, I was riding north and more than a little apprehensive. The ride across the George Washington Bridge and through the Bronx and Yonkers was a bit of a skills challenge in itself. However, everyone who tried to hit or cut me off missed. I registered sixteenth and started to survey the other riders to see who had gathered for the run. I learned many had been participating for years, but the common thread was that these were serious riders from all walks of life. The more people I met and talked to the more I realized there were a lot of math/science intellectuals who were fascinated by the challenge of overcoming the obstacles ahead. Several of them just might be considered on the fringes of normal.

The cover sheet for the 89<sup>th</sup> Annual Crotona Midnight Run clearly states "GIRLY MEN NEED NOT APPLY." This is the oldest timed road run in the US and has taken place nearly every year since 1911. The Ramapo Motorcycle Club sponsors and monitors the run. It is always in the middle of winter on the first or second Saturday in February. Hazardous road conditions are not a factor.



**The crowd gathering at Nathans**

Each rider starts with one thousand points with the objective of averaging 30 mph for the entire course. Placement is awarded by how close you can maintain that average speed throughout the course. Use of a GPS or computer is not allowed. There are eight

surprise checkpoints throughout the course. Each rider is given a route sheet at the start and all participants run the exact same route. Riders start at one minute intervals, with the first rider leaving at midnight. There are two legs, approximately sixty miles each, with an hour break at the Carmel Diner between the legs. The route changes every year.

The first leg of the course took me north through West Chester and Putnam Counties. The route was calculated with thirty-nine different roads before the rest stop to make the orienteering and time averaging as great a challenge as possible. We rode through Scarsdale, Ardsley, North Tarrytown, Briarcliff, Croton, Yorktown, Baldwin, Mahopac, before reaching Carmel.



**Checkpoint**

The second leg sent us south and east from Putnam to Fairfield, CN, back through West Chester and then to Yonkers to the finish. Once again this course was designed to include as many roads and turns as conceivable on a route that was seven miles longer than the first. This route took us through Kent, Brewster, Croton Falls, Salem, Ridgefield, Pound Ridge, Mount Kisco, Chappiqua, Pleasantville, and Hawthorne.

The roads were salty, but free of any real hazards. The temperature was nine degrees in much of the northern portion and eleven most of the night. The ground, rivers, and reservoirs were snow covered. Once we left the Yonkers, there was almost no available light to read the course sheet thus making a flash light an absolute necessity.

This is the type of **ADVENTURE** that pushes a rider's comfort zone and you know before you leave that there are some very real risks and challenges to be met and dealt with alone. You know that you are in the "Yellow Caution Zone" all of the time and it is imperative that

you manage your risks to succeed. My four goals were to enjoy this adventure, stay warm, ride safely, and simply finish the course. I succeeded and finished eleventh out of sixty-nine registered riders. On the ride back to our Wawa, I was positive and proud that I had accomplished another great life experience many others would not risk nor enjoy. My initial thought was never again. Monday, after some sleep and time for reflection, I concluded that with a little better preparation I would like to ride again and improve my placement in the 90<sup>th</sup> anniversary event. Anyone up for a challenge?



The Crotona Ride Route

## Advice for Motorcyclists

Peter Krynicki

Words of advice from a 1962 Honda motorcycle owner's manual, translated for the "American Motorcycle Rider"

1. At the rise of the hand by Policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
2. When a passenger of the foot, hooves in tight, tootle the horn trumpet melodiously at first, if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth, warning "Hi, Hi."
3. Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

4. Give big space to the festive dog that makes sport in roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with wheel spokes.
5. Go soothingly on the grease, mud, as there lurks the skid demon! Press the brake foot as you roll around the corners, and save the collapse and tie up.

These are all things we should practice whenever we ride.

## Weekend Overnight Rides

Skip Palmer – Ride co-chair

The Executive Committee, at the 2007 Planning Meeting, suggested the possibility of overnight trips to destinations within two hundred miles that have multiple attractions in the area. We are proposing the follow rides and need your feedback.

1. **The Lower Hudson River:** Bear Mountain State Park & bridge, Route #9D, Roosevelt Mansion, Vanderbilt Mansion, Rhinebeck Aerodrome, Mohunk Mountain House, Woodstock, Rt. #9W and West Point.
2. **The Endless Mountains:** Located in north central Pennsylvania, Upper Susquehanna River, Eagles Mere Inn, Williamsport and Tiadaghton State Forest.
3. **Harley Davidson Plant:** York, PA; Gettysburg, Amish Lancaster County, Upper MD, Havre de Grace (This trip would leave on a Thursday and tour the Harley Davidson Assembly Plant on Friday)

Please visit our Yahoo website and VOTE in the poll for the rides you're interested in. We need to start planning for these soon!

## Upcoming Rides and Events

The following rides and events are sponsored by the AMA or other organizations and are not NJSBMWR's sponsored. Please feel free to personally arrange rides with your friends and attend.

- Mar. 2<sup>nd</sup> ~ Ride leaves for Daytona, FL (two days)
- Mar. 3<sup>rd</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> ~ Daytona Bike Week, Daytona, FL
- Mar. 4<sup>th</sup> ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Firehouse Eatery, 455 Saint Georges Ave., Rahway, NJ 07065
- Mar. 5<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride to Ponce Inlet, Merit Island Wildlife Refuge, Cape Canaveral, FL
- Mar. 5<sup>th</sup> ~ 7 PM ~ Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ The Warrenside Tavern, Rt. #173, Bloomsbury, NJ
- Mar. 6<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride to Saint Augustine, FL
- Mar. 7<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride to Coastal Islands & Keys of Western FL on the Gulf of Mexico
- Mar. 9<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride to the DeLand Motorcycle Auction, DeLand, FL
- Mar. 10<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride North Along Atlantic Coast A1A from Daytona to Amelia Island, FL

- Mar. 11<sup>th</sup> ~ Concours d'Elegance, Ritz Carlton, Amelia Island, FL
- Mar. 11<sup>th</sup> ~ Ride leaves FL for NJ (two days)
- Mar. 11<sup>th</sup> ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Long Valley Pub, 1 Fairmont RD., Long Valley, NJ 07853
- Mar. 14<sup>th</sup> ~ 7 PM ~ Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- Mar. 18<sup>th</sup> ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to The Chatterbox, #1 Route #15, South Augusta, NJ 07822
- Mar. 25<sup>th</sup> ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Jenkinson's Pavilion, 300 Ocean Ave., Point Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742
- Mar. 28<sup>th</sup> ~ 7 PM ~ New Sweden BMW Riders Monthly Meeting ~ Casa Carollo, Rt. #73, Marlton, NJ
- Apr. 1<sup>st</sup> ~ AMA Polar Bear Ride to Brian's Harley-Davidson, 600 South Flowers Mill Rd., Langhorne, PA
- Apr. 2<sup>nd</sup> ~ 7 PM ~ Skylands BMR Riders Monthly Meeting ~ The Warrenside Tavern, Rt. #173, Bloomsbury, NJ
- Apr. 11<sup>th</sup> ~ 7 PM ~ Shore BMW Riders Monthly Meeting at Schneider's Restaurant, Main St. Avon NJ
- Jun. 7<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> ~ BMW Riders Association National Rally @ Biltmore Estate, Asheville, NC
- Jul. 12<sup>th</sup> - 15<sup>th</sup> ~ BMW Motorcycle Owners Association National Rally @ Washington County Fair Park, West Bend, WI
- Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> - 7<sup>th</sup> ~ Last Chance Rally with New Sweden Riders

## **POLAR BEAR REPORTS:**

*Skip Palmer*

### **RIDE TO THE LANDSLIDE SALOON**

On Sunday morning, February 11<sup>th</sup>, I arrived at our Wawa about 9:30 to find Jim Thomasey waiting for me. Rob Thompson was at the pumps soon followed by his brother Dan, Roger Trendowski and Tom Spader. This week, we would have our first group club ride of the year. I was grateful for the company and support after a month of solo riding in January.

We rode out Clarksburg Road (Cr. #523 W) to Imlaystown then north to Herbert Road and west through Sharon. At Edinberg, we continued northwest around Mercer Park to Old Quaker Bridge passing between Lawrenceville and Princeton on Frackler and Carter Roads (Cr. #589 N) to Hopewell. Greenwood Avenue (Cr. #607 N) took us over the ridge to Wertsville (Cr. # 602 E) and Cr. #609 N through Rockafellows Mills to Barley Sheaf. I was born on an one hundred & eight acre farm here just a few years ago, which was right after the last war this country won. We crossed Rt. #202 and continued north on Bartles

Creek Road (Cr. #617) to Hogback Road west into Jutland. Mechlings Corner Road north crossed under I-78 and we turned west on Rt. #173 West to the Landslide Saloon.

We left the Wawa a little late and arrived in Pattonburg by eleven thirty. The parking lot and restaurant were almost full and more bikes were arriving. We saw Carl and Dave from Skylands as well as Cole from New Sweden. I saw two of the riders from last night's Crotona Midnight Run. They finished safely and rode straight to the Polar Bear destination. Larry Pinizzotto finished seventh and Simpson took tenth place.

We decided to have lunch at the Warrenside Tavern in Bloomsburg to get away from the crowd and have a better meal. Dave Cushing joined us for a pleasant lunch and chance to talk about everyone's winter.

Roger and Tom headed straight home on I-78 E, I-287 S and the GSP. Dan, Rob and Jim wanted some more saddle time and more scenic roads. We took Cr. #537 S to Warren Glen and headed west on Rieglesville Road (Cr. #627) to Cr. #627 south along the river past Milford, Frenchtown, Lambertville and picked-up Rt. #29 S to Trenton. The southern portion of the river was frozen solid. At Trenton, we rode I-195 E to Monmouth County.

I arrived back in Farmingdale a little after 4 PM. Sunday's total ride covered approximately two-hundred miles. However, since I had been riding since 9:30 Saturday evening, I had covered a little over five hundred miles.

### **Ride to Bahr's Landing Restaurant**

On Sunday morning, February 25<sup>th</sup>, I arrived at our Wawa about 9:30. Our newest member Joe Karol, Dan and Rob Thompson came for a ride through western and old colonial Monmouth County.

We left the Wawa on the back roads to Cr. #571 N and turned east on Clarksburg Road (Cr. #524 E) to Ely Harmony Road. This is a small country road that winds east as Farmingdale Road and eventually becomes Georgia Tavern Road. As we crossed the Manasquan Reservoir I observed a bald eagle perched on the far shore and missed the left turn on Lemon Road. A few feet from the turn, I pulled a "Crazy Ivan" (simultaneously applied the left blinker and locked the brakes).

Unfortunately, Dan was unaware of the proper submarine protocol and failed to cut his engine and run silent. Instead, he was extremely vocal as he swerved past me on the right and sped down the road thus giving away his location. Joe Karol stopped in the intersection and safely blocked anyone from interfering with Dan's U-turn and mutterings. No one else saw the eagle which was a shame.

I have a habit of diverting my attention from the road to enjoy the scenery and wildlife. After some apologies on my part and safely back on course we rode through Colts Neck past Joshua Huddy's, a colonial spy hung by the British on Sandy Hook, house toward Laird Road and past "the Boss' farm".

A left on Longbridge Lane brought us across Swimming River Reservoir and into Holmdel. We continued generally east on Middletown Road and over Red Hill and Chapel Hill to Old Kings Highway east. Old Kings Highway was the British retreat route from their ass-whipping at the Battle of Monmouth.

In the Navesink area, we passed the notorious "Genovese Family Compound" before descending the hill into Atlantic Highlands and traveling Ocean Avenue, which is better known as Scenic Drive overlooking Sandy Hook Bay and the NYC skyline. Along the way, we passed Henry Hudson's spring.

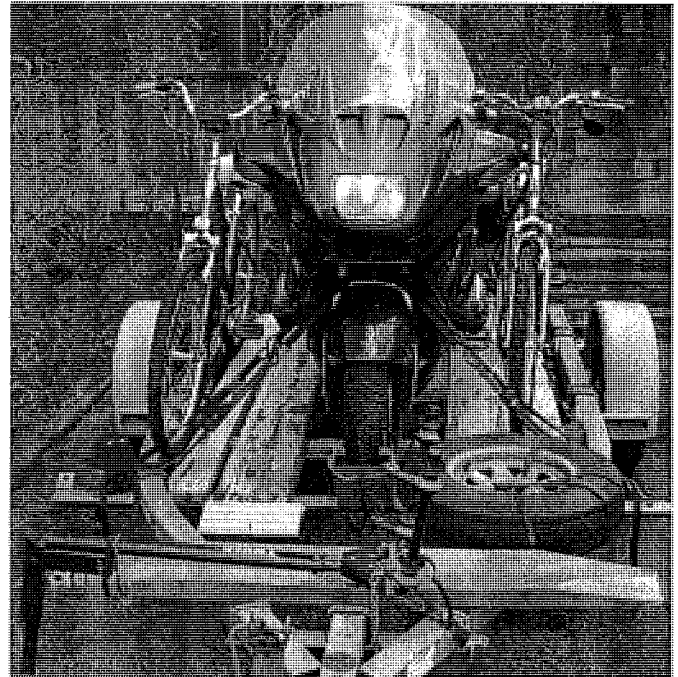
Since the mid 1500s, Sandy Hook Bay has been used as a safe anchorage by the early explorers of the New World. Many of the towns we rode through were established during the 1600s. Some of these towns were incorporated by the 1650s. We arrived at Bahr's Landing Restaurant at eleven thirty.

George Roberts and his son were waiting for us in the parking lot admiring all the bikes. My wife, Sue, arrived about the same time as Glenn Larson and his friend, Ginny. We enjoyed good food and pleasant conversation together over lunch. I met Glenn and Larry from the Monmouth Hogs near the sign in table. Glenn is planning to meet us in Daytona mid-week and join some of our rides and dinners. In the parking lot, I talked with Simpson and Larry who ride with the Bergen Hogs. I first met them at the Crotona Midnight Run and later the same day at the Landslide Saloon.

Our return route took us through Hartshorne and Locust to the north shore of the Navesink River and east. On Navesink River Road, we drove passed Jon Bonjovi's French Château, Ray Catina's home and Mike Stavola's compound. From here, we could see across the river to Rumson, home of today's notorious "Robber Barons of Wall Street."

We rode north on Patterson and Sleepy Hollow Roads back to Old Kings Highway west. In the center of Middletown Village, we turned west at the old Christ Church (Captain Kid hid in the basement while members of the church tended his wounds). Finally, we rode through Lincroft and Phalanx on our way to Colts Neck and Howell.

We all arrived back in Farmingdale a little after 3 PM. The total Polar Bear Ride was approximately eighty miles.



**Doc Spader's Florida Beverley Beemer Rig**

## **True Stuff - Found on the Web**

*Glenn Martin*

### **Dymond joins BMW in the Erzberg Rodeo with Simo Kirssi & Chris Pfeiffer**

Torrance, CA. - All Access Racing is pleased to announce the signing of Micky Dymond to team BMW for the 2007 - 2008 racing season. Dymond is recognized and respected as a two time 125cc AMA National Champion as well as the 2005 AMA Supermoto Unlimited Champion.

Dymond joins BMW to race in the Erzberg Rodeo together with Simo Kirssi & Chris Pfeiffer. Additionally, the BMW team will campaign an all-out effort to conquer the Pikes Peak International Hill Climb in July. Joining Dymond will be joining brothers Greg and Gary Trachy and Casey Yarrow.

"I am really excited about joining the BMW team," states Dymond, "I am looking forward to putting BMW out in front and on the podium this season! This is an incredible opportunity and I'm truly honored to be part of the development of this exciting project with BMW", commented Dymond.

All Access Racing president Erik Eastland adds, "We couldn't be happier to have Micky on board the BMW. He has a great attitude and has recommitted himself to life as a professional racer. I truly expect to see great things from Micky this season and he will be an outstanding representative for the BMW brand."

Look for Dymond to run performance parts and racing apparel supplied by Parts Unlimited.

For more info on All Access Racing and Micky Dymond, please visit our website [www.allaccessinc.com](http://www.allaccessinc.com)

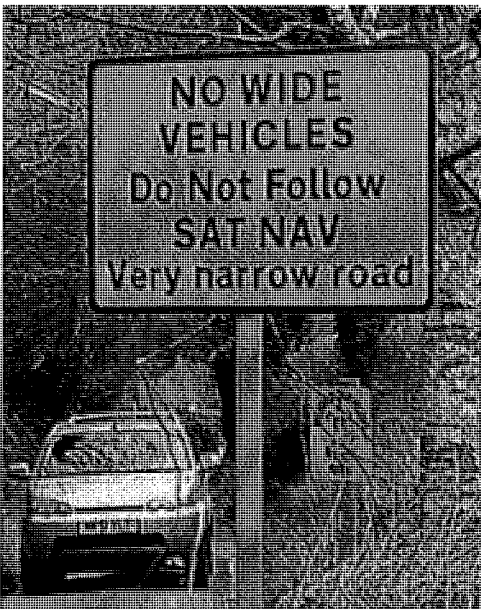
## Ignore Your Garmin

from <http://arbroath.blogspot.com>

"OK, we know how useful you're finding your sat/nav system, but **please ignore it**. That seems to be the message being sent to motorists passing through the village of Exton in Hampshire, UK.

Seems the navi tells drivers to take a road that is just 6 feet wide. Not a problem for most, but for drivers of large vehicles, especially trucks (or lorries, as the Brits call them), the result is usually a stuck rig. So the town has put up the country's first signs warning drivers to explicitly ignore their systems.

Poor Beacon Hill Lane has had its fill of flattened bushes and flowerbeds. So the residents pressured the council to do something about it. The council put up the signs last year and the residents have said it has improved the situation markedly.

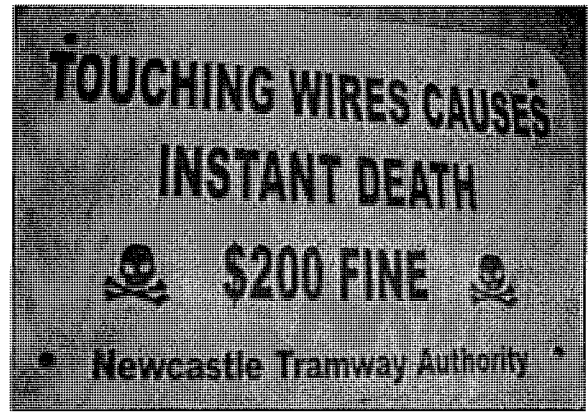


It's scary when obeying technology overrides our common sense, but this seems to be a trend. Cell phones are an obvious target, but GPS has been to blame in France already, and German motorists seem to be particularly adept at driving off piers or into construction sites when prompted by the voice in the box. Let's be careful out there, folks."

**Final Editors note:** Thanks again to Harry Martin for allowing the club to use his cartoons. These are copyright Harry Martin 2007 and may not be used without his permission.

## Pointless Space Filler

The Editor



D'uh, we'll bill the estate



Pointless Family Photo – contributed by Al P..



Husband of the Year Award from Germany

New Jersey Shore BMW Riders

c/o Carl Cangelosi  
20 Beechtree Lane  
Plainsboro, NJ 08536



(Postmaster: Address Service Requested!)

TO:

*Dues OK until 11/01/2007*

**Don Eilenberger**  
1213 Pond Rd  
Spring Lk Hts NJ 07762-1962

Club Meeting - Weds, March. 14th, 7PM  
Schneider's German-American Restaurant, Rt 71, Avon

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# March 2007 NEW JERSEY SHORE BMW RIDERS Inc

Tom Spader, President, 732-295-2603  
Jerry Rouvais, VP 732-870-8440  
Carl Cangelosi, Bookkeeper 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  
Roger Trendowski, Trustee  
Dan Thompson, Trustee  
Glenn Martin, Strange But True Reporter  
John Malaska, Publisher  
John Malaska, Ride Co-Chair

**Club Membership Application at:**  
[http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMWR\\_Application.pdf](http://www.njsbmwr.org/NJSBMWR_Application.pdf)

Because it's there.  
*on being asked why he wanted to climb Mount Everest.*  
*New York Times, 18 March 1923*  
[Personalities > George Leigh Mallory](#)

William Wallace: It's fine Scottish weather we're  
having. The rain is falling straight down and kind of to  
the side like.  
[Movies > Braveheart](#)

## President's Message

Greetings from sunny and warm Bonita Springs,  
Florida.

Since I'm here the entire month, the plan is to travel  
over to Bike Week in Daytona for a few days of  
paganism, factory testing rides, adult adventures,  
viewing some road racing and possibly a cigar or two.  
Will also hook up with Skip, Roger and other 'snow  
birds' for some day trips and surprises. I'm sure the  
GPS experts have some neat stuff ingrained into their  
hard-drives.

The Matheny Hospital Ride date has been announced  
as June 13 which happens to be the Wednesday  
evening of our regular meeting. Members will have a  
choice to riding or attending the meeting; I'm hoping  
members will do one or the other...versus cleaning up  
the yard and planting flowers. Spring is a very busy  
time of the year and the many projects cut into riding  
and fun time...but make a choice and join in!

As discussed during the February meeting, several  
members visited the potential rally site of the New  
Sweden club. Raves were high as Appel Farms offers



something for every one. Heated cabins, spacious  
grassy camping sites, fire pits and state of the art  
cooking/dining facilities. While South Jersey is not the  
Shenandoah Mtns, it does offer some nice riding  
according to our NS brothers and sisters. More to  
come shortly.

George Hickman is on the mend after a surgical  
procedure in mid-February and is recovering nicely at  
home. Cards and fruit baskets can be addressed to  
George at 1168 Jacksonville Rd, Bordentown, NJ  
08505. We're all looking forward to see what items of  
biking interest George will be peddling at the next  
meeting.

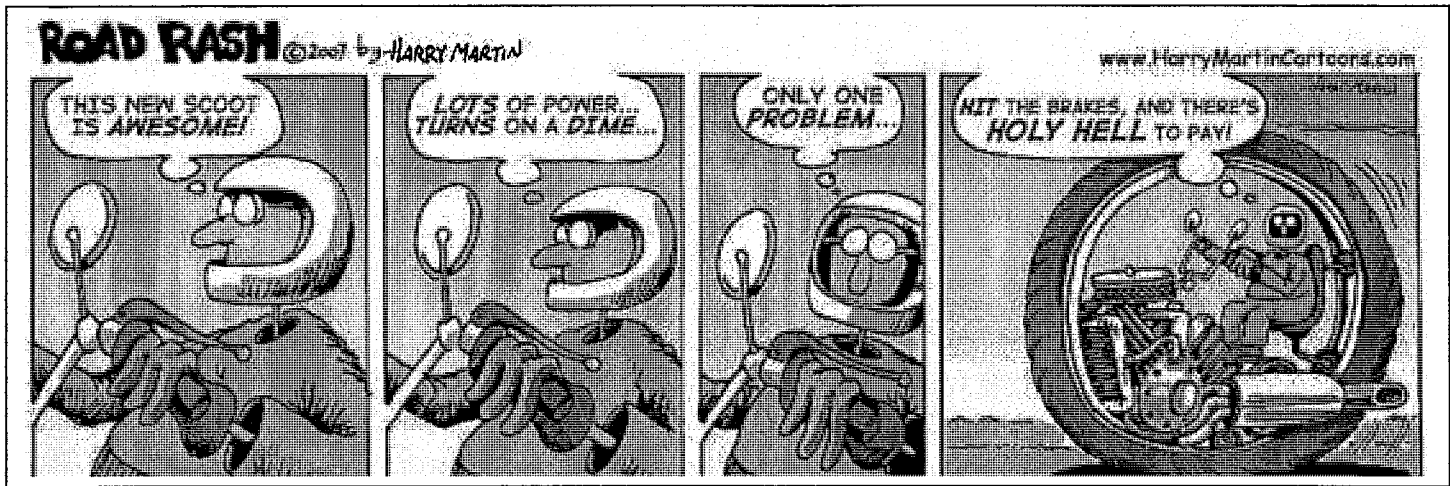
Our meeting on March 14 will be gaveled by the club's  
capable vice-president Jerry Rouvais (pronounced...?).  
Jerry can be reached at 732-870-8840 for last minute  
agenda items etc.

For now it's back to the suntan lotion, kayak, canoe,  
tennis, yoga, possible jog or bicycle to the beach for a  
swim...then possibly a nap. Gotta prepare for the Bike  
Week experience next weeeeeeeek...so nap now, party  
later!

Oh, by the way...look for picture of 'Beemer Hillbillies  
2007' somewhere within. Upon arrival at the gated  
community in Bonita (our home for the next month) I  
noticed lots of for sale signs popping up in front yards.  
What's with these people?

Ride often and ride safe! See you at the April 11  
meeting.

Tom Spader  
732-295-2603  
[harleeeetom@yahoo.com](mailto:harleeeetom@yahoo.com)



## Been There, Done that... Feb. 9, Sovereign bank Arena, Trenton

*RD Swanson*

Dan Thompson had two extra tickets for the motorcycle ice racing show, so Don E. and I signed on for the event. We met Dan and Colin at Crown Engineering and drove over to Trenton. Now that I have been to the place, know how easy it is to get there and park, I would plan on future events. It was another cold night in the string of cold and colder days that have marked the last couple of weeks but our exposure was limited by the short walk to the arena. Inside, however, it wasn't much warmer. The management apparently was saving on heating costs, because there didn't seem to be much heat in the place. The also seemed to be saving on ventilation costs, because the fumes from the motorcycles and other vehicles filled the air.

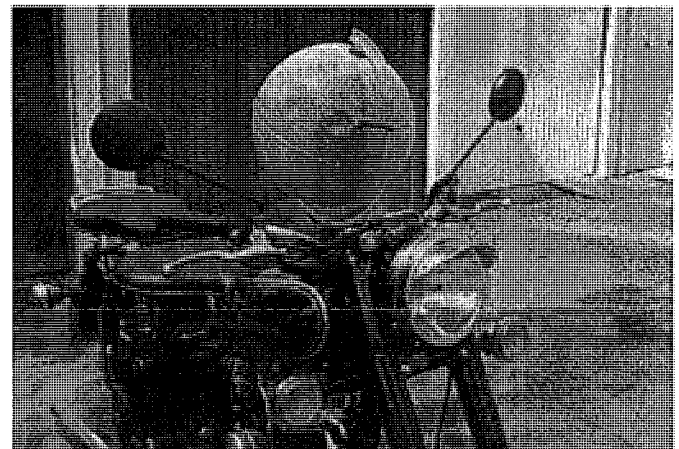
We did, nevertheless, have a good time.

The racing on ice was interesting and involved other types of locomotion. There were teeny-tiny little cars, barstool cars, and go-carts of some sort in addition to the motorcycles. The track was only as big as an ice hockey rink and most of the races were only four laps.

The locomotion that reached the first turn in front of the pack usually won the race and the race was over almost as soon as it began. There were neither spectacular crashes nor exciting moves, so the whole affair began a sort of repetitive exercise with little meaning. You didn't know who was winning nor did you know where the whole event was leading. The best races involved the tiny cars, but there were only two of them. It was something to be seen, but only once.

We did see Klaus Hueneke and his beautiful wife, but although there was a large group of Skylands riders there, we only saw Bob Wroboleski outside the arena.

## Roger Trendowski – Teaching GPS at Brookdale



## Crotona Midnight Run – One viewpoint

*John Ryan*

The 88th Crotona Midnight Run, the oldest motorcycle event in the United States, was held on the night of Saturday, February 10th. It is a timed road run, with a goal of averaging 30 mph over the course of two legs, approximately 60 miles each. GPS is not allowed.

Riders start with a thousand points, with a point deducted for each minute late to one of about a dozen surprise checkpoints. Two points are deducted for each minute early. The first bike leaves the Nathan's parking lot in Yonkers, New York, at midnight, as it has nearly every year since 1911. Each rider starts in one minute intervals thereafter. There is a two hour social/meal/rest break at the Carmel Diner in the middle, with the first rider (hopefully) returning to the Nathan's parking lot about 0600.



*Sign in with Bob and Ray at Nathans*

It was originally held by the Crotona Motorcycle Club, until the mid-1990s, when the membership quite literally died off. After an absence of a year or two, the Ramapo Motorcycle Club thought it a shame to see such a longstanding tradition expire, and, thankfully, revived it.

Clear, dry weather will bring more bikes to the starting line, as it did this year and in 2005, but more difficult circumstances may have as few as eight participants. Nonetheless, the Ramapo club has done a superb job, insuring the Run's future and continued growth.

Because of its start in the dead of winter, under nearly any conditions, simply returning to the finish can sometimes be the best result one might hope for. At least one Jersey Shore Rider claims have to ridden this thing in single digit temperatures, snow, and ice storms, the latter prompting a traffic stop where the officer inquired, "What in the fog are you doing on a motorcycle!?"

Last year, when 27" inches of snow fell in Central Park, is the only time I have known it to be cancelled because of inclement weather. No "rain" date is offered. The cancellation apparently came as a complete surprise and bitter disappointment to Leon Begeman, of Harley Dieselson and Iron Butt fame. He rode his VStrom 1000 from Dale City, Virginia, to Nathan's parking lot, and was left with little choice but to turn around and ride home.

That week, Al Pierson asked on the email list if anyone planned to ride, as someone should represent the club. I replied that I had hoped to, however, revenues had not yet exceeded projected expenditures for the month, rendering the notion unfeasible. Before long, Don Eilenberger called my bluff, and made a motion for club sponsorship, which was quickly seconded. Thus, I stumbled into my fourth Crotona Midnight Run.

A few Citibeemers riders were going, and I hoped to raise a couple more NJSBMWWR entries. Given the inanity of the task, the first candidates that came to

mind were the Palmer brothers. Skip sounded truly enthused, but Mike was in Boston, doing some of those strange things that people with jobs and offspring do. Before long, Skip called back, reporting that he had read the announcement, and that three entries would earn the club a team trophy. We had to find another rider. Dave Mason seemed a sure thing, but no. Roger Trendowski refused so emphatically that I could nearly see the NFW expression on his face through the phone. Dan Thompson gave a maybe that sounded very much like "no". Duane Kerzic, no. Alex Edly was very excited about Skip and me riding, but pretended to fall asleep when I asked him to accompany us. John Malaska, no.

President Spader cited the "watching the grandchildren" excuse, and still refused after being informed that grandchildren were the reason the gods made duct tape and saddlebags. I pointed out the extraordinary effort that Skip was making to represent us - meeting with a client and an early Valentines Day dinner with Susan, followed by the Crotona and leading the Polar Bear ride Sunday morning. All without sleep, yet all to no avail when attempting to recruit a third rider. Rumor has it that a motion will be made at the next meeting to reprimand Tom for his failure to uphold the honor of the club.

I arrived in Yonkers about an hour prior to the start. Despite the forecast low temperature of about 10 degrees, fifty or sixty bikes waited in the parking lot, including Skip's GS Adventure. I found him inside on the registration line. We lamented the poor effort by our fellow New Jersey Shore BMW Riders, although we looked pretty good against the New Sweden and Skylands clubs, none of whom were willing to show up. Citibeemers had four entries, if you count me.

The field consisted of casual hobbyists like Piet Boonstra, who was 2004 AMA Road Rider of the Year. He celebrated his eightieth birthday a couple of years ago by riding to Alaska for the ninth time, hitting a sheep with his GS at 75mph during the excursion. "I had the wheels locked up, sliding sideways, when the impact straightened me right out. I felt bad, watching the damn thing tumble down the road like that." Piet has also won the Crotona Midnight Run three or four times, and has held an AMA Expert Enduro License for the last sixty years or so.

Routing sheets were handed out with the registration. This set of directions included total distance from the start, change in distance from the last turn, left or right, and the name of the street. It may sound easy to stay on course, but don't believe it. The next turn may be only one or two tenths of a mile, and, by the time you've looked up from reading, you're going the wrong way.

Midstate New York has made an art form of road sign ambiguity. They will place a route number and an arrow at the far side of an intersection, causing a rider to make that right turn. The route that keeps you on