

July 2010

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky
MOA #146 RA #4-49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>





The KICKSTAND

Your Motorcycle Parts & Accessories Destination

500 East Main Street - Burgin, Kentucky

Phone: 859-748-KICK (5425)

www.TheKickstandLLC.com

**TOO MANY "SPRINGER" MOMENTS
IN YOUR LIFE THESE DAYS?**



**DO WHAT JERRY DID -
COME TO THE KICKSTAND TO GET WHAT YOU
NEED TO RIDE AWAY FROM ALL THE CRAZINESS!**

Surviving bell-bottoms, shoe laces, & youth

The Railroad House Café provided a panoramic view of the intersection for the table full of motorcyclists gathered for lunch inside.

I coolly shifted my eyes to see if they were watching as I approached the stop sign, my 1966 BSA Thunderbolt erratically thumping away at idle with clutch pulled in as I rolled to a stop.

I blipped the throttle twice, and with no mufflers impeding the thunderboltish exhaust against the long wall of windows of the restaurant, I could see in the sun's reflection against the glass the panes shake in response.

Everyone seated inside the restaurant turned to see what the racket was about.

I smiled to myself at how I had commanded the attention of the motorcyclists, and as I rolled to a stop, I removed my left foot from the peg to touch pavement.

But pavement was beyond reach as my bellbottom pant leg became entangled on the foot peg!

Once the bike had leaned sufficiently for my foot to reach the pavement, my "light" 650cc Thunderbolt was on its way down along with my foot.

Much to the entertainment of the motorcyclists inside the restaurant, the engine roared, signaling my complete loss of control of the throttle as I hit the pavement with BSA on top of me.

Then the engine coughed to a stop and gasoline poured from the cap drenching my very first effort at paintwork, complete with a winged BSA logo rendering in white against a black base.

I looked at the restaurant to

see hands in the air clapping and my audience laughing.

They were having a very good time as they watched me struggle out from underneath the bike, stand it up and walk it to the curb to clear traffic that had patiently watched me fall down.

Somehow the bike fired on the first kick, and I left the scene as quickly as possible to ride around the block to a gas station where I ran cool water over the gas-soaked paintwork on the fuel tank.

I then rode back to the house to spend the rest of the afternoon under a shade tree trying to save the fragile acrylic lacquer paint, which I managed to do, save for a few bubbly reminders around the filler neck.

That was the last time I rode in bell-bottomed jeans, selecting less fashionable narrow-leg jeans going forward.

Another fall would be required for me to learn that athletic shoes with string laces also were not ideal around foot

pegs, moving me to choose boots for riding.

I eventually gave in to my wife's insistence that I wear a helmet, and at some point I decided that gloves and a jacket might make my pavement hug-gings less uncomfortable.

I wouldn't say that I was a slow learner, but close inspection of the above photo reveals a number of lessons yet to be learned.

Rear shock springs surround steel rods instead of actual shock absorbers. A massive fork brace did not compensate for six-inch slugs screwed into

spindly front forks that appear to be bowed even with no dynamic load imposed. And the young rider poses with the side stand still deployed rather than retracted, a habit that later would require another incident to change.

I'm still learning, of course, but at least my lessons are different from those of my youth.

May all young people be as fortunate as we who managed to survive bell bottoms, shoe laces and youth.

—Paul Elwyn



**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #4-49**

**Paul Elwyn, Editor
paul.elwyn@gmail.com**

Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

**Back issues of Apex can be accessed at
<http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>**

**Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.
on any Saturday, 7-9:30 a.m.**



Ramblings, with apologies to Jimmy Page

Paul,

BigBoy and I have been trading shots of Dr. Pepper all afternoon, and since he really can't drink and you have to pour it down his coin slot in the back of his head, well let us say, I've had a whole Dr. Pepper pretty much to myself. So it might ramble on from here (apologies to Jimmy Page).

As to the whole BigBoy thing, well, I am of the philosophy that few if any of us know just how little time we might have left. I feel I should do some good things, be kind to dogs, and have all the fun I can afford.

And silliness comes pretty cheap.

I was a Paramedic for 24 years and an EMT instructor after I could not do that anymore. So I hope some good things came of that.

I have had a dog in my life since I was four and currently have two golden's. I hope I have been kind to all of them. And Silly! I mean there they were! Right at where I have to pay for breakfast every Saturday! And only \$5.99. How could I pass that up?

The true story of BigBoy Motorcycle Club

Back in April, my son was in town, and I asked him if he wanted to go to breakfast with me on Saturday while he was here. He did not want to get up that early. I explained he could rest when he was dead, but he didn't get it. When he told his fiancée that his dad wanted to take him to breakfast on the Harley at 07:00 she said, "Oh, at the BigBoy motorcycle gang?"

An idea was stolen! As in most great moments!

And so the BBMC was born!

As to what we ride

Wow, your bike at Burkesville looked a whole lot like an FJR. But I ride a Harley and what would I know.

Well actually I used to rail against Harley. I got my first bike the summer I was 19. It was a used and beat up '63 Triumph 650 Speed Twin. It was a piece of s....., but I loved it until I rode an RD 350 around 1973. I was a two-stroke fan until they banned them!!

In '76 I had a '74 H2 750 that was just plain mean. It didn't matter what you had done to a Harley, or Honda or Norton or BMW, this 750 triple would eat it and leave it in a cloud of blue smoke.

I maintain even today that the best accessory a Harley rider can have is a girlfriend with a pickup truck and a ramp. But in 2001 Stan and I took a trip to Key West and stopped at a Harley dealership, I think to get a T-shirt with Key West on it. And I fell in love with a Sportster!

As to who we ride with

For over a year, Stan had been hitting on me to go to breakfast with him with the BMW folks. Not overwhelming, just a little

at a time like a friend does.

Then finally about a year and a half ago I went. It's been great!

I must admit, I have had stereotypes of BMW riders. Teutonic, ridged, slow. But also a lot of envy. I've never owned a BMW and ridden only one (a 2003 GS 650 for about a month).

But until I was 36, I never owned a car, and like Blanche DuBois, *'I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.'* So I depended on a girlfriend or wife to have a car to get us around in bad weather.

You might have heard from some of the group that I won't ride in the rain or on an Interstate highway. This is true. But there was a time when I would ride the Interstate in the sleet toe to toe with the trucks at 04:00.

And I wished I didn't have to. Those are NOT the golden moments of motorcycling. What I would have given for the stability, safety and reliability of a BMW R75/5 back in those days! But I didn't think I had it to give.

As to the Beemers

Perhaps two weeks after Boone died would have been a better time to start coming to breakfast. I had met Boone Sutherland 30 or so years earlier with the Thursday night riders. (back when there were only 30 or so riders, not the mad crowd of 300+ they get today). I could feel your all's pain.

I have not associated with many motorcycle groups in the past. In 1975 a girlfriend got me to get together with a group called the Iron Horsemen. This was the Elizabethtown chapter. It was not a good fit.

I rode a Suzuki 500 Titian at the time which they said sounded like a chainsaw.

So when I came to Frisch's just after Christmas of '08 I

was nervous. What would they think of me? What about me being on a Sportster?

But I felt so comfortable with you all. You all are such a GREAT bunch of people. I am proud to be the silly fireman on the Harley with you all. Even if I have to strap a BigBoy on the back of my bike to make you guys laugh with me. Or at me. Either one's good!

I have been to several BMW rallies over the last couple of years and loved them. It's the people that make these events. I have made friends that I hope to see year after year, till we can't ride no more.

I doubt I will ever own a BMW. That's just the way things have fallen out in my life. But I know that any time there is a group of Beemers gathering somewhere, I will be welcomed even if I ride in on a Harley.

And so, as always
Take Care
Love Life

—Geoph Jones

Nashville – I-65 – In the Rain

*It's like being in a swarm of
rouge bears
They outnumber you 700 to 1
They outweigh you 7 to 1
They're so much more powerful
But not quicker
And you know that if they see
any sign of
Fear
They will kill you
That's the nature of a swarm
And so you show no
Fear
And you run with them
Toe to toe
Stride for stride
One of the swarm
No Fear*

May 16, 2010

A special R80 G/S



June 4-6 Kentucky Festival of Fives in Berea: Relaxing with fellow enthusiasts

Bluegrass Beemers member Kelly Ramsey organized the Kentucky Festival of Fives rally set again this year in Berea for owners and friends of BMW Boxers built between 1970 and 1973.

5 United www.5united.net, since 1995 has attracted over 1400 members to the online social and technical resource that supports interest in the now classic motorcycles from BMW that ushered in a new era of lighter, faster, and better-handling BMW motorcycles, the evolution ending in the U.S. for model year 1995.

About 20 riders attended the rally, and a number of Bluegrass Beemers members rode down to the site on Saturday.

Among the mix of classic and late model BMWs rested one lightly modified 1983 R80 G/S owned by David Anderson of



Louisville.

These bikes are light with modest power by today's standard, but they also feature real-world ergonomics and a reasonable compromise between street and trail capability that began a new genre of motorcycle now emulated by other manufactur-

ers with varying degrees of success, none matching the blend of function and aesthetic appeal of the BMW models being sold this year to celebrate 30 years of the larger dual-sport adventure motorcycle.

This G/S doesn't appear on first glance to be much different

from a factory unit, but on closer inspection a number of features stand out.

A 2-1 Gletter exhaust, rack and solo seat complement the Acerbis plastic rear fender and light assembly to provide an airy subframe appearance.

An Ohlins rear shock com-



**A special
R80 G/S**



Touratech, Ohlins, Gletter, Billet 6, and Acerbis contribute to a special R80 G/S.

pletes the rear. Note the raised rear brake arm to prevent damage on trail.

Acerbis front fender and Touratech digital instrument pod provides miles per hour, engine speed, and rally time/distance readouts from a sensor

on the front wheel.

On the other side of the axle resides a six-piston Billet brake caliper.

Not a classic Five, but a special Boxer.

Continued on Page 8



A special R80 G/S



Touratech instrument display receives signal from the simple wheel hub pickup. Custom warning light display was fabricated by previous owner to fit with the Touratech display.



Touratech headlight/fairing complete the lightweight essentials along with Acerbis handguards.

Continued from Page 6

For further information regarding the group supporting "toaster" -era Boxers, visit www.5united.net.



Above: Acerbis fender and taillight

Below: safety wire to prevent accidental unclipping of float bowl retainer.



**A special
R80 G/S**
at the Kentucky
5 United
Festival of Fives Rally,
Berea, June 4-6



Café Run draws hearty assembly on a wet Saturday

Ian Rice, John's grandson, sits aboard Great-Uncle Jay Smythe's R100 RT.

Photography and text
By John Rice

The day of the Cafe Run dawned clear and bright.....well, actually, no it didn't.

The sky opened up and it poured rain that formed gullies and then washed them. I got soaked putting out the directional signs and the parking lot banner, then sat forlornly at Bailey's counter picking at my breakfast waiting to see if anyone would appear.

Knowing the never-say-die attitude of motorcyclists, particularly those who favor older machines, I was sure some would appear.

Through the screen door I heard the sound of bikes approaching. Clyde Austin and Bill Moore, stalwarts that they are, came sloshing up the alley to park their bikes beside mine.

Over the next hour, a few more die-hards trickled (water metaphor intended) in to the parking lot for a final tally at

this end of 16 bikes, one with passenger, and two walk-ins for 19 people. Our previous low was, I think, 42.

I had purchased 50 t-shirts, hoping I would have enough.

By about 11:30 the parking lot total was down to three, myself, Paul Rice and Jay Smythe. Paul had home responsibilities, so he headed back for Ashland while Jay and I left for Burgin.

As expected, we ran through more storms, not even bothering to don rain gear....a person can get only so wet and after that, it doesn't matter. At the Kickstand, a few bikes had floated in from the Bailey's end and there were a few more who came for this end only.

To rub salt (water) in the wound, the restaurant at Burgin was out of pie, hardly in keeping with the "we ride for pie" motto I'd chosen for the shirts.

Mark your calendars for next year...and bring rain suits.





Café Run draws hearty assembly on a wet Saturday

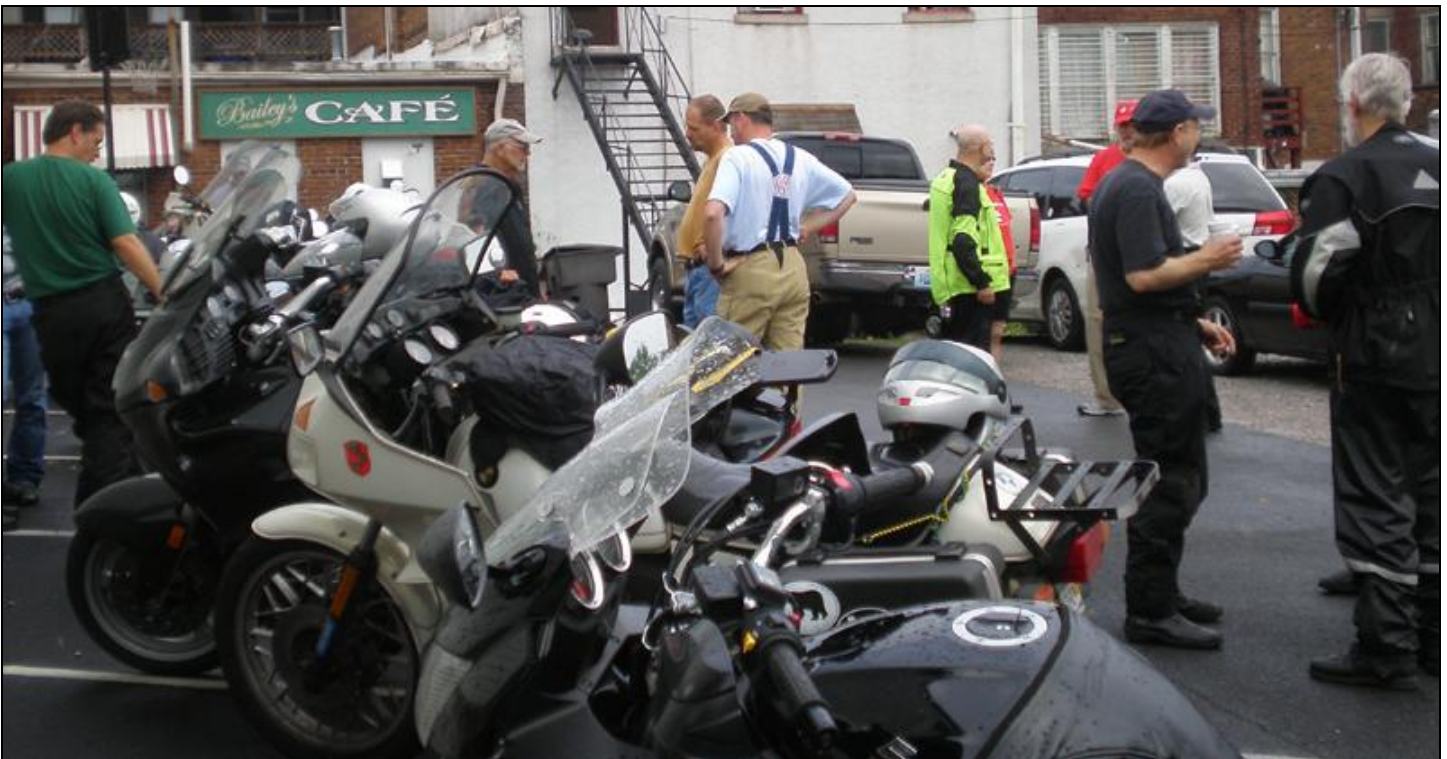
Photography
by Clyde Austin





Café Run draws hearty assembly on a wet Saturday

Photography
by Clyde Austin



Sixteen riders “with the right stuff” slogged over wet roads to attend the 5th annual Café Run sponsored by

johnricelaw.com.

Riders gathered in Winchester behind Bailey’s Café on Main Street prior to setting off on a number of different routes to congregate at The Kickstand

in Burgin.

Billed by host John Rice as “not a race, not a rally, and definitely not another poker run,” the event each year features an eclectic gathering of bikes and rid-

ers simply out for a ride and tire kicking among like-minded souls who appreciate the Café bike theme even if arriving on foul-weather-handling less exotic motorcycles.



Café Run draws hearty assembly on a wet Saturday

Photography
by Clyde Austin





Café Run draws hearty assembly on a wet Saturday

Photography
by Clyde Austin



Saturday at Frisch's



Dave McCord applies some static body English to ascertain the potential handling capability of the 2009 F650GS for sale at Mitch Butler's I-75 Yamaha in Richmond.



I-75 Yamaha owner Mitch Butler (second from left) sorts through the underseat storage area of the 2009 F650GS he rode to breakfast on June 5th.

38th Annual Vintage Motor Bike Club Meet, July 12th

The 38th annual Vintage Motor Bike Club has its annual meet starting Monday July 12, immediately following VMD at Mid-

O. This event is in Portland IN, 110 miles North of Cincinnati. The event runs thru the week from (Mon-Fri) July 12-16, and will probably in-

clude some of the same Vendors as VMD, but more Whizzer/Moto Bike/Scooter/Cushman oriented. Their website for more info is: <http://www.vintagemotorbike.org/>

[org/](http://www.vintagemotorbike.org/)

I'm going to try and make this, see some new rides!

—Brian Sawyer



The image shows the cover of the 'Vintage' Motor Bike Club magazine. At the top left is the club's logo, a yellow winged emblem with a motorcycle and rider, and the text 'VINTAGE MOTOR BIKE CLUB' and 'NATIONAL CLUB for Out-of-Production Motor Bikes & Scooters'. To the right is a red circular seal celebrating the '37th ANNIVERSARY' from 1972 to 2009. The top right corner indicates 'AUTUMN 2009 VOL. 38 NO. 1' and a price of '\$5.00'. The title 'Vintage' is written in a large, stylized, italicized font, with 'MOTOR BIKE CLUB magazine' underneath. At the bottom, a tagline reads: 'An Organization dedicated to the Preservation and Restoration of Motorized Bicycles and Scooters of the Past - Founded 1972'.



For Sale

Two BMW's for one low price!
Both have ABS, after-market shocks, Corbin seats
and factory bags plus tail trunk.

**1993 K100 with Givi tail trunk. 99,000 miles (+/-).
Ran well when last run.**

**1999 K1100 LT (4-valve heads)
with all factory luggage. 23,000 miles (+/-).
Runs strong.**

Both of these bikes have been sitting for a while (they are part
of an inheritance), and will need the normal services
for inactive machines.

Both were good runners when they were in service.

**Buy both motorcycles for \$4500
or will split for \$2000 and \$2500.**

These can be seen and more details are available
by contacting Mike Wells at the old Motorsports Building
on Industry Road (behind Eastland Shopping Center)
in Lexington.

Thanks.
Gordon Krist