



October 2010

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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





# ANNUAL MILEAGE CONTEST

Stop into *The KICKSTAND* before October 31<sup>st</sup> to have your odometer read, then return next October to have it verified again. The three people who have ridden the most miles during that one year period will receive 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> place trophies from *The KICKSTAND*. Their names will also be engraved on the Annual Mileage Contest Winners plaque on display in the store. The other riders who start and finish the contest will be included in a drawing for a \$50 gift certificate. If you signed up last October, come back to close out the 2010 riding season and re-enter in next year's contest. The winners will be contacted by phone before Thanksgiving.



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# 17th Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally 'one for the books'

By Roy Rowlett  
*Rally Chairman*

**W**ell, we've just finished our 17<sup>th</sup> annual Mini Rally/Campout, and this year was one for the books.

We had beautiful weather, except for a 10-minute shower on Friday morning. The total headcount was 110. This number is just perfect for our facilities and budget. We saw a lot of old friends and made several new ones.

The food vendor, Billy, was once again on his game and the food and service were excellent. A great country breakfast on Saturday morning, and a real tasty cookout style supper met with everyone's approval.

We really would like to thank our supporters who donated door prizes. **Mitch Butler**, from **I-75 Yamaha in Richmond** donated a HUGE assortment of nice accessories. **Ray and Lynn Montgomery**, from **The Kickstand**, added to our largess with several nice prizes, including a full face helmet, and nice rain suit. **Lowell Roark** kicked in a door prize, as did **Joe Stewart**, **Bill Denzer** from the **Airheads group**, **Richard** from the **Hoozier Beemers** and the rally committee. The grand prize, a real nice Hein Gericke jacket, was donated by **Shelby Renner** from **Derby Cycles** in Lexington. **Harley Davidson/BMW of Louisville** donated four \$50.00 gift certificates to the door prizes and one for the poker run prize. **James Davidson** and **Dwayne Mulkey** from the **Harley/BMW dealership**, also brought along a nice assortment

of BMWs and had test rides on two of them.

The poker run was a success, raising \$85.00, which we will donate to the St. Jude Children's Hospital.

The rally was a financial success for the rally committee. We started the year with \$649.47 and we now have \$832.47 in the rally fund. Our fixed expenses include \$50.00 sanction fee and \$300.00 insurance from the AMA, \$400.00 for the porta potties and \$250.00 for the campground. The meals cost us \$7.00 each, but that's covered by the attendees rally fee, and Billy doesn't require a minimum number, which helps out tremendously. He has agreed to another year for 2011.

We have minor miscellaneous expenses for the consumable items, ie coffee, creamer, sweetener, cups, spoons etc. Any rally that replenishes our coffers is, in my mind a total success. I will try to get patches for the 2011 rally with the surplus funds.

I want to personally thank the group that helped with the setup and tear down of the rally equipment. They include, but are not limited to, **Joe Stewart**, **Jim Kouns**, **Jim Brandon**, **Hubert Burton**, **Steve Little**, **Lowell Roark**, **Ken Perry**, **Phillip Baugh**, and **Danny Phillips** and I hope I haven't forgotten anyone.

Over the three-day course of the rally I also noted the following members in attendance, **John Rice**, **Jaye Smythe**, **Dave McCord**, **Paul Elwyn**, **Geoff Jones**, **Joe Bark**, **Steve Bishop**, and several of their



spouses. I don't think we had the turnout from the club that would indicate they were behind our rally 100 percent.

I am planning to do three more rallies. We have a contract for one more year with the campground. I will extend that to cover the next two years. I would like to see someone a bit younger and enthusiastic enough to take over the duties of rally chairman. It was stated that I was getting lazy, and I guess maybe I am, but I think it's time to pass this on to

someone more energetic and willing to work for the club. If anyone is interested, I would be glad to work with them the next three years to show them all the ins and outs of the workings of the rally and the folks we have to use for insurance and food and potties.

Thanks to all of you who did come out and support our 2010 rally and make it a very good success.

— Roy Rowlett

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Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #4-49

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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.





## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally







## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

Dwayne Mulkey (left) and Jim Davidson of BMW Motorcycles of Louisville were on hand to coordinate demonstration rides with five new motorcycles available for rally attendees.







## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally







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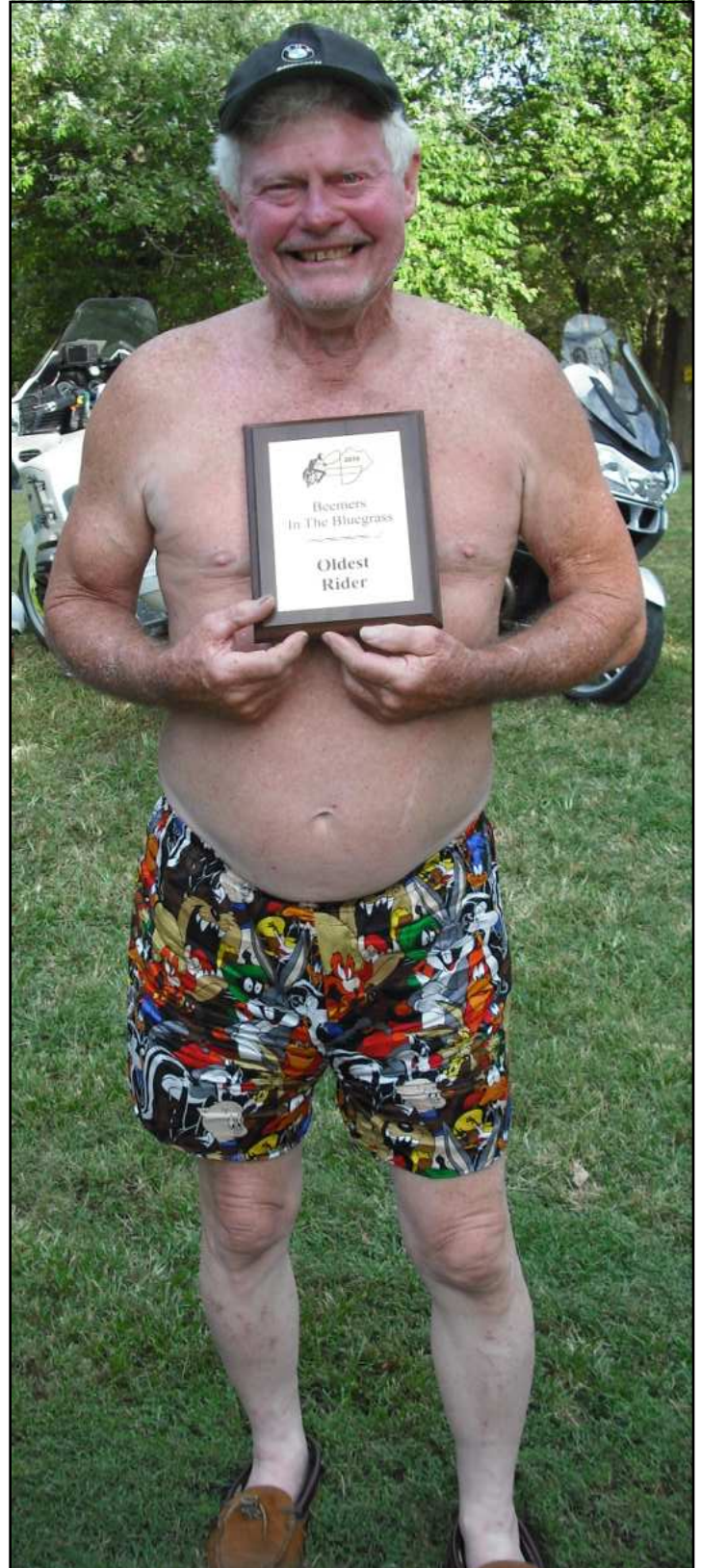
## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally







## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally



Charlie Pahoundis (above) won the Oldest BMW award with his 1968 R60. "Ohio Sam" Stotler (right), age 78, won the Oldest Rider award.

Also winning awards were Helen Barber, Long Distance Female, 790 miles; James Smith, Long Distance Male, 720 miles; and Nick Smith, Youngest Rider, age 22.





## 17th Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally







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Photography by Mark Rense







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Nicholas, Roy and Freda Rowlett's grandson, mounting the R65.





# 17th Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

Photography by Mark Rense







## 17<sup>th</sup> Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

Photography by Mark Rense





# Imagination

Ian asked if he could become an expert at age 9. I suggested that perhaps a bit of work might be required first, since his total trials experience is 20 minutes on the Sherpa T.

John Rice



Ian Rice, physically in truck, mentally in National Trials competition.



The restoration is behind schedule. Diana draws my attention to the clock.



# ***Saturday*** at Frisch's





# ***Saturday*** at Frisch's



Ben Prewitt climbed aboard Dave McCord's Road King, and cameras appeared as though a celebrity were being captured by paparazzi. Ben had said something loosely to the effect, "If Peter Egan recommends a Road King, it's certainly worth consideration." Paparazzi photos, left by Paul Elwyn, right by John Rice.



Jeff Crabb's R80ST emerges from the John Rice rehabilitation clinic a healthier boxer, ready for further adventures.



Boxers, boxers,  
**BOXERS!**



# A *rat* at The Kickstand







**Wyatt, future rider, grandson of Ray and Lynn Montgomery**  
(By the way, this issue features three grandchildren. What does *that* mean?)



# In the Beginning...

By John Rice

**I first was exposed to motorcycles at age 10 by an accident of fate, by a whim of my brother Fred, eleven years older than I.**

He took me for a short ride and I can to this day, more than 50 years later, recall where on that brief trip I felt the change in me that would last a lifetime. It was like the tumblers of a lock finally receiving the correct key to turn them to their pre-set positions.

It would be several years before I could actually throw a leg over the saddle and operate the thing myself, but for those ensuing years I was motorcycle crazed, a pint-sized fanatic haunting the magazine stands in my little eastern Kentucky town for anything related to two wheeled motorized transport. I swiveled my head so often to follow a bike's progress that I probably started then the neck arthritis that plagues me today. I read everything I could get my grubby little hands on, which wasn't much in 1950's eastern Kentucky.

For reasons I do not know, the local newsstand in Ashland, a narrow corridor between two stores by the old Mayo Arcade, had in the back, near the magazines a kid my age wasn't supposed to see, some issues of foreign motorcycle papers, the newsprint type things that were intended for local news in England among motorcyclists.

I devoured those on the rare occasions they were available and began reading Floyd Clymer's *Cycle* magazine.

This one was a thin slick pa-

per publication that reflected the interests (and prejudices) of its publisher, whom I later learned was a giant among the early US motorcycling scene

It featured mainly paeans to American brands, chiefly Harley-Davidson, but also dabbled in some foreign makes as well. There seemed to be a requirement that ever so often a photo appear with Clymer performing his famous "riding while sitting backwards on the seat" trick.

Then in 1962, a new publication appeared, *Cycle World*, published by Joe Parkhurst, and the horizon truly opened in front of me. This magazine covered everything related to motorcycles, everywhere in the world it was happening, or at least so it seemed to me at the time.

There were articles about GP racing in Europe, bringing me names like Hailwood, Agostini, Read and Surtees, and about ice racing in Finland and speedway where alcohol-burning 500cc singles went round in circles with the back end passing the front, and about flat tracks and even road racing in my own country.

There was something called Observed Trials that interested me from the first time I saw it in the magazine, though I wasn't to experience it in the flesh for another 12 years.

The spring of my 14th year, Sears mo-peds began to appear in the ranks of people I knew. These were Puch 50cc motorcycles with bicycle-like pedals to start them and to assist when the little shot-glass sized piston just wasn't enough

to get it up the hill. In Europe, I'm sure these were used for family transportation and were taken somewhat seriously.

Here, though, they were considered toys, sold by Sears through the catalog for boys like me to lust after.

And lust I did. Steve McComas had one, a used-and-abused model his father had picked up somewhere. Others appeared as if by magic and the teens who had one drew instant status and respect. I wanted the



bike more than the status (though I'm sure the latter wasn't entirely absent from my thinking...there were those girl creatures that were beginning to get interesting.)

I pestered my parents as only a 14-year-old boy can do and soon, they (well, my father mostly) relented. My dad was older than the parents of my peers, born in 1905 and 43 when I was born, more a grand-



# In the Beginning...

father's age than a father's in that era. He was the product of an eastern Kentucky family, a culture where boys operating machinery wasn't a matter of when the law allowed, but when they were big enough to reach the controls.

I found a used model appropriately cheap and then, simple as that, I arrived. I was a motorcyclist for real, not just in my fantasy-filled magazine reverie.

The little Puch served me well, introducing me to the principles of mechanics when the shifter cable mechanism required constant repair, the benefits of teamwork (getting four guys downtown with one moped) and to the law....since I didn't have a driver's license.

I made my first court appearance, foreshadowing my later career, on "driving without a license" charges, and learned all about the obligation of candor to the tribunal when the Police Court Judge asked me how long it was until my birthday. I told him it would be in just a few weeks, at which point he seemed inclined to cut me a break....then I added, "I'll be 15". Since this was still a year shy of the requirement for legal driving, he fined me and told me not to drive, but complimented me on my honesty.

Eventually, as is the way of such things, the 50cc two stroke became just not enough and I was off in search of bigger game. My parents had put up with the little bike but weren't too keen on my getting something with even more potential for mayhem. I compromised by settling my sights on a Cushman Silver Eagle scooter, something that at least seemed less "motorcycle-ish" to them

but provided the increased capacity I wanted.

It was a 350cc 4-stroke engine with only about 9 horsepower, a remarkable feat of underachievement, I now realize. There was no rear suspension and only a nominal front fork offering about one and a half inches travel and no discernable damping. The wheels were fat-tired and only 10 inches in diameter. It had a two speed gearbox, hand shift, with a centrifugal clutch that one could use manually with a car-like pedal on the left to change gear ....or, I soon found, to rev the engine in 1st gear enough to do wheelies when the clutch was dropped in at maximum revs.

Handling was scary at best and downright dangerous at worst and I always seemed to be in search of the worst. One's feet were placed on folding footboards, forward of the engine, and I made it my mission to see how far up I could fold the footboards in every turn. Only the fact that its speed was severely limited by lack of power kept me from killing myself and any unfortunate passenger I had enticed aboard.

On one occasion in the summer of my 15th year, I had a friend on the back when the local police officer who had on numerous occasions chided me for my lawless operation, spotted us near the high school.

My friend encouraged me strongly to run from the cop, never a wise choice, and though I knew better, with the bravado and lack of good sense typical of teenagers, I did. We peeled off in the opposite direction, substituting maneuverability for the lack of power and



were up a side road before the car could turn around....but turn around he did and soon caught up the gap.

In yet another display of stupidity, I turned sharply left and made my getaway across back yards where the cruiser couldn't go. I still recall crossing the back patio of a house with a woman standing at the glass doors, preparing to step out with her laundry, as two young miscreants went flying past the opening on a speeding scooter. I think my friend waved as we went by.

Our escape was made, but it was only a temporary victory. The officer would have me on his terms more often than not until I finally achieved a license in September.

Later in that fifteenth summer, my family took a rare vacation...we traveled out of our immediate family circle and stayed in motels, not with relatives. The trip included a visit to Niagara Falls ("A bride's second biggest disappointment" my Dad said) on a



# In the Beginning...

rainy afternoon.

My parents walked on from the parked car to the visitor's center and I, teenager that I was, stayed several yards behind them. I heard a sound, a slight hissing noise, and turned around to see a black BMW coming through the parking lot.

The sound I had heard was that made by its tires on the wet pavement. I hadn't heard the engine first.

That impressed me. Even better, the rider was dressed in black leather, the European style I'd seen in the magazines,

not the fringed and bezipped American standard-issue biker jacket. These leathers encased him from head to toe, worn and bug-spattered...this guy had been places and seen things from the saddle of a silent, smooth BMW.

I'd seen the ads in *Cycle World* showing such men on the top of Gibraltar or somewhere in South America with the bike in a dugout canoe.

This fellow had come from the world I'd read about. He'd been there, and I wanted to go too.

*(to be continued)*



Photo by Mark Rense from this year's Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally





## Hoosier Rally draws Bluegrass Beemerphiles, The Kickstand

**By Lynn Montgomery  
with photography  
by Ray Montgomery**

The Annual Hoosier Beemer Rally was held the fourth weekend in September at the Muscatatuck County Park, located on N State Highway 7 in North Vernon, Indiana.

For this year's rally, 117 reg-

istered, about a dozen of which were Bluegrass Beemers.

Louisville BMW brought up demo bikes to ride and The Kickstand's rally van was there. Several others set-up swap meet spaces to sell wares.

Except for a few showers on Friday afternoon, the weather was great with wonderful riding temperatures and abundant sun-

shine.

Saturday brought lots of riding. John Rice stopped at the British Bike Rally on his way to Indiana, some ventured down to the Moto Guzzi rally in Frankfort and others did some day-tripping taking local rides.

At the awards ceremony/door prize drawing, John Rice won free entry to next year's Blue-

grass Beemer Rally, Lynn Montgomery won a Wal-Mart gift card and Steve Little won one of the grand prizes - a camera, which we fear will self-incriminate him!



**Above: The old PD needed some exercise. Started with a visit to the British cousins at their rally in Burlington, ended up with its brethren at Vernon. Back home for the evening. A perfect fall day on the road.**

**—John Rice**



## Hoosier Rally draws Bluegrass Beemerphiles, The Kickstand





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