

August 2011

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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





BMW Motorrad

K 1600 GTL



The Ultimate  
Riding Machine

## NEW OWNERSHIP NEW LATITUDE NEW ATTITUDE

TEST RIDES ALWAYS AVAILABLE ON  
OUR DEMO FLEET, INCLUDING THE  
AWESOME NEW 6-CYLINDER K1600 GTL

BMW CERTIFIED TECHNICIANS ON STAFF

SERVICE LOANERS AVAILABLE

HUGE SELECTION OF NEW AND USED  
BMW MOTORCYCLES

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

## UNSTOPPABLE K 1600 GTL

VISIT US ONLINE:

# WWW.BMWLOUISVILLE.COM

## BMW MOTORCYCLES OF LOUISVILLE

- Open M-Sat 9am-7pm, Sun: Noon-4pm
- Service Loaners Available
- Factory Demonstrators Always In-Stock
- 36,000 sq. ft. facility
- Service While You Wait (by appointment)
- On I-65 Access Road
- Full Staff of Master Certified BMW Technicians

## 502.634.1340

1700 ARTHUR STREET  
LOUISVILLE, KY 40208



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews



After having fallen down this access road to the Gypsy camp at Marienville, I was resolved to ride it as often as possible during the remainder of our stay.

By Marrea Matthews

**I** stood there considering what to do... drop the camping gear and push on or turn back and find the next stop of the GS Giant Competition.

It was getting late, 4:00pm, and I had 2 ½ - 3 hours before making it to camp outside of Marienville, PA, site of the Gypsy Tour. The Gypsy Tour was three days of camping and getting to know other gs riders. Points could be collected for participation in the Gypsy Tour

and many other activities then applied towards the GS Giant Competition.

So, what to do... it seemed reasonable that I could locate the coordinates down this gravel road and be on my way in 30 minutes or less. But, I was concerned with this "road" that I needed to travel. It was grown up with thigh high grass on both sides and in the middle I didn't know just how rough it would get or where I'd find a place to turn around. I didn't know where it actually went, only that the coordinates that I

needed to document seemed about 2 miles up Old Sand Mtn Road in the Poe Valley of Pennsylvania.

Like smoke drifting under a closed door, the thought seeped in- "If I were a guy, he wouldn't give up and turn back!" Figuring guys shouldn't have all the fun, I unloaded my camping gear and stashed it in the woods. I took a deep breath and stood on the pegs as I made my way down what a sign called a "Drivable Trail". In a short mile, I was stopped by a 10 foot tall fence across the



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews

road. With effort, I struggled to get the bike turned around by inching it forward and back as it straddled the over grown median. Keeping it upright was a relief.

The gate was chained; no signs explained what was on the other side or where to proceed. Shortly, I heard dirt bikes up the hill, they seemed to travel in the direction I need.

Quickly, I grabbed the gps off the bike, the camera and my GS Giant registration; then climbed the hill. I found a rocky trail running along the top border of the fenced off area. Jogging when I could, I scrambled along until the trail dropped down the back side of the area. Actually, I went between two fenced areas. Both had gates chained closed.

According to my gps I was only about 1/4 mile from the coordinates I needed. There was an impression that Old Sand Mtn road continued through these closed areas. I scrambled down the slope and



along this second fenced area then climbed up along its back.

The gps was indicating the point I needed was *inside* this second area. There was a third

fenced area, also without signage. Standing between second and third giant cages I wanted to scream and strangle whoever picked this Adv. Detour without checking it out. I considered climbing the fence. Then I noticed a make shift gate large enough to step through! In I went, climbing over the downed trees and hoping Pennsylvania doesn't have chiggers, I hustled along the "OLD Sand Mtn" road, located the coordinates, and got the picture with my registration card. Finding more make shift gates to step through I made it back to the bike in a fraction of the time.

Bagging this Adv Detour along the Poe Valley completed the two allowed by the GS Giant Competition. Combined they were worth 60 points. On my way to Marienville, PA I

**Typical gravel road in Pennsylvania**



**Having found coordinates on Old Sand Mtn. road, I head back to the bike.**



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews



## First Adv. Detour made was along the Williams River in W. VA.

stopped at a well know hamburger/ brewery combination and climbed the Cook Forest fire tower for a few more points. With a variety of ways for collecting points- Adv. Detours, Gypsy Tour, GS-BS, Stop Ins, Four Corners, ride the gs course set up at the rally site in Bloomsburg, etc. the participants could tailor the point collection to their needs. Prizes for the most points were awarded at the MOA Rally- a complete suit of protective rid-

ing gear and a new f800gs accessorized by Twisted Throttle.

I pulled into the Forest Lodge outside of Marienville long after dark and was directed to head around back to the campground. I had been going for about 13 hours and was ready to relax. I saw a small cluster of folks around a campfire then the road dropped out of sight! I was heading down a small but steep hill that had fist sized rocks rolling about under my wheels. I panicked, hit the front brake and went down!

After all the times I thought I was going to drop the bike in the day's adventure, I ended up on the ground in front of this group of gs riders before the start of the Gypsy Tour! I hoped this would be the last of how I'd embarrass myself among this group. Several ran over and helped after I assured them I was alright. I had to ride on down the hill, so I stayed off the brakes until the road leveled out and pulled into the first campsite. I joined the campers after setting up the tent. The



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews



Surprising to see wind turbines in the mountains of West Virginia, these seen from HWY 219 near Thomas.

iced Rolling Rock I offered in thanks was greatly appreciated. Having reached Marienville a day before the start of the Gypsy Tour, I purchased fishing gear and license from the local hardware store and spent Sunday fishing and swimming the Allegheny River.

Late in the day, I found a gravel road along Spring Creek and took gravel roads all the way back to camp. Aside from Old Sand Mtn, the Pennsylvania gravel roads are quite different from the gravel roads with which I'm familiar in Kentucky. These roads are packed smooth; the worst is pot holes

that can be dodged fairly easily. I got up to 30 mph!

Monday, the Gypsy Tour began. Most of the 48 participants tore out of camp early to ride the area's ATV trails. I stayed back with two volunteers, Joe and Randy, who offered gs riding tips in front of the lodge to about ten participants. We practice leaning the bike into the turns and counter

balancing with our weight on the outside peg, discussed body position for climbing and descending, and separating our braking. After lunch, we put these skills into practice on about 100 miles of sweet gravel roads in the area.

That evening the beer arrived, *Full Pint*, from a micro brewery out of Pittsburg. I wasn't the only one who found it appeal-



The nation's first Civilian Conservation Core Camp was built near Marienville in 1933. Later, it was used to house prisoners of WW II.



Today the CCC camp is owned by the Summer's family who use it as a horse camp. The spring-fed stream is stocked with trout.



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews



**During the brief stop at an old oil valve near Marienville, stories of how the first oil discovered in the U.S. was in the area of Pennsylvania, thus Pennzoil and Quaker State.**

ing. As the last of the campers straggled off for bed, one rolled down the hill. He laid in the dark lamenting the breaking of his mug- "*I broke my mug. I can't believe I broke my mug. Damn, my mug's broken...*"

Tuesday's Gypsy ride ended at Whispering Pines Campgrounds about thirty miles

north of Bloomsburg, PA. We had three routes from which to choose that would take us to Whispering Pines- Mostly Gravel, Less Gravel and Mostly Paved. All were a little less than 300 miles. I offered to help Rick stack chairs and tables after breakfast. We chose the Less Gravel route realizing

we were getting a later start, 8:30.

Following the directions downloaded to the gps we set off for what was a *beautiful* ride through state forest roads lined with huge ferns, stopping at look outs from 3,000' vistas over lush forested river valleys. As we moved east we left the

plateau of western Pennsylvania and rode through red sandstone rock outcroppings and across the ridges and valley of the northern Appalachian Mtn. The red barns contrasted beautifully with the lush greenery of the bucolic region.

Rick and I met up with three other Gypsies after about 100 miles. Their lead rider, Ernie, had his gps go out, so I offered mine. Much later I regretted this when I stopped for what I thought was a flat. After checking over the bike, I rode a very short distance before realizing the others could have gone any of three ways- the first right turn, the second right or straight ahead. Without a map or gps I had no idea which way to go or even where the camp for the night was located. It was all on my ZUMO! We had to be about 50-60 miles from camp and it was getting late- 7:00 pm.

Despite being greatly frustrated, I realized the best thing to do was not make a turn but just sit where I'd last been with the group and wait for them to



**Proof of a BS stop at Broad Top RR in Rockhill, PA**



**Hyner View State Park looks over Susquehanna River Valley.**



# Gypsy Tour and GS Giant Competition of the 2011 BMW MOA Rally

By Marrea Matthews



Rick and I invited Ernie, Patrick, and Mike to stop for lunch in South Renovo.



Each participant received instruction from the RawHyde instructors.

realize I was no longer in sweep.

After a long 25 minutes, Rick and Mike returned with a look of great concern. But all was well. Except now it began to rain. Thankfully route took us off the gravel, but the rain was making the blacktop slick. With the load on the bike, the fatigue of a long day, and the rain everyone looked forward to reaching camp.

With maybe only 20 miles to camp we came to a road block. Rick rode through the barricades to see if the bikes could get through. No such luck he reported. Fortunately, a farmer came down to tell us of gravel roads that would get us back on route. Within minutes we pulled into camp and night descended. It was a long but beautiful day.

The last day of the Gypsy Tour provided us with top notch off road instruction by Shawn and Lance of RawHyde Adventures. About twenty-five participants practiced accessing controls while standing, counter balancing through turns, trail stops, and more. USA BMW Motorad has a contract with RawHyde to provide off road training through the dealerships across the U.S.

Hopefully, we'll have this training brought to the Louisville area in late spring of next year.

With no shade to hide from the piercing sun the competition at the gs track drew only those who could brave the heat. Two routes were provided- the hero and the weenie. Thirty-six riders coped with the sizzling heat.

Jason Adams scored 94 points and took the f800gs bike. For more information, videos and pictures go to the Who Will Be the GS Giant? on the MOA Forum.

While most will remember the 2011 MOA Rally for its heat, I'll remember the cool forested roads, the camaraderie,



A curious elk watches as we roll by.

and the development of my off-road skills.

I look forward to participating once again in the Gypsy Tour and GS Giant at next year's rally in Sedalia.

—Marrea Matthews



# Sighting of a Russian Ural Sidecar Motorcycle



sidecar motorcycle became the Russian jeep and could carry a mounted heavy machine gun, two soldiers, ammo, and rations. It increased mobility and was a difficult target for the German 88 mm tank guns. During WW II a total of 9,799 M-72 motorcycles were delivered to the Russian Army. After the war the Ural continued to be manufactured and used by Russian domestic consumers. Since the beginning of production over 3 million Ural's have been produced. After the fall of Communism the factory in Irbit, Russia was privatized and production fell dramatically. Today the IMZ-Ural factory depends on exports to the Western world, largely the USA, for its sales. In 2010 production was 800 vehicles and the factory employed 155 people.

By Doug Searcy

**A** unique product in motorcycle history is the Russian Ural Sidecar Motorcycle.

Although not rare, it is unusual to see one as I did recently in Coeur d'Alene, ID. While moving about Coeur d'Alene in support of my daughter's participation in an Ironman Event, there parked on the street was a brand new Ural Sidecar Motorcycle. Close examination revealed it to be a novel machine. History tells me that it grew out of a need for transport for soldiers in the Russian Army prior to WW II. In 1939 the Russians and Germans were friends and made a pact trading German technology for Russian natural resources. The Russians took the BMW R-71, reverse engineered it, and started a factory in Moscow producing the Russian R-



72. This must have been a real insult to the Germans since they invaded Russia and attempted to flatten Moscow. Ural sidecar production was moved to the Ural Mountains away from German bombers. The Ural



# Sighting of a Russian Ural Sidecar Motorcycle



**DESCRIPTION:** Forest  
Camo Gear Up Model:  
MSRP, \$13,799.

Engine: OHV Air cooled  
opposed twin cylinder  
Displacement: 749 cc  
Horse power: 40  
Transmission: 4 speed w/  
reverse and shaft drive.  
Starting: Electric and kick.  
MPG: 26-33, 91 octane  
unleaded.  
Warranty: 2 yr. parts and  
labor, unlimited mileage.





## Bluegrass Beemers livin' the life!



Steve Little wowed everyone with his 1999 Laverda 750S, a liquid-cooled parallel twin.





## Bluegrass Beemers breakfast at Frisch's, Harrodsburg Rd. every Saturday, 7-9 am



Lowell Roark with his new H-D Street Glide

Photos by Ray Brooks



Ray Brooks captured these creatures ridden by Blaine Adkins and Paul Huber. Paul rode the red MP500. Blaine arrived on the blue MP400 with the tall shield.

"The KLT huge windshield is really not all that big," said Ray Brooks.



## Bluegrass Beemers breakfast at Frisch's, Harrodsburg Rd. every Saturday, 7-9 am



Alisa Brown from Corning, New York      John Rice photo





Sean Quinn with his MV Agusta and Steve Little with his Laverda added to the European motorcycle presence at the Keeneland Concours d'Elegance, July 16th.



1938 H-D Knucklehead



1938 BMW R66



## AMA Vintage Days: Beyond the usual endless swap meet, event merely a shadow of its former glory

Only two vendors at the infield instead of the usual 10 or so; Demo rides only by Kawasaki, Kymco, and KTM



All new "Knuckle" with 93" S&S engine





## AMA Vintage Days: Beyond the usual endless swap meet, event merely a shadow of its former glory; *still, some cool bikes*





# Vintage Days 2011 is history, a year to wait until the next one

By John Rice



**T**hursday morning, like a kid before Christmas, I awoke at 4 am and made my preparations for the trip to Ashland to meet with Paul Rice for our annual trek.

I took the '93 PD as a compromise between "vintage" and "reliable and comfortable." On the way to Ashland, I had to stop for a photo of a church that appears to understand my touring situation. These folks must have traveled with me before!

Paul and I left Ashland at

about 10-ish and headed north on Rt. 93 into Ohio. Even at that hour, the temperature was approaching 90. We stopped often (it seemed like every 30 minutes) for water and it still wasn't really enough.

We made it to Lithopolis for our mandatory stop at Re-Psycle BMW parts for a look-around at the various goodies and by late afternoon had opted for the interstate above Columbus to get to the room and out of the heat. At one point I realized that I was weaving in my



I had to stop for a photo of a church that appears to understand my touring situation. These folks must have traveled with me before!



lane and not entirely sure where I was and where I was going. I pulled into the next available gas station for water and a/c.

Our luxurious accommodations, in traditional Vintage Days style, were at the Knight's Inn at Bellville, a short distance from the track and a long way back in time from the modern idea of "motel." The place has the look of a former queen, once grand but now existing only on the kindness of strangers. "Deferred Maintenance" was evident everywhere one looked. Others of our kind had arrived, including a fellow with a nice late example of the Puch "Twingle." Mike Wells and

Steve Pieratt had also chosen this vintage lodging with their collection of Triumph race-bikes.

Friday morning we arrived at the track at 7, just as the gates were opening. Though I've been coming to this event every year since it began, I'm still overcome by the thrill of seeing the ever increasing throng of bikes, of every description, heading into the track, the vendors setting up the temporary city that will occupy these fields for the next three days. We quickly found a parking spot on the median leading to the infield and made our way into the swap meet.



## Vintage Days 2011 is history, a year to wait until the next one

By John Rice

First stop, as every year, is the vendor who always has on display his tasty Bultaco Metralla. He gets endless inquiries as to it's selling price and every year finds a new way of letting all of us lookers know that it's not for sale.



**custom with color-coordinated milkcrate**

I was looking for Hodaka parts for a project grandson Ian wants finished (far sooner than reality will allow) so picked my way through several examples.

The weekend begins

The Swap Meet is one of my primary reasons for going to this event. Ten acres of motorcycle stuff ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous and everything in between. Here are old men, like myself, remembering days past, buying or selling their youth, wandering the aisles looking for just the right thing...and often finding it.

Young people of both genders, discovering a part of motorcycling they had only read about or heard from their misty-eyed elders. The constant scene of a person hurrying down the row holding some rusty bit aloft, grinning as though the Grail finally had been located in stall # 47. There were kids riding dirt bikes from the previous century and one-off specials, men on bikes purchased or built only for the purpose of traversing these graveled paths through history.

**The Metralla. If I had the ability to make him a sufficiently unreasonable offer, it would be in my garage !**



**Nope, you don't see these just every day.**



**Exhaust research in progress**



**Eclectic gang**



**Hodakas in captivity**



## Vintage Days 2011 is history, a year to wait until the next one

By John Rice



I've often heard the cylinder referred to as "the jug", but never saw it rendered quite so literally



There was racing all around us, from the road course to the motocross to the trials sections. The "keyhole" corner as seen through a sort of keyhole in the wire.

A trials rider zooms up a muddy bank out of the creek



A hand-shift racer. Eye-hand coordination required.



As always, one sees the results of individual obsession realized in motorcycle form. This bike has been detailed and balanced to perfection. The large fiberglass box on the rear with the piping leading forward is a home-built cooling device which pumps ice water through a vest worn by the rider.

In the infield, the usual new-item vendors were absent, an empty lot where usually there are huge tents filled with must-have goodies we didn't know we needed when we got there. We were told that the new owners of the track had not "made the contacts" to bring vendors in, but that explanation didn't pass the smell test in my opinion. There were many more vacant spots in the swap meet

area as well, and some of those vendors told me that the new owners were increasing the price of the spots and charging the vendors for admission tickets as well, a short-sighted policy it would seem.



## Vintage Days 2011 is history, a year to wait until the next one

By John Rice



**A**ll too soon, Sunday evening arrived, seemingly minutes after we'd come in on Friday morning.

Paul headed for home and family obligations, but I stayed on until the last bikes were leaving the track.

I left early Monday morning, riding slowly through a Lexington Ohio very different than it had been just a few short hours before. Now it was just a quiet little Midwestern town of small stores, no traffic, people just beginning to appear on the streets. The day before it had roiled with the sights and

sounds of motorcycles from all known eras, modern sportbikes and cruisers side by side with early 20th century singles, 1960's cafe racers, hand shift Harleys and Indians, dirtbikes of every description and of course quiet little Hondas on which one meets the nicest people.

The local papers, both Mansfield and Columbus were almost entirely bereft of any mention of the event for the three days I was there, thousands of people on motorcycles bringing untold amounts of revenue into the area, but from the popular journalistic per-

spective, not newsworthy.

There were no "gangs," no "incidents," no drama at all.

Just a lot of interesting people having a tremendous time doing the thing they love with others of their kind.

I'll be back next year.

—John Rice



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii)



By Bob Beard

## Experience:

Merriam-Webster defines the word Experience thusly:

1: direct observation of or participation in events as a basis of knowledge *b* : the fact or state of having been affected by or gained knowledge through direct observation or participation

2: practical knowledge, skill, or practice derived from direct observation of or participation in events or in a particular activity *b* : the length of such participation

3: the conscious events that make up an individual life *b* : the events that make up the conscious past of a community or nation or humankind generally

4: something personally encountered, undergone, or lived through

5: the act or process of directly perceiving events or reality  
etc, etc, etc.....

# Experience

*Editor's Note: Bob reports that a BAD week at work prevented completion of Part 4 of this article. He provides this observation this month. Part 4 will appear next month.*

A more colloquial time-true adage defines experience as that thing acquired when events do not occur as you expect them to.

So true.

In dealing with a lifetime (or even a couple of hours) of motorcycling, anyone is bound to come up with at least one item of *experience*. Generally (hopefully) the first person to hear about your latest *experience* is not someone actively working the local Emergency Room, but if it is, at least you are breathing enough to relate the story, and it will tend to get better with repeated telling.

My most recent garnered nugget in the *experience* category came about during a recent safety inspection/registration of that R100 I bought off of Paul Elwyn. I need to fill in some background to get to the actual experience part, but Paul needs to fill up a newsletter, and you aren't doing anything right now, so read on.

Here in Hawaii the State Motor Vehicle Department does not like older vehicles. They do not carry info about them within their computer databases. Any vehicle older than about 1986 is a black void as far as simple first time registration.

Additionally they are suspect of any older vehicle being shipped into Hawaii. As it was

explained to me this is due to a 20-year-old case of a (quite successful) car theft ring that would steal cars on the mainland (that is the North American continent) and ship them to Hawaii by various means. While the stolen vehicles were in transit, the theft ring was busy scouring junk yards to obtain old vehicles of same make/model, take the old VIN plates off of them, and then fasten/stamp these onto the stolen vehicle.

Since they had actually (probably) legally obtained the older junk vehicles they could prove ownership and "justly" obtain registration. The newly registered vehicle was then shipped back to California with all proper documentation that it was a Hawaii registered vehicle, and re-sell them in California. (Makes one wonder if anyone ever bought back their own stolen vehicle.)

Slick, but only until the authorities got a handle on what was happening.

So, there is some slight justification in the State of Hawaii's continued paranoia, but this paranoia in no way streamlines the inspection and registration process of modern day mortals.

So, there I am trying to get this shipped-in motorcycle registered and I am equipped with all of the following:

1. **Bill of sale**/former registration from the state of Kentucky where the motorcycle was purchased.
2. **Notarized "pink slip"** from the Motor Vehicle Dept, State of Kentucky. (This is actually the same damn piece of paper as in #1, but they require both and I did have to argue with them about not having a copy of the document they were holding in their hand)
3. **Receipt from the shipping company** showing the vehicle to be shipped, and the actual paid fees.
4. **Bill of Lading** from the shipping company showing the vehicle as actually having been shipped. This is attached to the receipt (item #3, so it is easy to find, even for state employees) Woe unto thee should the shippers trans- pose a couple of numbers so that all does not match.
5. **Safety inspection** from a State of Hawaii Certified Safety Inspection Station. All vehicles in the State of Hawaii are required to have yearly safety inspections to be registered. (A nice Catch-22 is that you cannot legally drive your unregistered vehicle in the state of Hawaii, and you cannot register it until you



# Experience



drive it into the safety inspection station.) The Safety Inspection guy also verifies that the VIN number on the vehicle matches the documents. AND he/she enters that number on the Safety Inspection form.

6. **Valid Hawaii Driver's license.** And, of course, if you are registering a motorcycle you need to have the valid operator's endorsement on the license.
7. **Proof of Insurance** with said vehicle listed.

**If there were any items that the Safety Inspection guy did not like,** those must be fixed before you go to the State of Hawaii Dept of Motor Vehicles. In my case it was the non-working horn(s) and lack of red side reflectors on the rear of the bike.

I had unsuccessfully pointed out that with the factory-installed saddlebags attached to the motorcycle these required reflectors would be well and truly hidden anyways, but that did not impress anyone even slightly.

Sigh...also, there was some oil on the left fork slider, but I

have new seals on order and merely gave the slider a quick wipe with a clean rag before I re-visited the Safety Inspection guy again.

Okay, documents in hand I am down at the State of Hawaii Motor Vehicle Dept. A problem arises. (How could it not?)

It seems that the VIN number, that self-same number that is recorded on the documents from the State of Kentucky, on the notarized "pink slip," on the form just generated by the Safety Inspection guy, on my proof-of-insurance card, on the receipt from the shipping company, and on the actual Bill of

Lading (supposedly checked by the U.S. Coast Guard, by the way).....Yes, THAT VIN #, needs to be verified by a State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center. What the hell is that, you say? (Or was that me saying that?)

The State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center is a non-conveniently located inspection site that has, as its sole function, officials on hand to compare the VIN numbers on your documents to those actually stamped on the vehicle.

Upon asking "Why?" this is necessary, I received that answer that the Safety Inspection guy who just Safety Inspected my motorcycle is not a State of Hawaii employee and the VIN # must be verified by a State of Hawaii employee. I pointed out (with no great success, mind you) to the nice (condescending) lady behind the counter that SHE was a State of Hawaii employee, and that the motorcycle in question was parked right there outside those doors; A total distance of about 15 feet from where we were standing.

She further informed me that the State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center official who would compare the VIN number on my forms to that on my vehicle was *trained* for this and she was not.

Really, that was her answer!

Well, when someone argues vehemently about their superior stupidity, I try to let them win every time.

Now, up to this point I have really not come to that *experience* that prompted this tale of woe. No, that came upon the morning when I showed up for my appointment down at the State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center. Yes, you cannot merely drop in to have a qualified State trained person look at your VIN#; you must make an appointment.



# Experience

I had been doodling, cleaning and tuning the bike once it reached Hawaii and the idle was just a touch off; just a bit, but after 5,000 miles I was starting to know how this bike should feel. My thoughts were to check the point and valve settings (soon, someday.....not quite today) since that is generally a good place to start on the older airheads.

I presented my stack of papers to the State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center Official, and he took ten times longer to admire the bike than he did to actually compare any numbers. He jotted his initials, inspector number, embossed a seal on my papers, and released me to the world.

## Now, NOW comes the experience part.

I go to start the bike and there is a puff-WHOOF down by my right leg, followed immediately by the sound of a plastic part skittering across tarmac. The bike, against all its training, does not start.

Looking down I notice that the air-tube leading from the air box to the right carburetor is not there at all. Nope! The carb itself is hanging a bit loose, and Oh! there about 20 feet across the parking lot is the air-tube. Well, isn't that embarrassing? And talk about your terrific timing. I fully expect to be condemned (or worse) by the State of Hawaii Vehicle Inspection Center Official, but he just grins and says something like, "Have a nice day," before walking off to his next appointment much like Pontius Pilot making his appointed rounds.

Apparently, what had happened is that after replacing the air filter I had failed to fully tighten down all the hose clamps that hold the air tube to the carb on one end, and the carb to the head on the other. A bit of air leakage had been making it idle a bit off and probably allowed some fuel vapor through the carb to pre-ignite, backdraft...whichever. Poof! Instant experience!

Luckily, I have owned both VW's and airheads in the past and have learned to surround my air-cooled vehicles with the proper tools should imminent inconvenience strike. All I really needed to get back on the road was to gather up all the hose clamps, that air tube and to apply a straight-blade screwdriver to all the pieces once they were back where they belonged.

Bad enough the guy who had inspected me was still glancing over and grinning and offering fun comments like, "Make sure you snug 'em up good this time."

Oh, really? Is that what they need? Thanks for the freebie... gr-r-r-r.

But now there is some pimply kid looking on as I diligently tighten hose clamps and he is of the opinion that maybe I should get an American motorcycle cause they are lots better and safer too cause he was there when I pulled in and he could hardly hear my bike and that wasn't safe cause stupid cagers can't hear you coming.....etc, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.....

By the time I pulled away, I had my *experience* cache just a bit more full than when I had arrived, but if there is one thing I have learned about experience, it is that there is always another dollop of it somewhere down the road.

—Bob Beard



## The KICKSTAND, LLC

500 East Main Street (intersection of highways 33 & 152) / N 37.45.123' - W 84.45.680'  
P O Box 45 Burgin, KY 40310  
Phone - (859)748-KICK / Fax - (859)748-0500 / seeyou@thekickstandllc.com  
Hours: Tuesday - Friday 10 - 6 / Saturday 9 - 3 / Closed Sunday & Monday  
www.TheKickstandLLC.com

**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.**