

January 2011

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



“When life hands you snow, pull a sled.”

—John Rice



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Saturday, September 24th – Hoosier Beemer Rally - Vernon, IN



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Bluegrass Beemerphile hangs with biker gang in South Korea



Members of the Club Shadow motorcycle club assemble in Busan, South Korea adjacent to the site of the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation meeting held in November of 2005.

A Bluegrass Beemerphile spent some time recently hanging out with members of the South Korean motorcycle gang, Club Shadow.

Visiting the site of the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation meeting held in November of 2005 in Busan, Club Shadow members during a ride break posed with our correspondent and three German exchange students who were on a four-

day bus tour.

Club Shadow members barely spoke English, but following an initial hesitation, warmed to the idea of having their picture taken with the exchange students.

"I think they were a little intimidated by us at first," laughed our correspondent, "but we convinced them that my dad was a motorcycle club member in the U.S., and all we wanted was to have our picture taken with them. They ended up giving us a souvenir bottle

of alcohol brewed in Busan," said Laura.

The exchange students along

with Laura were on holiday from studying at Sookmyung Women's University in Seoul.

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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.

Bluegrass Beemerphile hangs with biker gang in South Korea

A Bluegrass Beemerphile (pink NKU sweatshirt) arranged this group photo of six members of the Club Shadow motorcycle club of Busan, South Korea with German exchange students Florian Bahr (back row on right), Carmen Qu, and Sophie Zimmer. The exchange students were on a four-day bus tour holiday from Sookmyung Women's University in Seoul. Club Shadow was visiting the site of the 2005 Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation meeting held in Busan, South Korea.



Below right:
Club Shadow
members sporting
colors



Cool motorcycles in South Korea



Across the street from Sookmyung Women's University in Seoul, South Korea, our Bluegrass Beemerphile photographed these motorcycles sporting interesting equipment. Motorcycles commonly transport objects larger than the motorcycle itself, noted the correspondent, an exchange student in South Korea. Note the casually sprayed paint (below) on the side cover, tires and seat.



Use the link below to check out 19 of the most complex/dangerous roads in the world:

<http://www.stumbleupon.com/su/1GV7mU/www.waze.com/blog/the-19-most-complex-and-dangerous-roads-in-the-world/>

In the Beginning...

Part 4 See the last three issues of Apex for Parts 1, 2 & 3.



**John
Rice**

When I wasn't maiming myself in a futile attempt at motocross, much of my riding was being done in the woods during the early 70's, with streets being used mainly to get to work and to the trails.

In those halcyon days in Eastern Kentucky, a person could ride down a country road, spot a trail going off into the distance and just go there. Most were power line service or hunting paths and they would branch off endlessly into deep woods. As long as one didn't violate a fence line or go too close to the occasional house, there was no problem. Looking back on it now I realize that I was a trespasser, but it was a common thing of that time and place and only once did I encounter anyone who complained. (On that occasion, I had gone riding with a friend who had decided that his Yamaha street bike could be used just as well as my Suzuki dirt bike. We got into some hills that he couldn't climb, so we kept going lower and lower in the valley, looking for a way out. Despite my warnings, he slid his bike under a slack barbed wire fence to get to a dirt road that did seem to be our only way out, given his limitations of going upward. The farmer who met us at the bottom was toting a rifle and seemed inclined to use it if we did not vacate his place in a hurry. We did.)

Using the trail "system" it was possible to go for long distances without ever touching

more pavement than was necessary to cross a road to get to the trail on the other side. I seldom knew where I was going or where I was when time finally forced me to get back on the road to get home, but that too has become a part of my touring psyche. I still figure that I'm not lost if I can eventually get home. I was by now looking for more challenges, hill-climbs and creekbeds, to test my admittedly limited abilities. I'd figured out that motocross wasn't going to be my claim to fame, but I could do a decent job of woods riding. That trials thing was still percolating in my brain and I began seeking more difficult terrain to ride slowly.

"On Any Sunday" had come out in 1971 and with it the revelation that there were other people out there in the wide world who felt like I did about motorcycles and particularly about riding off road. I'd read about the legendary Malcolm Smith, but hadn't (in those pre-YouTube days) ever seen him ride. Now in the woods when faced with some obstacle I couldn't see a way around, I'd hear myself say "Malcolm could do this," or words to that effect. I did realize that I bore no resemblance whatsoever in skill to the Great Man, but at least it gave me the idea that things were possible.

While most of my riding was being done in the woods around eastern Kentucky and West Virginia, I often made forays into Ohio, particularly the abandoned strip mines at Hanging Rock across the Ohio River from Ashland. Here was a

moonscape of ruined land, scraped and gouged by mining equipment for years until nothing of the original surface was left but jumbles of rock and yellow earth piled in no apparent order along old gravel roads. There were ponds everywhere, some looking incongruously pristine in such a devastated setting, but most in some state of greenish decay. There were slurry dumps, where the wash water from the mining was ponded and left to evaporate, resulting in what looked like immense dry lake beds, flat, gray and cracked. Mick Reynolds and I went to Hanging Rock often to satisfy his taste for flat tracking and mine for crawling around amongst the rocks.

Mick was unusual in my motorcycling friends, an unusual lot themselves. He had purchased a Triumph TR6, a bike most of us would have given our eye teeth for, but didn't seem all that interested in riding it much. He was fascinated by flat track racing, however, and idolized Gary Nixon, Triumph's champion of the time. Just out of high school, Mick went to Viet Nam in the Air Force (where he spent his tour as a parachute packer. He said that he never lacked for friends among the air crews, who had a real incentive to keep him happy.)

Returning home, he took the TR 6 apart and converted it to a modified flat track replica, with TT-style pipes, rendering it useless as a street machine. But on the dirt roads around the strip mines, Mick could blast along, breaking the rear wheel



In the Beginning... Part 4 By John Rice



loose in long sweeping slides, happy as the proverbial clam at high tide. We'd load his Triumph and my Suzuki on my trailer (by then I'd acquired a "real" bike trailer, more suitable to the task) and head to Hanging Rock where we'd unload and then part company after a bit and regroup when we'd both worn ourselves out. On one such outing, I was prowling along a bank of tailings when I got the notion to ride out across one of the slurry pond beds. I was enamored of wheelies in those days and the long wide open flat expanse looked quite inviting for such silliness. I rolled out onto the cracked surface, got up a little speed in second gear and hoisted the front wheel, picking up speed and finding the balance point, that elusive spot where one could keep the bike up in the air for as long as one wanted....sheer nirvana, until

the bike disappeared underneath me.

There was a moment of weightlessness, a "does not compute" confusion, and then I found myself up to my armpits in stinking goo with only the handlebars of my TS 250 visible in front of me. We had broken through the cracked crust of the pond, which I could now see was only a few inches thick at this part, and fallen into the concentrated mire of whatever they'd washed off the coal a few generations ago. It was about the consistency of heavy gear oil and smelled far worse.

For a moment I thought I was going on down, like one of those pith-helmeted explorers in the old jungle movies, caught in quicksand. I realized that my old Boy Scout manual had prepared me for just such an event (not likely that it was in their contemplation at the time) in that I could pull myself to the

surface, spreading my weight out as if on thin ice, and crab-crawl to the firmer crust nearer the edge.

By the time I got to a place where I could stand up, I was covered completely in the goo and mud and I was exhausted. I began to climb up the tailings bank to make my way back to the trailer to find Mick and devise a way to rescue my bike.

We weren't the only ones who made use of the lonely strip mine roads. Teenagers often came out here to park in privacy for lessons in anatomy, physiology and mammalian hormonal influences. As I got to the top of the bank, drawing each noisy breath like a grizzly bear with a head cold, I emerged onto the road right beside a car in which such exploration was well in progress. I still recall the look on the young lady's face (her part-

For a moment I thought I was going on down, like one of those pith-helmeted explorers in the old jungle movies, caught in quicksand.

In the Beginning...

Part 4 By John Rice

ner with his back to me obscured the rest of her except for her knees) as the mud splattered helmeted creature, covered in oozing glop and groaning as if in torment, appeared in her view.

She screamed, his head hit the roof of the car and my wheezing attempts at explanation were completely ignored. He vaulted over to the front seat, sans clothing, and the car accelerated away, spraying gravel to complete my sticky ensemble as his companion, still in the back seat, looked at me in wide-eyed horror through the rear window. I wonder if they ever told that story to anyone....and if they did, who would have believed it.

I located Mick and we hatched a plan to use connected bike tie-down straps to pull out the Suzuki. We placed the Triumph on the harder part of the crust near the edge. I crawled on my belly back out to the bike and hooked a strap around the center of the bars, between the clamps, and scuttled my way back to Mick. We used the Triumph's power to slowly pull the submerged 250 backwards from the muck, looking

like a prehistoric animal being dredged from the tar pits. The pull was hard enough to straighten out one of the strap hooks.



We dragged it to the edge of the slurry pond and then pushed it up the bank to the trailer for the ride home. Once there, I had to take the bike completely apart, finding foul-smelling muck in every possible crevice....and several places I would not have thought possible.

While I had it apart, I hack-sawed off the peg mounts and had them welded back a few inches, to make the bike easier to wheelie....I guess part of the lesson had escaped me.

—John Rice



Left: When life hands you snow, pull a sled.

Below: Though I warned him (Grandson Ian Rice) that he was likely to fall if he rode in the snow, he kept it upright and moving the entire time. Only darkness finally got him off the bike.

—John Rice



Buyer's.....Remorse

(or, how to keep a sense of humor while motorcycle grazing)

By Bob Beard

I spend a lot of time buying motorcycles. A LOT of time.

Alright, one clarification: I spend a lot of time *hoping* to be buying motorcycles. It is virtual buying at its finest. I cruise the internet looking for that can't-be-passed-up deal; that latest acquisition that I *must* have.

My poor wife has given up aerobics because she gets enough mileage humoring me as I sit at my laptop saying, "Ooooh, look at this one. You would look *good* on this bike." Each time she gamely lays down her book and jogs across the room to look over my shoulder at the latest almost-acquisition, gamely patting me lovingly on the back of the head as she returns to her book. (She pats really hard, sometimes.)

On just about any evening I can be found perusing local listings, chat groups, Craigslist country-wide and EBay looking for that next motorcycle I never needed. ("need" is such a presumptuous word, isn't it? Like it knows what I, uh....need.)

Early sixties singles, mid 70's two-stroke triples, slash 5's and 7's, mid 80's bikes, all those indestructible UJM's, unloved bikes and low-mileage steeds found beneath a box of bowling trophies at someone's moving sale. I want them all.

And what about all those great non-gigantic-cubic-centimeter bikes that fall through the cracks of appreciation? (especially here in the US) Like the BMW R850R, Triumph Legend, Bandit 600, Yamaha Fazer, Kawasaki Ver-

sys, Ninja 500 and W650. You have any idea of the number of low mileage Honda Silverwings I have found out there? Yamaha Radians? Suzuki 360's? Did you know Honda made a mid 70's bike (the CB360) that was a smooth, light, 6-speed twin that will run until the end of time? You can pick them up for about \$900 in perfect running condition. Bikes with less than about 5,000 miles on them languishing in some carpenter's garage because he got rained on once, or the wife just did not get into the two-wheel theme (at least from the perspective of the pilot's chair) are out there, all over the place. I desire to possess them all. They are not too costly, they are easy to maintain, light and fun, and they are available out there, but you gotta LOOK for them.

And boy do I look. I covet. I crave. I desire to open my garage and see an endless vista of two-wheel splendor in all shapes and sizes. I want to see a

rolling history of motorcycling mediocrity ensconced within the confines of my garage.

Ooooooh yeah.....!

I love these bikes! I do not need teeth pulling torque or eyeball depressing acceleration to make my scrotum tingle. A 1974 Honda 450 twin is perfect for that (the tingling part), especially above 6000 rpm. And if I want to go like stink (in a *very* straight line) then there are H-3's and RD400's out there that can fill the bill.

But there is a caveat to all those great, fairly-easy-to-return-to-service unloved steeds, you have to *find* them. For every gem-in-the-rough with an honest seller who knows what he holds (or better yet, no longer cares) there are at least 20 starry-eyed sellers who only remember how great their 18th summer was upon that valiant metallic beast. Gone from

consideration is the fact that their fire-breathing, trusty mount has been parked outside under a 4x8 slab of melted particle board for the last 20 winters.

And once the bike is found you have to get out there and make contact with the seller. Buying a bike and haggling with the seller is a lot like moving in with someone: Until you know what they look and smell like close-up, you just don't know what you might be getting into. It has to be a face-to-face encounter. That is when it is time to separate the sheep from the goats, the wheat from the chaff, the chalk from the cheese.

Listed among the legion of sellers are outright cheats, liars, hopefuls and that delusional guy whose brother-in-law once told him in whiskey-infused sentences that "You cain't never sell that there bike. It's a Classic, boy. A CLASSIC! Know wut I mean? A bit of



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(or, how to keep a sense of humor while motorcycle grazing)

paint and a tune-up and it'd be worth *thousands*." And our seller immediately dismissed and forgot this golden bit of fluff and remonstrance....until he needed to buy a new bass boat.

Sellers are misguided, deceitful, honest, stupid, mistaken, helpful, hopeless, optimistic, etc....Sometimes all within the span of a couple of sentences. Your job, as the hopeful acquirer of whatever they are selling, is to find out how much of each quality they possess at the exact moment you are dealing with them, or about to deal with them. There is a bit of leftover wisdom from the pioneering days, it goes like this: "When buying a steed look more to the seller than the horse."

Since I do a lot of my scouting and hopefulling (yeah, that's a word, I just used it in a sentence, right?) on-line I have become somewhat adept at spotting selling nomenclature that rings like a five-alarm fire bell. Oh, I still check out sales that I am leery of, 'cause you never know, right? But I cannot go running out to check every single ad and, for the most part, if it smells like a duck, walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, chances are.....

Here you go then, a by-no-means-complete list of some types of sellers that set my virtual buyer's teeth to aching before I ever even speak to the seller. Not just the terms themselves, but also a short (or not) description of what I have mostly found at the business end of each term:

Term #1: Barn Find

The people who tag their "FOR SALE" ads with this moniker tend to further enhance their ads with adjectives leading one to believe that the Holy Grail may possibly be attached somewhere on this piece of machinery, but the owner just wants to be rid of it. Sellers who label their ad thusly generally fall into one of 3 divergent sub-species. We will call them

1. Shysters

2. Misinformed, and/or

Seriously Deluded, and

3. Genuine

Let's look at that last one first, shall we? Yes, let's.

1. Genuine Seller: Sure, we all know a guy whose sister's dentist has a cousin who has a friend who answered an ad for "Old Chevy 4 Sale by Owner" and found a tarp-covered, tire-rotted, but otherwise pristine '53 Corvette convertible. Happens all the time, right? Sure it does. And undoubtedly there exist pristine examples of Vincent Black Shadows, H-D Silent Grey Fellows, and Steib-equipped /2's awaiting you in barns from Maine to Oregon. Go get 'em, tiger! Buy a lottery ticket on your way to check it out cause you may as well be lucky twice on the same day.

2. Misinformed and/or Seriously Deluded: Yes, it is in a barn. Yes, it has low mileage. Yes, it is the 1950 Matchless G80 you have been searching for. Yes, it is out of a private collection (of one). Yes, it was purchased for a college-bound

son who died suddenly after riding it only twice. All true.... But when the proud owner whips back the moldering, dust-covered canvas tarp to reveal this bit of magnificence it becomes quickly apparent that the sudden death of the beloved son was quite likely upon this very machine and may have been precipitated by a drag-race that escalated into an out-of-control fiery collision with a largely immovable object followed immediately by a slide off of a

short cliff, all the while semi- astride this very machine.

"Yep," the owner will likely confide, "Parked her right here after the boy died and just sorta put it out of mind."

3. Shysters: Crazy, I know, but believe it or not there exist on this very planet people who would sell you a P.O.S. by trying to convince you they rolled it off the Ark before planting it right there in the barn. This guy's ancestors plied drinking



What the ad SOUNDED like



What you FOUND under the tarp



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(or, how to keep a sense of humor while motorcycle grazing)

establishments of the south and old west convincing new-found clientele that a man being lynched don't find the lesson half so objectionable if it is with a New rope.

Term #2: Completely refurbished

As near as I can figure, using the evidence of how this word is used, to "furbish" something means to use (and maybe abuse) a piece of machinery until it has pretty much had all the life and usefulness kicked out of it. To "refurbish" means this has been done at least twice, but someone sprayed the dust off between occurrences of furbishment, and maybe changed the oil. Maybe.

Term #3: Classic

It is unfortunate, but we all have our weakness. Mine is that I am drawn to items of this description like a moth to a flame, or maybe it is like a dog to goose shit.

Over time I have discovered that by labeling something as a "classic" the seller is attempting to coyly convey the following attributes without having to state them boldly:

- Ø Non-operative
- Ø No registration or ownership records
- Ø No idea of what year it is because of the above item
- Ø Missing parts
- Ø A box of *spares*. (Hey!

Maybe it is the missing parts)

Ø The firm conviction that a thorough cleaning, a new battery, a comprehensive carb tweaking and generous applications of that mysterious grease

called TLC will revive said steed to as-new condition. If this bike could be thought of as the mechanical equivalent of Bernie (Weekend at Bernie's), getting it to run again would be akin to the wholly plausible plot of Weekend at Bernie's, part two.

Term #4: Ground Up Restoration

I have seen this description applied to motorcycles with authentic stem-to-stern restorations wherein every nut, bolt, connecting rod and spoke nipple was lovingly polished, plated and otherwise pampered as it was removed and (quite correctly) re-assembled. (long sigh here.....) On the other end of the spectrum are bikes that merely had new (or at least newer) parts bolted on as the old ones broke and/or fell off. Or bikes that look as though they may have been run through a shredder (ground-up, you know?) and mostly re-assembled (that would be the restored part).

The seller lying at the apex of the median curve on this type seems to be that person who washes and waxes an old motorcycle that he has found at the back of the storage shed and, after replacing the tires and handgrips, he gets some random mechanic to agree that it is a pretty decent old bike.

Term #5: Mint

Look up "mint" in the dictionary. It yaks all about the family of aromatic plants with a square stem and a 4-lobed ovary which

produces.....yeah, whatever. That ain't the one we want.

Wrong one
Definitions for "mint" also include the attribution of a status, as in something being newly



minted, like a brand-new penny. And also to actually strike/mold/stamp coinage. Mmmmmmm.....nope. Closer, but not what we want either.

Sorry, not this one. Then there is "a confection flavored with mint." This would also not be what we are



talking about. I hardly ever waste time licking my motorcycles.

No, what I am thinking when someone mentions the word "Mint" in connection with a

vehicle they are selling is the definition as follows: "A colloquial term for a vehicle that has been kept in, or restored to, perfect condition." My tendency is to sort of revolve all my thoughts and hopes and dreams around that one certain word within the definition of Mint. That word is "perfect." But, I can safely attest that most sellers who use "mint" in their sales listing are.....

Ø.....Absolutely not talking about the flavor of the bike they are selling

Ø.... Not in possession of a dictionary, or at least they have access to a dictionary that is highly and significantly looser with definitions than that which I own

Ø...not endowed with the sacred rituals on how to use a dictionary even were they to possess one.

Ahhhh.....Mint

Term #6: 100% Original

Yup!
Original tires, Original oil, Original plugs, Original chain, battery, cables, bugs, scrapes, dents.....all still there for you. And with only 30,000 miles on the (non-working and original) odometer.



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**Term #7:
Selling Cheap, No Papers
= Stolen**

**Term #8:
(Not really a term,
but an entire concept)
2008 H-D Street Glide.
Perfect! Sacrifice! \$5800**

Right, uh-huh, why not?
Personally I would drive out to see a "barn-find" before I would burn phone minutes or hydrocarbons trying to view this one. It is probably located in Nigeria anyway.

Chances are pretty good you can make yourself some money on this one because it is wa-a-a-a-y below market value because the seller is hiding it from his wife whom he is divorcing but the actual seller is out of town right now and you can just come and pick up the bike at a friend's house but the "friend" has a girlfriend who is pissed off because he is storing someone else's bike at her house so if you could just send the "friend" a couple hundred bucks as proof that you are really going to show and to help keep his girlfriend from being pissed off.....Nah!

**2008 Street H-D Glide:
Perfect Condition! Must Sell!
Sacrifice! \$5,800**

Uh-huh

**Term #9:
(again, more of a concept
than a term,
but you get the idea)
\$68,000 invested, Selling My
(insert macho machine name)
for \$20,000**



You know the kind. They call them Fat Pounder, CruzCycles, Mastiff, Big Dog, Big Bear Merc, Independence Freedom Express, Outlaw Cycle, Raging Hormonal Meerkat, (I made that last one up). The typical ad runs like this:
'\$68,000 invested (yeah, yeah we got that in the listing title, Daddy Warbucks) sacrifice for \$20,000. My loss is your gain....must sell.....pending divorce.....'

Makes my butt and ears ache just looking at it

Okay, I am already puking. The tag line goes on to outline a tale of woe and misunderstanding by a wife who cannot

fathom a husband/significant other who would spend the house down-payment/baby college fund/retirement savings on a hideously loud piece of machinery that, more than anything, resembles a carnival ride. I am sure the fact that there is only one seat on this mega-bucks creation did not escape her detection either.

The weird part of this type of ad? THEY ARE REAL!! Yes, you can pick up a cartoon motorcycle that has already ruined one person's life for the price of a decent small auto. These bikes are not only not uncommon (how many negatives did I just use there?) they are gaining in popularity.



The typical scenario is that some middle-ager with too much expendable (or at least accessible) income has been sipping doubles at the fountain of mid-life-crisis-coupled-with-lack-of-testosterone-but-I-used-to-be (or always wanted to be) such-a-bad-ass-MoFo!

It is only after investing an amount that would fund a 3rd world guerilla movement does the chromophile realize the depth and breadth of his error (which, as we have seen was most likely pointedly pointed out by a soon-to-be ex-wife) and has come to the simultaneous and sudden realization that

Ø This clown car is less comfortable than an un-lubricated colonoscopy

Ø If he had back the money he has already sunk into this rolling Mardi-Gras he could nearly afford the cost of the divorce it caused.

Ø He just drove an extra 11 miles to get home because the most direct route to his house has two sharp right-hand turns that cannot be negotiated without getting off and walking the bike through them.

Please do not bother calling this guy. Not only do you not want to be seen on this monstrosity, the seller cannot hear the phone ringing anyway because his pipes have been busy saving lives in a five-mile radius every time he fired up his chrome creation.

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(or, how to keep a sense of humor while motorcycle grazing)

People you might meet no matter what the description in the ad says:

The Invoker: This seller has a super natural ability allowing him to imbue his "Fer-Sale" steed with attributes never designed into it and not available on any bike of identical make/model before or since. It is nearly unbelievable. Nearly.

I saw an ad recently for a

your memories are. I would sport one in an instant if I could find a nice example.

Ready for the GP circuit right out of the box

The motorcycle I viewed, I was assured, was fast and powerful. It was super fun because it handled like a jet trainer, and pulled out of corners like you would not believe. At least that last claim was probably correct.

Of course this same feller-seller also owned a 1979 H-D

yard, the unmarked graves at the side of the house, or the kid on the porch playing Dueling Banjos.

If it does not feel right try to make your apologies and a graceful exit. Sure, we are all a crew of like-minded motorcycle enthusiasts. Brothers of the highway, as it were, etc...but I hold distinct memories of being beaten up by my brother. Just grovel and go!

Whoops! Gotta go. Bye-bye now.

state of tune and low-mileage, pampered bliss. Paint is glowing, and the chrome is as lovely as a mountain lake reflecting the midday sun on a windless winter day. All plastic and rubber is black, smooth and soft as a lamb's nose.

Problems begin to emerge when the seller coyly reveals a selling price so lofty it threatens passing comets.

These sellers will toss out "better-than-new" phrases with every other breath and will be



1971 Honda CB175. These bikes are an upright twin that rolled out of the Honda factory in a state of tune designed for a demographic that wanted only to putter down to the library on occasional Sunday afternoons. 175cc's, two salt-shaker sized pistons sedately rising and falling together, and on a perfect day they could spit out 20 (claimed) horsies, but to get them horsies hitched to this particular wagon you had to spin it up to 10,000 rpm, and it did not spool up all that quickly, no matter how fond

Fat Bob in stock trim (his pride and joy doncha know, best damn motorcycle in the world). Yeah, that's right, from the years when AMF was running the show. So he may have formed all his opinions solely by relative comparison.

The Bad Vibe Seller: Sometimes you need to listen to your gut. You show up to view what sounds like a great new-to-you used motorcycle, but something about the situation is just a little.....off. Maybe it is the cadre of burnt police cars in the back-

The Cumulative Accountant: Again, there may be nothing in the seller's ad to warn you that you are entering this particular circle of influence, but my job here is to point out the pits of quicksand. Listen up!

Possibly the only advance clue that you are about to visit this type of seller is an initially undisclosed price with the caveat, "Must be seen to be believed," or somesuch.

Invariably these bikes are well-kept, clean, and pristine even. It is readily apparent they have been kept in a constant

seen to sneer condescendingly down upon any mention of mere NADA or Kelly Blue Book pricing. When pressed as to why their particular mount's value should exceed in value even zero-mile models parked at the Guggenheim they will proudly tally up every cent ever spent upon this motorcycle. These costs, which a great many of us mortals consider the cost of ownership, are, in the seller's opinion, expenditures that should justifiably be incorporated into the bike's value....to be passed onto each subsequent owner.

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In bargaining with these individuals (bargaining being a somewhat sentimental, ludicrous and unworthy term as applied here because even a 50% reduction of the asking price would only reduce it to stratospheric levels) you would do well to consider the haggling process as merely entertaining and informative, much as you might view a documentary on how to correctly flense a whale. I have actually had a man attempt to justify part of his asking price by showing me the \$1500 in receipts he had accumulated when installing air conditioning and insulation in the garage where he kept his pride and joy. His theory being that the beauty and preserved nature of the bike was directly affected by the environment he had created to keep it that way. You can pretty safely bet I would not get to take the AC with me if I bought the bike.

\$15,000, or for \$18,500 I can throw in a motorcycle

Be prepared to view absolute reams of service records and

receipts for every valve stem, spark plug, quart of oil, container of wax, etc...documented from the beginning of time. Try not to look dismayed (or laugh out loud) at added costs for chenille slipcovers, monogrammed tire mats, and argon-infused storage tents.

The Reluctant Seller: You know the ones. The motorcycle is for sale, kind of. There is a listing, a price that is maybe a bit much but that is where the haggling comes in, and upon inspection things look good. Problems arise when you actually start to get serious about buying. Suddenly there is a feeling that you and the seller are separate poles on a magnet. The closer you want to get to closing a deal, the more he backpedals.

Prices can rise suddenly, delivery is not available because the Motor Vehicle Dept. is not open today, or he needs it while he is having some work done on the truck, or he promised another guy he could take a look at it, or he is suddenly thinking of restoring it.



You know what? I don't care. If I make an effort to come out when he says it is for sale, I fully expect it to be for sale. You almost get the feeling that the selling is a charade set up to help the owner feel good about his motorcycle. Almost as if someone else wanting it makes it too good to sell.

I know some of these miscreants are playing a game whereby they want me to just keep begging them to sell me their motorcycle, and were I a single man with unlimited resources that is just what I would do. But somewhere in the more primitive and reptilian portions of my brainstem I know that my lovely wife is going to kill me in my sleep if I show up at home with yet another two-wheel motorized vehicle. Matter of fact when I left the house she may have said something like, "If you show up with just one more two-wheel motorized vehicle I am going to kill you in your sleep.....blah, blah, blah, something, something....."

There has to be a way around that. Hmmmmmm.....

Ooooh, look at this one. You would look *good* on this bike. And it is half-price!





Diana provides garage advice.