

February 2012

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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





## 2012 Rally Update:

# Rally set for September 7-9

John Rice, Rally Chairman

January 7, 2012

**F**ollowing through with the decision to meet on the first Saturday of each month, the Rally Committee gathered in the parking lot at Frisch's following breakfast for progress reports. Rally Chairman John Rice called the meeting to order around 8:15 am.

- **John Rice** reported that he had reserved Stillwaters Campground for September 7-9 for \$250, the same fee as in previous years but for one year as the committee decided rather than for 5 years as in the past.
- **Roy Rowlett** reported that he had submitted forms and paid fees to AMA for the rally sanction and insurance, \$300; AMA Charter, \$75; and Rally Fee, \$50. Acci-



2012 Rally Chairman John Rice (red jacket) convenes the January 7 Rally Committee meeting in the parking lot of Frisch's following breakfast.

dent Report and Liability Release forms are in hand to be returned to AMA following the rally.

- **Roy Rowlett** intended to submit advertising

to the MOA and RA magazines on January 7th.

With initial tasks completed on schedule and no further business to dis-

cuss, the meeting was adjourned at 8:25 am.

*Respectfully submitted  
by 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, 7-9:00 a.m.**





## New Era's Day By John Rice

**T**here's an old saying that "what you do on New Year's Day is what you'll do all year".

Ever hopeful, I have made it my tradition on that day (for nearly 50 years now) to take a motorcycle ride. Here in Kentucky, that sometimes is in balmy pleasant weather, sometimes in snow and freezing cold sometimes bits of both in the

same day. Often I've taken that ride in the woods, with my nephew Paul and/or whoever else can be convinced to do such a thing.

This year, 2012, was special. We were joined on that first day of the year by my grandson Ian, age 10, on his Yamaha TTR 90.

Also along with us was Paul's older brother Doug, a motorcycle enthusiast who's occupation (long distance truck operator)

doesn't afford him much time to ride. Paul was on one of his immaculate Bultaco Alpinas and Doug rode another of the same ilk. I had intended to bring my much-less-pristine Alpina, but a last minute check before leaving showed that some long deferred maintenance would make that not advisable, so the ever-reliable Yamaha XT 250 got pressed into service.



The future of riding (left) and the rapidly fading past (right), New Year's Day 2012



# New Era's Day

By John Rice



The one in front is Ian, age 10 !

The XT is a dual-purpose motorcycle and like most things tasked with two disparate jobs, it's not excellent at either one. For a street machine, it's a very good dirt bike and for a dirt bike it's a really decent street ride. For muddy woods, it's about 50 pounds too heavy and

the steering geometry means one is "pointing" rather than "steering". Nonetheless, it is still a better machine than I am rider and its abilities more than adequately mask my lack of same.

Our venue for this excursion was The Northeastern Ken-

tucky Fish and Game Association property in Boyd County, near Ashland. This organization, whose members join mainly for the shooting ranges there, has control of several hundred acres of Kentucky hillsides, including some quite nice trails usually vacant except for us. As long as one obeys strictly the signs warning of "bullet impact area", the only danger is one's own ego out in the woods.

The weather was relatively decent, in the 40's with clear skies. A rainy spell had passed through the previous week, leaving the trails muddy with frequent pools of unknown depth across the paths.

Ian has been riding motorcycles since he was four years old, beginning with "guided tours" around our yard on a JR 50 Suzuki, working his way up to now piloting a full size 125 cc trials bike, but mostly in the grassy fields here at home. We had chosen the Yamaha 90 for

this ride because of its smaller overall size and seat height. He's only been out in the woods twice before this outing, but each of the two brief previous excursions saw him gaining skill and confidence exponentially, as only youth can do.

Where small hills once seemed insurmountable and water holes impassable, now he sees virtually no impediment to his progress. Indeed, he often made it through stretches of mud with far less drama than his seniors.

As I was riding along behind Ian, watching him standing on the pegs, weaving in and out of trees and picking excellent lines seemingly without effort, I couldn't help smiling. I've been riding motorcycles, on and off road, for just shy of a half-century now and I can't recall a more satisfying experience. I've often heard the expression "this is what it's all about" but never before have I seen the concept illustrated quite so clearly.

These are relatively easy trails, paths that are sometimes single track formed by animals or humans hunting those animals, and sometimes wider swaths, cut by four-wheelers or machinery to get to the power line and gas line easements that crisscross this property.

On the wider sections, the four-wheel ATV's and Jeeps have wallowed out large mud-holes which could be mere inches deep or a foot or more. Ian has learned by observation when to skirt the edges and when to plow through the middle.

On the edge lines, he's adapted quickly to the wiggling maneuver that allows the bike to stay relatively perpendicular to the slippery surface, letting the machine move between the



**For a decent streetbike, it's a really good dirt bike. For a decent dirtbike, it's a really good streetbike. Not a bad job, Mr. Yamaha !**



# New Era's Day

By John Rice

rider's legs while he remains vertical and the hips and knees keep balance.

The single tracks are covered mostly in leaves, with ruts sometimes hidden beneath this carpet, waiting to snare a front wheel in one while the back wheel follows another, creating what we trail riders refer to as a "gravity pocket" in which the bike is taken down so quickly that the rider is on the ground before really knowing what happened.

Ian seems so far to be immune to these, perhaps because of the short wheelbase of the 90 or perhaps because his youth allows much quicker response

time than we grey-hairs can manage.

We stopped frequently to admire the view, to rest (the older ones of us...well, ok, me) and to check on Ian's general state of comfort. Always, he was ready to keep going, somewhat impatient with his elders for the halt. The sensations of movement in the woods are still too fresh for contemplation to take priority.

Being out in the woods on foot or on a bike is for me an equivalent of what some folks get from church, a sense of peace, of understanding my place in the overall scheme of things, the eternal versus the contemporary.



Paul, Ian, and John Rice taking a break.

It may seem incongruous to talk about "peace" and dirt bikes in the same context, but as with most unfamiliar things, the extremes are what people

picture in their minds, and not really reflective of the reality. We aren't out here on screaming machines bent on destruction of nature. These bikes are



It doesn't get any better than this: Reese's Pieces and a family motorcycle outing.

## "Riding in Ashland was fun!"

Especially the second time. I knew what to expect so the heights didn't scare me as much.

On the way there we stopped at a gas station mixed into a Wendy's where I got Reese's Pieces.

When we got there, there were still some logs in the same place from last time. One of my favorite parts was when we went on a trail with a puddle every three feet. I liked it because it was a challenge. At the end I was full-throttling it up to 33MPH.

This is something I love to do with my family!!!"

—Ian Rice



# New Era's Day

By John Rice



quiet, not much louder than the family car.

We come upon deer that run only when we are close enough to see their large eyes and we surprise turkeys, watching them run into the undergrowth. Our tires and engines are designed for traction, not spinning, and when we backtrack on a trail, or loop back to another we've done, our tracks are clear in the mud or sand, like footprints, not smeared scars on the land. It is possible to be out here on ma-

chines and still respect the environment.

These January rides can't last long enough, unfortunately, because the distance to Ashland, the cold weather and the impending school day for Ian and work days for the rest of us all press in too quickly.

Reality often gets in the way of idyllic fantasy, something that youth must learn early and deal with for a lifetime.

But this day, this beginning of a new year and a new era of trail riding for Ian, will remain

in my memory, if I'm lucky, until senescence has taken the last ones from me.

I hope it stays with him at least until he has traded places with me, taking his grandkids to do the same.

—John Rice



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



**Q**uemado Lake, where I lay my head on the previous evening, sits just on the west side of the Continental Divide.

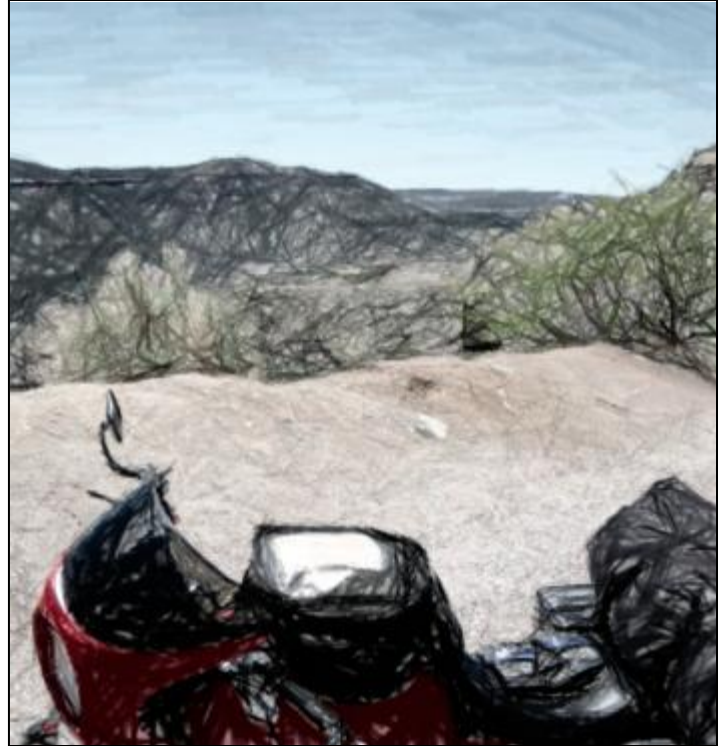
Elevation is a hair under 8,000 feet. It can get chilly here overnight even in the dead of summer. I am somewhat shy of the dead of summer; it is two days short of mid-May, the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> to be exact. Although it is technically springtime, the evening temps here at present are not indicative. It is cold! Lest I understate the conditions let me expound: It is COLD!!!!

Overnight, as I slept, that drawstring on my mummy bag, the one that tightens up the little aperture from which my face peeks, was getting a workout as I pulled it tighter and tighter. At one point, upon waking briefly for a drink out of one of my water bottles, I had made one of the most fantastic in-the-sleep decisions of my life and just brought the bottle inside the mummy bag with me so I would not have to unzip and fumble about just to get a sip. Sure, in hindsight this might

have been a disaster had that bottle leaked, but it didn't, so get the bed-wetter-tragedy thoughts out of your mind.

No, the fantastic-ness of bringing that bottle into the bag with me is that it did not end up being rock solid like the other two liters that were lying on the outside of the bag. You do know how to create a solid out of water, right? Sure, every kid older than four years knows this one: you just freeze it. I am not sure of the exact temp, but I am guessing about 26-28 degrees, and that may have been a bit optimistic. It was breath fogging, finger-snapping, hair-in-your-nostrils freezing cold. Now, I did not figure this out all at once. (sleeping, right?) It came to me in stages. I did not even recognize that I had closed the mummy bag's face opening to a pinhole the size of a large grape until I went to get a drink from that one still-fluid bottle of water. Finding it contained only about half a mouthful of water I groggily began groping about for bottle number two, or three....whichever, I don't mind drinking them out of order.

I had a moment of that where-the-hell-am-I disorientation as my awareness level rose from cadaver sleep to mere waking/walking dead. I had lost the location of the internal zipper and it took a few twisting-turning seconds to figure out what was going on, and then get my sleep-addled mind working toward a solution. You know that game where you throw a cover over a puppy to watch him try and get out from under it? It was sort of like that. (I am not the only one who



plays this game with puppies, am I?)

Zipper found, I unzipped, loosened the drawstring and the Velcro flap holding everything closed, and sat up. It was about that time, right when the sleeping bag fell to waist level, that my warm and cozy skin imported the Urgent Message signal that said COLD! COLD! COLD! COLD! COLD! COLD!

I had presence of mind enough to grab up another water bottle before I re-zipped and snuggled back in, but to little avail. That bottle, not having had the benefit of being inside the sleeping bag with me, was frozen solid as Jimmy Hoffa's resting place. It was about 4:30 a.m., and as my wife can attest, once I am awake I am *really* awake. It is a curse and a blessing. Sure, I get to see the beginning of the day every single day

of the year, but this was one of those times when I would have liked the ability to return to a warm and cozy slumber-land and await the presence of the sun. Not to be.

Eventually, after struggling into sub-freezing clothing I am up and out of my tent. You would not think that a single layer of ripstop nylon would be capable of any sort of heat-retention; you would be wrong. The world outside the tent was appreciably colder than within. Did I mention the cold? I did, right? Have I mentioned that I am currently living in Hawaii where a "cold" night is when it drops down to the mid sixties? Boys and girls, I am *Freezing*, with a capital F. Packing up is an exercise in cold dig it agony. Putting on my boots made me a bit warmer. With the cold they had become as pliable as anvils



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and getting my feet into them took some real huffing. But I persevere, get it all gear strapped on and cinched tight.....and the bike will not start.

It is turning over *slightly* sluggishly, but certainly fast enough to get things going. There are not too many things more perception narrowing than the chance of being stranded in the middle of just-about-nowhere while slowly freezing to death. Luckily for me I remembered something about carbureted motorcycles at high altitudes and low temperatures. Living where I do there is never the chance for cold starts and using a choke is not a standard part of starting a motorcycle. Over the years I have trained myself to start carbureted bikes with a twist of the grip before hitting the starter. That did nothing for me here. Duh! Little lever on the side, push it down, life is good.

Getting rolling after a lengthy warm up (the bike, not me) and the road I came in on seems at least twice as rutted and whoopdeed than it did just 12 hours ago. Where the previous evening I had stood with knees gripping the tank whilst standing all loose-limbed and casual at the controls, and leisurely weaving my way across the

multitude of dips, whoops, ruts and gravel troughs, I am now foot dabbing and throttle jerky. I blame the cold. (I did remember to mention the cold?) I am living with the dread certainty that if I happen to fall I will surely shatter into thousands of frozen shards.

Gaining the highway I turn south and take it down through the Gallo Mountains on Highway 32. I am travelling all of 40mph and it feels like 90. The wind chill is somewhere between sub arctic and absolute zero (kelvin scale) The road is drop dead gorgeous although I cannot afford it all the attention I would like as I am busy making sure my fingers work and ensuring I do not hit any icy or mossy spots in the bends. Also, in this wilderness, at this time of day, all the large ruminant quadrupeds are out and about. I have seen a score of deer, and even some elk bounding across the road and away through the woods. I have hit deer before, in a car, and I do not relish the idea of getting physical with one while mounted on two wheels.

Rounding one particularly blind corner at a leisurely pace I catch some random movement out of the corner of my eye, and am already beginning a squeeze on the front stoppers when a

female elk bounds from the brush and bolts *right* into my path. Gone are all my worries about ice. I am all about getting everything I can into the brakes and even manage to slip the front tire for a scant heart-stopping second. (ABS was a feature available only on drawing-board motorcycles at the time this particular bike was manufactured) I come to a halt right where the back end of the rapidly retreating elk was just a micro-second before. She passed not more than two feet in front of me. So close that I swear I could feel the warmth of her passing. I pulled over to the side of the road for no other reason than it seemed like a better idea to be at a standstill when the imminent heart attack took hold.

Standing there trying to calm my twitching nerves and thudding heart two things occurred to me: First, I was no longer cold. Apparently a shot of adrenaline is a great way to generate some internal heat. Second, and this one I discovered as I jotted down some details of my near miss in a small journal I keep in my tank bag, the date was May 13<sup>th</sup>, 2011. And it is a Friday. Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. I think I just came within inches of being a believer.

Somewhere, a freezing eternity later, the sun rises over that bump we call the Continental Divide. This occurs as I am still creeping along through the Apache National Forest, winding my down and down out of the mountains. The solar induced temperature increase coincides with the natural warming as I drop down from the elevated heights. It is not my definition of warm yet, but each mile seems balmy than the last. Just in time too.

*OMG, am I Cold!! If I ever get warm I will never, ever complain about the heat again. Ever! Really. I will suffer the height of summer, the blasting Siroccos, The Santana Winds, and the scorching doldrums of the Earth's lowest deserts with nary a whimper if only I can be warm once again. Dear weather Gods, hear my plea!*

Highway 12 meanders through slightly flatter and more sparsely wooded forests until I reach a crossroads where it bumps into hwy 180 heading straight south, or hwy 191 reaching back north and slightly west. I have not seen another elk since the one that caused me to soil my shorts, I am beginning to get the feeling back in my fingers, and I stop long enough to flip a coin and put some food in my belly. The



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard

tossed quarter tells me to take 191. Off we go.

Yow! Fortune is smiling on me now, or that was one charmed quarter. Hwy 191 is freshly slathered in shiny, black macadam that is nothing short of penultimate traction. The road is graced with wide, sweeping turns, one leading to the next with nary a straight section between them. The surface as the sun gains momentum is dry, warm, smooth, fast, fresh, clean and sticky. It is as though the road crew just opened the road after a fresh repave. There is not another vehicle anywhere. The morning is cloud-free, windless, dry, increasingly warm and scenic in the extreme. This is what motorcycling is all about.

Along the way New Mexico yields to the state of Arizona and I catch Arizona 260 westward. Vents are now open on my jacket, the rain suit and jacket liner have long since been returned to the Krausers. I am deep into Apache land now and the roads choices are all scenic, although becoming less forested as I descend in altitude. Traffic has been so slight as to be almost absent and, while not quite rivaling the standard set by the ultra-smooth and sticky hour I spent on hwy 191 in New Mexico, the chosen roads have all offered smooth, predictable riding. Speeds through the sweepers have mainly been limited only by my own cowardice regarding Highway Patrol officers and personal injury. Hwy 260 yields to hwy 73, which leads me on to hwy 60 at Carrizo, Az. And from there I motor along toward Globe, Az.

I arrive in Globe, Az. in early afternoon. I have run out of the hinterland and smack into civilization's nether regions. It is

Friday afternoon traffic hour, and it is HOT!!! Hard to believe that just this morning I was courting hypothermia. Blasting down the highway at a rousing duck-walking first-gear speed I spy a ten-foot high, lighted sign touting the afternoon's temps between offers to sell me a new Ford F-150 at below-dealer prices. It is 105 degrees!

*OMG, am I Hot!! If I ever get cool I will never, ever complain about the cold again. Ever! Really. I will suffer the height of winter, the blasting Mistrals, The Fierce North Winds, and the arctic howling of the Earth's highest peaks with nary a whimper if only I can be cool once again. Dear weather Gods, hear my plea!*

It is not to be. The heat slowly parboils me as I crawl the 90 miles from Globe to Phoenix where I am meeting up with a couple of friends from Hawaii. Craig used to work at my dive shop, and Bridgie worked at the kayak store right next door. Young love being what it is they soon were attracted to one another and eventually returned to Craig's homeland here in Arizona. They have remained steadfast friends of mine and I have arranged to stay a couple of days with them. The anticipation of seeing them again will nearly be my undoing. I was going to pull over and gas up before I hit their house, and had turned my trip meter back to zero as I pulled into a gas station, but the prospect of shade, water, cold beer, etc...make me skip the gassing. A quick phone call to Craig to let him know I was around the corner and I hopped back on the bike while affixing a mental note-to-self to get gas

at a later time. The amount of time I have spent in the saddle of this bike has given me a good idea of its range, and I am close to hitting Reserve.

My timing, except for the brutal heat, is impeccable. Craig has just garnered a '64' VW bus and is having a BBQ the very next night to show off his new toy, drink a few beers, and spin some variations of truths. I am welcomed into the fray with a slight rock-star status, as Craig has heralded his homies with stories of his Hawaii dive shop experiences, and of his nutty ex-boss who is traveling cross-country on a 34-year-old motorcycle.

## Air Cooled Toys in the garage await maintenance

Next morning Craig, a buddy of his named Clinton, and I took advantage of the cooler hours to work on our vehicles. Me: cleaning, lubing, inspecting, adjusting, gapping and timing.

Craig and Clinton were replacing a steering box in Craig's VW so they spent most of their time underneath the van swearing, rubbing rust flakes and grit out of their eyes, barking their knuckles, and making up new variations of tied-and-true swear words.



The lovely and hospitable Bridgie

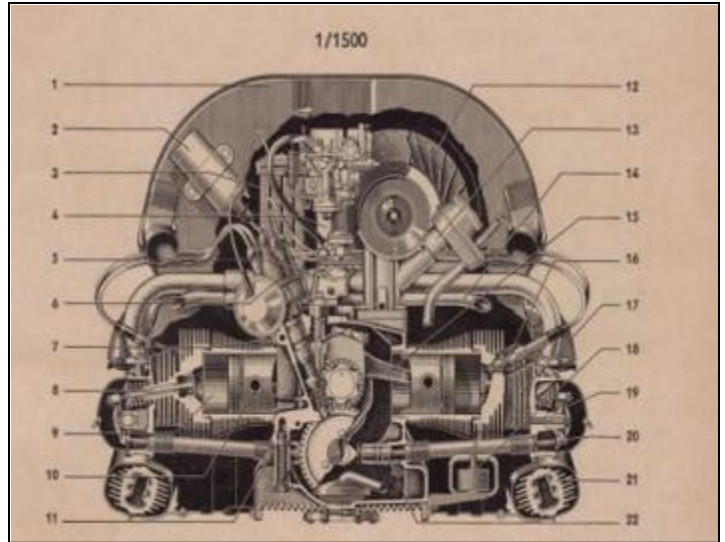


# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 7 By Bob Beard



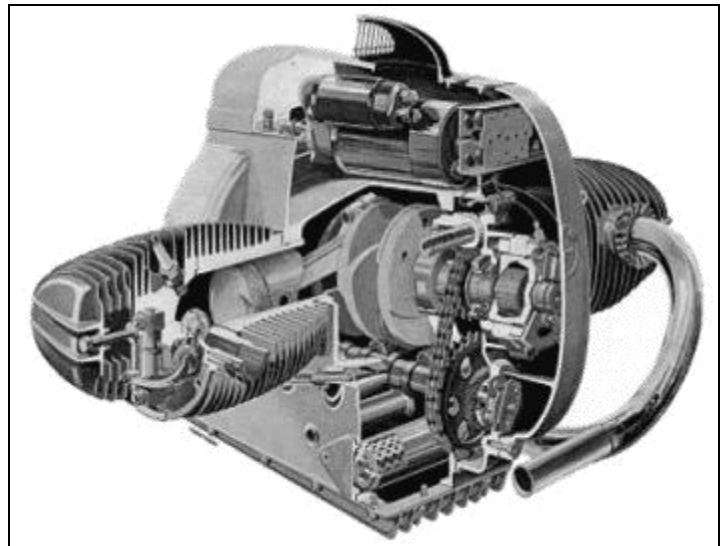
Craig gets dirty under the '64 VW van.



Air-cooled VW engine cutaway



Clinton replacing a window.



BMW Airhead cutaway view

By early afternoon the steering box was in the van, enough of the parts were installed to keep the police at bay, and it was ready for a road test. My ride was timed and tuned and washed and waxed. A short ride in the bus to gather ice and beer and the makings for fajitas was arranged, and we made it back to the casa just in time to meet and greet the first of the gathering.

The crew at the cookout are all air-cooled VW aficionados,

and this is a species I am well acquainted with, having owned a succession of vintage VW's myself.

For the most part these people are not motorcyclists, but as soon as they see the airhead's engine they become budding enthusiasts. For those of you who have never had an air-cooled VW, you should know that, more than anything, the BMW airhead engine looks like a VW engine sawed in half crosswise. Cylinders set at 180

degrees, external pushrods operating valves from a central camshaft, deep finned cylinders to catch the breeze.... the similarities are abundant. By the time several empty beers hit the recycle bin I had a dozen new friends and converts.



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



**Craig likes the Airheads!**

All good times come to an end and so it was a full two days later when I finally left my good friends in Phoenix. Remember when I mentioned my decision to abandon the idea of heading to Southern Oregon and Northern Cali? That left me with some idle time to drive and visit and sightsee. Watch and wonder at how well I adapt!

Leaving Phoenix is an exercise in city travel with all the attendant big town trends in driving lunacy. Think New Circle Drive at 8am and you have an idea of the general pace of the "relaxed" desert dweller in drive mode. All that wide-open space and heat makes 'em sketchy as rabid raccoons when behind the wheel of a car. Soon enough though, I am out of the city and back in the desert. I have vacation mode switched on, and I have spent two days not-in-the-saddle, so I do one of the things I do best while traveling: I see if I can find that road less travelled. And for those of you who have not daw-

dled in the southwest, there is more than plenty of open space and bad roads where one can get lost and injured. Just saying.

I found one such road in the form Arizona 88. This road runs opposite my eventual travel direction as it angles both north and eastward. If you can locate California and Arizona on a map you will see that I need to be heading west. No worries; I will get there.

Arizona 88 was a "shortcut" I decided to take across an already little used piece of geography. According to the map it will take me through the hills and on to Teddy Roosevelt Lake. This road had the usual "4 wheel drive vehicles recommended" signs alongside the "Flash Flood" warnings and "Road Closures Possible" postings. I was not likely to find a 7-11 along the way.

The road (such as it was) started off as a fairly smoothish piece of scraped desert winding along the sides and bottom of an arroyo. Arroyo is Spanish for "moonscape canyon created

over long periods of time by flowing water".

In time this road did indeed degrade into a gullied, water-sculpted, rock-strewn mess. The first mile or so though, was merely dusty and rippled. And this is how you get sucked into things. After a period of 4 decades and a gazillion mistakes on two wheels, I have come to the firm resolution that in just about every circumstance a two-wheel motorcycle can navigate a landscape that would make most showroom-new 4-wheel drive vehicles grovel. I am not talking bagged Harleys or Goldwings here (well, maybe the Goldwing) but just about every other permutation of non-stretched or non-cruisy-type motorcycle, with a competent rider aboard, can find its way through almost anything but

soft sand, swamp or mud. Even the sand can be negotiated. The mere fact that I am still living and breathing could (almost) be counted as proof that I am right in my assumptions.

I was about two miles onto Arizona 88, enjoying the scenery, the solitude, and the quiet, when it suddenly became very quiet; the motorcycle died. It did not die all at once, it sort of starting losing a bit of power, then acting like it was running on one cylinder...then it died. Felt more than anything like I was not getting fuel.

Hmmmm.....odometer reading 68 miles, so I have plenty of gas. I usually drive with only the right-hand petcock on so that if I hit reserve while on the road I can just reach down with the left hand and put that petcock on Reserve setting, so





# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



**Start of Arizona road 88. There are even some rocks to mark the actual roadway.**

maybe there is a problem with that right-side petcock, or the flow through line. There is no gas on the ground, and the smell of petrol is not in the air. Good signs, both. I switch the left hand petcock to On, but the bike will still not run. Not worried yet, although the knowledge that the last bit of civilization is some twenty miles behind me is tickling at the back of my mind.

I have a drink of water and ponder. Before pulling the fuel lines to make sure they are flowing I will go ahead and check the gas tank. It is a useless gesture as I have only gone 68 miles since fill-up, as the odometer will attest, but one step at a time.

Just for form's sake and to cover all bases I place both petcocks in their Reserve position, (which, incidentally, cannot possibly help) hit the starter...and the bike sputters once before it settles into the rhythmic ticking of an airhead in tune. Seems quite unlikely that *both* petcocks have malfunctioned at the same time. It is while I am unscrewing the

gas cap that I remember my abandoned gas station fill-up before I hit Craig and Bridgie's house. Uh-oh. Sure enough, a peek inside the tank confirms that I am well and truly carrying mostly air inside this gas tank. Yo! I am officially on reserve.

I keep a record of miles travelled and gas put in, so I pull out my trusty little log to see how far I might expect to travel on reserve. I should have about a gallon of fuel in the tank, maybe more or maybe less, so I will plan on less. I have been averaging 42-45 mpg, so I can reasonably expect to make 40 miles at the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> gear speeds I should be traveling at on this road. Last "town" is about 20 miles behind me, and I really cannot recall if there was anything like a gas station there.

This road connects with Teddy Roosevelt Lake about 20 miles from where I am standing, and although I cannot predict for certain that there will be a gas station at that end, it IS a good sized recreation area, so I feel pretty good about press-

ing on. If it all falls to hell I have three flashlights, 5 liters of water, and no phone reception. (I am not going to count that last item among my assets) I can certainly get myself within walking distance of salvation, and (I am not bragging here) I can walk you and your two best friends right into the ground if it comes right down to it. You cannot get me to run a step without pointing a gun at me, but I can plod for 30 miles at a stretch if I need, so I feel pretty good about the situation.

This roadway I am on soon turns into 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> gear only travel. This is a GS ready road. I could go faster, but then I would worry about my oil pan coming into contact with some unforgiving object, like planet Earth. At no point am I in danger of getting stuck, but there comes a section where the road trifurcates, splitting off in three distinct directions. When I stop and turn off the engine to ponder, the vast silence is deafening. It is a silent stillness so huge the very lack of sound seems to produce its own hum which presses in on my eardrums. Were it not for the tick-

ing of my bike as its metal parts cooled I might think I had been struck instantly deaf. No latent traffic noise, no overhead aircraft. No animal sounds, no breeze. It is a vast and empty world with one man, one motorcycle, and something less than one gallon of gas.

Three distinct branches of road lie before me. Not one of them gives the slightest indication of being the "correct" choice. The map shows a single non-maintained, dirt/gravel road through the wilderness. All three branches look equally neglected. All three branches lack any signage. It could be that they rejoin at some later time, but it could also be that the two incorrect choices lead on into the hills and gullies for an eternity.

I am now probably 28 or 30 miles from the last vestige of civilization that crossed my rearview mirrors. No matter which of these paths I take it will get me (some what) closer to Teddy Roosevelt Lake. If only I had a three sided coin to flip.

Opting for the middle road I hop back on the bike and carry



**Still near the beginning of The Road Less Travelled**



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



Shade tree along Arizona 88

on. The pace slows, as the road gets only more and more rutted, rocky, and gullied. This is really starting to feel like a bad idea. I have covered 15 miles since I got on this road, and it has only taken me about an hour and a half. I could go faster on a bicycle, and this is doing absolutely nuthin' for my gas mileage.

At long last I top a rise and spot two happy things: First is a post by the side of the road that has an actual reflector attached. Sort of like something that might be by the side of an actual road that goes somewhere. The second thing I see is a small bridge crossing a gully off in the distance. These two

harbingers of civilization make me nearly giddy with relief.

Pressing on and the road improves in small degrees. I know I am approaching salvation when I can actually shift up to 3<sup>rd</sup> gear on one long stretch. Can asphalt and a gas station be much further on?

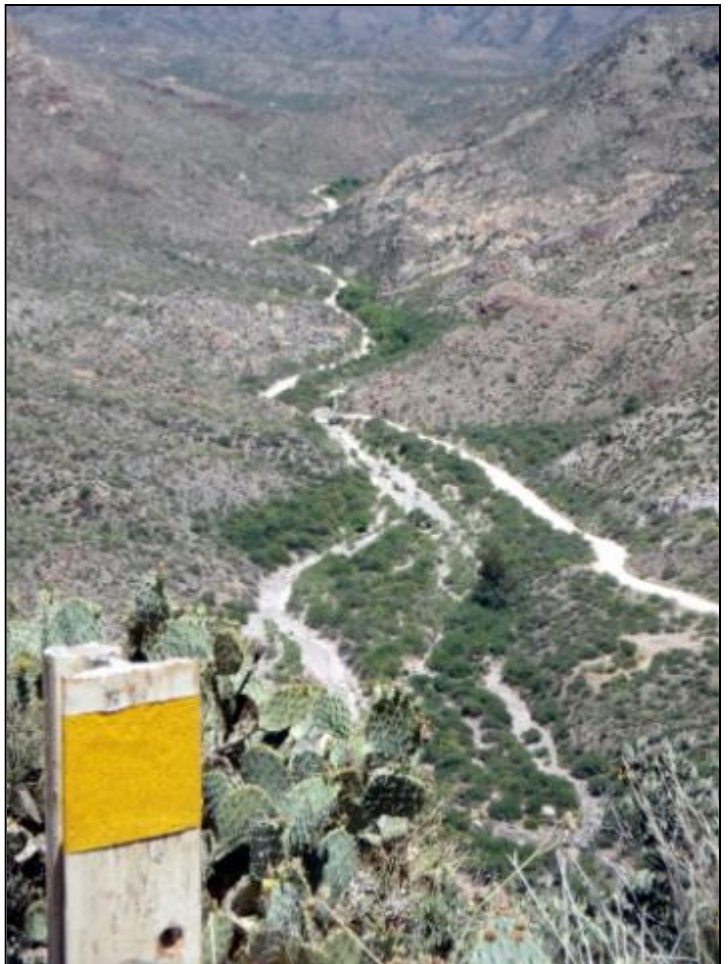
Yes, and no. Asphalt, Yes. And there is a gas station, but it is closed. Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be? Still, the roadway will be easier to walk than the gullied goat-path through Hades would have been. And it will give thieves a smoother surface to make their getaway upon once they steal everything off the motorcycle I will abandon by the roadside once it runs out of gas. Life is good.

Not only did she catch me totally unprepared, I have to admit to not having even the slightest conversational acumen regarding Baptists and petrol retail stratagem. I decline a reply to her opener. My usual store of witty repartee is curiously absent, or hiding. My attention is drawn to the faded red 5-gallon gas can snuggled next to the spare tire in the back of her jeep. A large dog of indiscriminate lineage is standing with his front paws on the gas can. This dog appears more than willing to take my arm off at the shoulder should the opportunity arise. The dog gazes

A sun battered 300-pound woman in a no-door jeep wrangler, wearing a halter top, blue shorts, engineer boots and a straw hat that looks to have been manufactured by blind gypsies in 1837 pulls up in a swirl of dust as I am pressing my face against the gritty windows of the gas station, trying, against all hope, to conjure up someone who will sell me some gas.

"Harvey don't open Sundays," she offers (hollers). "He's Baptist." See how well she sensed my plight?

don by the roadside once it runs out of gas. Life is good.



Reflector on a post AND a bridge in the distance.



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



**ALLBIKES: Payson, Arizona.....speak it with reverence.**

by a pair of motorized wheels. I speak, of course, of ALL-BIKES.

ALL-BIKES is a junkyard. It is a cemetery for two wheeled dinosaurs. It is the motorcycle equivalent of the fabled elephants' graveyard. It is nothing but acres of motorized two-wheel vehicles stacked cheek-to-cheek to the horizon.

Were it not for the fact that I had neglected to charge my camera battery before leaving Craig and Bridgie's house I think I might have camped nearby and spent the rest of the day (and maybe the next day) doing nothing but scrounging through the piles of treasures at ALLBIKES salivating on the

intently at me as though I were a half-eaten Slim Jim someone has left on the sidewalk. I probably have the same look, but I am focused on the gas can. I need gas; she has gas. This could be good.

Before I can work up the spit to ask if I could maybe buy-beg-borrow some gas the woman concludes our relationship by pointing a grubby, bracelet-bangled hand northward and stating flatly that there is a station "about 10 miles thataway." Then she is gone in a dust-flinging lurch. The dog and I are disappointed. It occurs to me that not one syllable was uttered by me during our "exchange".

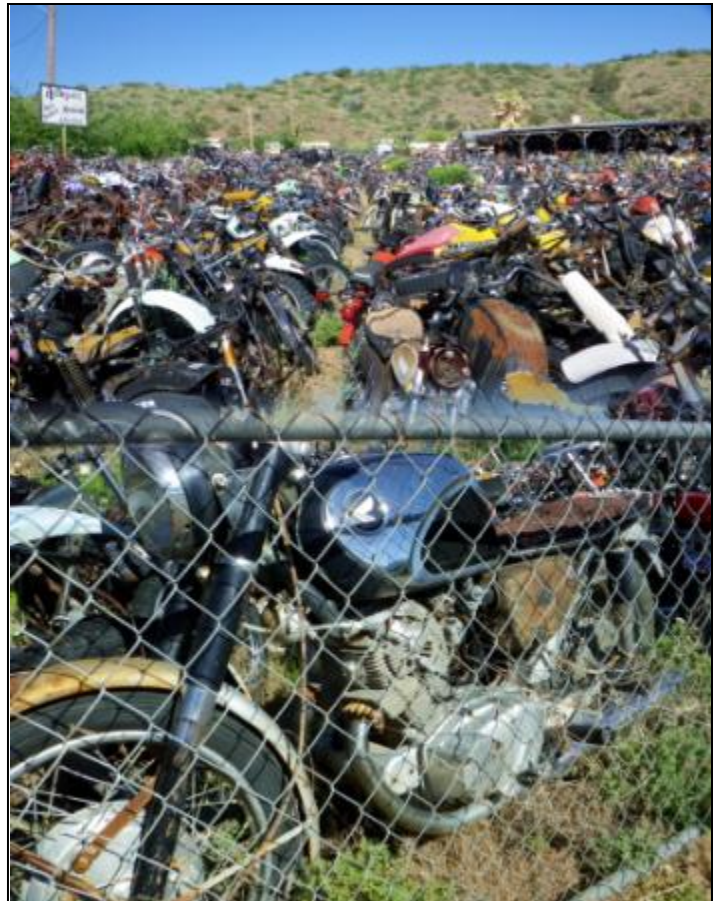
Sure enough, ten tense miles later I do indeed find a gas station. It has regular, and it has diesel. The regular is \$4.05 per gallon. If the proprietor had seen me coming he could have switched the signs to read \$15 per gallon. It would not have changed my purchase in the slightest. I put 5.37 gallons of

gas in the motorcycle. Close, eh?

With gas in the tank and water in me I am a new man. Life is rosy. I have conquered the primordial desert and found gasoline and Dr. Pepper. Hannibal could not have felt any better as he successfully conquered the Alps.

Tragedy narrowly averted and I continue motoring northward on Arizona 188. I am loosely headed toward the Oak Creek Canyon/Slide Rock area, which lies somewhat south of Flagstaff. I have no idea of how far I will make it tonight, but I am in the Tonto national Forest and you would have to be truly feeble not to be able to find a suitable tenting spot in this terrain. I will cruise along until.....well, until.

My total mileage for the day is shortened severely just south of Payson, Arizona. There, right beside the road, right out in plain sight of God and everyone, is a thing designed to snare anyone who has ever travelled



**If you have owned it, there is one here like it.  
1960 something Honda Dream**



# Go West Young Bike

(Or, How Paul's Bike Finds a New Home In Hawaii) Part 8 By Bob Beard



1975 Harley 250cc 'Enduro'.



hardware and catching photos.  
As it is I will leave you with the  
photos I do have and catch you  
next month.

*Hasta!*



Rear view of a three wheel (L), and a four wheel (R)



Front view of the Isettas. Four wheeler on the left,  
Three wheeler on the right.



## Family History (Apex Edition) By John Rice

**M**otorcycling goes deep in my history, starting in the earliest days with my progenitor, Lord Percy Gifford- Rhys of Bagg-on-Weasel in the Welsh mountains during the waning days of the Victorian era.

We were not originally from royal stock, but family legend holds that Percy resulted from an enthusiastic but ill-advised relationship between an Earl's daughter and a passing purveyor of household supplies during a long dry summer in Snowdonia.

The offspring of this union ascended to the manor in his infancy when the thirty-two members of the family in the line of inheritance tragically were killed in a single afternoon later referred to in hushed tones as "that unpleasantness at the fox hunt." Having no other direct heirs, young Percy was ensconced in the seat of power.

The old Earl had left a well-equipped workshop and laboratory, from his lifelong interest in tea kettle whistle technology, which the new Lord of the Manor began exploring as soon as he could walk.

From the beginning, Percy seemed to have an aptitude for taking things apart and occasionally getting them back together, if not always in the original order.

There were a few incidents involving missing servants and extensive cleanup, but overall his abilities progressed as he matured.

His early mechanical attempts were innovative, if not always successful. He had tried constructing a clockwork horse for use in plowing, but never could get the ears to look quite right.

When he progressed to internal combustion, his first engine design presaged the shim under bucket valve arrangement by decades. Using the state of the art technology of the time, he relied, however, on a tiny replica of an actual bucket, carved painstakingly by the young Lord's valet from birdseye maple grown there on the estate.

Using the left sided kickstart of his own invention, (adopted later for Bultaco, because Senor Bulto, for an engineer, had an odd sense of humor) Percy was spread out with his right arm on the far end of the handlebar when the valve let go under compression, driving the entire mechanism deep into his armpit.

Surgical techniques and anesthesia being what they were then, his doctors decided to leave it in place.

This did keep my ancestor from participating in the Great War, since each time he raised his arm to salute in basic training, the resulting suction from the valve created a rather flatulent sound his superiors (and there were many) found "simply ridiculous" and ordered him discharged at once.

Later efforts at engine design included flint and steel ignition (discarded because the footman with the steel just couldn't keep up with the machine at full chat) and carburetion using a modified blacksmith's bellows (rejected after the blacksmith exploded while on the suction stroke too near the flame).

As Edison later commented, these weren't failures but merely a way of finding out what didn't work.

Frame design was in its infancy as well, with Percy's maiden efforts showing his usual flair. Oak was the default material, owing to the lack of a



blacksmith for effective welding, and several potentially useful designs succumbed ultimately to woodworm infestation during the testing phase.

He first tried using both wheels on the same axle, but lacking the balance technology of the Segway (we never got the credit we deserved for that one) he had some difficulty keeping the rider upright, particularly during strong braking.

The resulting broken nose and overall flatness of his facial features would come to restrict his choice of dance partners at the village balls and fetes.

—John Rice

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**From the beginning, Percy seemed to have an aptitude for taking things apart and occasionally getting them back together, if not always in the original order. There were a few incidents involving missing servants and extensive cleanup, but overall his abilities progressed as he matured.**

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An illustration of a man and a woman riding a motorcycle through a snowy, forested landscape. The man is wearing a yellow shirt and green pants, and the woman is wearing a green shirt and white pants. They are both smiling. The background shows snow-covered trees and a small cabin.

# The KICKSTAND's Annual Polar Bear Run

**Saturday, February 25<sup>th</sup>, 2012**  
(if snow or ice on that date, ride rescheduled  
for Saturday, March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2012)

## KICKSTANDS UP AT NOON

The group will leave from the  
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The route / distance will be  
dependent upon group size  
and weather conditions.  
We'll end the ride with warm  
chili and drinks.

**\$5 per person**

(covers cost of food and drinks)

For more information or to  
confirm ride is on, phone  
859-748-KICK or e-mail  
[SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com](mailto:SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com).

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## John Rice wins free breakfast as only rider on January 28th, 30 degrees and rain



With 30 degrees and light cold rain, only one dared to ride today [January 28th]. After high anticipation for Steve Little's arrival, John reluctantly accepted his free breakfast. We are fortunate to have members like John Rice that make our Bluegrass Beemers a special group.

—Lee Thompson