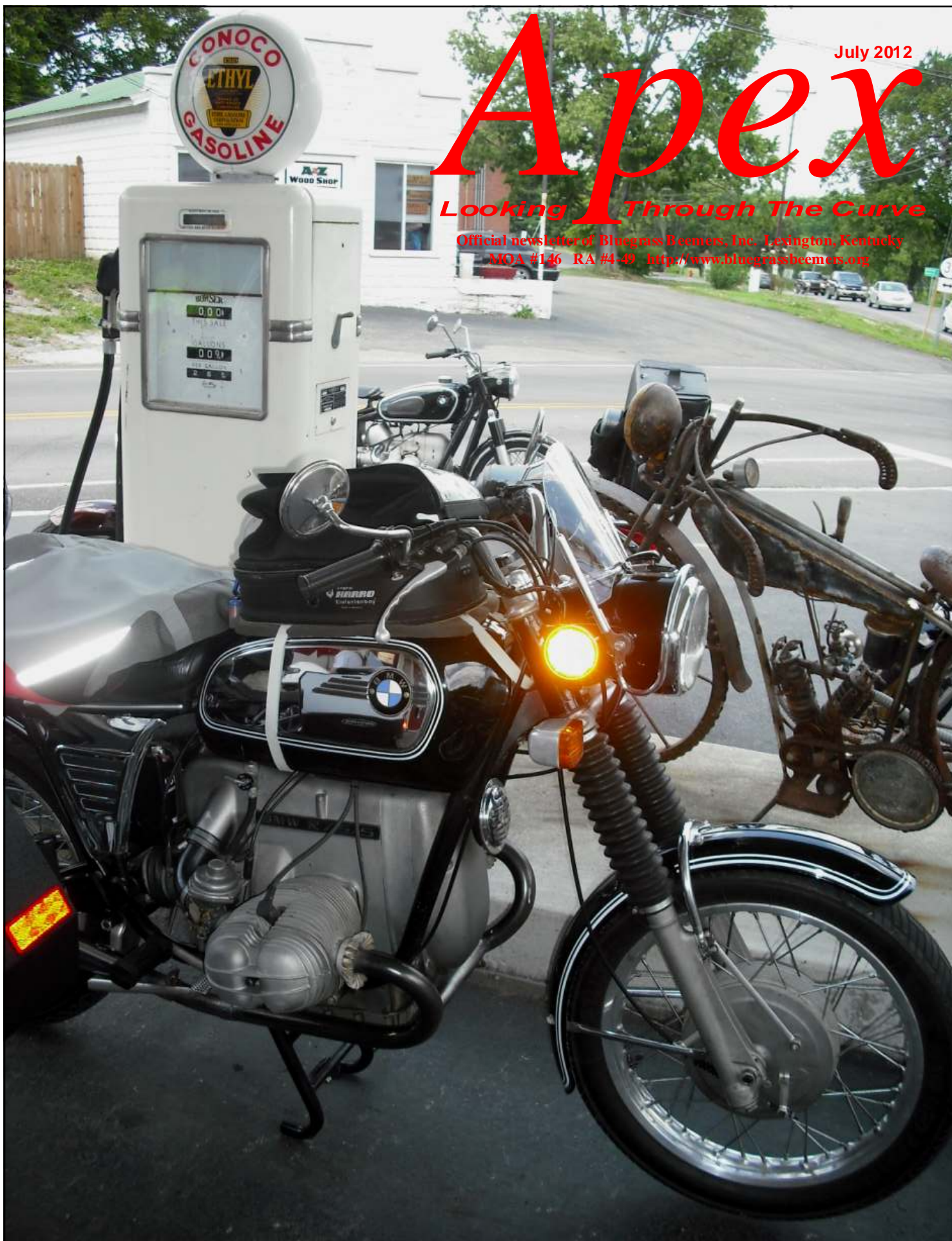


July 2012

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky  
MOA #146 RA #4-9 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>



# Café Run 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather



By John Rice

**D**awn came clear and bright@....perhaps a clichéd way to start a story, but particularly appropriate for this one, since several of the six Café Runs in the past have been plagued with rain.

This seventh edition had nothing but blue skies. There were other matters to deal with, not the least of which was a new location for the start. Our usual café had closed up shop, leaving us without a home. Fortunately, the Garden Girls Café, long one of our favorites, had come through for us.

Located in Al's Garden Center, on Winchester Road, it had the large parking lot we needed, excellent food and bike-friendly owners. An added benefit was that for the first time in four years, we wouldn't be in the middle of Winchester's Beer Cheese Festival. It's an interesting event, but it made for frustrating traffic problems getting through town to the Café.

My attention was taken the weeks before the Run by preparations for a trial, which doesn't allow consideration of anything else in my life, that was to occur the Monday following our event. Unexpectedly, the case settled just a few days before the weekend, and I was suddenly free to catch up on everything I'd put on the back burner, including this Run. Directions were printed, door prizes located from the place I'd put them so I wouldn't lose them and promptly forgot, and signs were resurrected from the deep recesses of the garage.

Jay Smythe came to the house early Saturday morning and we

made the trip to the Café to put up the signs. These things were a lot easier when the café was next door to my office. This time it required a truck. When we arrived, three riders were already there nearly two hours before the gathering time, enjoying the Garden Girls breakfast. We installed our signs, rushed back to the house for our bikes and returned to find at least fifteen bikes already in the corral Al's had set up for us.

The good weather brought out an eclectic mix of machines and people, exactly what this Café Run idea was all about. Darrell Woolums and Steve Pieratt, both AHRMA racers, came piloting two of Darrell's sidecar rigs, one powered by a 75 R90/6 and the other a Kawasaki four. Brian Perry arrived on a very nice example of the best Bonneville Triumph ever made, a Yamaha 650.

In March of this year I completed a pilgrimage to the Ace Café in London, the spiritual home of the café racer concept. While there, I picked up a few small items, a hat, a neck gaiter and some stickers, to give away to the participants of this year's event. It just seemed the right thing to do. Riders and passengers put their names on slips of paper which were shuffled in a hat at the Kickstand end of the run for my grandson Ian to pull. Paul Huber won the Ace Café hat, Jim Hodson got the neck gaiter, Matt Gafney the large sticker and Tim Adkins (who came all the way from Ashland for this Run and took photos), Brian Perry and others got the rest.

As always, Ray and Lynn Montgomery at The Kickstand proved to be excellent hosts for the end of the Run, with Lynn

personally making sure that the Village Café across the road had ample pie supplies for sweet-toothed riders. Lynn and Ray had plenty of cold water on hand and their usual stock of high-quality stuff you might not know you needed until you saw it. Having shredded a mesh jacket recently, I purchased a Hi-Viz yellow replacement at the Kickstand so that when I make my next slide along the pavement, everyone can see me as I go down.

The last count indicated that we had 38 bikes and a few of those (including the sidecars) had passengers, putting the attendance at somewhere north of 40. Not the most we've had, but far from the least (one frog-strangler rainy day yielded a total of 15 a few years ago) so the new starting location must have worked out fairly well.

—JR

**"The last count indicated that we had 38 bikes and a few of those (including the sidecars) had passengers, putting the attendance at somewhere north of 40. Not the most we've had, but far from the least (one frog-strangler rainy day yielded a total of 15 a few years ago) so the new starting location must have worked out fairly well."**

**—John Rice**



## ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



Steve Pieratt piloted the BMW sidecar being checked out by Jay Smyth. Darrell Woolum rode the Kawasaki sidecar rig. Both Darrell and Steve are AHRMA racers.



## ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



Two of the Triumph club members at the Village Café.



Steve Little's bike





# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



Tim Adkins' wife, Kim,  
in sidecar.



## ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



**W**e enjoyed the new setting for the Café Run with good food, excellent conversation and beautiful machines under a perfect spring sky.

Following fellowship at Gar-

den Girls, riders departed in small groups on a number of different routes to The Kickstand in Burgin for lunch, another great venue.

Once again, John Rice provided the perfect motorcyclist's Saturday, this year influenced by his recent visit to The iconic

Ace Café in London, from which he acquired door prizes for attendees in Burgin.

Thanks, John, for another great event!

Check out the images.

—PE





# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**





# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



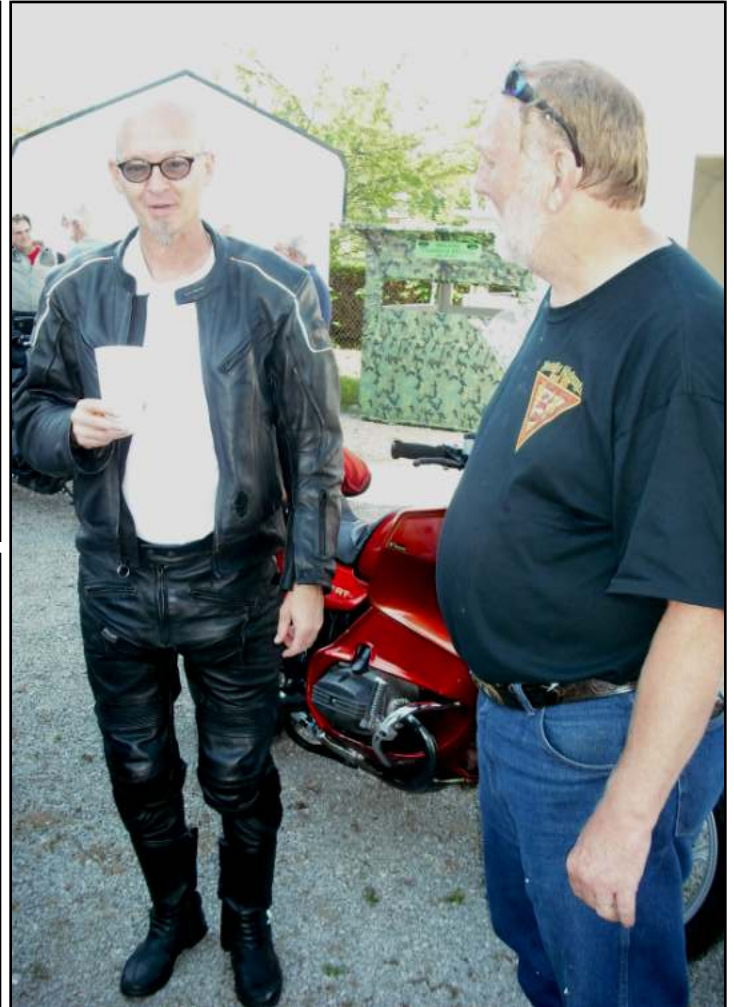


# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**





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# *Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather





# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**



John Rice's grandson, Ian, assisted with the drawings, items provided by John from his visit to the Ace Café in London, England.



# ***Café Run* 2012 embraced by riders and fair weather**





# Four days, 1000 miles, or a tale of Dragons, snakes, devils and rain

By Roy Rowlett



**O**n Saturday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, I set out on a 4 day ride with my friend Doug Swiggett.

We left from breakfast at Frisch's around 8:30. Our destination for the day was Tazewell Virginia. There is a new event in Tazewell and Marion Virginia called "The Back of the Dragon." The road is highway 16 from Tazewell to Marion, and it is 32 miles of great twisty roads.

Doug and I headed up the Mountain Parkway towards Salyersville. It was a great day for a ride, temperatures in the high 60's and clear. We stopped at Jenny Wiley State park for a bit of lunch, then proceeded on towards Tazewell. If you like good home-style cooking, you should give it a try the next time you're in the area.

We then proceeded to Hwy 460 which would take us all the way to Tazewell. The weather was still cooperating and the ride was wonderful. There was one disconcerting moment after we crossed into Virginia however. Doug and I were motoring along in total bliss when we were suddenly jolted by a massive blast from a diesel train's horn. We had both neglected to notice we were riding along parallel to the train tracks, about 100 feet to our right.

We arrived in Tazewell at approximately 3:00 pm. My friend Erskin Clinton had graciously reserved an extra room for Doug and I. We unpacked then proceeded to downtown Tazewell to check out the festivities. The town had blocked off 2 blocks of Main Street for motorcycles only.



Jenny Wiley State Park Lodge



Two blocks of Main Street, downtown Tazewell, VA, was blocked off for motorcycles only.



Not sure what this old fellow was doing, but he sure looked the part of an old settler.

After the festivities, Doug and I asked a local for a recommendation for supper. He told us of Big Daddies Family Restaurant, and gave us directions to it. We had a wonderful buffet supper in this quaint, read SMALL, establishment. The place was packed with locals, which gave us reassurance about the food and service. Both were excellent.

Sunday morning broke with partly cloudy skies and 60's temperatures. We had our free continental breakfast at the motel, and then packed up for our ride across the "Back of the Dragon." Doug had promised his wife Norma he would bring back lots of good pictures of our trip, so when we hit the twisty parts of this ride we pulled off at the first overlook on our right.



# Four days, 1000 miles, or a tale of Dragons, snakes, devils and rain

By Roy Rowlett



Our next destination was Boone, North Carolina. We rode along till we picked up Highway 421 to Boone. After a stop for lunch we proceeded to the Blue Ridge Parkway via Blowing Rock. We had only gone about one mile on the Blue Ridge when the rains came again. We stopped at the first overlook and suited up in our rain gear again.



**A relaxing smoke and a rocker at our motel in Maggie Valley.**

The rain continued for several miles along our route, but the ride was pleasant and uneventful for the most part. We got off the parkway just before Little Switzerland and rode most of the "Diamondback", which is Hwy 226 and 226-A, up to Little Switzerland. We were fortunate that there was no more rain on this trip.

Re entering the Blue Ridge, we proceeded on towards Asheville, North Carolina. We then picked up Hwy 240 West and headed for Maggie Valley. I usually don't like to ride the super slabs on this kind of trip, but we were tired and ready to reach our destination for the day.

Monday morning was another beautiful day. Very few clouds and weather in the mid 60's.

We got our breakfast at the motel, and then proceeded to "The Wheels Thru Time" museum in Maggie Valley. If

you've never been there, it's a must see for any motorcycle and car enthusiast.

We spent about an hour taking pictures and conversing with one of the proprietors. The motorcycles consist of mainly American made marques, but any enthusiast would love this place.

We left Maggie Valley and proceeded west towards Deal's Gap. We arrived at the resort around 12:00 noon and had a bite of lunch. After taking a few pictures of the parking lot and "Tree of Shame" we started our westward assault on the "Tail of the Dragon"



We took a few pictures and as we were getting ready to mount up, the rain started. We put on our rain gear and proceeded on the route. The road was excellent, with lots of twisty turns and good road surface. Despite the rain and lower riding speeds, we thoroughly enjoyed

the ride. We stopped just past midpoint on the route at Hungry Mother State park for some more pictures and a smoke break.

The rain has subsided by this time and the rest of the ride was more relaxed and enjoyable.



## Four days, 1000 miles, or a tale of Dragons, snakes, devils and rain

By Roy Rowlett



**This picture is at the entrance to the Wheels Through Time Museum. This little white car is a home made vehicle that was featured on "American Pickers." They purchased the vehicle then took it straight to Dave at the museum. He concluded the engine was an early Indian four-cylinder engine and promptly bought it from them and got it running.**

The crowd was light that Monday so we were confident we wouldn't be competing with a lot of traffic on the dragon. We were only passed two times on our ride, once by a go-faster on a crotch rocket and once by some nut on a Gold wing. The Tennessee state troopers were out in force so the riders were a bit more subdued.

With no rain, cooler temperatures and light traffic, we thoroughly enjoyed the dragon. Our next destination, "The Devils Triangle" was in our sights.

Proceeding northwest through Lenoir City and Oak Ridge we got to Oliver Springs around 2:00 pm. We headed northeast on Highway 330 then picked up 116. Here's an excerpt from their site:

**"The Devils Triangle**, just north of Oak Ridge (TN) in the mountains of the Cumberland Plateau, is made up of some of the most unusual two-lane twisty roads in eastern Tennessee. The adventure ranges from the bucolic rural Tennessee scenery to a view of Brushy Mountain State Prison; from

gentle country road sweepers to gnarly steep switchbacks; from serene straights to Dragon like twisties with guard rails of

death; from gentle pull-offs to three foot deep rock strewn gullies just inches from the pavement; from peaceful farmsteads to sections of rutted roadway right out of a horror movie."

Believe me, they are NOT exaggerating in the least. There are 1<sup>st</sup> gear, 10mph switchbacks that take all your attention and skill to navigate. There are more twisty curves than you can count, and some beautiful scenery to add to the adventure. Two hours after getting on 116 we arrived back at Highway 62, the end of the Triangle adventure.



**"Tree of Shame" at Deal's Gap Resort.**



# Four days, 1000 miles, or a tale of Dragons, snakes, devils and rain

By Roy Rowlett



Parking lot at Deal's Gap

Below is a satellite view of two of the three switchbacks.





## Four days, 1000 miles, or a tale of Dragons, snakes, devils and rain

By Roy Rowlett



**Taking a break at the overlook near the end of our westward trek.**

We proceeded on north on 62 till we reached 127 north. Following 127 north we turned West on 90 to Burkesville Kentucky.

We checked into the Riverside Lodge around 8:00 pm. Weary but elated with our day's riding, we were ready for a

good night's sleep. Tuesday morning we packed up and went to Jones Restaurant for breakfast before starting home.

We followed 61 and 55 north to Lebanon where we picked up US 68 east. After a lunch stop in Burgin and a visit with Lynn at The Kickstand, we continued

on 33 and 68 to Lexington. I pulled into my driveway with 998.9 miles showing on the trip meter.

I highly recommend this trip to anyone who has never experienced the Back of the Dragon and the Devil's Triangle. If you like the twisty roads

and beautiful scenery, I assure you that you won't be disappointed.

—RR



# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery



**A**s part of my return adventure to Alaska, I was in the market for a motorcycle that would offset the additional 17 years that have been added to my out-of-shape body and dulling senses since my last trip into the wild.

I settled on the Yamaha Super Tenere after I had the opportunity to ride the demo bike that Mitch had as well as many hours of reading all the comparisons and talking to anyone

that had experience with both the GS and the S10.

Part of this adventure was going to be the process of evaluating the many accessories I wanted to add to the S10. I am pretty happy with the bike as it has turned out. I do plan to install additional lighting on the bike but have not yet decided what that will be. Meanwhile this trip will be a good test for the motorcycle and the accessories that I have chosen.

So, beginning at the top of the Yamaha Super Tenere and working down then front to

back, I'll describe all the farkle's. I guess it's OK to use that word when talking about a non-BMW.

**Windshield: V-Stream N20305 Sport/Touring Light Tint.**  
**Adjustable windshield mounting bracket: MadStad MAD.S10CR**

The design of this windshield does a very effective job of pushing air out to the sides and providing a turbulence free pocket for the rider. When



coupled with the MadStad mounting bracket it is a very effective combination for any riding condition. One additional benefit of the MadStad



# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery



## Mirror Mounts: SW Motech SVL.00.504.101 30mm Wider.

Hooray! For the first time ever when I look into my mirrors I don't see my shoulders and get full view of what's behind me. Money well spent!

## Handlebar Risers: ROX Risers RO02-1-2003

Since I tend to keep my motorcycles many years and I am not the average size guy, it's important to adjust the ergonomics of the riding position to fit me. The stock position of the Tenere fit me very well, therefore I only needed a little lift on the bars to attain the riding position I was looking for.

I found ROX Risers and liked the design aspects of being able to not only raise the bars but the ability to rotate them front and back. I did have to install 2" extended brake and clutch lines to get the bars where





# Outfitting the Moose

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I needed them to be. ROX Risers are great.

## Mascot: Tractor Supply – MOOSE

Lynn says all our motorcycles must have a name. So after looking at this bike for a period of time it dawned on me that it looked like a moose and since I bought it to take me to Alaska, the name fit. Therefore this motorcycle has been declared “Moose”. Well a couple of weeks later I was in Tractor Supply and saw this toy moose and the rest is history. The mounting is by two-part epoxy. (yes I can still remove the master cylinder cap)

## Tank Bag: Bags Connection BC.TRS.00.003.8000

## Quick Connect Tank Ring: Bags Connection Electrification Ring TRE.110 - Yamaha 5 bolt.

The tank bag is made to fit the contour of the gas tank and is expandable from 17 to 25 Liter, although I can’t imagine ever needing that much space. There are no inside compartments which if you just stick items in the bag they seem to get lost so I have bought some zip pockets to help compartmentalize the inside. I really like the electrical connection to the bag for charging my phone and the quick connect feature to remove the bag for re-fueling is great.





# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery

## Headlight Protector:

### Yamaha 23P-H4105-00-10

During my first trip to Alaska, I learned about the best business enterprise along the Alcan Highway...Windshield & Headlight Replacement, so I knew this was a must. The Yamaha headlight protector is a great product, well designed and is easy to install and clean without tools. The only issue with this part is it's not DOT approved and therefore not supposed to be sold by US dealers. Don't tell anyone but I purchased mine from a dealer in Canada.

## Side Wind Deflectors:

### Yamaha 23P-F83M0-V0-00

The side wind deflectors are the only other Yamaha accessory that I installed. Can't say if they work or not, I haven't had them off the bike but they get good press.



## Engine Guards: Alt Rider SU10-2-1000

When researching engine guards I had two requirements. First, protection for the sides of the Tenere since the radiator is under the left front side cover and the battery and all the electrical components are under the right side cover. Secondly, must be able to remove the side covers without removing the engine guards. Alt Rider a new company in Seattle, WA had just what I was looking for. Alt Rider has deep passion for the adventure riding market. They are riders with engineering skills, developing really nice products.





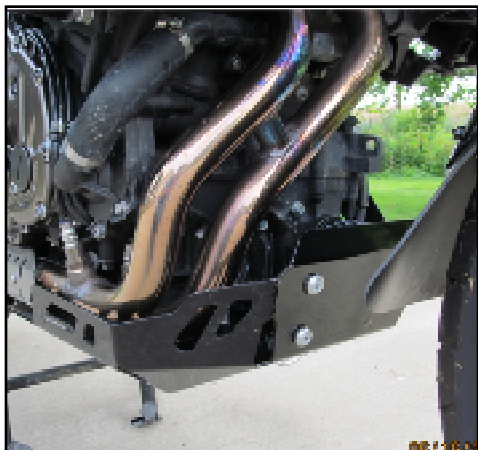
# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery

## Skid Plate: SW Motech

MSS.06.150.10000.S

This unit is constructed of 3mm-thick aluminum for heavy-duty, light-weight protection. This unit includes side protectors that wrap around the engine to provide both bottom and side protection. The mounting system of this skid plate helps to distribute the force of an impact over a larger area. Also designed into this skid plate are rubber dampeners in key locations that further distribute the load. Best of all there was no cutting or drilling required. Oil changes will be a bit of a pain but I think the added protection will be worth it.



## Side Stand Foot: Alt Rider SU10-0-1101

The side stand foot is a common sense purchase especially if you're going to be parking on soft ground with a month's worth of gear on the bike. I have never had to dismount a motorcycle by standing

on the foot pegs and swinging my leg over the gear while on the side stand. So I wanted a side stand foot as large as possible, this unit does it. Meanwhile I'll continue to work on my dismount technique.



# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery

## Misc Guards:

Alt Rider – Rear Brake Master Cylinder Guard SU10-2-1100

Alt Rider – Universal Joint Guard SU10-2-1108

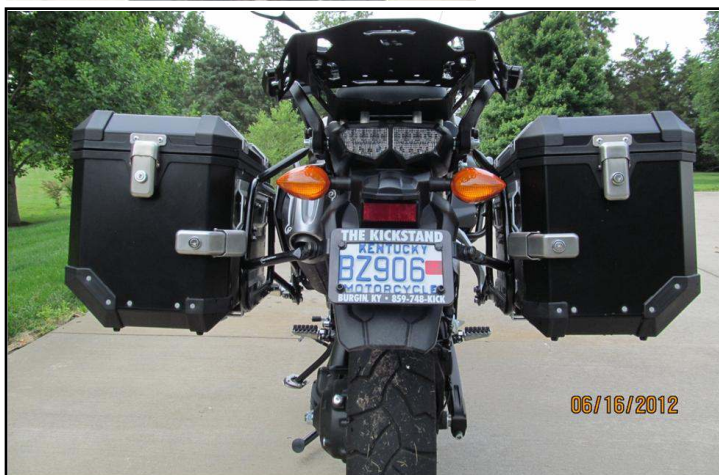
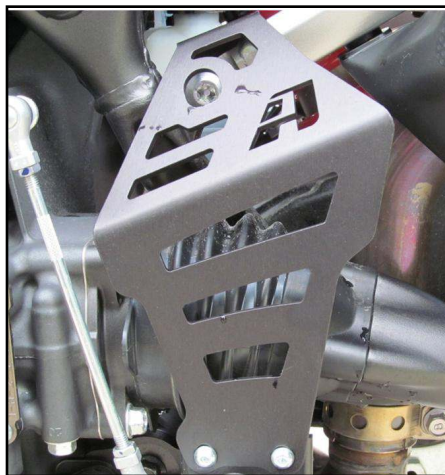
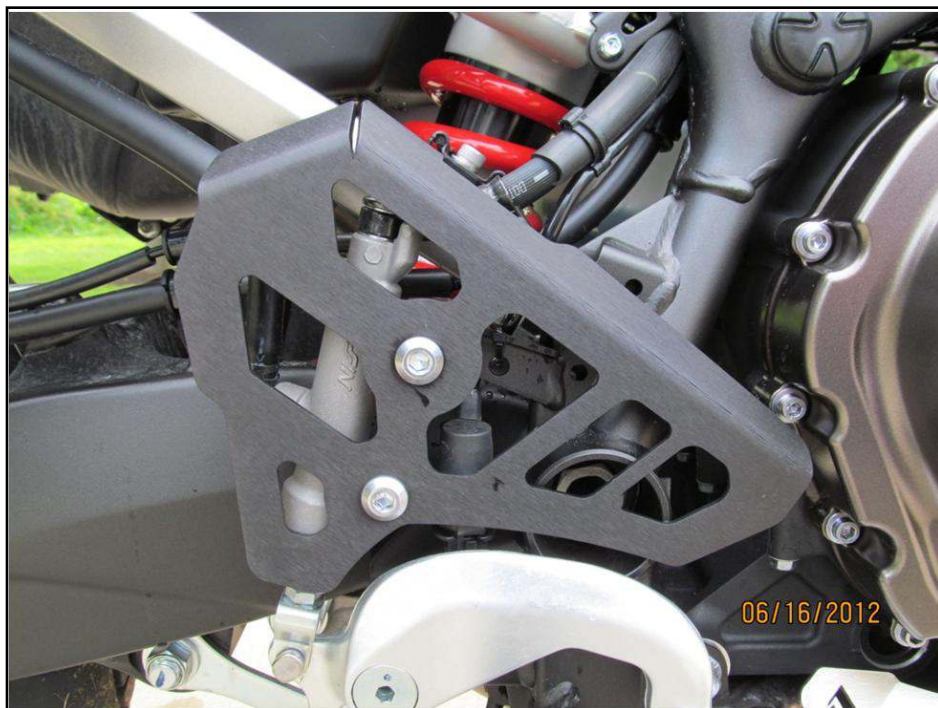
Alt Rider – Heat Shield SU10-0-1109

These items replaced the stock guards and covers which were probably OK. I just liked the industrious look. Maybe it's a guy thing!

## Panniers:

TraX ALU BOX 45 Liter  
ALK.EVO.45RD.B

The TraX ALU-BOX EVO by SW-MOTECH are reasonably priced high quality panniers. The mounting system is very rigid, well engineered and was a breeze to install. A single lock set is available for all latches and comes keyed alike. These panniers are 45 liter and also include a Dry Bag liner which is great.





# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery



## Luggage Rack: Alt Rider SU10-2-4000

The Alt Rider luggage rack I purchased was the final piece I installed on the motorcycle. This unit is about 4 inches longer and 5 inches wider than the stock unit and has a multitude of possible attachment points. As with all the Alt Rider products this is a quality piece and I am very happy with the added functionality it provides.





# Outfitting the Moose

Words and photos by Raymond Montgomery



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# 'Water to Sky,' offered by Rebecca Ruschell in memory of her father, Boone Sutherland

Randolph Scott on May 26th conducted a Boone Sutherland memorial ride to remember Boone and to raise money for God's Pantry.

Below is a poem that I love that makes me think of Daddy. Like this poem and "Song of Myself," which we both loved, I look for his spirit in the world around me. He is always with us.

—Rebecca Ruschell

## Water to Sky By Melanie Carter

For seven days a common hummingbird  
has trimmed the air outside my window.  
Hardly more than a green seed it glides f  
from pane to pane presenting its fine throat-  
a fragment so soaked through with red I think  
it must have swallowed the hook God dangles  
into this uncertain sea. Is it wrong to say God?  
Because when this bird moves, its wings pluck  
the invisible line it is suspended from,  
and the diphthong note that quivers through the air  
sounds like a fiddle string gone out of tune  
with all the distance between here and there.  
My father must be playing this creature,  
This stunning bloodstone, caught and reeling.

## \$750 raised for God's Pantry Food Bank



June 19, 2012

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Lisa Smith  
Charles E. Ward  
Wayne Winkley

Dear Mr. Scott and Friends at Bluegrass Beemers:

"Nothing is more honorable than a grateful heart." —Seneca, Roman philosopher

We at God's Pantry Food Bank are very fortunate to have a good number of like-minded individuals who support our mission to reduce hunger in Kentucky. However, it is even more humbling when individuals choose to make a gift in honor of a special person or occasion, or in the name of a loved one who has passed away. Thank you for your recent memorial gift of \$750.00 from The Dr. Boone Sutherland Memorial run. Quarterly we acknowledge those who have been honored or memorialized on our website, [www.godspantry.org](http://www.godspantry.org). Go to the About Us tab and click on Our Supporters to view the Honor and Memorial gifts list.

God's Pantry Food Bank puts the funds we receive to use in a variety of carefully planned ways. Our primary function is serving as the food bank to 50 counties in Central and Eastern Kentucky. We reach low-income residents of those counties through partnerships with more than 275 agencies that operate pantries, soup kitchens, child care centers, and other similar facilities. In addition to food bank operations, God's Pantry sponsors several Kids Cafe sites, participates in the Backpack program for children, and the Commodity Supplemental Food Program for low-income senior citizens, plus other efforts to reach anyone in our service area who is hungry.

Thank you for your generosity.  
Sincerely,

Susie Basham  
Development Coordinator

Thank you for  
all your support!  
(11)

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

FEEDING  
AMERICA







## Last Blast

**R**ejoice one and all; this is the last installment of the cross-country trip!

My mission, not merely that of piloting an old motorcycle across thousands of miles of North America, through some of the most impromptu, vicious and unseasonable weather seen on this land mass, but also to put the experience down in words so the rest of you can enjoy the misery, is nearly at an end. Almost. Just a few more paragraphs and photos to wade through; you can do it! Persist if you must. Persevere, won't you? Grow some spine and finish this damned thing with me!

If you will recall, the last station was in Joshua Tree National, a sparse, spare and beautiful campsite, to be sure. I awoke to shady gray skies and a riffing breeze tainted with the smell of imminent rain.

The desert has a special rain smell. It is not the slightly sharp and dusty aroma of drizzle evaporating off of hot macadam that you get in an urban setting, and it is not that decayed undergrowth rising to meet the air ambiance that a more rural setting might inspire. Not the cut grass and alfalfa with an undertone of nitrated-soil of farmlands aroma from cultivated fauna either. This was the dry and dusty sage smell of plants unused to being wetted. This was deep gullies and barren rock tasting their first drink in

# Go West Young Bike Part 11 By Robert Beard



months and responding with an exhalation of stored, desiccated funk. This was hindered life, suffering under a dry sky and brutalizing daily sun kicking off the shackles of slumber with enough energy to shout out to the heavens. This was rain in the desert and it rode the wind.

There are two ways out of Joshua Tree. I could go north, back toward 29 Palms, or I could meander south and pass through the lower part of Joshua Tree. Well, I was about a third of the way in, and if I backtracked I would be retracing a path I had already been over. I hate to backtrack. Onward, I say.

The road was fairly well paved, but still neglected enough so that I never got too blasé about blasting into any corners I could not see around. Then too I was inside a National Park, and they do have restrictions. The roadway remained fairly well empty of anyone but myself. Nice. Vistas were wide and varying, as the road wound in and about various bluffs, canyons and scenic areas. But about eight miles along I rounded a bluff and saw

a solid wall of rain passing several miles ahead of me.

Hmmmmmm.....I do not like rain. It is wet. It makes me cold. So, I backtracked, retracing a path I had already been over. Damn! I hate to backtrack.

And, wouldn't you know it, just about the time I got to the point where I was very nearly within shouting distance of that morning's starting point, I rounded a bluff and saw a solid wall of rain passing several miles ahead of me. This Déjà vu stuff is highly overrated.

Boxed in as I was I still had a choice to make. Having already spent nearly the last hour going just about nowhere, I retraced my path, and when I once again reached that point where I had originally turned back it was still raining out in front of me, but I could see blue skies pushing in behind the rain. If I had merely stayed where I was when I had first sighted rain, it seemed that the rain would have passed both south and north of me without ever actually landing on me. I liked that theory, it still seemed feasible, so I stayed put to see if

it would hold water. (Sorry, Couldn't resist the pun )

I whiled away the time wandering around through some Choalla infested areas, collecting spines, threatening the sanctity of my ankles, otherwise endangering myself, etc.... Luckily for me it was probably too chilly for any rattlesnakes to be lying around where I could startle them.

With the passing of the rain I motored south toward Salton Sea. There is a road, SR 111, which winds along the eastern side of the Salton Sea that is depicted, somewhat optimistically, as a scenic route. Now I do not know how a road goes about getting labeled as a "Scenic Route", but I think there may have been some creative lobbying by the local Chamber of Commerce on this one.

SR 111, is a drab, desolate, dreary, dusty, dirt-encrusted delineation of dysfunctional blacktop. The scenery is devoid of delight, destitute in terms of endearing qualities, desiccated to an alarming degree and plainly depressing. The 'sights' are a raised train track on the one side, and a grayish-brown puddle on the other. The road is nearly arrow straight, unsullied by even casual curves. Gulls, shopping carts, tumbleweeds, blown trash, and parking lots with RV hookups occupy the 'scenery'. If you have a chance to give it a pass, please feel free to do so at my behest. If you have to drive 500 miles out of your way to miss it, you should do that too. Really. I suppose things may get better in the high summer season when the temperatures are plus 100 degrees each and every day, but I cannot imagine that waves of shimmering heat would improve the landscape or overall



# Go West Young Bike Part 11 By Robert Beard



**The Overview of Lake Elsinore**

ambience in any appreciable manner.

Finally, FINALLY, FINALLY gaining free of the Salton Sea area I turned my front wheel west across the remaining desert. Distant hills shimmered in the rising heat of the flattened landscape, but something more than a shimmer was going on. There seemed to be an inordinate amount of dust, or smoke, or some kind of haze ahead. Another ten minutes of motoring brought the answer to me; I met it headlong actually. It was windborne dust from a 25 mph headwind. Really? C'mon, has there not been quite enough weather stupidity for one trip? Apparently not, as the closer I came to the various hills comprising the Cleveland National Forest the fiercer became the winds. Not until I was beginning to rise from the desert floor and into the no-longer-distant hills did the winds abate, and they did this by turning into flurries of fog-shrouded mist and lowering temperatures.

By the time I reached the hill nattered town of Anza somewhere along the way everything was grey-hued and dripping

with moisture. The Spanish-speaking proprietor of a small gas station/mini mart told me that he had never seen such a cold and dreary day at this time of year, and he had lived here 28 years. Well, aren't I the lucky one? Maybe I should buy a lottery ticket.

Still, The hills and valleys of Southern California, if you are away from the more populated areas, are a delight. One can immediately see why cross country travelers arriving here back when California was an exotic destination would have been dumbfounded with the beauty, variety and lushness of the area.

Taking my usual course, that of the less-traveled road way, I wandered fitfully toward my last campsite destination at Lake Elsinore, California.

Here is a factoid for you: In 1973 Honda named its CR250M Elsinore—the first motorcycle designed by Honda for the dirt rather than a modified street bike—after the Elsinore GP race venue.

But even beyond that some things to know about Lake Elsinore is that, despite its rather squared-off appearance, and shallow overall depth, it is not

man-made. Lake Elsinore is the largest natural freshwater lake in Southern California, and was largely overlooked until as late as the mid 1800's.

It is no longer overlooked. It is a burgeoning destination for both homeowners and vacationers. Still, at a 2010 census of just over 50,000 people it is not too terribly populated.

My plan was to camp here in the hills above Elsinore, and then once I felt the oncoming of morning, I would make my last rural saunter over Ortega Highway and down to the coast, and then on up to my mom's house in LA county via the coast road. If you ride motorcycles and read magazine articles you have heard about Ortega highway, you just might not know it yet. Among other things it is home of the Lookout Road-House, a Saturday morning bike riders hangout from who-knows-when, and the sometimes haunt of such celebs as Jay Lenno. (Check the link, below) [http://www.letsgoseeit.com/index/county/rvr/lake\\_elsinore/loc01/lookout.htm](http://www.letsgoseeit.com/index/county/rvr/lake_elsinore/loc01/lookout.htm)

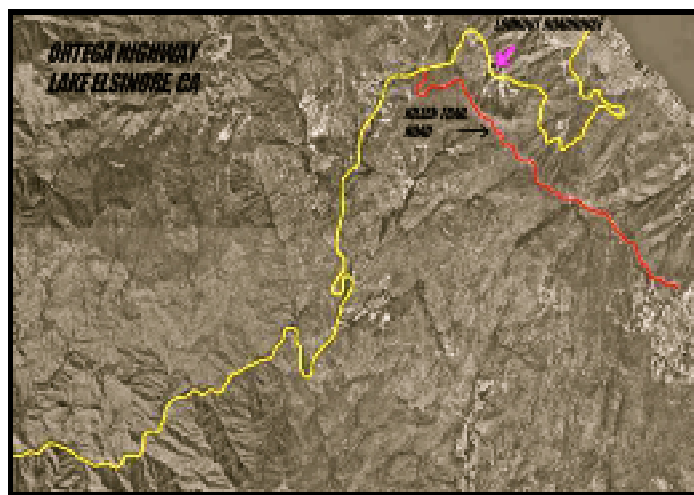
Another fun factoid of interest concerning Ortega Highway is that there are mucho vehicle

collisions, and deaths, along this twisty stretch of asphalt. It is in Southern California where there is no obvious shortage of year round sunshine or (apparently) free time and disposable income. This combines all the ingredients for a stew of people with new toys who have both time and opportunity to use them. Just about any week-end of the year will result in some squid with three months motorcycling experience finding out that his R1 is somewhat faster than his skill level, with the obvious results.

The Lake Elsinore campground is situated about 1500 vertical feet above the lake itself and the various campsites offer views of either the lake or the unpopulated valleys in the hills on the other side of a ridge. I opted for the view of more nature and less housing.

A golden evening sunset quickly turned into a mist and fog shrouded night. Just 15-20 minutes after the sun sank into the west the air cooled and the mist formed into a thick, wet blanket. That would be my cue to retire.

In the morning all was still, grey and wet. I had put the fly



**Ortega highway: Follow that little Yellow Line**



# Go West Young Bike Part 11 By Robert Beard



**The Last Campsite as the fog moves in**

on the tent, so that and the motorcycle seat were the only wet items I had to contend with.

Packed up and ready to slip over Ortega Highway I made a last minute decision to head back down toward Elsinore and grab my last on-the-road breakfast from a small Mexican Food café at the edge of town. Hand made tortillas, huevos, chilis, hot & spicy rice....ummmm. I leisured extravagantly as I extended what I knew would be my last morning on the road.

Later in the day I would be arriving at my mom's house. I would spend the next day cleaning and servicing the bike, and then ride it down to San Diego to the Pasha shipping offices from where it would be placed on a ship bound for Hawaii.

Full with breakfast I headed back up into the hills to pick up the Ortega highway to the coast *and it was closed!* Unbeknownst to me there was some planned highway maintenance

from 8am to 3pm. I was 10 minutes too late. Seriously? I asked the bored looking road-crew-guy why there was not some sort of signage indicating the closure and he said there was. I backed down the road about 300 yards to where the sign was 'displayed'. Well, yes, there it was: a big 4' x 4' orange sign propped up facing the oncoming road just as he had said. Too bad a large grader was parked directly in front of it.

Completely hosed out of my plan so I just bit the bullet and did that one thing I HATE to do on a motorcycle trip.....took a major highway to mom's house.

Hi mom.

Next morning I wash and wax and clean and lube and gap and adjust and then on back down to San Diego to PASHA to ship the bike.

Just as an aside here: PASHA does a fantastic job of shipping the motorcycles to the islands.

Each bike is rolled onto its own little PASHA built steel pallet and lashed down securely at four points. Then each skid is individually lifted into a specially built container (10 skids per container) and the container is sealed for the overseas journey. What this means is that your bike is not going to come into contact with dust, salt spray, grubby human fingers or falling/shifting items.

I took some documentation photos of the bike and wished it well on its sea-bound voyage. It would arrive on island about 10 days after I did, and then all I would have to do is pick it up and begin the subtle nightmare of navigating the Hawaiian system (or non-system) to register an old motorcycle.



**On the dock and ready to go to Hawaii**



**Fog-Shrouded SoCal Hills Greet the Morning Sun Near Lake Elsinore**



## Diana supervises the tire change on the GS.





# Anatomy of an accident

By Ron Blackburn

## The Event

**I**t was not a dark and stormy night. It was a beautiful, bright and sunny day, about 11 AM, with the temperature approaching about 70 degrees, the kind of day motorcyclists dream about.

It was May 18, 2012. John Barnes, myself, and John Keeling, in that order, were on our way to the Burkesville European Rally. We had left Frankfort after a late breakfast and on Hwy 62 southwest of Lawrenceburg, nearing the intersection with Hwy 127. Barnes was on his Aprilia, me on my '87 R80RT, and Keeling on his FLHTXYZABC HD. Being confident in Barnes' navigation, I could not have been caring less about where we were. I had no clue we were in the vicinity of Hwy 127. Didn't I say it was a great day for riding?

The last curve (right hand) immediately preceding the intersection with Hwy 127 had an elevation change of maybe 30 feet down, then up. It also turned relatively sharply, slightly more than 90 degrees, but nothing otherwise too unusual. I went into it with my usual emphasis on pushing on the right grip, but still drifted over the yellow somewhat. That is not too unusual for me on Kentucky roads, but always noting if there is any oncoming traffic (there wasn't). Coming out of it, I pressed some more on the right grip to get back into my lane and also applying some throttle, especially since I was going uphill. As I am now approaching the normal eleva-

tion, I glance straight ahead and see Barnes stopped or stopping at an uncomfortably short distance ahead. It was going to be embarrassing if I came to a sudden halt ahead of (I think I could have missed him) or beside Barnes, so I forgot to get the bike vertical and immediately got on the binders.

As advertised, what happened next was so sudden and violent that I did not even have time to think or say "Oh, Sh--!". But, strangely, I instinctively knew that I had grabbed the front brake too quickly, the front end had flopped to the right, and I was having an unplanned dismount. I guess I might have been going about 30-35 mph at the time. All I recall seeing is moving visions of sky and pavement. As I was becoming stationary, I was facing towards Barnes and noticed the R80RT on its left side, sliding past Barnes' left side and making that horrible "swwwwaaaassssh" sound you sometimes hear at racetracks when a rider lays one down near you. I have no idea how the bike went from its right side to its left side.

I wished we had stepped off some distances, but did not. Anyway, a guess is that the bike slid maybe 50-75 feet and into the first northbound lane of Hwy 127 (which is four lanes there). No cars there at that instant, fortunately.

I never lost consciousness and was completely aware of what was going on, mostly including a good-looking gal (why didn't I get her name?) over me, supposedly with some medical background, and another younger gal, maybe 16. I try once to raise the chin of my modular helmet, but they think

I am trying to take the helmet off in disregard of the sticker I had on top "Danger. Do Not Remove Helmet". Finally, I persuade them to let me raise the chin bar while waiting for the Anderson County EMTs and Sheriff. I do not know who called them, but it did not take long.

As I was remarking to someone (Barnes and/or Keeling) while lying on the pavement, that I had locked up the front brake, the young 16 year old said, "Sir, I don't mean to be disrespectful or anything, but my grandpa has said 'Don't use that front brake. It'll kill you'." Just what I needed to hear! I guess she might have been right if only she had modified it with "Don't use that front brake, in a jerky manner, and if the bike is leaning". I had preached that many times to students in the MSF courses I had conducted as an Instructor/RiderCoach ("wwssshhhh", which is the sound of an ego deflating).

## Damage Assessment

The EMTs showed up and checked me out for broken collar bone, arm, etc. I told them only my right rib cage was a little sore, but did not seem serious. My cheap summer-mesh jacket (First Racing) was torn some, mostly on the inside of the left arm and the interior right lining (don't think I had it fully zipped). My cheap Wal-Mart bluejeans (no riding pants) were torn and I had some road rash on both knees, like I used to get as a little kid from falling off my tricycle. The helmet had some serious scraping, mostly on the visor, which I usually keep




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**As I was remarking to someone (Barnes and/or Keeling) while lying on the pavement, that I had locked up the front brake, the young 16 year old said, "Sir, I don't mean to be disrespectful or anything, but my grandpa has said 'Don't use that front brake. It'll kill you'."**

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# Anatomy of an accident By Ron Blackburn

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**When we got to Russell Springs (maybe 70 miles from Lawrenceburg), my right shoulder was beginning to ache, like after riding a 600-mile day.**

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about half way up as a sun shield. I wear polycarbonate bifocals to keep foreign objects out of my eyes. The EMT's made me sign a waiver in lieu of going to the hospital. Surprisingly, they did not want to see my Medicare card (I am 72), saying that such service was free. The Sheriff's Deputies checked my insurance and registration, with no complaints.

Both valve covers and both side bags were badly scraped, but not worn through. My tent on the rear also suffered some scraping, with some small holes that will need repair. The camping gear load on the rear might have been a contributing, but not causal, factor. A moment diagram will show that any portion of the load back of the rear axle will have some effect on reducing the front-end downward force, especially if

accelerating uphill. At least I had the gear strapped down sufficiently that none of it came loose during the final slide, which is unusual for me.

The left mirror was broken off, but that has already been easily fixed with JB Weld and black paint.

The worst damage to fix will probably be the left hand grip. Heaters were installed and some bare copper wire shows through on the scraped end; I don't dare turn on the heated grip switch.

## Onward

Since Barnes and Keeling had picked up the bike and got it to the side of the road, we cranked it up. The left side smoked and then eventually cleared up. With the bike running reasonably good, I elected to proceed towards Burkesville. The ab-

sence of a left mirror was now a source of irritation, causing me to do a lot of head turning. Also, occasionally the engine would not go back to normal idle. I suspect a carburetor mounting hose was jiggled loose and subject to intermittent leakage.

When we got to Russell Springs (maybe 70 miles from Lawrenceburg), my right shoulder was beginning to ache, like after riding a 600-mile day. Also, I believe I was getting a low glucose condition, having Type II diabetes, which seemed to clear after Barnes and Keeling got me a sandwich and Pepsi. Keeling also had some Neosporin and that was applied liberally to my road rash. After laying on the floor of a mini-market for about a half-hour, I decided to back out of the trip and have my brother-in-law come and get me in my pickup and trailer.

The only way Barnes and Keeling would leave and go on to Burkesville was my suggestion to get me to the Russell County Hospital where I would wait for the brother-in-law. A local good Samaritan (Michael Simpson, the only name I got from the kind strangers who had helped me thus far) took me about one mile to the local hospital while Barnes and Keeling shuttled the bike there. I did not feel any need to go to the emergency room, so I simply went to the lobby and talked to the volunteers there. The brother-in-law picked me up about 7:30 PM and we were back home about 10:30 PM; I even rode the bike into the trailer and kind of helped strap it down because I really wasn't feeling too much pain.





# Anatomy of an accident

By Ron Blackburn

## Tires/Brakes

The front tire was a Michelin Macadam 50, manufactured in the 41<sup>st</sup> week of 2007 (Code 4107). The rear tire was a Dunlop 491 Elite II, manufactured in the 23<sup>rd</sup> week of 2005 (Code 2305). Neither had been exposed to much direct sunlight and the tread depth was still pretty good, compared to some questionable tires I have ridden on in the past.

I asked if perhaps there was some sand at the location where the front wheel went out. There was not, only two rubber skid marks (about one foot to the right of the yellow line), maybe two feet long each, and almost in line with each other, separated by maybe a length equal to the distance between the tires. As I am now preparing to repair the damages here at the end of June, I noticed a distinct scuff mark on the front tire about 8 inches long and only about 1 inch from the rim and not on the tread pattern at all. There was also a similar noticeable scuff on the rear tire, but it was further out, on the edge of the tread portion. Subsequent riding to Russell Springs was mostly on straight and level roads, so I doubt if the scuffs occurred then or during the trailer loading.

I had inflated the tires to 36 psi front and 40 psi rear the previous night. When I checked the front tire on June 28, it was 32 psi. So, I am not sure if the front tire had briefly folded off the rim or not. But, it is, in retrospect, kind of assuring to know that the rear brake had maybe been applied, as it should have been in a panic stop. To be honest, I am sometimes guilty of being partial to use of the front brake only.

The rear brake on that R80RT has an issue I will look into further, which is one reason I might be partial to using only the front brake. The same evening I was applying tire pressure, I screwed in the rear brake adjustment nut about three full turns to give less travel for the pedal. During the early miles of the trip, I tried applying only the rear brake and was less than satisfied yet with the nut adjustment, noting less-than-desired braking even when depressing the pedal as far as my foot would allow. I have had better rear braking on a /5. This bike has grooved linings on the shoes, supposedly being from a GS. Originally, they made a squawking sound, but that went away after some use. Now, I am not sure about the effectiveness of the shoes.

## The Followup

The rib cage became progressively worse through Saturday and Sunday. By Monday morning, when I felt the ER would be more efficient, I was very willing to go to Harrison County Memorial Hospital in Cynthia. There I was X-rayed and diagnosed with 4 broken (not just cracked) ribs. Also, a large bruise was clearly showing from my hip up my right side. More Neosporin and bandages on the road rash on my knees.

The prescribed care was to have an intimate relationship with a La-Z-Boy for about the next three or four weeks. For a while, it really hurt when I sneezed, blew my nose, or had a belly laugh. Stool softener was a godsend. That basically did the trick and I am now capable of hoeing the garden, mowing the lawn, and other sweat-producing activities.

## What If

Having plenty of time in a La-Z-Boy, one can do much conjecturing.

For instance, what if I had been on my '94 K100LT with ABS? Maybe not, but it would have been a hotter ride that day. Who knows?

Also, this was my fourth "unplanned get-off" and all involved my movement to the right. However, in two of them I was barely moving; in one I was hit by a Chevy pickup from the right rear as I was slowly pulling off the road. The other time involved a takeoff uphill, with an immediate, necessary, tight right turn, resulting in dropping the bike on my sneaker-clad ankle.

The third episode, in California about one hour from Death Valley, might have been a little more similar to this one, except I do not recall any braking, which might have been the problem. In going around a curve at about 50 mph, the violence was very similar to the most recent episode, except I am pretty sure some unconsciousness was involved. I have attributed that to having my toes pointed extremely downward on the peg (seat on a borrowed bike was not a good fit) and going into a pretty good lean angle. The result was 13 screws in the right ankle. However, in retrospect, I now wonder if I might have touched the front brake, laying the bike even further over and snagging my toes.

I have often held the opinion, and even expressed it to the MSF students, that any accident, incident, or close call experienced by a motorcyclist will be the fault of the motorcyclist. However, I add the caveat

to never admit any fault to a law enforcement officer or insurance representative (including your own). You don't have to lie, just never volunteer information; their training is supposed to allow them to reach independent facts. Since neither are involved here, you can see where I have freely admitted to fault in this case.

So, will I ride again? The better question is "Will my wife let me ride again?". She is now saying yes and I am about ready to go.

Hoping to see you down the road, and not down on the road.

—RB



# Funny thing happened today By Tom Weber

## Funny thing happened today.

After breakfast I went on a short ride and on the way to the car show, I stopped at Earnie's in downtown Spears.

Earnie's went through renovations recently; now it's called Sew Chic, They can do fancy embroidery from a picture. Anyway, Earnie was there and asked do I know, I believe his name is David Volk, who lives across the street? H has two BMWs, 1988 and a 1991, so Earnie promptly escorts me across the road and introduces me, except, David already knew me.

He gets the monthly newsletter. He said he gets a real kick

out of me riding 40-50 miles to work when I live about miles away. I was floored! I've never met him, and yet when Earnie asked if I wanted to look at David's BMW bikes, David responded immediately, "Are you Tom, Tom Weber?"

So you only imagine my shock, he says he sees me riding all the time. A couple of weeks ago we passed in opposite directions on Tate's Creek when I was coming back the long way and we waved at each other. I didn't realize people actually paid much attention to what I wrote. I guess I'm dead wrong.

—TW



David Volk's BMWs in Spears. He reads Apex!

## Why I ride Photos by Tom Weber





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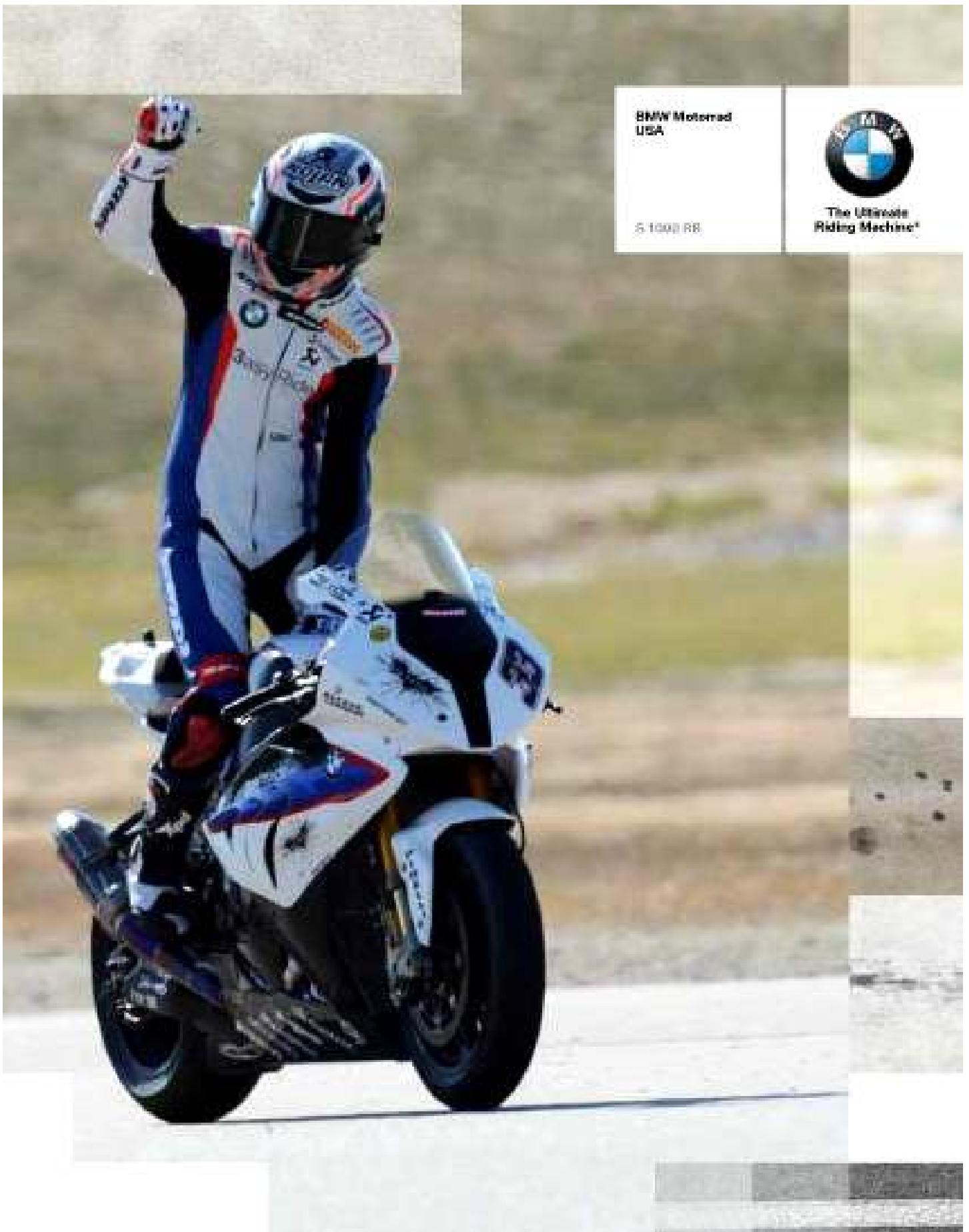
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## ***Saturday* @ Frisch's 7-9 am**



Meet Karen and Steve Strong (to the right of Dave McCord) from Cape Girardeau, Missouri. They were in Kentucky visiting family and decided to stop by to say hello to Bluegrass Beemers. Steve had read about us in *BMW ON*, and he knew he could count on some fellow BMW riders being at Frisch's on Saturday morning. Also as he anticipated, their visit was recorded in the club Log by Dave. Steve, who rides an 1150RT, works part time as a motorcycle transporter for Grass Roots BMW.

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**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.**