

November 2012

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Photo of Little Switzerland, NC by John Rice

## Roark joins senior riders in Taiwan to celebrate Grandriders

TAICHUNG, TAIWAN—A group of senior U.S. motorcycle enthusiasts set off on a weeklong Taiwan road trip Oct. 16, inspired by the story of elderly Taiwan bikers who made a round-island journey five years ago.

The American team includes five riders over 65, with an average age of 72, plus five younger members. They set off from the central city of Taichung en route to Alishan, Sun Moon Lake, Hualien, Yilan and Taipei City.

The group is led by Peter Starr, a *Motorcyclist* magazine editor and Discovery Channel producer, who first heard about Taiwan's senior citizen bikers when he came across a short film on their 13-day journey posted online. The popular

documentary "Go Grandriders" later gave more detail about the trip.

Starr was deeply moved by the story of the 17 seniors averaging more than 81 years old. He therefore decided to visit Taiwan last year, at the invitation of the Tourism Bureau, to interview them for an article that was later published in *Motorcyclist*.

Amazed by the natural beauty of Taiwan and encouraged by the way the elderly riders defied their advanced years to pursue a dream, Starr decided to form a group of U.S. contingent to follow in their footsteps. Some members of the original group will join up with the U.S. motorcyclists for part of the tour.



The road trip was organized by the Taichung City Hongdao Senior Citizens Welfare Foundation, which also sponsored the Grandriders journey. (SB-THN)

*Taiwan Today*



***Apex* is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.  
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #4-49**

**Paul Elwyn, Editor [paul.elwyn@gmail.com](mailto: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.**



# Lowell Roark featured in Winchester Sun

## Cruising Taiwan: Local biker Lowell Roark selected by Grandriders for tour of island

By Rachel Gilliam


*The Winchester Sun*

2:14 p.m. EDT,

October 31, 2012

**D**uring the past 30 years, Winchester resident Lowell Roark has logged 350,000 miles, traveling all across the United States and Canada on motorcycle.

Earlier this month, however, his travels took him a bit farther afield.

Roark read about a motorcycle group in **Taiwan** known as the Grandriders and started doing more [research](#) . He was eventually selected as one of 10 Americans to visit Taiwan and ride with the group. "I enjoyed it immensely. I never dreamed I would be able to do something like that," Roark said.

The Grandriders are a group of motorcycle enthusiasts, all at least 60 years old, who annually organize a motorcycle trip around the perimeter of the island of Taiwan. The trip is supported by the Handao Senior Citizens Welfare Foundation, which is dedicated to helping the elderly achieve their dreams.

Director Peter Starr learned about the annual trip and decided to accompany them in 2011, so he could produce a documentary about the group and the event. In 2012, Starr and the Handao Foundation arranged for the 10 Americans,



**Lowell Roark signs autographs in Taiwan.**

also at least 60 years old, to participate.

"We were like ambassadors from the U.S. to them, and they treated us royally," Roark said. The riders were all provided with new SYM scooters for the 8-day trip, courtesy of the Handao Foundation and the JT Tobacco International Taiwan Corporation.

After first reading about the trip in American Motorcyclist Magazine, Roark knew he wanted to be part of it, so he decided to contact Starr.

"We communicated back and forth. ... Out of those that contacted him, I don't know how many, I got to go," Roark said. Riders were selected from across the country, with Roark as the only representative from Kentucky. He received an all-expenses-paid trip courtesy of the Handao Foundation.

Prior to his travels, Roark said he didn't understand the scope of the trip. The Grandrid-

ers have become celebrities in Taiwan, and anyone accompanying them becomes a celebrity, as well. Roark said he was routinely asked to autograph photos and T-shirts, and the riders received extensive media coverage.

"This was a major, major production," Roark said. Highlights from the trip included watching the sun come up over Jade Mountain and seeing the Sun Moon Lake. Because the Handao Foundation is dedicated to improving the lives of the elderly, the trip included a visit to a Taiwanese nursing home. Roark said he was impressed with the "friendly, respectful" people of Taiwan, particularly their regard for the elderly.

"They revere the elderly people in the Asian countries," Roark said.

Locally, Roark is involved with the Bluegrass Beemers Motorcycle Club and the Man

'O War Harley Owners Group. He owns three motorcycles, which he enjoys maintaining.

"I've always been very mechanical," Roark said. "I started out on bicycles when I was real little. Two wheels gets in your blood. There's nothing you can do but to satisfy it."

Plans are already underway for the 2013 Grandriders tour, and Roark said he will have the opportunity to return if he chooses. He said he would like to spend more time at each of the landmarks he visited during his first trip.

"I'm not ready to go back tomorrow, but I might be next year," Roark said.



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



Meet David Berry with his 2012 K1600GTL.



A group of riders from the Harrodsburg area joined us for breakfast at the invitation of Raymond Montgomery. Attending breakfast and leading a larger contingent on a dual-sport ride later in the day was Mark Edwards (left above) of Lee's Suzuki, Yamaha, Kawasaki of Harrodsburg, on the 2012 Suzuki V-Strom 650.



Last month I incorrectly identified the man in the red suspenders as Matt Gafney, but Kelly Ramsey advises that this man is not Matt, but Sam Booth of Athens, Ohio. Hey, Sam looks like Matt, doesn't he?



Photo by Tom Weber



## Sugar Creek Pike, path less taken



Visit this site for the Sugar Creek Pike MAP: <https://maps.google.com/maps/ms?ps=2&hl=en&ie=UTF8&oe=UTF8&msa=0&msid=200606067256989096039.0004cd0e79007b421c8c4>

**T**hese pictures were taken on Sugar Creek Pike in Southern Jessamine Co. about a quarter mile after the pavement disappeared, then 40 foot of gravel, then, just semi flat rocks.

I wouldn't drive a four wheel drive down that path. Yes, that's a wooden bridge with holes in it. No, the bike did not cross that con-founded bridge, but I did.

It took all my strength to make it back to civilization. I will be sore for a couple days.

Maybe I just need to ride more - not. I rode 60 miles that morning on the "long way to the office."

—Tom Weber





# Go west Old Man, Redux Part 4

Words and photos by John Rice



## WESTERN TRIP, PART THE LAST (THE RUBY SLIPPERS TOUR)

*When last we saw our wandering motorcyclist, he was sitting at a sidewalk café, overeating as usual*

**I'd been aiming for Hood River, just across the river in Oregon, a very nice town for an overnight visit.**

I've been there before with Brenda and Jay and knew that I wanted a return. There was a delightfully old (and cheap) motel overlooking the river, just out of town, but unfortunately, the young couple ahead of me got the last of its half-dozen rooms. I found another about two blocks up the road.

Dinner tonight was at 3 Rivers Grill, out on the high deck overlooking the Columbia and in the distance, Mt. Adams, with Mt. Hood rising behind me. The food is superb, the locally made beer (brewed by Double Mountain Brewery, two blocks from the restaurant) was an India Red Ale, deliciously hoppy, and the desert a chocolate ganache cake with raspberry sauce. Life is very good. I was too full to go straight back to the room, so I walked around the hilly town, finding my way to a city park high above the river where a free old-time-rock-and-roll concert was going on. Old folks my age were doing their best 60's era dance moves on the grass next to children who were gyrating more to the beat if without the same connection to the music. I watched without participating. My dance moves weren't all that good when I and that music were young and age and arthri-



Concert in Hood River, Oregon

tis haven't improved them any so I spared the crowd that display.

I conducted some office business on Friday morning then got out of Hood River, heading north across the metal-grated bridge (always an interesting experience with the strong side winds from the Columbia River) over to Washington. Rt. 142 took me up into the Klickitat River valley, through the Yakima reservation and over the mountains to the high plains. Rt. 97 then leads me through the central valley, up to Yakima Canyon, a 21 mile set of curves following the Yakima River. No doubt which tribe this area once belonged to. The river flows sparkling through this valley and today is populated by tubes and rafts bearing

young people making the best of these last few days of summer vacation. There are enough such crafts down there to form a traffic jam at some of the shallow spots. I can't see it from up here, but I'm sure beer is being consumed, fueling grand plans for the future. Relatively early in the afternoon I decide that rooms may be getting scarce in such a vacation spot, so I pull into the town of Cashmere to check on availability. As I enter the town, I learn that this is the home of "Aplets & Cotlets" a fruit-based candy that used to be Brenda's favorite several years ago, and also the home of the "It's Always 5 O'Clock Somewhere" distillery. It's a pretty little town with a downtown area sort of historically

preserved, so this is where I'll stay tonight. I pick the Village Inn, a small old-style motel within the downtown area and walk back into town to explore. The distillery has set up a tasting room in an old warehouse downtown that's been converted into shops, "The Mission District" it's called, so I drop by and sample the various offerings. I have to say that none of them will replace Kentucky Bourbon on my tippling list, but they were pretty good for what they were. I tried some locally made frozen yogurt at another shop where a young man noticed my "Norton" t-shirt and asked me if I rode motorcycles. He informed me that he had a small one, a Kawasaki 750. When I opined that a 750 was more than ade-

## Go west Old Man, Redux

quate for just about any motorcycling use, he gave me "the look" as one would do with someone who obviously doesn't know what they're talking about and is too far gone to understand.

August 11, 2012: Left Cashmere, WA this morning and headed north again up 97. The road is gently curving, rising somewhat above the riverbed and then falling back down to it. Everything here is keyed to the Columbia River which comes right up to the edge of the road and railroad bed. With the solid rock mountains and cliff faces just a short distance away on either side of the river, it occurs to me just how tenuous a hold we humans have on the short flat space between the two. The river, as is the case for moving water everywhere, constantly is trying to take a bit more of the bank as it flows against it. The mountains aren't yielding, at least not easily and thus the restrictions we must live with. All along this valley are groves of apple trees, nearly as constant as the corn in the lower states. I can see the apples, still green, on the trees waiting for another month or so before harvest.

By mid-afternoon I'm passing through Oroville, WA and headed into the Canadian border. There I meet a Canadian motorcyclist waiting in line and he tells me that this is festival season in the area and rooms may be difficult to come by. I make it to the window and the pleasant young woman in uniform asks me all the usual questions about firearms and alcohol. When I answer in the negative, she gets into friendly chat mode, asking me if I'm not concerned about running into trouble, or bears. She's trying

to see if I'll give a different sort of answer. I don't, so she asks me when I was in Canada last.

When I tell her I think it was about 15 or so years ago, she fills out a yellow sheet and tells me to take it inside with my passport. There I'm told to sit on a bench while they conduct a quick background check, which must have been OK, since I'm on my way again in 10 minutes. I go immediately to the information center on the Canadian side where I ask the attendant to check on room availability in the next few towns. She tells me that there aren't any in the nearest one ("the Peach Festival" is on, you see) but finds one available in Kelowna. Though I hate to book ahead, I take it.

The ride up to Kelowna is unremarkable, until I begin to see Lake Okanagan. At first I thought it was a river, but soon realized that I was looking at an enormous lake between the highway and the mountains, at times a half mile or more wide. There was development all along the shore, beaches and little resorts, with lots of boats large and small plying the waters. I followed it all the way to Kelowna, about 50 miles and then learned the next day that it continues on for 80 miles in all. Imagine a single lake stretching from the east side of Lexington to the Ohio River at Louisville.

Out early on the 12th, for lack of anything keeping me in the commercial strip of Kelowna. When the lake finally petered out above Vernon, I crossed a long old-style iron bridge and began heading due west again. The mountains are getting more severe, with high rock bluffs and a few curves thrown in just for variety.



Lake Okanagan, BC

I stopped in Kamloops BC to have coffee and a snack at a little coffee shop in the downtown. The name of this town always conjured in me an image of the Wild West, probably from old western movies. In those the hero had just come down from Kamloops or the bad guys had fled up to there, making it, even in the wide open old west, a place that was considered to be remote and wild. Today it's a large city, a commercial river port and railroad hub, but the high steep cliffs on either side of the river still give it a frontier sort of look. I'm neither hero or villain and certainly not a cowboy of any sort, but I'm very happy to be here.

From Kamloops, I pick up Canada 5 to go due north toward Jasper. This is a long, lonesome road in that there are very few settlements along the way, but crowded with traffic because it's the only road that goes this way in this part of British Columbia. Gas stations are few, but very busy. I see lots of motorcycles, mostly big V twins but the occasional BMW or Ducati Multistrada, but nearly all are heading south. I stop at a rest area called the "Wire Cache" and a marker tells the story. In the early days

of communication, an American telegraph company (the predecessor to the one that has my phone service now, I believe) planned to string a telegraph cable across Canada as part of a scheme to connect North America with Europe. They cached miles of wire in various locations across these inhospitable mountains in readiness to begin construction. Then Cyrus Fields laid the trans-Atlantic cable to accomplish the same thing and overnight, the telegraph across Canada scheme was obsolete. The company left a lot of the caches in place as too expensive to recover.

About 4 PM, I reach my stopping point for the evening in Valmont, BC. The village consists of about a half-dozen motels, one open restaurant and farther down Main Street, a hardware store. There were two gas stations, but something big had hit the pumps of one, closing it down for repair, leaving the other one very popular. As I come in to "town", there is a line of trucks and cars backed up onto the highway, waiting to get in. I spot an empty pump that no car can get to because of the line of vehicles blocking its access, and slip the bike in for its fill-up. I may have con-



## Go west Old Man, Redux

verted some of those waiting to the idea of motorcycles....or perhaps to the idea of murdering an opportunistic motorcyclist. It takes me about 30 minutes to walk the entire village of Valmount, so it's then to the only open restaurant and back to the motel to do laundry.

Can there be too many mountains? too much of a good thing? My friend Gary who has bicycled this route tells me that he felt sorry for the people rushing by in and on motor powered machines who would arrive at their destinations so quickly, while he could savor the splendor in which he was immersed for much longer.

The settlers who came up these valleys by horseback and on foot, the natives who lived here in what we now consider to be primitive conditions, didn't they see them in a different frame? I whiz by at 62 mph and after a while, it's all a blur, a constant background of tall and wide open and massive and rugged and green and brown and blue and white. Perhaps it takes living here, staying in one spot, to appreciate fully. I suppose the same could be said for anywhere, but what we humans, or at least some of us, usually want to do is move.

I have enjoyed this trip by myself for such a long time. I've been blessed in the past with excellent riding companions on the non-solo trips I've taken (and one not-so-good one, but it wasn't anyone you know) and I know that many aspects of any journey are enhanced by sharing with another person. I have traveled solo for long weekends

or perhaps as much as a week, but this is the first extended excursion with just my own company. I do like setting my own schedule, my own priorities for what to see and not see, where to go and when. There are advantages to having a good riding companion and some advantages to having none.

In Jasper BC, I'm struck by the European feel of the city, even down to the "facilities" in the local public washrooms. The bakeries, the shops, the storefronts, all seem like ones separated from the US by an ocean, not an artificial line on a map. On the streets are many travelers of all sorts, hikers, bicyclists and motorcycles. There are motor homes as well, including the small "Wickivans" (ordinary minivans converted to campers) like those we saw in NZ. I wonder why these don't catch on in the lower 48. There was a guy on a Royal Enfield packed for travel, motoring serenely

down the main street. I thought of my overly sophisticated machine and considered that the simpler bike should be my option. Then I remembered that the new Enfields also have fuel injection and are just as dependent on their batteries as is mine.

I started down the Icefields Parkway after my brief interlude in Jasper, and quickly realized that if I stopped to photograph every stunningly gorgeous snow covered mountain I saw, I'd still be up here at Christmas. The jagged peaks on both sides of the road illustrate, more clearly than any I've seen before, the process of their construction. The pattern of the enormous rock slabs is familiar to anyone who ever scraped shingles off a roof, tile off a floor or ice off a frozen sidewalk, with each slab broken by the oncoming blade rising and then the next following it until all are stacked almost verti-

cally. Substitute another continental plate or a wandering island for a scraper or snow shovel and there you have it.

Later, I find lunch in the Icefields Parkway visitor center restaurant, overlooking the Athabasca glacier. The valley I've been riding through is clearly glacial with the smooth sloped sides and flat floor lined with fine round gravel as we saw in NZ at the glacial face. This iceflow once covered this entire valley, including where I'm now sitting, high up on the valley wall. The ice has been receding for some time, accelerating in recent years since there isn't enough snow in the warmer winters now and the summers are too hot for the ice to hold its own. These glaciers are the source of the Columbia River, though they don't seem all that large, but I'm seeing them in their waning years. The water that constantly flows from them gives the streams in



**The aquamarine water that flows from a melting glacier along Icefields Parkway**



## Go west Old Man, Redux

this area an unworldly, almost glowing, aquamarine hue that I've tried to capture on the camera, to no avail. You just have to be here to see it.

A bit farther down I see a car pulled off and people staring into the woods. I pull over to see what they're seeing and immediately others, including a tour bus, do the same. It's a black bear, feeding on berries, oblivious to the spectators. Several people start across the road to get closer. I advise them to only go with someone they think they can outrun. The bear has its eyes closed, seeming to concentrate on the berries and not paying attention to the people coming to get a better look. I believe he's thinking, "Just a little closer, just a little closer, and LUNCH!"



I stop in Banff, Alberta CN for the evening, having opted for this nearby town rather than take my chances down the road. It's a beautiful place, obviously catered to upscale tourism. I find a vacancy at a rustic motel



**Athabasca Glacier doesn't seem all that large, viewed from the visitor's center, until you realize that the little things near the terminal face are cars and motorhomes.**

about a half mile from downtown and walk back. Dinner is at the St. James Gate Irish Pub. The story goes that the pub was built at St. James Gate in Ireland, (home of Guinness Stout), then dismantled and shipped in two large containers here to Banff in the late 1880's to take advantage of the new transcontinental railroad and the tourists and business folk it brought to the area. I can't vouch for the accuracy of the story, but it does have Irish fare on the menu and Guinness on draft, so it meets my requirements. I over-ate badly, something I tend to do in the presence of Guinness and fried foods. I walked back to my room taking the long way home down along the river.

Just up the road a ways from my humble room is the Banff Hotel, a huge and elegant place that seems part European spa and part castle. I think this is

what the Greenbrier resort in Virginia would like to be when it grows up. I suspect that a room for the night there would have been out of the question for a bike-trip budget.

Random thought on the road: I'm sure the Canadians pay more income taxes than us 99 percenters here in the states, but one thing they get for it (besides universal health care) is toilets. All along the two lane roads here in British Columbia and Alberta are rest areas with nice facilities, always properly stocked and graffiti free. This sort of thing is worthy of note for we older male travelers. Many's the time on the road that I would have liked to see these in the US.

Coming down from Banff to Radium Hot Springs, along Rt. 93, I saw a black bear strolling through a car park as casually

as an old man on a Sunday morning walk through town. About 30 miles farther, I came upon a large grey wolf trying to pounce on some rodent in the grass. He used that same rising up on the hind legs and dropping quickly with the nose and front paws that our dog Malcolm, his very distant relative does with mice in our field. As I took the pictures, the wolf turned its attention from the apparently unsuccessful hunt to me. I was across the highway and up a small rise from the animal. He turned, started up the rise and onto the road as I hurried to stow the camera and get my gloves on. His eyes were focused on me as I snicked the bike in gear. The wolf was sauntering across the pavement directly toward me, not yet running, as I motored slowly away. I was pretty sure at that point that the GS could outrun him. But the focus of

## Go west Old Man, Redux

Thursday August 16th. It's 3:39 AM local time here in Shelby, MT as I write this. This will be my 5th Thursday on the road. On July 19th, I started out from Winchester and except for the three days at VMD and one day I spent in Eugene with Gary, I've ridden my motorcycle all day, every day. So far, I'm not tired of it. Today and for the next 3 or 4 days, depending on the number of things I stop to see, I'll be going straight on prairie roads where the scenery won't change much. We'll see if that changes my mind. I'm out here on my own, or so it seems, but I couldn't be doing this if it weren't for support back home. Brenda, who is working diligently, as she always has, to keep the home fires burning, care for all the critters and relay messages, my son who is keeping the grass mowed and whatever maintenance tasks Brenda can't handle, and Kimberly, my former office manager who still is busily working to keep the mediations scheduled that will pay for this trip.

A train horn sounds in the night here in Shelby, a reminder that

this town is built around the railroad. It reminds me of a Paul Simon lyric that goes something like "Everybody likes the sound of a train in the distance, everybody thinks it's true". I believe he means that everyone has the image in their mind, however briefly, of travel taking them away from Here, to Somewhere Else, a place where they aren't who and what everyone Here thinks they are, expects them to be.

More Random Road Thoughts: For most of this trip, except for the very few bits when I've been forced onto an Interstate, the speed limits have been around 55 or 60 mph at the most. The bike I'm riding has around 100 hp, but I doubt I've been using more than a third of that most of the time. A motorcycle of 500cc would have been more than sufficient for 90% of this trip and would have been at least adequate for the other 10%. Much of the time I could have gotten by nicely on a 250cc.

On the road early this Friday morning, cold with the temperature in the high 40s. Like

all of these small towns out here, the city ends abruptly with no tapering off, the speed limit immediately jumping from 35 to 70 and just like that, I'm in open country again. Today I'm going to try to find some of the stops on the Montana Dinosaur Trail, taking advantage of the fact that this area's geology is excellent for finding fossils of long-gone creatures. The first two stops on the list don't seem to exist, perhaps having become extinct like their subject matter.

Friday night in Glasgow, MT. I met a woman at the gas station who noticed the "CZ" sticker on my saddlebag and told me that her family is from the Czech Republic. Her father, a US military man, had married a Czech national, but how she ended up in Montana will remain a mystery. She recommended the LaCasa motel here, saying "Doug & Sharon are good people". When I checked in, I told Sharon, the sweet little lady about my age who owns the place, of this encounter and she said she'd have to figure out who that was. Sharon told me that the town got the name Glasgow when it was first a railroad siding on the new transcontinental railroad in the 1800's. Apparently the railroad company secretaries had a globe in the office and when a new siding was established, they would spin the globe and put a finger on it to stop it. Wherever the finger landed, that was the name of the new town, which explains the exotic European and Asian names of many of these small settlements. There is no particular Scottish connection, Sharon said, and actually the majority of the new settlers here were either Basque shepherds (the area south of town is particularly suited to raising sheep) or Norwegians who were looking for homestead land.

Morning didn't start so well here in Glasgow. I met a rider of an 01 1150 GS, down from Alberta and out on a long trip similar to mine. He told me of how much he loved the bike, but that some things had failed, resulting in some delays on the road, including once when a rear drive began chewing itself to pieces in a place where no fix could be had, so he just kept going. The bike got him home, but had completely destroyed the drive, including the housing. I was silently thinking of my battery woes and thanking the motor deities that it hadn't been worse. He left and I went to pack up my bike...when I saw the puddle under it. At first I thought it was oil, but then noticed the smell of gasoline. There was a steady stream of fuel coming down from under the tank, dripping off the leading edge and falling to the ground. I pulled off the side panels and saw the gas coming from under the aluminum ring that secures the fuel pump. I tried to tighten it, but with my hand, and then with a Torx wrench used a drift, but couldn't get it to budge. I called the dealer in Missoula, which I assumed was closest and was told that there was nothing user-serviceable there and so I would have to bring it in. I called Roy and he confirmed that if the ring was tight, the gasket probably had failed and if I could get it off, it wouldn't be "fixable" without a new one. I called BMW roadside assistance (again) and was told that someone could take me to the nearest dealer (Sturgis, SD, 44 miles closer than Missoula) but it wouldn't be until Saturday and we'd only arrive after the dealer was closed. I called Sturgis to confirm that they had the part. All of these calls had to be made from the middle of Highway 2, since that was the only place I had enough signal



Once forested hillside in Montana



# Go west Old Man, Redux

those eyes, the quiet self-assurance that the big wolf had was unnerving. He was going to come over to me, intentions unclear to me, but I did not want to be there if he had decided that I was a better meal choice than the mouse. Perhaps he was just going to get a better sniff of this intruder, perhaps just pee on my leg to put me in my place, but whatever the agenda, it was his alone. What I wanted or how I might react had nothing to do with his plans.

I stopped for breakfast in Radium Hot Springs but didn't take the waters. I feared that I'd glow in the dark and I have enough trouble sleeping as it is. My venue for the early meal was the "Melting Pot" a restaurant that advertised it was voted "best in the valley" for breakfast, and was recommended to me by the nice lady at the gas station. The food was good, oatmeal and some fine whole wheat toast, but the waiter seemed to be auditioning for the role of "rude French waiter" in a TV sitcom. I was reminded of the Garrison Keillor character "Maurice" the maitre'd in the Café Boeuf sketches, except that Maurice is funny.

Tuesday night finds me in Whitefish,, Montana where I walked downtown to explore

and find dinner. There's a brewery here, the "Great Northern" that Jay and I visited on our last trip to this part of the world, but tonight it's packed with young folk dressed to attract each other and so I deem it not appropriate for an old guy in road trip clothes. I find a bar & grille across the street where I can sit in the booth in the corner in the back in the dark and read in peace.

Wednesday morning, on the road again. Had a brief conversation with a Harley rider who was loading up his bike at the same time as I was. He's from Wisconsin and out on a month long tour of the west. He tells me about constructing a home-made solution to the wobbling rear end problem caused by having the swingarm bolted to the transmission which is rubber mounted. Not sure I understood it all, but he says it works.

I made the short jaunt up to West Glacier where I had breakfast in the train station restaurant across from the Glacier Park entrance. Entering the park, I can recall our anticipation when Jay and I first made this trek several years ago. Today the weather isn't cooperating like it did then. It's cold down here in the valley and I can see a large dark storm cloud hanging up on the moun-



**A young couple I met from the Netherlands heading across the US down to Tierra del Fuego.**

tain peak above, right where I'm going. As the road rises, the temperature drops and right about "the switchback" (where the road doubles back on itself to keep climbing) the rain starts. Not bad, except that also at that point begins about 2 or 3 miles of roadwork, in which the pavement has been removed down to bare earth...which is now mud. Did I mention the wind? It's blowing sideways enough to move the bike around, not a good thing when on mud with a thousand foot dropoff just a few feet away from the edge. I didn't see nearly as much of the valley this time, mostly just the lane in front of my wheel. At the top of the pass, there's a visitors center where everyone has crowded in to get out of the cold, rain and wind.

If one happens to be a pine forest, this has been a disturbing few years. Between the pine beetle and wildfires, much of the forest cover on these western mountains is gone. Here in Glacier Park, there is evidence of both. Roadside signs explaining the beetle devastation gave the hopeful opinion that bears would prosper since berries would flourish in the newly

opened sunny spaces. Since bears usually like some forest cover, I guess it will be only extroverted bears that benefit.

I spent Wednesday night in Shelby MT, a railroad town, with an odd motel up on the hill overlooking the town. There's an interstate intersection here, obviously a fairly new development in the overall scheme of things, and there are new modern motels near the interchange. I usually look for something more "traditional" and was drawn to a huge "MOTEL" sign on an arch built along the main street, framing the side street like an entrance to a castle...if castle entrances were built of angle iron. The motel consists of several separated buildings, with no particular order. I walk back down the hill into the town only to find that the "good" restaurant, the Sportsman Club, is closed for "plumbing problems" and I'm left with the only other one open, the Mexican place across the street. There I'm served what appears to be a frozen packaged Mexican meal, recently removed from the plastic tray and slapped on a plate.



**This guy had just shifted his focus from rodent hunting to the possibility of motorcyclist for lunch.**

## Go west Old Man, Redux

to make a connection. Then, just as I was making arrangements for the tow, the service manager from Sturgis called back. One of his mechanics had seen this problem before and said if I could get a strap wrench around the ring, I might be able to tighten it enough to stop the flow. I walked into town where fortunately there was a hardware store with just such a wrench on the shelf. Using that, I was able to move the ring about an eighth turn and the leak stopped. By this time I'd already paid for another night at my motel, figuring that I'd have to stay here to arrange the tow. I took advantage of the extra night by riding down to Ft. Peck, south of Glasgow, the site of the Ft. Peck dam which "controlled" the Missouri River and also of the "Peck's Rex" the most complete T-Rex skeleton ever found.

The dam was a huge Works Progress Administration project, designed to provide work during the Depression and to bring various benefits, like hydroelectric power, flood control and recreation, to central Montana. The design and execution of such a large project boggles the mind of someone like me, for whom building a backyard deck is a big deal.

Peck's Rex, one of the high points on the Dinosaur Trail, is displayed in the same Interpretive Center as the history of the dam project, making it a convenient "two-fer" stop. The beast's skeleton is arranged in an action pose, about to chomp down on the spine of another skeletal dinosaur. There's also a life sized replica of the beast in the atrium, looking properly scary. I hadn't realized until

this exhibit that T-Rex was only found in North America and most of them in the area around this part of Montana. This must have been an interesting place to be 65 million years ago, just prior to that asteroid business.

I left Glasgow, finally, about 7AM, headed east on Rt. 2. The scenery isn't varied much, mostly low hills and brown grass, but there are the silhouettes of mountains off to the south and enough bends, not really curves, to make it preferable to the Kansas route.

As I near the eastern edge of Montana, going into North Dakota, I start seeing signs of the



gas fracking industry here. Once into ND, it's overwhelming. New businesses, coffee shops, convenience stores, etc, have sprung up, each trying to work some creative variation of "frack" into the name. On the road and off in the fields, I see herds of tractor trailers, carrying machinery and supplies for the fracking operations. At one point it seems to me that where once herds of dinosaurs roamed these parts, now they have been replaced by another type of lumbering beast, found in

packs. There are huge complexes of obviously temporary buildings, barracks style, one after another, to house the influx of workers. That most of these are young men is clear: New pickup trucks and fast cars abound and in the gas stations, the reading matter on the magazine racks would be of no interest to anyone without a Y chromosome and over the age of 50.

I went through the town of Minot, ND, detouring off the highway to see the place. When I was growing up, this was where the ICBM's were stationed (may still be, I suppose) so even we eastern kids knew the name. We'd be ducking and covering when the missiles lifted off from these remote silos and Mutually As-

the next town was still 50 miles away.

Out this morning into beautiful blue skies, stretching as far as one could see. The temperature is only 51 degrees, but it feels fine. I can see flocks of geese lifting off the many ponds and lakes, heading south for the winter already. The road is straight, but there are enough undulations to the land to keep it from seeming endless, as it does in Kansas when the vanishing point off at the horizon never seems to get any closer. It's Sunday morning and the cars that are out here with me are full of sensible looking folks no doubt on their way to the many churches that line the highways. Me, I'm not sure where I'm going, either metaphorically or within the boundaries of the physical world. I've thought about heading up to International Falls, just because it seems like a good place to see, but haven't made up my mind. For now, it's enough to just be out here on this lovely morning, moving on a bike.

I decide to take a detour down Rt. 281 which promises to take me along the shore of Spirit Lake and then back to Devil's Lake on Rt 2. It isn't a curvy little road as I'd hoped (there is one curve, a left, and that's it) but it's pleasant enough....until the pavement ends. It seems that the North Dakota highway department is rebuilding the road, on a higher bench, and so they have removed the entire pavement from the current path. It's 10 miles of dirt washboard and in stretches, mud from last night's rain. The GS doesn't seem perturbed at all, but I'm vigilant for anything that may upset its equilibrium. Picking up this beast, loaded as it is, in the mud doesn't seem like a good idea for exercise.

sured Destruction was underway. While Minot may have intercontinental weapons, what it apparently does not have on a Saturday afternoon is an open restaurant.

I stopped early for the night, in Rugby ND which is the geographic center of North America, according to the sign at the city limits. For me it was the place with a motel vacancy on a Saturday when rain was chasing me down from the west and



## Go west Old Man, Redux

Halfway through this offroad excursion, there is the Casino and Resort at Spirit Lake, quite an impressive setting for folks to go and lose money in luxury.

I stop for the night in Bemidji, MN, a town smaller than Winchester by population, but having an impressive array of businesses, probably because it's not near any other large city. It's on Lake Bemidji, near Lake Itasca which is the headwater of the Mississippi River. It's known as the Curling capital of Minnesota (an esoteric sport to those of us in the lower states, but a big deal up here in the north) and for some reason, has 13 golf courses within the city.

As I'm showering on Monday, the power goes out in the motel, and as I later learn, this whole end of town. Fortunately, I've showered often enough in my life to be able to locate everything necessary in the dark. I left, riding carefully because all of the traffic signals were dark, and headed out on Rt. 2 again. At this point it's a 4 lane, indistinguishable from an interstate except for the driveways opening directly onto a 65 mph lane. I guess one could learn to leave the driveway at that speed. For miles I am in the middle of what must have been a great fire a few years ago, with blackened pine trunks sticking up everywhere. Interspersed among them are new pines, three or four feet tall, doing their best to bring the forest back, like a generation of children after a great war. As I finally draw closer to Duluth, small towns begin to appear and I stop at a deli that advertises breakfast all day. I get

oatmeal and an apple scone and watch while one of the employees' small child plays among the tables. In just four more miles, I crest a hill to see the vast expanse of Lake Superior stretched out in front of me and as if by magic, the infrastructure of a large city all around. My destination is Aerostitch, RiderWarehouse, the motorcycle accessory emporium. I've bought stuff from them for years and always noticed their old brick building as an icon on their logo and while I was this close, I wanted to see the place first hand. It was relatively easy to find, not far from the waterfront and the building, a former candy factory, does look just like the logo. The walk-in shop is just a small room, maybe 10 by 25, off in one corner. The rest of the place is a manufacturing and warehouse facility, with racks of suits and jackets and people busily going from station to station. I have



Spirit Lake

now worn out two Darien jackets and was here to purchase a third, this time in the Hi-Viz yellow that experience has shown really does work to get cager's attention. As Aerostitch says, "Loud Suits Save Lives".

Outside as I'm leaving, I get into a conversation with another rider. He asks me where I'm headed and I tell him, honestly, that I don't know. I find

that motorcyclists are never surprised by that response. He's from the Minneapolis area, headed up to go around the top of Lake Superior. He advises me to go up around the peninsula at the southern edge for scenery, the lake and an actual curve or two. We peruse the map (I'm just trying to avoid Chicago going south) and he suggests going down Highway 61 (all you Dylan fans out there



The Aerostitch Factory

## Go west Old Man, Redux



Pride of Bimidgi: Paul Bunyan and Blue Babe

know which one) and following the Mississippi River that way. I recall an article by Peter Egan when he did just that and instantly I'm sold. We part, him

going north and me going east, toward opposite ends of the lake.

Rt. 13 follows the southern edge of Lake Superior and my guide was correct about a curve or two....that's just about the correct number....but he didn't mention the tar snakes that cover most of the pavement in both lanes. Nonetheless, the views of the vast expanse of water to my left and the pine forests on the right are worthy of note. Eventually, after a couple of very small towns, each consisting of a convenience store, a volunteer fire department and at least two bars, I come to the charming little lakeside town of Bayfield, a tourist mecca with lots of shops and restaurants and fortunately for me, a vacant room at the Harbor's Edge motel. Doing my reconnoitering walk-around, I find a nature trail that meanders off through the woods at the edge of town and follow it for a mile or so. It ends up following a 45 degree slope that comes out behind the school, on a hill above town.

Dinner tonight is on the deck overlooking the bay, at The Pickled Herring restaurant, chosen not for its name but for the deck. The beer selection is limited, but the special is good and reasonably priced. There's a bit of rain but not enough to send me inside.

At dawn the next morning I make another brief walk around town just to see the sun coming up over the water. It's not an ocean, but it's really hard to tell the difference from this port. In the distance I can see the Apostle Islands, but that's the only thing on the horizon other than water. I have breakfast at the Big Water coffee shop, opting for their own granola and a scone. Life is good.

From here I'm going down through Wisconsin going south but again a bit west to make the Mississippi River trip. There's not much differentiation in scenery for a long time, just pine forest and some rolling hills. No critters this morning. I begin to get a bit hungry and find myself wishing a nice bakery would appear. As if by magic, one does. It's a perfect little place on a side street, with just the right bakery smell. They have cream horns, one of my many pastry weaknesses and I sit happily on a bench outside with my coffee and excess calories. From here to home is just grinding out miles with little of note to recommend it.

Years ago on trips with Brenda or with Jay, we never started looking for lodging until after 5 or 6 in the evening and I don't recall us ever having much trouble finding a room. Now I have learned that if I haven't secured a motel room by 4, I'm going to have some difficulty. Often I have on this trip stood at the desk of a motel, obtaining the last vacant room with others



Bayfield Harbor: Whenever I think motorcycles are an expensive hobby, I remember this photo.



## Go west Old Man, Redux



This bakery appeared out of now here.



Nature trail in Bayfield, Wisconsin



Harbor View Motel

coming in behind me being turned away. What seems to have changed is the availability of the old-style "Mom & Pop" motels, the ones with a dozen or so rooms arranged in a row and someone who lived in the space behind the office. I stayed in one such, the La Casa in Glasgow MT, but they are becoming a rarity. Now it's all chains, the rooms more often than not accessible only through a lobby. These get booked by on-line users and the walk-in customer takes what's left.

Local restaurants are being replaced by chains, McDonalds drives out nearly everything else. Bakeries cannot compete with chains and Wal Marts. When we were in England last year, we noticed that nearly all the old pubs in central London have been bought up by a single chain, leaving one with the same menu and beer selection no matter which location you chose. It is, sadly, the way of the world, but something important is lost.

**I believe this trip has scratched my Western itch for the foreseeable future.**

Like Dorothy in her ruby slippers, I have concluded that there's no place like home...well, at least the eastern half of the US.

While it is unquestionable that the West has spectacular

scenery, unequaled anywhere else, as a motorcyclist I have to point out that most of it is seen from straight, flat roads. There are some curvy bits, some of them really wonderful, but they seem to be separated by many hours, if not days, of riding the straight flats to get to them. The Ice Fields Parkway, for example, is bordered by mountains that make the Blue Ridge peaks seem like mere foothills, but the Ice Fields road itself is straight as a bowstring and for the most part, level. The Blue Ridge Parkway is by far the better riding road for two wheels.

In my own county, I can leave my driveway and within 20 minutes have enjoyed more motorcycle banking curves than I saw in three days' time crossing South Dakota or Montana. I was out for five weeks, but the majority of that time the bike was absolutely vertical and the tires squared off as if I was piloting a sidecar rig.

The best curves I found since leaving Washington state were on the twenty or so miles after I crossed into Kentucky, headed toward Frankfort.

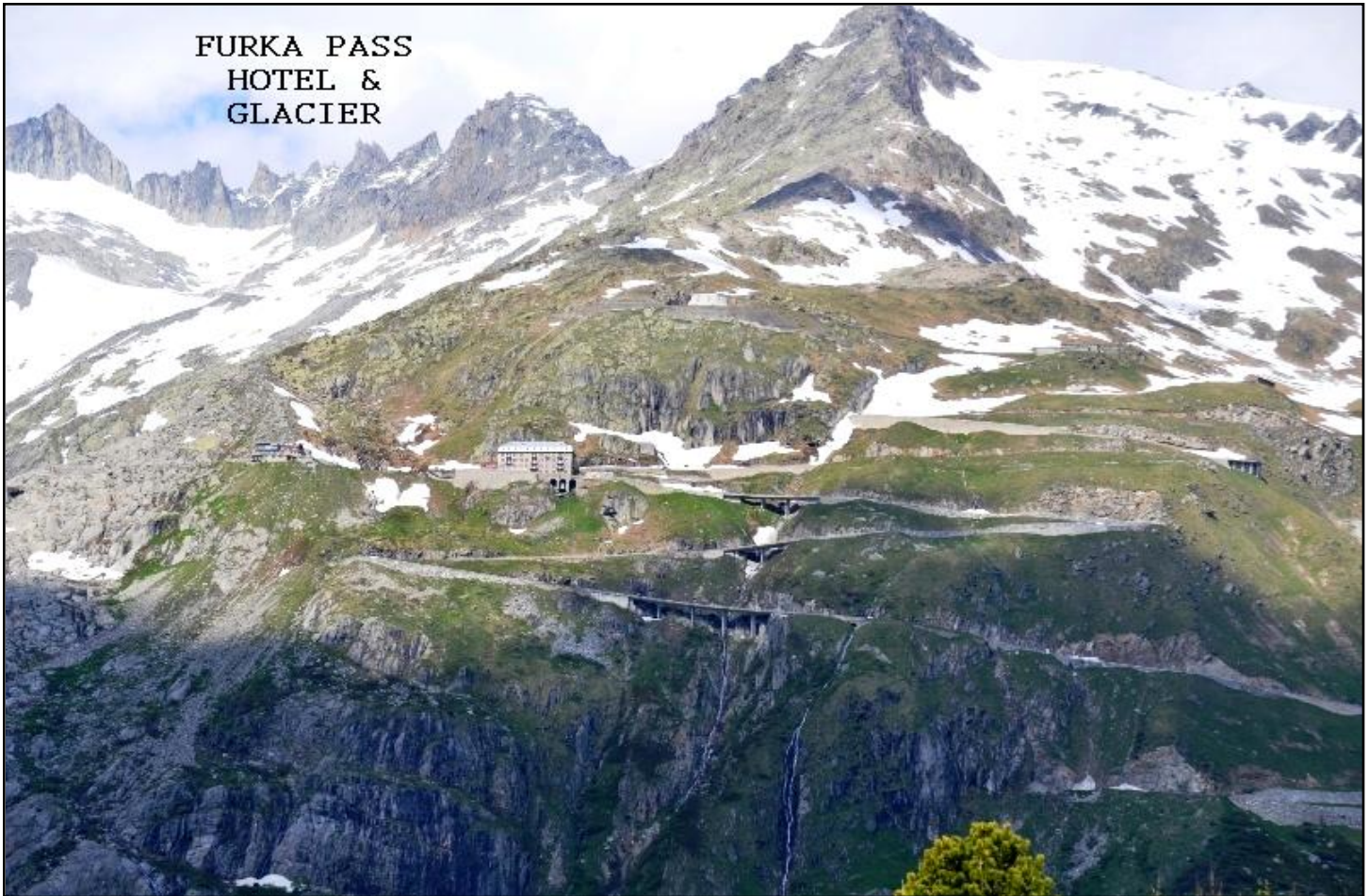
I believe I'll stay put for a while now.

—JR



# Mark and Toby's *EXCELLENT* Alpine Adventure

By Mark Rense



## DAY THREE

The next day came very early, and proved to be clear and warm. Switzerland is about the same latitude as northern Minnesota so in the summer there is a lot of daylight, with dawn coming before 5:00 AM and sunset after 10:00 PM. It was already 23 C (74 F) by 6:30 AM, unusually warm for June but we'll take it! After a coffee and some Muesli mixed with yogurt, we suited up and headed out for some adventure.

Our hotel of choice in Andermatt was the Hotel Monopol-Metropol and is on a roundabout where three roads lead to

different passes. There are two distinct loops that you can ride, both under 140 Km and they overlap at the far western end. We had ridden the southern loop coming in the previous day, having crossed the Grimsel, Nufenen and St. Gotthard passes.

The cafés and hotels on top of the passes date back two at least centuries, when travel through these mountains was on horseback and extremely arduous. The mode of travel may have changed but the traditions continue. Having a coffee and pastry or other sweet is a requirement after you have conquered the mountain, and tell-

ing of your adventure is expected. Since travel time up a pass has gone from days to mere minutes, most riders are content to wander about the throng of bikes and chat up an individual or two about their bike and/or farkles which is, come to think of it, mostly what we do here as well.

Our first ride was to take the northern loop which begins by crossing back over the Furka Pass, this time going the opposite direction. The climb up is very tight on the Andermatt side of the pass, the road seemed to be almost a goat trail, narrow and rough in a few spots. I suspect they keep it this

way to maintain the "character" of the pass. There are many points along this pass where there were no guardrails and below you is a 1000 foot drop-off. Very sobering.

At the top is a hotel and café, offering us coffee and an incredible view of the Rhone Valley below. Next to the café is a walkway that takes you to the head of the Rhone Glacier, admission is a couple Francs and then you get to walk onto a glacier. Since this was mid-morning, the temperatures were just above freezing but the sun was bright and warm so we didn't mind. The Rhone flows south to the Mediterranean and



## Mark and Toby's EXCELLENT Alpine adventure



as your eyes follow it down off the glacier you see how the Furka Pass road winds down the mountain into the valley, through the town of Gletsch, and into the next pass, the Grimsel.

There do not seem to be ego issues with bike riders in these mountains, the slower guys always wave you by, and everyone that passed me thanked me by sticking out their right boot and giving it a little wiggle. I adopted this method and usually got a horn honk or wave from the rider I just passed. Also, everyone waves when you pass each other going the opposite directions, even the Harley riders! There is a high level of camaraderie among the two-wheeled community.

The cafés at the top of each pass attract such a wide variety of rider styles and bike types that the old stereotype you may conjure up in your mind of the black-leather clad rider aboard a café racer or modern sport bike strafing mountain passes at dizzying speeds is long passé. As I previously mentioned, the most popular bikes I saw were Adventure Tourers, and the vast majority of those were the BMW R1100/1150/1200GS series. Also in abundance were Triumph Tigers and...yes...Harleys. There were Hogs of all types, from full dressers and hardtail fat-tired low riders to sporting Buells and a couple XR1200's. Not what I expected.

Several bikes not available in the USA were observed, the one that caught my eye was the

Honda VFR1200X, an adventure tourer using the new VFR1200 V-4 engine. I saw license plates from most countries in Europe, but German and Dutch plates outnumbered all others, including Swiss. I'm sure the mix changes on the weekends, the Swiss don't have to travel far to get into the countryside. Must be tough to have these mountains in your back yard.

After a good hour of just sitting and admiring the majesty, we mounted up and started down into the valley. The descending road on this side of the Furka

up here and how they got there to begin with. At the peak are a couple cafés and a hotel, this is the Hotel Alpenrosli, and is popular enough with the two-wheeled set that it had motorcycle-only parking. We stopped again for a coffee and bite to eat as it was well after noon. Oh, did I mention the views? Again, breathtaking in every direction.

The Swiss have a very orderly society with a high standard of living, the country is spotless, people are courteous, there are no signs of poverty or decay. Everyone has a garden and grows something interest-



has a completely different character, there are wide passing zones and turn-outs for slower traffic. After reaching the bottom, we rode along the Rhone river until we zig-zagged into the "town" of Gletsch, all four buildings of it. After we poked through the town, we turned right and charged up the Grimsel Pass road towards the Susten.

There is a large lake at the top of the Grimsel, fed by the glacier, with the usual hydroelectric dam. It was clear of ice and was being attended to by several fishermen, although I can't imagine what fish could survive

ing. They love their cows and treat them better than most of us do the family pet. The high alpine pastures are ringing with the constant clang of cowbells, sometimes you can hear them through your helmet and ear-plugs!

The roads are smooth and constantly maintained, never did I see a pothole or frost heave. When a mountain road needs to be repaired, they always keep one lane open by using a traffic light with sensors at each end to control the flow. The Swiss also obey traffic laws to the letter, if the speed limit is 70 km/h everyone goes



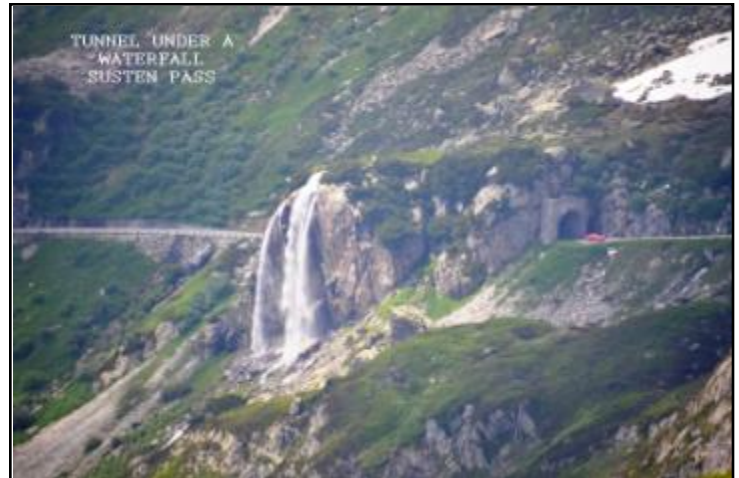


## Mark and Toby's EXCELLENT Alpine adventure



70. Period. Of course, part of that discipline is encouraged by the multitude of speed cameras in place, you don't know when you get nabbed until the bill comes in the mail a month later, and the fines can be very steep compared to the normal USA

citation. Most of these speed spies are in or near the bigger cities, but we saw a few tucked up underneath the eaves of businesses in smaller towns by intersections. However, once away from the population cen-



ters the roads were open and ready for higher rates of travel.

But why would you want to speed through one of the most beautiful and majestic places on earth? The Brits use the term 'gobsmacked', and I can think of no better adjective. At every turn, over every crest, up every mountain pass was another jaw-dropping vista. I'm beginning to hate these people, how can you *just live here* and not fall off a mountainside in awe??

The Susten Pass was our first new pass that morning. We wound through meadows and large sweepers until we got to the base of the mountain, the climb began with several sharp hairpins and a steep curving road in-between. We ran into fog close to the top, and it was

pretty cold without any sunshine so we did not linger. We rode through a long tunnel at the top and came out on the other side into bright sun, so we made our way to Wassen and then back into Andermatt, stopping frequently at overlooks... more of that gobsmack thing.

We arrived back in Andermatt by mid-afternoon with lots of daylight left to burn and it seemed much too early to visit the Bierstube, so we decided to revisit the top of the St. Gotthard to finish the day. We headed back south out of Andermatt to the base of the St. Gotthard eager for our final ascent of the day.

This southern pass marks the transition from German-Swiss to Italian-Swiss, the southern





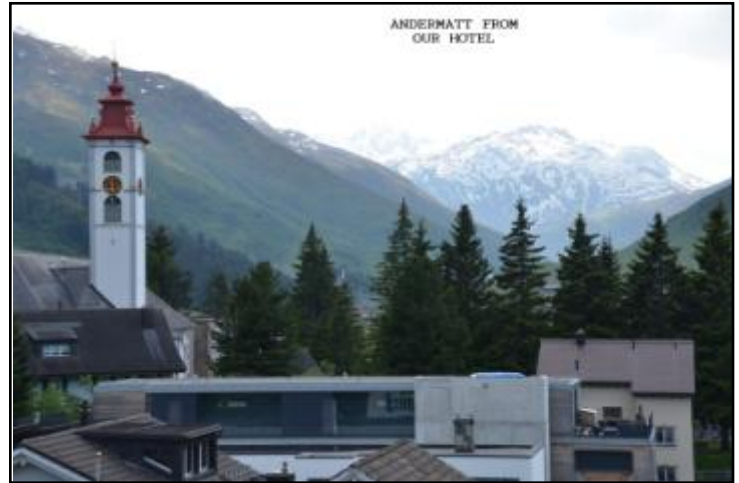
## Mark and Toby's EXCELLENT Alpine adventure

Swiss cities of Locarno and Lugano being in the Italian speaking canton of Ticino.

There are three ways to get to the other side of this mountain, you can take the 16 km long tunnel, you can take the "new" pass over the top, or you can take the old original pass that is tight, blind and steep as it

climbs up the mountain. You can guess which one I chose.

The little GS was in its element and I alternated between exhilaration and terror depending on how close the curve was to the sheer drop-off. The climb up ended with an Italian espresso and a discussion about where



we will eat that night. We decided to head back to the hotel in Andermatt, clean up and have a beer and discuss this further. The climb back down was equally as thrilling, and we arrived back into town before 7:00. After a healthy stein of the local brew, we really began to feel the toll the day's ride had rung from our, ahem, not so youthful bodies, so we stayed at the outdoor Bierstube



in the hotel and had a great meal and a bottle of local red wine. We watched countless bikes coming through the round -about off the various passes and we decided it just does not get much better than this!

Tomorrow, we pack up and head into Italy!

*To be Continued*



## A different approach, with style



BMW riders are for the most part pragmatic people who value function over form, but we also value individuality and enjoy observing the moto community at large, especially when the personal choices riders make are well removed from our own.

Witness this different approach to a pre-unit Triumph personalization with foot clutch, hand shift, and alternative front suspension. From this angle the braking arrangement appears to lie solely within the capacity of engine compression, gear reduction, and frictional drag from the exceptionally generous tire contact with pavement. Note the simplicity of the hand controls, the ergonomic sense of the seating, and the overall packing versatility provided by unrestrictive space behind the saddle.

An artist's approach, as opposed to that of a mere engineer.

—PE



# Member Directory to be published; check your information for accuracy



Everyone:

We are in the process of putting together a new Bluegrass Beemers Directory and have emailed to you files for you to review so you can check your information for accuracy. If you missed this mail, let me know and I will send you the information that we have.

We plan to include information on past and present members. We will be providing a printed version of the directory. This information is for our members' use only, and will not be shared with anyone outside our club.

If you don't want your information included in this directory, please let me know. It will be a couple of months before we have all the information organized for publication. I have included a list of our members' names and their paid up through date.

Please check this list to make sure I have the correct date for your membership.

Roy Rowlett  
Kr4mo@yahoo.com





# The KICKSTAND

*Your Motorcycle Parts & Accessories Destination*



**The temperature may have dropped but we've got what you and your bike need to stay on the road!**

**FOR THE RIDER:**

- Jackets
- Pants & Chaps
- Gloves
- Electric Gear
- Fleece
- Anti-Fog Products

**FOR THE MOTORCYCLE:**

- Heated Grips
- Cleaning Supplies
- Fuel Stabilizer
- Anti-Freeze
- Battery Tenders
- Bike Covers

**500 East Main Street - Burgin, Kentucky**

*(intersection of highways 33 & 152)*

**Phone: 859-748-KICK (5425)**

**[www.TheKickstandLLC.com](http://www.TheKickstandLLC.com)**

Hours: Tuesday – Friday 10 – 6 / Saturday 9 – 3 / Closed Sunday & Monday  
Service by Appointment



BMW Motorrad  
USA

Authorized  
Dealer



## BMW MOTORCYCLES OF LOUISVILLE



### BMW SCOOTERS **ARE BACK**

COME IN FOR A TEST RIDE AND ASK  
ABOUT SPECIAL IN-STORE PRICING

647cc 60hp Engine

CVT Transmission

ABS Brakes • LED Daytime Light

Up To 60 Liters Stowage



C 650 GT

C 600 Sport



- Open M-Sat 9am-7pm, Sun Noon-4pm
- Service loaners available
- Factory demonstrators always in-stock
- 36,000 Sq. Ft. Facility
- Service while you wait (by appointment)
- On I-65 access road
- Full staff of Master BMW technicians

**FREE PICKUP & DELIVERY\***  
**MILITARY DISCOUNTS**  
**OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK**



**502.634.1340**

**BMWLOUISVILLE.COM**

1700 ARTHUR ST. LOUISVILLE, KY 40208



2013 R 1200 GS

\*Visit BMW Motorcycles of Louisville for details. ©2012 BMW Motorrad USA, a division of BMW of North America LLC. The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks.