

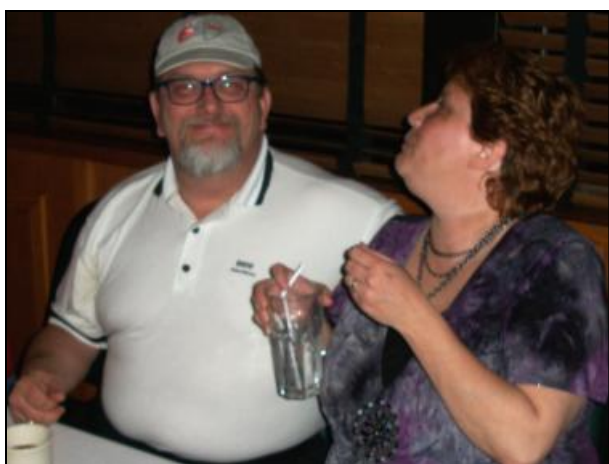
April 2013

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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

**Awards Banquet:
We celebrate
another year!**



Waterboxer GS, Grand Riders video, new officers featured at annual banquet



BMW Motorcycles of Louisville Service Manager Dwayne Mulkey (left) provided a new liquid-cooled R1200 GS for our study at the annual awards banquet held again this year at the Chop House in Lexington. Standing with the new GS along with Dwayne are incoming President Lowell Roark and outgoing President Ray Brooks (right).

We packed the house, again, for our annual awards banquet, held again this year at the Chop House in Lexington.

As is our custom, new officers are announced and awards are presented for mileage, events, Saturday breakfast riders and Saturday breakfast attendance.

Outgoing President Ray Brooks served as host, recognizing those who have served the club in the past year.

Lowell Roark served as Vice President. Secretary Dave

McCord maintained the Log. Treasurer Roy Rowlett, Rally Chairman John Rice, and Apex Editor Paul Elwyn also were recognized.

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

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Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

Back issues of *Apex* can be accessed at <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>

Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.

on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.

Awards Banquet features officers, award winners



Officers include outgoing Secretary Dave McCord, Treasurer Roy Rowlett, incoming President Lowell Roark, outgoing President Ray Brooks, Rally Chairman John Rice, and incoming Secretary Tom Weber. Behind the camera is incoming Vice President Paul Elwyn.

The Following awards were presented:

Mileage Award:
Lowell Roark with 16,008 miles

Events Award:
Lowell Roark with 23 motorcycle events

Saturday Breakfast Rider:
Tom Weber, having ridden his R80RT 35 Saturdays

Saturday Breakfast Attendance:
Roy Rowlett with 49 Saturday breakfasts



Award winners this year received a fleece vest with embroidery featuring club logo, recipient's name and award title.

Lowell Roark, Mileage and Events award winner

Awards Banquet features officers, award winners



Tom Weber, Saturday Breakfast Rider award winner, and Roy Rowlett, Saturday Breakfast Attendance winner.

Awards Banquet features officers, award winners

Club caps were presented as door prizes following presentation of awards.

President Lowell Roark announced that he would withdraw from awards participation next year to encourage award participation. Lowell further extended the invitation to ride more and attend more frequently our Saturday breakfasts during the next year.

Lowell shared a video of the Grand Riders Tour of Taiwan in which Lowell was one of nine riders from the United States participating. The ride honored senior riders and encouraged seniors to be more active. Lowell intends to participate in this year's tour in Taiwan and to join a tour of Taiwan riders in California this summer.



Todd Fuller won a club cap door prize.



Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't

By John Rice



Ian decided that another trip to Ashland for trail riding was in order, so I dutifully prepped the 1974 TL 125 and the 1976 Bultaco Alpina for a day in the mud.

We drove the one hundred plus miles to Boyd County, discussing on the way the various merits of old bikes vs new, the reliability of tested old systems compared to new-fangled electronics and the joys of taking things a bit slower rather than rushing through the scenery.

Ian's TL is a 125 cc trials bike, one of the few of the Oriental offerings of that era that actually worked well in the dirt. Most of what Japan was selling in those days were great street bikes, but their off-road models usually were too heavy and awkward for serious playing around in the mud. The motocrossers were wickedly fast, but handling was not yet their strong suit. The finesse of trials riding had pretty much eluded them, but the TL was a sign that better things were coming. It would plunk along slowly when necessary, but had some punch to call on when the occasion demanded.

Ian, with the immense absorption rate only youth can display, had taken to the bike quickly and had graduated from his TTR 90 without so much as a backward glance.

When we arrived, Paul was there to meet us with his Bultacos, a 1974 Alpina and a 1975 Sherpa T. His Sherpa has a history, having been owned by the legendary "Big Smith" Dins more of the old Central Kentucky Trials Team way back in the dim mists of time when I too was a member.



Ian, Paul, and the bikes somewhere on a ridgetop in Boyd County.

(Actually, there's further family history in our gaggle of ma-

chines. Ian's TL125 was once the property of Big Smith's then

wife Barbara, so the two bikes once shared a garage in their

Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't By John Rice

earlier life). The Sherpa T was briefly owned by Dave McCord in our Beemer group, then by me and finally now to its current home. Paul had refurbished the bike, polishing the cases, painting the tank and generally making it look better than new. The engine needed little internal work, having been well looked after by Big Smith. It was tight and crisp in response and sounded just like a proper Bultaco should.

My Alpina, on the other hand, was feeling a bit old and tired and in serious need of maintenance, not unlike its owner. I purchased this one at Vintage Days about ten years ago, from an owner in Michigan. It did not appear to have been abused, but it hadn't suffered a great deal of regular care either. Being as reliable as Bultaco's usually are, I hadn't done much to it in the decade of my ownership and the lack was beginning to show. The crisp response had gone a bit stale and it pro-

tested a bit when pushed too hard (again, not unlike its owner).

Our usual starting spot was unavailable on this Saturday, so we chose another area and quickly got ourselves off into the woods. Unlike our last couple of outings, we weren't axle deep in mud right away and were able to motor on down some trails with at least a semblance of directional control. Ian had taken a rather hard fall the previous Saturday when he got into a series of mud holes a bit faster than his suspension and experience could handle. I expected him to be more cautious now, but youth heaks in body and mind much faster than we oldsters, so he was unfazed, proceeding on as though nothing had happened.

This was an area of the woods we hadn't been in for a while, so we wandered up a few dead ends, requiring a backtrack or two. We happened upon a herd of deer on a hillside and had to



Ian on the TL125, the 90 a distant memory.



stop while they ran off through the trees, surprised to see such strange looking humans in their territory.

Then, down in a valley we encountered a dead end in a swampy area, requiring us to work our way out in a series of stop-and-start maneuvers around fallen trees and mud holes. As we were headed back up the trail, Paul's ultra-reliable Bultaco suddenly wasn't. It let out a sharp bark, that stopped as if strangled in mid-scream. We quickly checked the plug and found no spark. Now we were at the bottom of a muddy hill, with a dead motorcycle. The most likely culprit at that point seemed to be a bad condenser or ignition coil, neither of which we had in our pockets.

Ian on the TL

Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't By John Rice



Ian tries riding on water.

The downside of having bikes that always run is that one stops worrying about carrying spares.

As Ian watched with a mixture of puzzlement and amusement, Paul and I each removed our belts, tied them together and lined up his bike with mine to start a tow out of the woods. My Alpina, already feeling its age, wasn't very happy about the extra 400 pounds or so of extra load going up the slippery trail, but soldiered on nonetheless, getting us to the ridgetop. Paul took the TL and made a quick reconnoitering run up one direction to determine the shortest way back to the trucks, then returned to say that we

couldn't get there from here. Our best bet, to stay out of long steep valleys, was to follow the ridge back to another parking area, then take the blacktop back to our vehicles.

Another mile or two of towing was all the Alpina cared to put up with, finally overheating to the point of stopping. I put Ian on that bike, sending him on down the trail, and hooked up the tow to the much lower geared TL125 which allowed me to go slower (much to Paul's relief) for the rest of the way to the top of a long slope down to our destination. Ian was already there waiting for us, quite happy about having handled the

full-sized bike on the trail. We left the disabled Sherpa T there, put our belts back on (saving others the sight of having our pants descend) and with Ian on the back of the Alpina and Paul on the TL, we rode the mile or two of blacktop back to where the trucks were parked.

Our travails were not quite completed yet. After we turned off on the gravel road to our trucks, but still about an eighth mile from them, the Alpina ran out of gas. Ian rode the TL back to our parking spot while Paul and I pushed the dry bike the last bit.

For the adults, this might have seemed a frustrating day,

but not when seen through the eyes of a 12 year old. As Ian and I were driving home, he proclaimed this the "best motorcycling day of his life". He'd ridden his 125, Paul's Sherpa and my Alpina on the trails, ridden on the back of my bike on the road and had seen problem solving involving alternative uses for clothing items, all in one glorious day.

—JR

How the TL-125 got a new home

By Ian Rice

One day, back in 2010, My grandfather John Rice told me the McWilliams were giving us their motorcycles.

I later found out one was a trials bike and one was, well, an attempted trials bike conversion. The trials bike was



Ian Rice

the Honda TL-125, while the other one was a Hodaka Wombat 125. At least we think it is.

When we got the bikes, I liked the TL much better. I probably always will. When everyone else was talking and visiting each other, I kept going back to the motorcycles hoping they would start. Being an excited 9-year-old boy, I didn't really know that 27-year-old gas in a carburetor that had not been run dry would cause the jets to be clogged up. I also didn't know that when the jets were clogged up the engine wouldn't start, but I still kept trying.

Eventually, we left and headed to my house. A few weeks later, we spent about

four hours, yes, only four, and got the TL running. Not running very well, but running.

The Hodaka may never run again, depending on whether I can find parts or not or how much money I have.

Since fixing up the TL, it has been run almost every weekend.

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Todd Fuller

Licensed Massage Therapist (LMT)
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EIGHTH Annual Ride 'em, Don't Hide 'em Café Run

Not a race, not a rally and definitely not another
poker run!

NEW LOCATION !!!!
GARDEN GIRLS CAFÉ
6109 LEXINGTON ROAD
WINCHESTER, KY

(between Stuffs and the Drive In on Route 60)

Saturday, June 8th, 2013 at 10:00 a.m. for another
gathering with riders of the Right Stuff.

No entry fee, no prizes - just a reason to ride.
Destination this year...The Kickstand and the Village Café !

For more information contact:

John Rice

859-229-4546



Let's ride



13th annual Heritage Hospice Motorcycle Poker Run



Ride benefits Heritage Hospice,
which serves Boyle, Garrard,
Lincoln and Mercer counties

When: April 21
Raindate: April 28

Registration: 10 a.m.
Leave at noon

Where: Heritage Hospice, 120
Enterprise Drive, Danville (next to
Dana)

For more information:
Call Emily Toadvine
at 859-236-2425
or Roger Hundley
859-319-5983

Cost: \$10 for rider. Additional
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