

August 2013

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



No ignition in Denver, Colorado

Bluegrass Beemers gives \$175 to Doc Dickens, knocked off his bike on June 15th by deer

We made up \$175 dollars to give to "Doc" at the benefit held July 13th in Burkesville.

I rode down there Saturday morning and gave it to them. Newby & helpers put on the event and had door prizes, raffle items and lunch. All items were donated and 100% of the proceeds went to "Doc" Dickens who was injured by a deer while riding his motorcycle.

I don't know how much money they raised but there were a lot of people there, and I would think amount would be considerable.

Chris, (Doc's son) said that Doc was doing better each day but has a long way to go. We all hope for the best and send him wishes for a speedy recovery.

—Lowell



Doc Dickens

Anyone wishing
to contribute
to Doc's recovery can
send a donation to:

Dickens
396 Kearny-Dickens Rd.
Burkesville, KY 42717

***Thanks for checking
on me while I get back
up to speed.***

Hey Lowell and The Bluegrass Beemers!
This is Doc's daughter & I just wanted
to thank you guys for the card.
Dad is improving everyday and it
sure helps knowing you all are
thinking about him! In about a
week Dad will be returning home
to finish recovering. Thanks again!

Jenni, Clif & Chris
Dickens

Next Month

A report
from the Motorcyclist Memorial Ride
featuring three
Bluegrass Beemers riders!

**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.**

Saturday @ Frisch's 7-9 am



Welcome Dave Reed , seen here attaching the Bluegrass Beemers license plate frame to his 2013 F800GS. The GS is Dave's first motorcycle.

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Todd Fuller

Licensed Massage Therapist (LMT)
NCBTMB Certified/AMTA Member

*Sports Massage - Swedish Therapeutic
Trigger Point- Deep Tissue - Relaxation*

Colorado trip report 2013

By Todd Fuller

**Day 1 Lexington KY to Nevada MO –
628 miles / approx 13 hours**

So what can you say about rain? Other than it sucks that is? I could tell when I pulled the bike out of the garage, and gave it the final once over before boarding the Blau Frau, that it wasn't looking good no matter what the radar showed.

It was supposed to be clear until I reached the middle of nowhere Illinois...but that's not what happened. Things started out pleasant enough...gassed up and ready to rock...I forgot how its approximately 15 miles to get from my house to the interstate at Newtown Pike...yes I said inter-

state! I had already conceded that if I were going to make any good time at all that I had to take I-64 down and through Louisville to get to US 150 towards Greenville/Paoli in Indiana. I made it most of the way into Louisville without incident but just as I was cruising by the Watterson Xway, the raindrops started to fall.

I feared the inevitable, that eather.com's radar was woefully outmatched by mother nature, and proceeded to pull over an underpass for the donning of the rainsuit....the same rainsuit I would spend the next 7+ hours in, sweating like a wrestler trying to make weight. I was making good time but this one stop for the rainsuit would turn into 3 stops as I forgot the waterproof gloves the first time and the



Todd Fuller with his R100RT

booties the second time. Finally, with all rain gear installed and working, I proceed



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to zoom my way to Paoli IN. Now I must say, for a Sunday morning 8 am'ish mind you, there were a plethora of Indiana cops out on the road. No where else the whole day did I see as many police officers as I saw from Greenville to Paoli!

Onwards past Paoli, making my way on the two lane to Vincennes where it finally opened up and I could let my beloved steed stretch her legs on a nice 4 lane...rain still present but never a factor all day regarding safety. Cruising into and out of many a small burg, I finally reached my 2nd gas stop...Salem, IL. Nothing particular of interest at this stop except after using the restroom and walking up to the assistant manager of the Huck's where I proceeded to TRY to ask this person about the weather. Not once, not twice, but three times I had to make my presence known to the assistant manager that I had a question (as she had her face stuck in her phone texting). When I finally did get her attention I asked, "So are we done with this weather?" Her reply..."How am I supposed to know? I just work here." Needless to say I found more help from the Harley riders outside headed home to Wisconsin.

Onwards toward E. St. Louis (not really but that's what the sign said), making my way for a short 10-mile stint on I-64 to hit I-255S for a southern route around St. Louis. I must say if you ever need to go West past St. Louis, this is a really good way to get around. I was flying. Once you turn West and go over the bridge I-255S turns into I-270 and it does get a little crowded with traffic here but it was only for 5 miles before exiting onto I-44W. I know, I know, more interstate...but when looking at the maps it was a small sacrifice to make to get to some really good roads and get there quickly. In all I was only on the interstate around St. Louis and to the South on I-44W for approximately 1 hour. The majority of it being not that crowded....maybe because it was Sunday, I'm not sure.

Getting off I-44W, I headed to Union MO for my 3rd gas stop. Again, no help on the weather from the people that worked there but it looked like it had stopped for good so I took a chance and got out of the



2012 fire damaged house in Colorado

hot rainsuit. From here and the rest of the way for Day 1 was as pleasant as you could ask for. The road from Union MO to Jefferson City MO...US-50W...was amazing. Huge sweeping turns, perfect apexes, and a well-paved surface led to a great ride. If this was a taste what the rest of the day had to offer, it was going to be well worth it.

After making my 4th gas stop in Jefferson City MO, I settled in for the long drive to my stay for the night, Nevada MO. This was half 4 lane and half 2 lane for the whole 154 miles. The 4 lane wasn't crowded and leant itself to making great time and the two lane, again with the awesome wide, fast sweepers over gently rolling hills and grassland, led to many thrills. This was US-54W and I must say that if the route I took today is even a slight indication of the motorcycling that Central and Southern Missouri has to offer....I will be back! The Lake of the Ozarks area is beautiful and I suggest everyone come thru this area at some point, I don't think you'll be disappointed.

Finally, I made it to Nevada MO for the night. Got checked in at the Super 8 Motel. Friendly staff, good room with COLD A/

C. Only drawback was my shower drain....didn't drain! But we can't be picky now can we? Went across the street for dinner at Buzz's BBQ. GREAT FOOD.....terrible service. If you go be prepared to wait, and wait, and wait for your food. But...when it does come...it will be excellent. I can recommend the Brisket, BBQ Beans, and Smoked Cabbage first hand.

Ok, time for a little sleep....another 500+ mile to morrow...onward to Pueblo Colorado!

Day 2 Nevada, MO to Pueblo, CO – 605 miles / approximately 12 hours

Red sky at night...sailor's delight, red sky at morning...sailor take warning. Yep....red sky at morning...s—t! I awoke early to check the radar only to find a huge wall of red zone rain from Wichita all the way to where I was at, Nevada MO. I considered sticking around and waiting to see how long it would take to pass but got some advice from another biker while eating breakfast. He told me he saw the radar too and that it looked bad but you just never know until you drive into it. I decided to

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By Todd Fuller



Colorado Springs to Denver

kit up with the rain suit and head out...maybe it would magically clear around me as I rode towards it, but I doubted it.

I was able to get down the road approximately 45 minutes before the rain started....and it started with a bang! Right off the bat the rain was that big ole fat kinda rain and after it started I wondered if I had made the right decision to leave. I decided that I would just ride it out and see how bad it could get...luckily for me, the really hard rain only lasted for about 20 minutes and then let up to a drizzle for the next few hours. Occasionally the skies would give false clearings only to close back up again and start raining again.

Hope was lost more than a few times with these false clearings that I would ever get out of it. Regardless of the weather, I can report that the Southeast portion of Kansas is quite beautiful with small rolling hills, plenty of grassland, and many horses and llamas.

About 10 miles outside of Wichita the sky finally cleared once and for good and I got a good look at the incredibly

clean city of Wichita. I can say that if I had to live in Kansas....Wichita would be a good choice.

I will cover all the roads traveled today with this comment...there is nothing spectacular or even interesting about the route from Nevada MO to Pueblo CO....in fact, it's rather boring and very straight with the occasional wide sweeper. I had to pass alot of other vehicles...fairly easy to do...but this route has a lot of semi trucks on it. The condition of the roads was excellent. It amazes me how there aren't ANY potholes anywhere to be found. Speed limits are 65 and 70 on the two lanes and four lanes except when passing thru the intermittent small towns where they slow you down to 25 mph and the fuzz were out everywhere.

So, once I got past Wichita, the scenery changes drastically. Can you say desolate? Moon like? Near deserty! I decided not to focus on the scenery but rather focus on getting down the road as fast as I could and get to Pueblo, CO...my home for the evening. About 30 miles outside of Pueblo, the fierce and mean winds of mother na-

ture started blowing out of the North, blowing me sideways every chance she got...which was quite often. I didn't hear any particular wind speeds but I'd guesstimate steady 25-30 mph winds with occasional 35-45 mph gusts (who knows really how fast, I'm just making up these numbers)....enough to have me holding onto the handlebars for dear life. This last 30 miles by far was the most grueling part of the journey. Some saddle sore rash on the backside didn't help either but hey....tomorrow's a short ride up to Denver for a bit of a rest, hopefully with a stop at the Colorado Springs BMW dealer.

Day 3 Pueblo CO to Denver CO 182 miles / approximately 5-1/2 hours

Finally a day that started out bright and sunny! The weather looked great this morning so I thought I'd have a good breakfast and stopped in at the Kountry Kitchen up the street from the Motel 6 I was staying at on the North side of Pueblo. Sidebar – after staying in the Super 8 in Nevada MO and the Motel 6 in Pueblo, I now know why Super 8 charges an extra \$10-\$15 for their rooms. I won't be staying in another Motel 6 unless it's all that is available.



Coors Brewery

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By Todd Fuller

Anyway, breakfast at the Kountry Kitchen was great with a skillet of eggs, onions, bacon, hash browns and cheese and a side of two pancakes, or as the ticket at our Big Boy says...Smaller Portion. I fueled up after breakfast and headed West out of Pueblo to catch the Vietnam Veterans Hwy about 20 miles West of Pueblo. I got onto the Vietnam Veterans Hwy thinking this was going to be a nice scenic two-laner that would take me into Colorado Springs. It was a nice ride but half of the way it was a four-laner and was just as busy as some main highways...I was really disappointed in this regard. It was scenic but being on such a busy highway there are really no places to pull over and take pictures. I did manage one or two pictures but the composition was lost because I couldn't take them from the places I wanted to.

Anyhoo, it finally did turn into a two-laner and this was a bit nicer but still a lot of fast drivers. As I pulled into Colorado Springs, following my directions to the BMW dealership there, I noticed many, many, many homeless people. I was amazed at the number of them and they were everywhere! Moving on, the BMW Dealership is pretty out of the way from the rest of the city, not sure what they were thinking of when they decided on this location, but I digress.

I get to the BMW Dealership and pull up and park, I immediately noticed all the new bikes that they are rolling outside for public view...I'm thinking, what is this, a Harley Dealership? So I go inside and start looking for the bathroom. At least 4 people are standing around talking and no one asks me if I need anything or offer to help. I'm thinking...what is this...a Harley Dealership? I finally ask someone where the bathroom is and proceed. I'm out in the showroom and noticing all the "bling", t-shirts, jackets, helmets and am thinking...is this a Harley Dealership? There were 7 or 8 BMW's tucked away into one corner of the store and the rest of the store was filled with Triumphs. Needless to say, I didn't stick around long and I was very disappointed by this visit. When I went outside to leave I did run into another BMW rider (with a 2002 LT) who told me my instincts about this dealership were right...they are actually owned by the people that own the



The bike sputtered to a stop.

Harley Dealership in town. Now it all makes sense. He also told me that they wouldn't even work on my bike if I asked them to because they don't know how to work on the old Airheads. Sad, sad, sad.

I left Colorado Springs and headed out US24, a nice ride thru some mountain towns (albeit busy traffic once again) and found my way to CO-67 where I had a sweet ride thru Pikes Peak National Forest. I was able to view the damage that the fires from last year had done to the forest...words can't describe how horrific it looks. Making my way down to Deckers I stopped to ask directions and if I wanted to continue on 67 I would have to navigate 4-5 miles of dirt road! Where is a GS when I need it! Instead I took the "long way

round" on CO-126, a very twisty 25 miles but beautiful scenery. I ended up on 285 headed back into Denver and I had no idea that I was up at 8000+ feet until I started down 285, about 20+ miles of steep grade down the mountains and very twisty and windy as well. This was a handlebar grabber of a road and decided at that point with rain clouds brewing Northeast of me that I would just shoot the interstate back into Denver and onto my aunt and uncle's house.

So I carried a tire with me from Lexington all the way here knowing that at some point I would need to get it changed. I called the local Denver BMW dealership and asked them how much it would cost to change it for me. They told me "if you don't buy the tire here, we won't change it

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for you.” They gave me some liability crap answer as to the reason but I think they just wanted to sell me an overpriced tire and charge me their \$88/hr labor rate. What’s up with BMW Dealerships these days?

Fortunately, I found a local independent BMW shop that will change the tire for me...it’s called Bavarian Motors West. I will update you on the service I receive tomorrow when I go get the tire changed.

Day 4 Denver CO to Denver CO 30 miles / 5 hours

Yes, you read above correctly 30 miles, 5 hours. This morning I awoke early to get ready to head down to Bavarian Motors West to have Pete there change my tire. I started out down the road toward the highway and the bike sputtered a little bit, so I thought I might have used more gas up in the mountains yesterday than I thought, so I stopped to get gas. Gassed up, I continued to head down to the highway.

As I turned onto the entrance ramp to the highway, there was a delay and I had to stop. It was there that my bike died on me. I tried to restart but it wouldn’t. I tried again...nothing. It was cranking but not starting. So, I had to backup the bike down the onramp to a pull-off area at the beginning of the ramp, not an easy thing to do during rush hour. After getting to the pull-off area I immediately called several people including Roy and Pete at Bavarian. Pete said he didn’t have the ability to come pick me and the bike up but that if I could get it there he would certainly help me out. A few calls later and Allstate says they are sending a tow truck.

The tow truck driver was one of the nicest people I’ve met here in Denver, he had spent some time living in Paris KY, and was very helpful getting me to Bavarian. I get to Bavarian and Pete immediately gets me into the shop and we go thru a Q & A session of what’s going on with the bike, etc.... Pete is a very eccentric man who has his shop in his garage. He has a 3-lift operation and his shop is impeccably clean and organized. He races AHRMA BMW’s and really seems to know his stuff, he’s a BMW purest. As he’s working on my bike, he’s very quiet but he’s not



Pete at Bavarian Motors West managed to get the RT running.

liking the dual plugged mod on my bike. I told him I wasn’t responsible for it but it didn’t seem to matter. I can’t tell you how many times he said that my motor is such a low compression motor that its just silly to dual plug it.

Continuing on, he gets it started, tunes the carbs, adjust the fuel mixture, performs some other tests, and gets the tire changed. He concludes that the ignition module

could be trying to fail and that if it does and I don’t have one to change out, I could be stuck wherever I’m at. I take stock of this fact and he offers to sell me one. I didn’t have the extra money for the ignition module this day but I told him I’d come back to get it. I was very trepid driving back to my Aunt and Uncle’s house but made it back with no problem. I thought about getting the new ignition module

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By Todd Fuller

from him overnight, and decided it would make sense to have it so I told him I'd be back on Thursday to pick it up. I asked him about continuing riding it and he told me it could work fine the rest of my trip or that it could go out in another mile or two. This made me really consider the rest of my riding trip. My main goal from there on out had to be to make it back to Kentucky. I couldn't risk to continue on riding up into the mountains on my planned routes for the next 3 days. It was then I decided to scrub the rest of the riding trip and just stay at my Aunt and Uncle's until Saturday and cut my trip short and come back early to give me time to account for any trouble I might have on the way home. If I was more mechanically inclined to fixing these bikes I might have gone ahead and chanced the rest of the trip up in the mountains, but I'm not, so regretfully, it had to be this way. Note to self....learn more about these older bikes so I can troubleshoot and hopefully fix any problems in the future.



Pueblo to Colorado Springs.

Day 5 Denver CO to Denver CO 0 miles

Waiting and resting day. With the decision made, I went down to Bavarian and picked up the ignition module from Pete and had a

very low key day with running about 6 miles, some lap swimming in the pool, and visiting with family. Not much else to report, except I did start the bike a couple times and let it run and it seemed fine. I'm feeling a little bit better about riding it home but still not confident.

Day 6 Denver CO to Boulder CO 0 miles

Another waiting and resting day. Resting that is from motorcycling. I did run another 5 miles this morning, more lap swimming in the pool and then a trip above Boulder for some hiking. Then back down to Boulder for lunch and shopping for souvenirs. Back at the house I started preparing for the trip back. Deciding which route to take back....do I chance the little towns routes of US 36 or roll on the interstate? I decided I'm going to roll on the interstate for the first day (Saturday), even as much as I hate to do it, at least help will be more accessible there if I have any trouble. If things go well for Saturday, I'll probably take the back roads home on Sunday.

Day 7 Denver CO to Independence MO 600+ miles

Woke up early and got on the road by 5 am. I pointed the Blau Frau East, pegged it at 5000 rpm and hoped for the best. It was nice and cool and made my first gas stop



Haze from fires viewed from the deck in Pueblo.

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By Todd Fuller



Sunset from the deck in Pueblo, Colorado

about 100 miles down the road and put on a jacket liner underneath my suit to cut the cold air a bit. Around 7:30 am I started getting hit by the crosswinds that would end up lasting till well into the afternoon. I kept it pegged at 80 mph fighting the winding and passing every vehicle in sight as I cruised down the interstate. Around 10 am as I'm pulling onto an off-ramp to make my 2nd gas stop the bike started to sputter. I was both worried and relieved that the ignition module had finally failed. I could finally stop wondering when it would fail and yet worried about how long it would take to get the new one put on and how far I would have to push it to the gas

station. As I rolled under the overpass, I accepted my fate and saw that the gas station was only another 300 yards away and would be able to get the bike pushed that far. It was at this point that I looked down at the mileage....it was at 136. I wondered.....could I have just used up my first 4 gallons of fuel? Was the combination of the 80 mph pace and the heavy crosswinds lowering my gas mileage? I decided to turn the petcock to reserve.....and damn if it didn't start up right away! I was so relieved that it was just my mileage that was suffering from the fast pace and winds and not the ignition module. Gassed up and ready to roll again, I set off East again. The rest

of the day was more winds, little traffic, and high speeds. Rolling into Independence MO at about 4 pm, I was ready for a rest at the Super 8. I made an early night of it so I could rise early again for the get home day.

Day 8 Independence MO to Lexington, KY 600+ miles

Another early rise and on the road around 5:30 am. Again another cool morning but muggy as the humidity was in the air. At this point I was feeling good about the bike but decided to stay on the interstate and

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By Todd Fuller



Leaving Pueblo

just get home as fast as I could. My butt was in no shape for one minute more than necessary on the seat today. There was relatively little of interest to report other than an increase in traffic once reaching just outside of St. Louis. The tiniest bit of rain fell as I was passing thru St. Louis and it brought some relief to the rising temperatures, but otherwise it was a rain-free day.

I made it safe and sound to Lexington, rolling in about 4 pm, ready for a little R&R. I unpacked the bike, put it on the trickle charger and looked forward to the dinner that was waiting for me at my girlfriend's house.

Reflections

Riding Gear: My first reflection is that I picked the right piece of riding gear for this trip and probably many more trips to come. The Olympia Stealth Mesh 1 piece riding suit could not have worked better. First off being that it is silver in color automatically lessens the heat factor that a person gets tremendously. Combine the mesh

panels in it and it makes for a very comfortable ride except for the hottest days. The hottest day I experienced the temperature was about 96 degrees and although hotter than I would have liked, it was bearable and I felt very protected the whole time I had the suit on. My butt did get a little sore and chaffed but I imagine that almost any 600+ mile day and 13 hours or so of riding with breaks only every 100 – 150 miles will do that. I would recommend this suit to anyone.

Gas availability: I found that even though I meticulously planned my gas stops, I didn't really need to. There were more places to get gas than I ever imagined, both on the side roads going out to Colorado and of course on the interstate coming back. I believe that the extra gallon of gas that I carried with me was more of a mental crutch than anything else. It was good knowing it was there, but next time I don't think I'll be carrying it with me.

The route to Colorado: There's no easy way to get to Colorado in a short amount of time from Lexington KY. And basically

there's just no avoiding terrible terrain in Kansas. With that said, and after taking the Northern route (US 36) some years ago, I would say my Southern route out this time was much more scenic and would be the way to go if you just HAVE to ride out. I believe that if I do go to Colorado to ride again, I will be trailering out. It just makes things so much easier and there's more peace of mind if you have mechanical issues with your bike while you are out there.

The Riding in Colorado: While I didn't get to do much this time, I can tell you from past personal experience that there are some great sites to be seen and roads to be ridden. And if you have a GS, I'm sure there are even more than I know about. I would suggest that everyone plan at least one trip to ride out West at some point in their life, you don't realize how much you're missing until you do.

HELP: If you do need help while in Colorado on your BMW, I suggest looking up Pete at Bavarian Motors West. He is a guy similar to Roy. I do NOT suggest you look up a BMW dealership, that is unless your bike is only a few years old or at least fuel injected....then they MIGHT work on it for you but of course labor rates are damn near \$100 / hour.

I hope you enjoyed this trip report, albeit a bit of a let down from a riding standpoint, but sometime we're thrown a wrench or two into our best laid plans.

—TF

Riding trail bikes on the back side of Brannon Crossing

By Tom Weber

Here are some pictures of [my son] Josh and three of his friends riding their trail bikes on the back side of Brannon Crossing, and guess what? Today was the first time I have ever ridden a dirt bike in my life that was larger than a 50cc.

Josh's bike is a Honda 230. It was quite the experience. I only went the length of two football fields out and back. I quickly realized that this might be more work than fun. I think I was paying too much attention to making sure that I did not bust my royal rear end in front of the youngins.

—TW



Josh Weber in foreground



Ian Rice

Six Singles

Part 2 By Ian Rice

The title "Six singles" refers to the six motorcycles I have owned. Read Part 1 in the July 2013 newsletter. —*Ian*

Once I had gotten the TT-R 50, I had to learn how to shift.

It was not like a regular shifting pattern because it went from neutral, 1st gear, 2nd gear, and 3rd gear. It also had an auto clutch. The first time I ever went trail riding was on this bike, in Clay City.

On that first trail ride, I learned a lot about lines and



Ian on the 90, one of the guys in the woods



On the trail at Morehead

how you never know how deep a puddle of water is.

By now my brother had quit riding, along with almost every other kid in the Rice family. About a year earlier My grandfather had bought a TTR 90. My grandmother had ridden this around the field with me

and my brother.

Some time later, I rode the TTR 90 the first time. It was way faster than the TTR 50. The 50's top speed felt like half way through 2nd gear on the 90, which had 3 gears also. I mainly stayed in 1st gear at the time.

Read next month's article for the next part.

To Be Continued



Keeneland Concours d'Elegance motorcycles



Random thoughts from Vintage Days, 2013

By John Rice



From the Café Racer tent at Vintage Motorcycle Days

Getting to VMD this year was a bit complicated, involving a plane flight from South Carolina, the much-appreciated assistance of Pete Galskis, and a late afternoon mad dash from Winchester to Mid-Ohio, six hours on a quasi-dirt bike.

The DR 650, which has morphed in its purpose from dirt bike to dual sport and now to sort-of-touring bike, proved to be a great traveling machine, as long as one doesn't want to sit down. The "seat" (otherwise known as "enhanced interrogation device") will be high on my list of things to replace.

I've been to every one of the Vintage Days events, in all of its venues over more than 25 years, and one thing has remained constant. It's always oppressively hot, pouring rain or sometimes both. This year wasn't so bad on the hot scale, but made up for it on the rain

side of the ledger. There were powerful thunderstorms that dumped huge amounts of water in a fairly short time, accompanied by high winds that roiled

the canvas shelters in the swap meet area.

This event combines an enormous swap meet with vintage bike racing of all sorts from race track to dirt tracks to observed trials with various lectures by vintage heroes thrown in for good measure. We, my nephew Paul Rice and myself, spent most of our time in the swap meet area, about 10 acres of vendors including professional level booth setups and "everything on this blanket \$1".

As usual, the variety of old motorcycles at VMD is astonishing. As Paul puts it, "If we saw one of these parked on a street corner in our home towns, we'd stop and look at it for an hour. But here, they are everywhere." One constant is the beautiful old Bultaco

Metralla, bearing the sign "All reasonable offers refused".

In the infield, the Cafe Racer Magazine folks had set up a tent with some very nice variations on the "less is more" theory of making old bikes go faster. At one end of their complex was a table where a young man was hawking DVD's of a movie he had made about a young woman who gets introduced to the cafe racer scene by purchasing a Moto Guzzi. Intrigued by the idea of an independent film featuring bikes other than choppers, and Euro-bike cafe bikes to boot, I forked over my \$20. Having watched it now, I can say on the plus side, there were some very nice machines and some decent riding scenes in the Wisconsin countryside. On the other hand, I sincerely hope none of the



Another café racer entrant

Random thoughts from Vintage Days, 2013 By John Rice



We saw these tires on several café racers in the tent and out among the bikes at the event. Must be a new trend, although I can't really see the point unless one's café of choice is down a dirt road!

participants have quit their day jobs to go into acting full time.

At the other end of the tent complex, a Louisville group, RetroWrench, had set up a booth with bikes they'd manufactured. Their work was refreshingly different, a sort of eclectic combination of café



A tidy little Ducati 250 single

racer, bobber and just plain different machinery with about

as many "Why did they do that?" and "Why didn't I think

of that?" moments in each example. I will have to visit their shop next time I'm in Louisville.

We walked the muddy aisles of the swap meet, stopping to peer into the piles of rusty junk looking for that gem that leaps out of the jumble to catch the eye. This year seemed a bit light on the kind of stuff that elicits an "Ahhh" moment, but perhaps it's just that we've become jaded. Neither Paul nor I needs any more projects, and I have greater need to get stuff out of my garage than to put anything else in. That doesn't keep us from looking, though, the deep-buried hunter-gatherer in us rising to the surface in these surroundings. We stop to look at old bikes with optimistic price tags and at each one, our minds turn rapidly to its "potential".



What Gold Wings were really meant to be

Random thoughts from Vintage Days, 2013 By John Rice



When we look at these old motorcycles here at Vintage Days, we are doing the same thing that people do when they buy far more books they can ever read. We are making ourselves the promise of time. The little voice way back in our head says we will somehow acquire the time to work on them, restore them and ride them. In our unspoken, but nonetheless real fantasies the bikes will look and run like new again and we will be 20 years younger and pounds thinner and it's 73 degrees and an endless curving road uncoils ahead with no particular place to go and all the time in the world to get there. Going to Vintage Days does that for us every time, and I guess it will keep us coming back, rain and/or shine.

—JR

Above: This is the "Vincati" built by "Big Sid" and his son, Matthew, which formed the subject of the book by the same name written by Matthew.

Right: This Guzzi was the central theme in the independent movie, "Girl Meets Bike," that was being hawked at the Café Racer tent by the young man who wrote and directed the flick. I bought his DVD for \$20 to support such enterprise. On the plus side, the movie featured a lot of Euro bikes, some old bikes including some Nortons, and some decent riding scenes. On the other hand, I hope none of the participants quit their day jobs.



Random thoughts from Vintage Days, 2013 By John Rice



Can't have an event without the Wall of Death.



The DR in touring dress



Economy: For when you've really got to go a long way for not much fuel.

For Sale

2003 R1100S
Boxer Cup Replica
20,657 miles



I purchased this bike in 2007 from Louisville BMW with only 3,500 miles registered. It was a BMW lease bike. I added BMW system cases and Suburban handlebar risers, and tank bag; everything else is stock. 1,500 miles on Metzler tires. This bike is always maintained according to book, garaged kept, in excellent condition and ready to ride.

\$8,400

Lee Thompson
leetlex92@gmail.com
859-475-7029



2004 R1150RT
7,022 miles



Second Owner. I bought this 1150RT in 2007 with 1,208 miles from a 73-year-old gentleman. This bike has every option imaginable.

Titan Silver Metallic, Dual Spark, EVO Linked ABS Braking

- BMW Panniers and Top Case
- Sargent Seat (Griptex Carbon Fiber - Heated w/ Controller)
- Backup Backrest
- Moto-Techniques Bar Risers
- Moto Lights
- J-Pegs
- 2 1/2 in taller Smoked Euro-Cut windshield &
- Stock windshield
- GadgetGuy GPS Bracket Kit IV Deluxe

- Wunderlich Header System (Jet-Hot Ceramic Coated)
- Remus Genesis Carbon Exhaust (not loud- just right)
- RineWest performance chip V3.0
- Wunderlich Carbon Fiber rear tire hugger
- New Tire front and rear mounted by Roy less than 500 miles ago
- Ohlins shocks

Plus More

\$9,000.00

Paul Huber
859-983-2611 Mobile

For Sale



2009 R1200GS 31,600 miles

\$10,900

ABS, ESA, heated grips, extra power socket, trip computer, Vario bags and topbox, Hepco & Becker engine protection bars, Bridgestone tires with about 1,500 miles (got 8,000 out of last set), Z-Teknic and stock windshields, new BMW battery in August 2012.

Contact John Rice

**859-229-4546
riceky@aol.com**

**From
Vintage Days 2013**
By John Rice

Check out this
spoke arrangement.



RAIN, RAIN GO AWAY!

(We've still got rain gear in case it doesn't.)



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