

September 2013

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Clyde Austin approaching Mt. Hood while riding to the BMW rally in Salem, Oregon

Photo by Bill Moore

Roberto Munoz, dead at 63

Memorial service September 7th, 3-7 pm



Roberto Munoz

Roberto Jose Munoz, 63, passed away in his home on August 26, 2013. He is survived by his wife and best friend of 37 years, Sarah Jane Munoz, and their two sons, Daniel Munoz (Erin) of Louisville and Roberto Munoz of London, UK. He is also survived by his two grandsons, London and Liam Munoz, and by his sister Julieta Victoria Munoz.

Roberto was born August 31, 1949 in Puerto Rico to late parents, Roberto Munoz MacCormick and Julieta Leoner Alvarado. He enjoyed many interests and hobbies, notably his passion for Moto Guzzi motorcycles and model aviation, and sharing his love of English Springer Spaniels with his wife. He also cared deeply about his Honda repair business, Alpine Imports, of which he was the owner and operator for 33 years.

His remembrance service will be held on Sat, Sept 7 at Milward-Man O' War, 1509 Trent Blvd. from 3-7pm. In lieu of flowers, any donations can be sent to the American Cancer Society (donate.cancer.org) or the Lexington Humane Society.



Roberto Munoz in June with his new California 1400 Touring

Photo by Ray Brooks

Lunch Ride to Sunset Grill in Warsaw

Ray Brooks and I will lead a lunch ride from the rally site to Sunset Grill, a nice restaurant with indoor and outdoor seating on the banks of the Ohio River. A scenic spot with a view up and down the

river, it is a favorite stop for motorcyclists.

The route is 52 miles from the campground and about 125 miles round trip. We will leave the campground at 10 am with a stop at the Kentucky

Speedway, and return about 3 pm. This should be a leisurely ride with great roads and scenery through North Central Kentucky for lunch on the Ohio River and back.

—**Lowell Roark**



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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.**

Honoring the dead and going to the dogs



By Ray Brooks



The Motorcyclist Memorial Wall in Hopedale, Ohio

We had discussed earlier in the year that we should plan a ride for Bluegrass Beemer members and just get away for a couple of days.

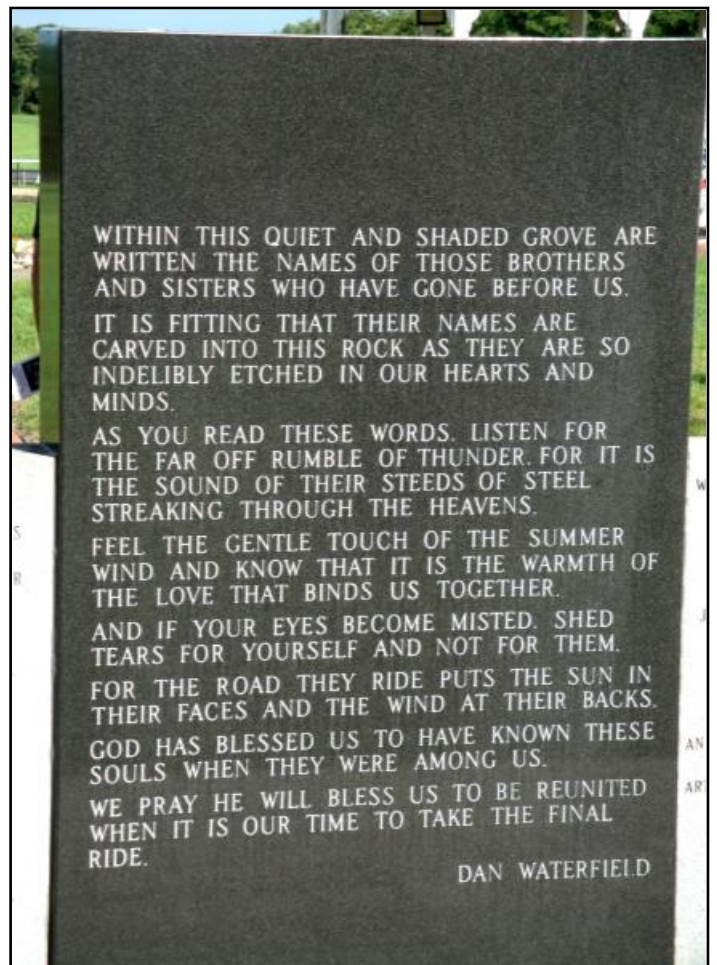
Lowell Roark, Kenneth Perry and Ray Brooks participated. Lowell took the lead with planning a route and announcing it to the membership. The ride was set for July 29-30. Lowell had seen an article in the AMA motorcycle magazine about the Motorcyclist Memorial Wall located in Hopedale, Ohio and so that's where we headed first.

Of course, not being in a hurry, we did find McDonalds and then further down the road a Dairy Queen. That was before lunch. Something about the fresh air and the gorgeous country back roads that seem to stimulate the appetite.

This leg of our journey took us across the Ohio River in Maysville, through the back roads of Ohio to Chillicothe, Zanesville, Steubenville and then to the small community of Hopedale where the Memorial is located.



Dairy Queen stop,
before lunch



WITHIN THIS QUIET AND SHADED GROVE ARE WRITTEN THE NAMES OF THOSE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE US.

IT IS FITTING THAT THEIR NAMES ARE CARVED INTO THIS ROCK AS THEY ARE SO INDELIBLY ETCHED IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS.

AS YOU READ THESE WORDS, LISTEN FOR THE FAR OFF RUMBLE OF THUNDER. FOR IT IS THE SOUND OF THEIR STEEDS OF STEEL STREAKING THROUGH THE HEAVENS.

FEEL THE GENTLE TOUCH OF THE SUMMER WIND AND KNOW THAT IT IS THE WARMTH OF THE LOVE THAT BINDS US TOGETHER.

AND IF YOUR EYES BECOME MISTED, SHED TEARS FOR YOURSELF AND NOT FOR THEM.

FOR THE ROAD THEY RIDE PUTS THE SUN IN THEIR FACES AND THE WIND AT THEIR BACKS. GOD HAS BLESSED US TO HAVE KNOWN THESE SOULS WHEN THEY WERE AMONG US.

WE PRAY HE WILL BLESS US TO BE REUNITED WHEN IT IS OUR TIME TO TAKE THE FINAL RIDE.

DAN WATERFIELD

Honoring the dead and going to the dogs

In 1992 a group of dedicated motorcyclists conceived the idea of a monument for departed bikers. This dream slowly grew into a reality with the formation of the Motorcyclist Memorial Foundation in 1993. The foundation is a non-profit organization dedicated to the permanent memory of Brothers and Sisters departed. The memorial site is located on a hill in a very serene setting with a picturesque view of the surrounding rural area. A granite memorial wall as well as the brick pavers surrounding it contains the engraved names of riders who have passed.

Having paid our respects, it was time to move on and head for Wheeling, W VA in hopes of finding shelter for the night. That was to be a bit of a challenge. There is a great deal of construction going on in that area and it seems that the construction crews have filled up a lot of the motels. Tired, hungry, low on gas, and with darkness taking over, we pushed on to New Martinsville, W VA where we found suitable facilities.

Refreshed and facing a beautiful morning, our second day took us on a scenic route along the Ohio River to our next destination, Hillbilly Hot Dogs, located in Lesage, W VA. This was a real treat. A shack on a hillside facing the river, a school bus for a dining room, railroad tracks running along the back, a gravel parking area, and a collection of old junk that you have to see to believe.

But then there's the food. Specializing in hot dogs, named and dressed up with a variety of toppings, they also offer a full menu of other specially prepared dishes. Signature items include the "Home Wrecker", a 17" dog with extensive top-



Hillbilly Hotdogs entrance



Hillbilly Hotdogs parking



Kern Perry and Lowell Roark dining out

pings and "Bubba's Triple Wide", a 30 lb. burger.

Hillbilly Hot Dogs was featured on one episode of the TV show Diners, Drive-Ins, and Dives. Guy Fieri named Hillbilly Hot Dogs as one of his Top Ten places he's been. Word has gotten around and now folks travel from miles around to enjoy a hot dog and see this place. It is a popular place for bikers as well. Two hours from Lexington, it would be a fun day trip.

All in all, this was a very enjoyable two day, 660 mile outing. Good roads, perfect weather, safe riding, and good fellowship. What more can you ask?

Honoring the dead and going to the dogs



Above: Hillbilly Hotdogs main entrance with school bus dining room to the left

Right: Junk. Some call them collectibles.



Honoring the dead and going to the dogs

Hillbilly Hotdogs, two hours from Lexington, has been named by host Guy Fieri of the television show, *Diners, Drive-ins and Dives*, as one of his Top Ten places. Signature food includes The Home Wrecker, a 17" hotdog with extensive toppings, and Bubba's Triple Wide, a 30lb. burger.



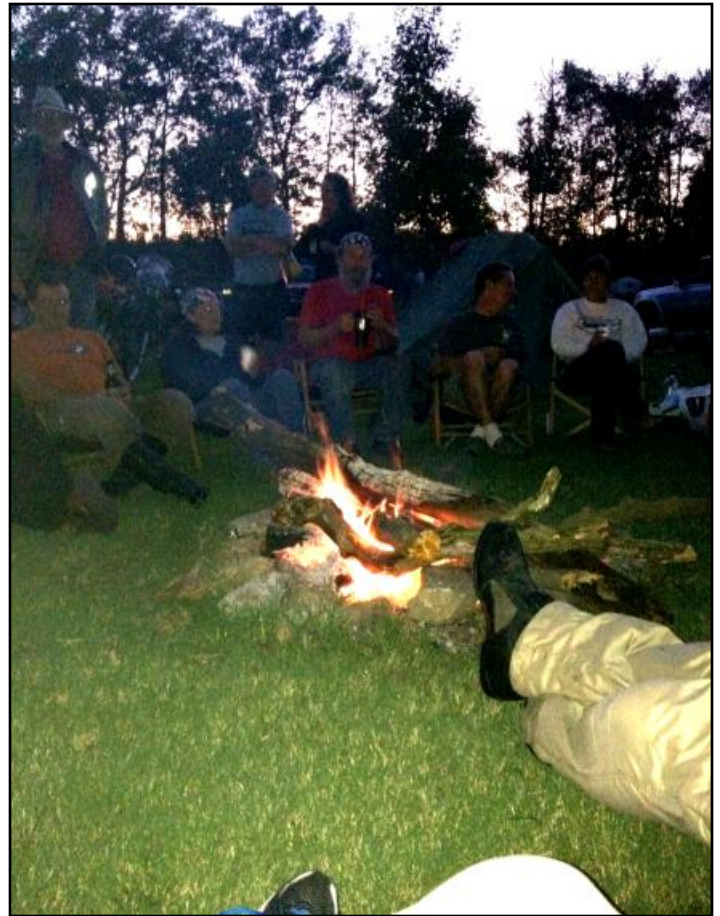
Beemers in the Bluegrass, 2012

Here are a few images from last year's rally. Join the fun this year, September 13-15.



Beemers in the Bluegrass, 2012

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Ian Rice

Since I started riding the TT-R 90, it became more and more ridden compared to the other motorcycles. I rode it nearly every weekend that I could. At the top of my grandparents' land, we had set up an oval racetrack-like course, I had a lot of fun racing around that.

While riding motorcycles, I always felt like I had a lot more freedom than other people. I liked going through corners really fast or slow, practicing my balance, and doing tiny wheelies over an uneven part of ground.

Quite a while after getting the 90, I got the Honda TL 125 and the Wombat after my grandfather's friends decided to give it to me as a learning motorcycle. I really liked how the trials tires went over rocks and through water a lot better than knob-bies, and I had wanted to get trials tires for the 90, too.

Read next month's article for the conclusion.

Six Singles Part 3

By Ian Rice

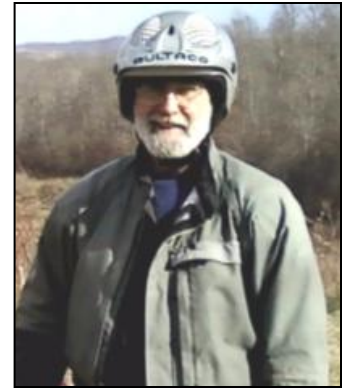


Ian on the 90, one of the guys in the woods

—IR

Choices

By John Rice



"You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might find, you get what you need."

—Philosophy
from the Rolling Stones.

I've been riding motorcycles for fifty years now and, if I stop to think about it, I've got a pretty clear idea of what I want.

I started out on European bikes and stayed with them, for the most part, because something in their nature seemed to fit something in mine. The way they were designed, the power characteristics, the handling, all seemed to fit me somehow.

I've lived through the crazes for Harleys, for Brit-bikes, for Japanese cruisers, for dirt bikes and sport bikes. I've seen motorcycles go from a universal machine (take the fenders and lights off, race it, ride it on trails, put them back on and ride it to work, take it on tour) to increasing levels of specialization (e.g. sport bikes that were thinly disguised racing machines, unhappy anywhere but flat out on smooth asphalt and dirt bikes that actually were motocrossers, only suited for speed) and form-over-substance garage art (I always compared choppers to high heeled shoes, in that you take a functional item that fulfills it's intended purpose, then change it in the name of art eventually to something that looks vaguely like the former item, but essentially is useless for the initial purpose).

I'd seen the "adventure touring" category develop, bring-

ing us bikes that are in some ways like the old "do it all" machines, but too overweight and over-complicated to be really useful.

I came to BMW's in 1981 when I purchased the infamous "Green Bike", the 1975 R90/6 that I still own and ride. I found that the opposed twin with minimal horsepower, but all the power you really needed, right where you usually needed it, just fit my psyche like the proverbial glove. In 1998, I succumbed to the siren song of temptation and bought an oil-



head GS. It had more power and better handling than anything I'd owned before, but it was heavier and more complicated than anything in my experience as well. I was seduced for a while by such easy excess, but soon realized that this bike only felt right when going way too fast and that if I, like an older man drawn to younger women, persisted in such behavior it could come to no good end. I traded it back in for the Airhead I'd traded for it and settled back down where I knew I should have been all along.

Then in 2009, I bought the R1200GS. I'd heard the siren

song again, this time promising that all would be better, that the things I'd feared were all different now and I could have my cake and eat it too. And, for a while, that seemed to be true. This was the best handling, most powerful, smoothest, most capable motorcycle I'd ever owned in my half-century of riding.

Now I'm in my mid-60's and contemplating how I'm going to keep going in this thing that has been a major part of who I am since I was 14 years old.

The 1200 still is all of those things noted above, it hasn't changed, but I have. Its weight has become more than I want to deal with, its speed is, for me now, mostly superfluous and its complications are beyond my comfort zone for service.

I've looked at the new BMW's, particularly the 800 twins, but can't see anything there I can relate to on a personal level. A motorcycle service columnist recently opined that all the factories are producing ever more motorcycles with an "electronic umbilical cord to the dealership", I really don't want that much attachment.

What I want, if I boil it down, is a 1995 R100R with ABS. That would be as close to the perfect traveling motorcycle as I'm likely to ever find. Like most visions of a perfect world, it doesn't exist, nor can it in practical reality.

So, I'm trying to find that "Golden Mean", the place in the overall scheme of things where everything is, if not perfect, at least good enough for a rider in his declining years.

I got a Yamaha XT 250, which does dirt pretty well and streets well enough, but for long distance touring, it is too slow and too small for luggage capacity. I've adopted a Suzuki DR 650, a "modern" bike by its year model, but still with a carburetor and simple valve adjustment, but it needs a lot of tweaking to make it a touring machine.

I've explored options for changing things on the R100GS/PD and the R90/6, and these may be the ultimate solutions, if the other options become too complicated. I've even considered a sidecar.

I don't know where this will end up. There are choices still to be made.

—JR

Saturday @ Frisch's 7-9 am



The DARK SIDE, authority style

Ray Brooks snapped these photos of me with my new 2012 Road King Police.

Back in '83, following 13 years of trying to travel on Harley-Davidson big twins, I traded a new FLHT whose piston slap was intolerable for a new R80RT and swore I would never again ride a Harley. After all, the new '77 FLH lasted only 10,000 miles before vibrating itself to death due to flywheels out of balance from the factory. The Harleys I built, especially the '46 EL (Knucklehead), were fairly good bikes in that they did not destroy themselves.....immediately.

Harley-Davidsons today are, of course, entirely different than the Shovelhead paint mixers of the '70's and early '80's. In fact, most bikes we encounter on the roads today are Harley models, mostly the touring bikes, doing big miles.

Regarding this 2012, I was drawn to the air ride solo seat unique to the police model, and the overall presentation both in styling and in riding experience, capture what I liked in the first place. The police air ride seat possibly is the most comfortable I have experienced, and the authority riding position along with the overall appearance of the machine in traffic makes me feel just a little more conspicuous, in a good way. The *stock* exhaust sounds wonderful! Especially noteworthy on this 800-plus pound bike is the generous ground clearance and well-controlled suspension that allows respectable lean angles (33 degrees) and confidence-inspiring handling at a spirited pace, making for a capable and entertaining package that also loafs at 2800 rpm at 75 mph. The Brembo ABS brakes are light years removed from the wooden brakes Harleys wore in the '80's.

But the '99 BMW 1100S that I'll hang onto also loafs at 75 mph, and features 300 fewer pounds to swing through the twisties.

At any rate, I'm having fun on the cop glide and am content with not saving lives with the stock exhaust.

—PE



Saturday @ Frisch's 7-9 am

Right: Meet Mike Agan, standing with his 2008 Heritage Anniversary Harley-Davidson.



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



2009 R1200GS 31,600 miles

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.

\$10,900

Contact John Rice

859-229-4546



The KICKSTAND's 7th Annual Bikes, Blues & BBQ



WHEN

Saturday, Sept 21st, 2013

WHERE

The KICKSTAND

500 East Main Street

Burgin, KY

Intersection of Highways 33 & 152

FOR INFO

859.748.5425

SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com

www.TheKickstandLLC.com

Poker Run

- Registration 10:00 – 12:30
- Ride leaves at 1:00
- \$15 rider / \$5 passenger / \$5 each additional hand
- All proceeds to benefit the Mercer County Firefighters' Christmas Toy Drive
- Feel free to bring a toy to kick-off the season's drive
- 50/50
- Trophies for 1st Place, 2nd Place, 3rd Place, Worst Hand, Club with Most in Attendance, Long Distance Rider, Oldest Rider, Youngest Rider, Newest Rider, Bike with Highest Mileage, Oldest Bike, Bike with Fewest CCs

five below band – 10:00 – 1:00

BBQ Served All Day at the Village Inn Restaurant

Event T-Shirts & More!