



August 2014

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*  
Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc. Lexington, Kentucky  
MOA #145 RA #49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>

Sighted at AMA Vintage Days, the sidecar rig that John Rice says he can afford. Photo by John Rice

## Donald Kennedy, MOA Kentucky Ambassador, dead at 81; Bluegrass Beemers donates to Hospice of Western Kentucky

OWENSBORO, Ky. — Donald Ray Kennedy, 81, of Owensboro passed away Saturday, July 5, 2014, at his residence.

He was born in Centralia, Ill. to the late Ray Clarence and Esther Huntley Kennedy.



He received his Doctorate of Pharmacy from the University Of Tennessee College Of Pharmacy in 1959, was the owner of Prescription Center and Kennedy Pharmacy, and was a member of the Kentucky Pharmaceutical Association.



Donald was a member of First Baptist Church, served his country in the United States Marine Corp during the Korean

War, was a Scout Master for the Boy Scouts of America and all of his sons and grandsons are Eagle Scouts, and was an

Ambassador with the BMW Motorcycle Owners of America.

He was also preceded in death by his brother, Merrill Kennedy and his sister, Martha Dudenbostel.

Survivors include his wife of 60 years, Shirley Jean Vaughn Kennedy; sons, Ray C. Kennedy (Lisa) of Louisville, Paul L. Kennedy (Jena) of Nicholasville, and Robert "Bobby" L. Kennedy (Julie) of Owensboro; grandchildren, Bryan R. Kennedy, Laura C. Kennedy, Claire E. Kennedy, Shirley Kaye Bryant (Jonathan), Blakely A. Kennedy (Active Duty Marine), Kevin P. Kennedy, Casey I. Kennedy, and Tyler A. Kennedy; and great-grandchildren, Isabella, Allie and Will Bryant.

*Obituary by Glenn Funeral Home, Owensboro. Photos provided by Tom Weber.*



**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.**

**Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

**Paul Elwyn, Editor paul.elwyn@gmail.com**

**Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.**

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

**Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.**

**in Lexington, Kentucky on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.**

**BMW Club**  
**Bluegrass Beemers**

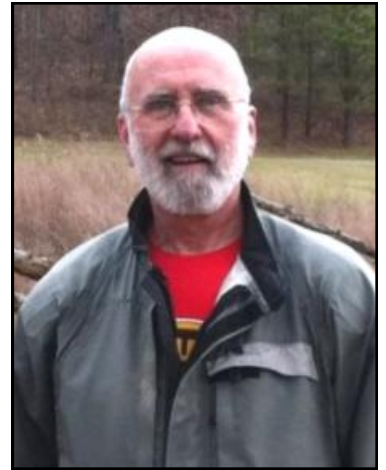


# Books available on loan

The following books are available on loan. Email me when you want to borrow one, and I will bring it to breakfast (or whatever other arrangements need to be made...I can deliver within reason) and I'll put your name beside it on my list.

I don't mind if people keep them a while (it takes me forever to read a book now....I keep falling asleep and then have to re-read the last 10 pages or so) but I don't want to give them away for good. At least not yet.

John Rice  
Rickey@aol.com



**Bahnstormer** By LJK Setwright  
**Streetwise** By Malcolm Newell  
**The Bart Markel Story** By Joe Scalzo  
**Mann of his Time** By Ed Youngblood  
**Yesterday's Motorcycles** By Karolevitz  
**The Scottish** By Tommy Sandham  
**This Old Harley** By Michael Dregni  
**Racer: the story of Gary Nixon** By Joe Scalzo  
**All But My Life: Bio of Stirling Moss** By Ken Purdy (OK, not a motorcycle book, but who doesn't like and respect Stirling Moss?)  
**Investment Biker** By Jim Rogers  
**Obsessions Die Hard** By Ed Culbertson  
**BMW Twins & Singles** By Roy Bacon  
**Bitten by the Bullet** By Steve Krzystyniak & Karen Goa  
**Cafe Racers of the 1960's** By Mick Walker  
**More Proficient Motorcycling** By David Hough  
**Tales of Triumph Motorcycles & the Meriden Factory:**  
By Hancox  
**Sport Riding Techniques** By Nick Ienatasch

**Total Control** By Lee Parks  
**Smooth Riding** By Reg Pridmore.  
**A Twist of The Wrist ( Vol 1 & 2)** By Keith Code  
**Triumph Tiger 100 and Daytona** By J. R. Nelson  
**This Old Harley (anthology)** By Dregni  
**Side Glances** By Peter Egan  
**Mondo Enduro** By Austin Vince  
**Big Sid's Vincati** By Matthew Bieberman  
**101 Road Tales** By Clement Salvadori  
**Riding with Rilke** By Ted Bishop  
**Legendary Motorcycles** By Luigi Corbetta  
**Lois on the Loose** By Lois Pryce  
**Red Tape and White Knuckles** By Lois Pryce  
**A Man Called Mike** By Hilton (bio of Mike Hailwood)  
**The Perfect Vehicle** By Melissa Pierson  
**One Man Caravan** By Robert Fulton (first known circumnavigation of the world by motorcycle)  
**Monkey Butt** By Rick Sieman  
**Ariel: The postwar models** By Roy Bacon  
**Short Way Up** By Steve Wilson  
**Endless Horizon** By Dan Walsh  
**Leanings (1 & 2)** By Peter Egan  
**Into the Heart of Africa** By Jerry Smith  
**The Last Hurrah** By Des Molloy  
(Autographed copy, with DVD of the trip)  
**Whatever Happened to the British Motorcycle Industry**  
By Bert Hopwood  
**Down the Road** By Steve Wilson  
**Motorcycling Excellence**  
By Motorcycle Safety Foundation





# Strange noises...and odors!

By Tom Weber

**A**s we and our bikes get older, we all seem to make funny noises.

As we get older and our bikes become younger . . . Both the rider and the bike begin to make strange noises from time to time (along with multiple smells, odors, etc.).

Sometimes it is that irritating squeak that you only hear when you hit bumps a certain way with the solution eluding us for months, if not years at a time. Other odd sounds occur only at certain speeds. Or the sound of what we believe is a loose something or another. The worst part is, that the sound cannot be recreated when the bike is sitting still. What a pain in the @#\$!

At least the irritating noise is not a “clink, clank, clunk”. You know, that horrible noise that lets you know your bike is having a heart attack and will need cardiopulmonary resuscitation, mouth to mouth, several good zaps, a wing, a prayer, and a trailer to get her to Roy’s.

**On a recent Saturday morning at Frisch’s, I made it a point to ask Roy Rowlett to listen for this odd sound that I had been chasing for the past couple of weeks.**

I would only hear this eluding sound occasionally when I would hit a bump in the road just right, or wrong, depending on your perspective. It sounded

to me like it was coming from the front of the bike. Maybe something was loose in the fender; maybe the fairing was about ready to fall off the bike. Or maybe it was the loose windshield. Hmm, the bike does turn 25 this year. That’s half my age (don’t tell).

Once we arrived at Frisch’s, I dismounted and walked over to talk to Roy. I asked Roy to remind me after breakfast to see what he thought the noise might be coming from. Roy said, “And you’ll have to remind me to remind you.” Getting older is an experience that most of us will never remember. I’m not sure if that is a good thing or not. I’ll have to get back to on that. If I remember!?!.

[A phrase/joke I heard just the other day: This one fellow was complaining about loose screws, missing marbles, elevators that no longer go to the top. He said, “Darnn it, my head hurts. The left half of my brain has nothing right in it. The right side has nothing left! So what do I do now? What was the question?”]

After breakfast, Roy, Jonathan, and I were looking at the front of the bike. I explained to Roy that recently I stopped at CVS to pick up a couple prescriptions. When CVS said one of them was not ready, I told them I’ll pick them up later.

Oh, I forgot to mention, in preparation to figure out a good place to store the two prescriptions, I unlocked the right glove box.

In so doing, I hastily “re-secured” the lid to the glove box, or did I. I paid no attention to the details that would make me, Roy, and Jonathan laugh our royal rear ends off that day.

As we were looking for possible causes for my elusive noise, Roy noticed, within seconds, that I had not secured the top to the right glove box correctly. It was quite obvious to the “trained” naked eye (what does a naked eye look like anyway?). Do I need to get a new pair of glasses with one side reserved for my naked eye?

So I locked the top into place (I still had not looked inside). Then I thought, maybe there is something in here that might be rattling around? So I unlocked the top and we all looked inside. This is when the hearty laughter began. I thought we were going to split something open. Do you know what we found in that glove box that I did not realize was missing? A can of unopened Planters Nutrition energy mix, along with about a dozen granola bars. We started to roll with laughter. If you know me like I know me, you would realize that the story does not stop there.

In a few moments the real laughter would occur. Me be-

ing me, I decided to look at the expiration dates of the “questionable eatable items.” Side Note: Recently, when my son Josh was over, he got the biggest kick out of looking at some of the expiration dates on items in my cupboards. We threw out a few items that were 10 years past their expiration date at home – ugh. (I had already eaten some of those items recently, but I’m still breathing and vertical during the day.

I must have placed these items in the glove box more than two years ago for one of our annual mini rallies. Oops, not only were the snakes past their expiration date, they were *two years* past their expiration date. Now we all busted a gut laughing so hard. Later I decided to see what the contents of the can of nuts and the snack bars looked like after riding around with them on the hottest of days and many cold days as well. The can of nuts had all come together as a team – yea! As one big mass of, you tell me. At this point, I do not be-



**Snacks, at least two years old, packed tightly into the fairing pocket with the lid loose.**

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lieve they are to be considered nuts anymore. Whatever that mass was it was quickly pitched. At least it did not smell nearly as bad as I thought it would. Although my nose was stopped up that day, thankfully.

And the granola bars, well, think of it this way. What do you think the granola bars would look like if they survived the hottest days of summer and the coldest days of winter (for two years). Yep, you guessed it. I'm not sure either and I'm not sure I want to know. I'm just lucky that none of these items were opened. If they had been, I'm sure I would have noticed them sooner. Either from the smell, or the number of mice that were making a new home in the crevices of the bike.

Moral of this story?

If I ever offer anyone a snack, it is the responsibility of the "snacker" to check the expiration date. I now and forever more relinquish all responsibility for expired items that I might have.

PS: Needless to say, once these items were removed from the glove box, I no longer heard that strange noise. Imagine that!

—tw



**After two years of riding around in the fairing pocket, the can of nuts had come together as a team.**

# Vintage Motorcycle Days 2014

By John Rice



**I've attended every Vintage Days event the AMA has put on, since back in the 80's when they had the homecoming at the museum in Westerville, then the one in Athens, Ohio and then Powell Motor Speedway in Delaware, Ohio, finally to Mid-Ohio race course in the 90's.**

I've seen it go from a small regional event, with a few booths like a small town street fair to the largest international event of its kind and now starting its decline back down to an eventual fizzle sometime in the not too distant future.

For this year's trip, I met Paul Rice at his house in Ashland Thursday morning and we headed north on a different route than in years past, trying to find a curvy interesting way to the track. And we did, route 335, out of Portsmouth Ohio, which was excellent right up to the point where we missed a turn and ended up in Waverly, several miles south west of where we were headed.

Sometimes the curves become more important than directions. Since we were in the area, we stopped in at Lithopolis, Ohio to visit the good folks at Re-Psyche BMW to peruse their goodies and pick up some items we needed and others we just didn't know yet we needed. (As it turns out, there was one more item I was going to need that they would supply later that weekend. If only my clairvoyant talent finally would manifest itself, I could have saved them, and me, a lot of trouble.)

Once in the Columbus orbit, there is only a choice of straight flat roads with two lanes or straight flat roads with four lanes. Since it was after 4 and getting pretty hot, we opted to

drone interstate through Columbus and on up to Mansfield where our air-conditioned room awaited, 50 feet away from a Mexican restaurant. We do like to rough it on these jaunts.

In the evenings at VMD motels, it is customary to walk the parking lot to visit with other like-minded souls and check out their machines. It is rare that we don't see something that an owner has modified to fit his or her own personality and needs, something that causes the rest of us to scratch our heads in wonder. This time it was a fellow with a large Japanese cruiser sporting his own design of crash bars and wind wings, among other innovations. The bars allow the bike to be rolled over onto them, without any other hard parts reaching the ground, and then just rolled back into an upright position.

The positionable wind wings allow the rider to customize the amount of air reaching various parts of him, from full blast to, he says, no wind at all. He also has an auxiliary gas tank on the seat and a chain oiler consisting of a standard can of chain lube positioned such that he can reach down from the saddle and give it a squirt through his custom tubing onto the chain while in motion. Not my cup of tea, but the bike fitted him perfectly.

Friday morning was clear and cool, with a heavy dew on the seats when we started out at 7 AM for the track. No matter how many years I've made this same trip, I still get a genuine stirring of the blood when I top the hill and the track comes into view, the surrounding fields strewn thickly with multicolored trucks bearing race teams, swap meet vendors, motorcycles of every description any-

where you look, going in every direction and, even at that early hour, the smell of burning two stroke castor oil in the air. I think that thrill by itself would be enough to make the trip worth the trouble if I just turned around and headed home then.

We spent Friday walking the swap meet, perusing the junk, and watching the others of our tribe doing the same.

In years past, now long past, every vendor space in the 10 acre lot was filled and some were set up in the overflow parking area. Now there are many empty slots and a lot of what is occupying the rest is closer to a vaguely motorcycle

related flea market than the bike swap meet of yore.

Up until five or six years ago, there were motorcycles for sale in every aisle, many of which were junk, but a significant number were those that inspire futile dreams of restoration, customization, the cafe bike you lusted after or maybe even had back in your wonderfully misspent youth. I have come home from VMD with a bike I didn't arrive with on two occasions and Paul has done so many times more than I.

This year there were few machines there to make the heart go pitter pat, but one or two did stand out. There was of course the like-new Bultaco Metralla



**Interesting bike at our motel. The owner has made his own crash bars which incorporate homemade air wigs to modify air flow to the rider. He also has added a five gallon auxiliary gas tank, a chain oiler that incorporates an ordinary can of chain lube, a rain extension for the windshield and " air conditioned" Hippo Hands.**

# Vintage Motorcycle Days 2014

By John Rice



that always occupies the same spot, with the sign taped to its headlight "All Reasonable Offers Refused." My checkbook breathes a sigh of relief to see that sign, because reasonable offers might have to be considered on my end. There was a Ducati Mach I with a price tag, but fortunately for me, a reasonable number for the bike was a completely unreasonable one for my bank balance. Several Triumph 500's, of both the Daytona and Tiger stripe were on offer, but my garage still bears the stains from the last one of those that sat there, so I was able to walk on by. There were no Vincents, no Matchless G80CS's, no exotica to make one stop and stare.

The infield once was home to a variety of vendors of new stuff and goodies. Competition Accessories always had a large tent with helmets and jackets at bargain prices and of course t-shirts of every kind. Iron Pony typically had a huge tent and trailer arrangement with leathers, textiles, straps (I have bought some there to bring home an unexpected motorcycle) and other odds and ends one just had to have. Held, the

purveyors of excellent gloves and other accessories usually had a booth there to dispose of last year's styles (still avant garde to the style challenged like me, so I've picked up several pairs there). It would take a whole day just to see what was on offer at all of the shops. Now there is essentially nothing to occupy even an hour. Iron Pony's traditional spot is filled by the Wall of Death, an intriguing show, but not exactly a vendor. Where Competition Accessories once held court, is now Hannigan Trikes. Much of the rest of the space is vacant or taken by small booths selling sunglasses or knickknacks.

I don't know which came first, the lack of vendors or the lack of customers, but it seems to be locked in a downward spiral now.

We once sat on the grass in the infield and marveled at a trials exhibition by former champion Tommy Avalah, or at the demo area to see a stunt show by Chris Pfeiffer or others in his class, or walked through the many club tents and areas where owners showed off their restorations.

Now that portion of the infield is vacant. It isn't even being used for parking, since there is no need.

Friday night, as we were returning from the track, my R100R died when I slowed for the turn into the entrance to our motel. I was able to just pull in the clutch, complete my turn and coast right down to our room, where the feeble bleat of the horn told me that my battery was dead. Something else didn't seem right, but focused on the battery issue (since I had bought the bike from a stranger in October of last year, I had no idea how old the battery might be) I didn't give it any more thought. I went to the big box store across the highway from our motel and purchased a lawn tractor battery that would fit, brought it back and the bike fired right back up. It wasn't until the next morning when I was ready to go to breakfast that the missing piece my aged brain had picked up the night before, but didn't tell me, clicked into place. When I turned the key, the "battery" light wasn't on, a classic sign of an open alternator rotor and no charging. I've owned seven airheads, if I recall correctly, and four of them have had this same problem (one after I sold it, but still...), a better than 50% record. Someone in the BMW airhead design team must have had a secret interest in an after-market rotor company. Of course an experienced airhead rider like me has a spare alternator rotor....on a shelf, back home in my garage, 300 miles from this parking lot.

We disconnected my headlight and rode to the track, perusing the vendors for an airhead rotor, to no avail. Re-Psyche stocks them, but of course not there at the track. I

made arrangements for them to bring one up to the booth on Sunday morning, along with the removal tool (which I also had at home, resting comfortably beside the spare rotor.)

On Saturday morning, I signed up for a test drive of a Ural sidecar rig. The things have fascinated me for years, a dysfunctional relationship that I tell myself I don't want but I can't seem to completely walk away from. When I learned that (finally) they were allowing people to drive them rather than just ride in the sidecar, I had to do it.

Paul, whose bravery had never been questioned, but now stands unassailable, volunteered to be my passenger. After a quick "training" talk (mostly about how not to crash, and the myriad ways in which one can wreck a sidecar rig by various kinds of momentary inattention), we headed out of the lot following Ural's man piloting another rig. Though I have ridden motorcycles quite a long time, the only skills that transfer are the clutch and the throttle. Every other control aspect is different and sometimes counter to what I thought I knew. Steering the rig is an upper body workout that should be advertised as a benefit for strength-conscious consumers, expanding Ural's market into the fitness world. The third wheel is WAY over there, causing one to constantly be checking that it is 1) still on the road, and 2) not on a collision course with something solid and/or expensive. Paul reminded me a time or two of where it was, and to his everlasting credit, didn't scream even once. On a two wheeler, one can steer around most of the frost heaves, potholes and other bumpy bits, but on this rig, keeping the third

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By John Rice



**John Rice test driving a Ural sidecar rig with Paul Rice as the selfie-taking terrified passenger. Heindl Engineering of Eaton, Ohio provided sidecar demo rides and displayed a number of 2014 Ural rigs along with new Royal Enfield models including the new Continental GT café bike.**

wheel out of trouble often means staying right next to the yellow line and taking what the road has to offer. Nonetheless, after a very short time, sidecar-ing seems natural and fun, making me a bit sad to see the track entrance coming into view for

the end of the ride. (Paul may have been a lot happier to see the termination.)

I didn't buy one there, but the test ride certainly did nothing to quell the gnawing in that portion of my brain where the adolescent wants still reside, resist-

ing any adult efforts to hold them in check.

Sunday I rode Paul's bike over to the track early to meet the Re-Psyche guy bringing the rotor. When he showed up, he had brought his own personal toolbox to lend to me if I

needed it. I didn't, but he made a lifelong customer out of me at that moment. When I got back to the motel, Paul had already dismantled the R100R to get down to the rotor and we had it changed out and the bike buttoned back up in about 15 minutes.

The advantage of Airheads is that such repairs are feasible. The disadvantage is that they are necessary.

We returned to the track by 8:30 and Paul left for home at noon on Sunday. I stayed on for a bit because, in years past, one could still be occupied until after 5 or 6 PM, watching races, perusing the last "bargains" by the vendors eager to sell something cheap rather than load it up, and just soaking up the atmosphere of the motorcycle event. This year, everything was over, done and dusted, by a little after 3. The vendor area was empty, the track silent.

I headed out Monday morning for home, as usual for me, in the rain.

I will keep going to VMD, as long as it exists, but may budget less time for the trip. Unless, of course, the guy with the Metralla starts taking reasonable offers.

—JR



# Vintage Days offers acres of parts, racing, bike show, demo rides, and hundreds of spectator motorcycles to admire

Photos by Paul and John Rice with notes by John Rice



"If you're inclined to go up on the wall  
it can only be fast and high.  
And those that don't like the danger,  
should find something different to try."

Mark Knopfler and Emmy Lou Harris,  
"All the Road Running"



The sidecar rig I want (left) and the sidecar rig I can afford.

## Vintage Days offers acres of parts, racing, bike show, demo rides, and hundreds of spectator motorcycles to admire

Photos by Paul and John Rice with notes by John Rice



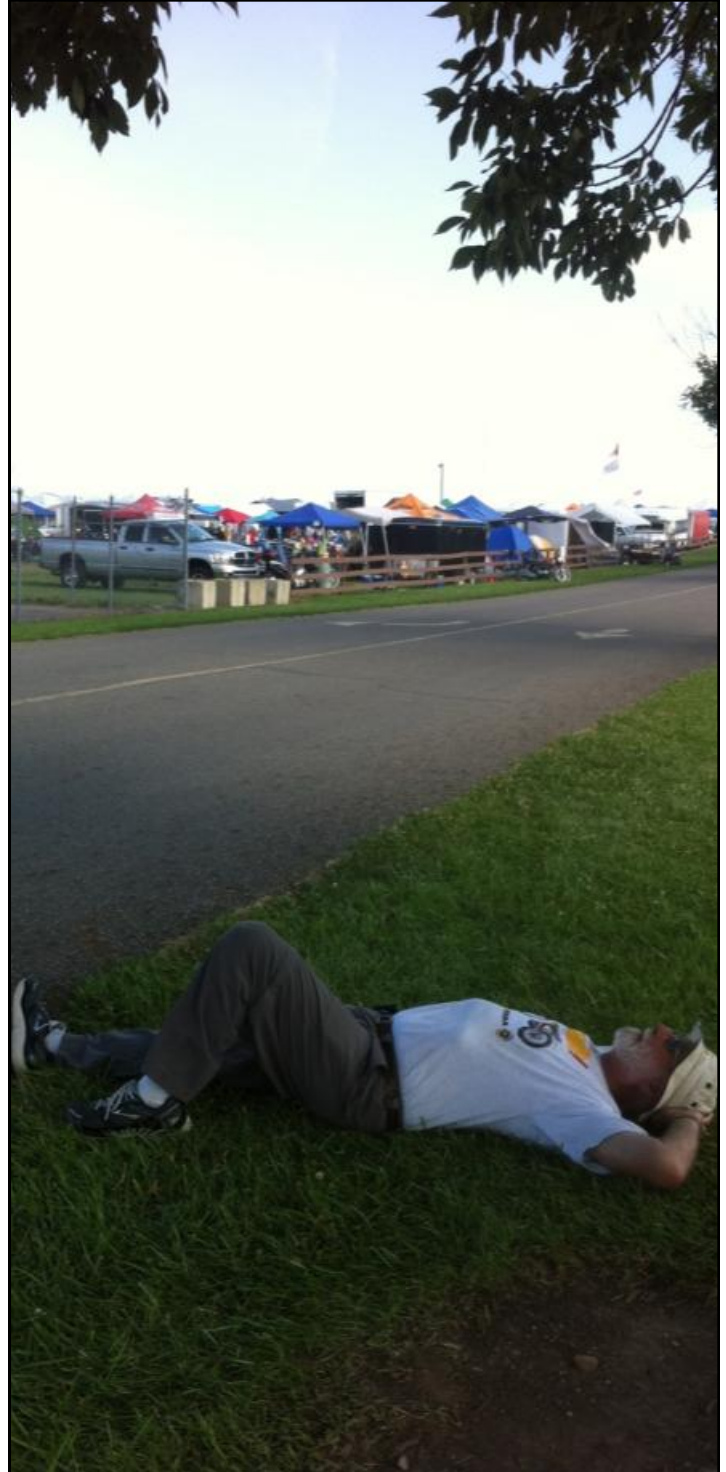
Not sure how it would corner. I did see a guy riding it down the entry road.



Nice little café bike. Take note of the pull starter. Appears to be a snowmobile engine.

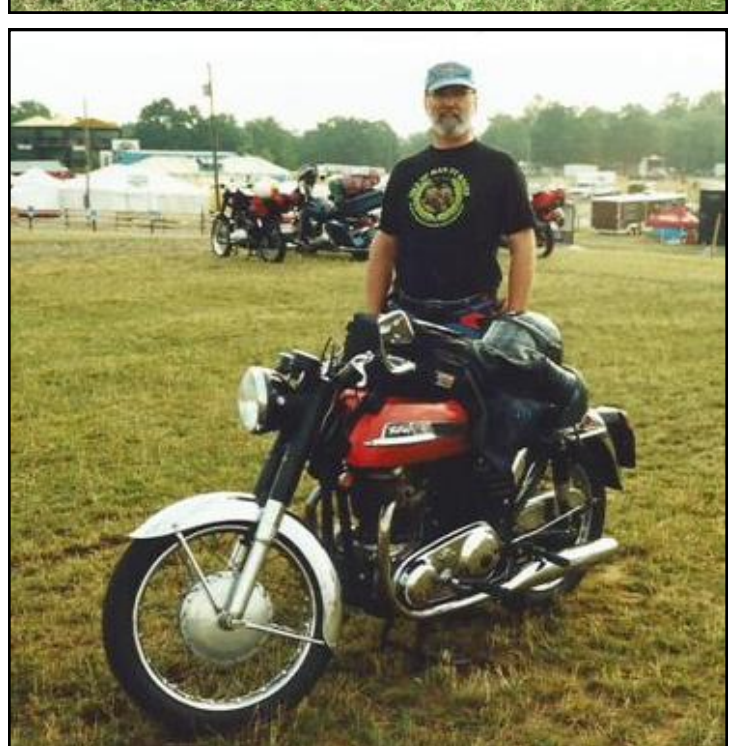


Trial section at VMD



Late afternoon, doing what I do best.

**Vintage Days offers acres of parts, racing, bike show, demo rides, and hundreds of spectator motorcycles to admire**



Atlas owner several years ago

# Odds & Ends



Tom Weber captured Dr. Joe Bark on safari at WKYT-TV talking about poison ivy.

# For Sale



## 1998 BMW R1200C

- Cream color, blue seat hard bags
- Windscreen
- Under 17,000 miles
- New front tire
- New battery
- 60% on rear tire
- Never been down, no scratches or dents.

**\$5000.00**

**Brady Ratliff**  
859-619-5493  
brady.ratliff@icloud.com



# For Sale

## 1999 Honda Ace Tourer 23,000 miles

Fine condition with Corbin leather seat with driver and passenger backrest, Cobra floorboards front and back, driving lights, fresh tires, windshield, new gel battery, and leather covers for the crash bars that keep the cold air off of your legs. No problems that I know of. My wife and I have not ridden it as much as we thought we would.

**Tim Riddell**  
**Lexington**

**859-806-8466**

**\$4000 OBO**



# For Sale

## 2003 R1100S Boxer Cup Replica



**22,356 miles**

- BMW system cases
- Suburban handlebar risers
- tank bag
- fresh Metzeler

I purchased this lease bike in 2007 from Louisville BMW with only 3,500 miles registered.

This bike is always maintained according to book, garaged kept, in excellent condition and ready to ride.

**Price Reduced!**

~~\$7,900~~

**\$6,900**

**Lee Thompson**

leetlex92@gmail.com

**859-475-7029**



# For Sale 2008 BMW K1200S



- This bike has just over 7400 miles on the odometer.
- Tires have less than 1000 miles on them.
- Bike is in immaculate condition, always kept inside.

**\$10,000** or reasonable offer.

**Roger Perry**  
**859-489-6232**

**For Sale: 2009 R1200GS ESA. Approx 16,000 miles, heated grips, vario topcase**  
**Contact Saloman Levy at salomon.levy@gmail.com or phone 786-218-7071.**

**For Sale: R1100RT 1996 Contact John Harter at 859-684-8217**

## FREE leathers to good home

Two sets of leathers, state of the art in 1980, made by Lou's Leather's. One set fit male, approx 6'3 200 pounds, one set fit woman, approx size 14. I've finally admitted that I'm not going to fit into mine again.

**John Rice**  
**859-229-4546**  
**859-737-5316**





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