

February 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Awards Banquet March 29th

By Paul Elwyn



Join us on March 29th for the annual Bluegrass Beemers Awards Banquet, to be held at the Chop House, 2640 Richmond Rd. in Lexington.

Social hour begins at dawn wherever you are, moves to Chop House at 5:30 p.m. with dinner at 6:30 p.m. Burnouts in the parking lot begin at midnight.

As in previous years, we will recognize people in the following award categories:

- Saturday Attendance
- Saturday Rider
- Motorcycle Event Attendance
- Mileage

In addition to award presentations, we will recognize past and new officers.

We also will pose a few questions for feedback from those present regarding how our limited resources might be used in the next year to address member interests.

As in the past, we will whisper financial stuff, deny everything, and approve anything.

We promise as little organization as possible, with emphasis on sticking with our story, but



Exhibit A, 2013 Bluegrass Beemers Awards Banquet

we also are efficient in our decisions and quick to respond to feedback, so if you want to have a voice, attend the banquet.

This event is rated G, so bring the family or significant others, and do clean up a little and try not to frighten any innocent bystanders in the restaurant.

I hate to lecture like this, but diners last year were somewhat startled by the new R1200GS rolling through the restaurant and the resulting euphoria arising from our section of the restaurant.

We are so often euphoric on a Saturday morning that Frisch's patrons don't notice us much, anymore, but the evening

cagers at Chop House are a bit more awake and until properly lubricated are a bit less flexible when confronted by the Aeros-titch crowd. Just sayin'.

So you have a couple of months to get your stories straight. Hope to see you and significant others on March 29th, starting around 5:30 p.m.!

— Paul Elwyn
Steamed Apex Editor

"We also will pose a few questions for feedback from those present regarding how our limited resources might be used in the next year to address member interests."

**Awards
Banquet
March 29th**
5:30 p.m. Social Hour
6:30 p.m. Dinner

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

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

2013: What an up-and-down year!!!

By Lowell Roark



Above: Hawaii on Mary Beard's R800R

It started out great: Polar Bear run, trip to Hawaii, European Riders Rally, Blessing of the Bikes, John's Café Run, Ohio Memorial/Hillbilly Hot Dog Ride, Burgers & Bikes, etc. Numerous riding events that were fun with friends old and new. The Bluegrass Beemers Rally was really good with the lunch ride to the Ohio River for the second year. Everyone who went said that they enjoyed it. These are some of the highlights.

Some of the down side was the news of "DOC" from Burkesville getting hit by a deer. The riders from all around responded with best wishes and support. Weather wise we were hit by numerous ill-timed rains that interrupted planned rides and charitable events.

Then came my planned trip to Taiwan for the Grand Riders Tour, that went well for a while. We landed in Taipei and after a good night's rest and renewing friendships from the year before, we caught the HSR (High Speed Rail) south to Kaiochung at nearly 300 kph

(185 mph). The train was so smooth it was hardly believable.

We picked up the Harleys and went riding around southern Taiwan. We visited some spectacular places and were on our way to some events when on the third day with the bikes the unthinkable happened. I guess it would be best described as pushing the Harley into a turn beyond its capability.

I don't remember much after that until waking up in the hospital and realizing what was wrong with me. I guess the rest is history. They really treated



Memorial in Ohio for fallen riders



Breathitt County Sign



Hillbilly Hotdog in West Virginia



Left: Me on the bike that I wrecked

2013: What an up-and-down year!!! By Lowell

me well while I was there. The down side was that I spent the next two weeks in the hospital while the rest of the group com-

pleted the tour. I missed the best part of the tour.

It was a really up and down year for me, and I am still re-

covering. But I live to ride again, at least for a while.

Let's make 2014 a great year for the Bluegrass Beemers

with good safe riding, fun and fellowship for all.

—LR



2013 Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally



Me on the Kenting coast in southern Taiwan

The Airhead Encore Tour

Part 2
By John Rice



We last left the Retro-Re-Visit Tour Riders, two aging Bluegrass Beemers on two aged Airheads, somewhere in the New York forests.

A day later, we were in Bangor, Maine, Brenda and Jay's birthplace, where we went looking for Rt 9 (known locally as "the Airline") that we would take across the rural Maine woods country to Calais on the Canadian border.

Following the state road signs sends us across a bridge over the Pennobscot River, on a tourist's loop through downtown Bangor and right back to the same spot at the bridge where we started, to continue east on Route 9 as if nothing had happened. I guess the Maine Department of Transportation just didn't want us to miss the downtown scene.

The "Airline", essentially the only route through this part of the state, is mostly straight, following a high ridge with the vast expanse of the northern Main woods falling away end-



Jay and the bikes, ours and those of the publishers, at the International Motel in Calais, ME.

lessly on either side. While it doesn't have the "to infinity and beyond" feel of the western prairie, the sense of overwhelming space is still there. One could wander off in

those endless forests and not be found for a very long time.

We arrived in Calais, Maine by mid-afternoon and decided to stay on the American side for the convenience and cost saving, getting an inexpensive room at the ambitiously named "International motel" within walking distance from the border. As we were unloading our bikes, two BMW's pulled in, one, an F650GS, with new Jesse Bags tied on with straps and bungee cords. Our new acquaintances were Brian Rathjen and Shira Kamil, the publishers of Backroads magazine, a slick-paper monthly based in New York City.

They had been on an extended tour, testing bikes and accessories for an article. Shira had been riding off road and tested her Jesse Bags to the

limit, a bit more than she intended. She had, in her words, "put the front wheel in one rut and the rear in another at considerable speed", leading to what her husband who was riding behind her described as a "rather spectacular crash".

She was bruised, but smiling. The F650 was battered, barely holding onto its luggage, but unbowed.

After a walking tour of the tiny town, we elected to have dinner at the little restaurant next door to our motel, a place whose menu and presentation belied its simple exterior. It had the feel of an old-style urban eatery, a family business with the middle-aged son serving as the jacketed maître d' and his mother managing the whole affair.



What an F650GS looks like after an off-road tumble

The Airhead Encore Tour

Part 2 By John Rice

Stuffed, we retired to our rooms and sat outside with the magazine folks sharing stories until bedtime. They have traveled on their press passes to motorcycle events all over this country and several others across the water, rubbing shoulders with the men and women we mere mortals read about. Not a bad gig, to make a living touring on bikes.

Early the next morning we made our international connection, easing through the border crossing into St. George, Canada. The lady ranger who checked me through suggested a local restaurant for breakfast and her advice was taken immediately.

If memory serves, and it often doesn't, Rt. 1 across this part of New Brunswick was a mostly two-lane affair 17 years ago, winding through small towns, through the big cities of St. John's and Moncton before crossing the land bridge into Nova Scotia. In these modern times, however, the country road of my recollection has been transformed into a four-lane "interstate", speeding past anything resembling a town, skirting around the edges of St. Johns and Moncton and dumping us out at the crossing to Nova Scotia at Amherst as if we'd been teleported there. We found our way off the slab and onto the "Sunrise Trail", (Rt. 6) over to the north coast.

This was more like what I recalled. From here Nova Scotia ("New Scotland") has the European feel we were looking for. The blacktop is narrow, weather-beaten but relatively smooth, wending its way around the endless coves and

inlets the Gulf of St. Lawrence has sculpted, through tiny fishing villages. The road is sunlit, with the dark foaming sea in ever-present contrast just off to the left with boats bobbing on the horizon and in the harbors. Signs are in English, but often have French as well and the names of the towns are foreign

the cold. On this trip, Jay and I stopped for a mid-afternoon snack at a small grocery/deli in Pugwash, but motored on our way along the coast down to Pictou.

Canada shares with the rest of the world a tourist-friendly feature that doesn't see much use in the US....the information

B&B accommodations, things of interest, etc.

Because our arrival was on a weekend at the end of the tourist season, with back-to-school and work looming on the horizon, we thought that rooms here might be scarce and we were right. There was one room left, in an old (meaning pre-AC) motel on the hill leading down into Pictou, which we snagged with a call from the attendant.

We ensconced ourselves in the 1950's style accommodations and walked a mile down the hill to the main part of town on the harbor. On our way, we passed an empty stone building, about the size of an old small-town elementary school here in the States. Despite its abandonment, we could tell that it once had been important back in its time. A small tarnished brass plaque informed us that this was the former US Consulate for Nova Scotia. Before we got to our dinner destination, a restaurant jutting out over the bay, we were treated to the sight and sound of a bagpipe marching band, in full regalia, crossing the city square for no reason that was immediately apparent.

When we arrived back at our lodging, we learned that a school outing was part of the reason for the run on rooms, and we would be sharing our motel with a large group of college girls on holiday. While that might have seemed like a better idea many years ago, for us old guys now, it meant only that their partying went on long past our bedtime, as the sweet scent of herbal smoke wafted through our open screened windows.



Early morning at the Indigo Blues Café in Pictou

to us, combining French, Native American and Gaelic terms.

When Brenda and I were here in 1996, we made it as far as the village of Pugwash when darkness caught us. We found shelter at a small B&B, just a room in a farmhouse, operated by a woman who told us she lived there until winter, then went to New Zealand to escape

center. Just as in Europe, nearly every town here has on the outskirts a sign, a lower case "i" usually white letter in a blue circle, directing the traveler to a small office, sometimes official, sometimes in a store, where there is a clearing house for tourist information. There the attendant will know who has motel rooms,

The Airhead Encore Tour

Part 2
By John Rice

Up and out at 6 our time, 7 local. It's not often we Eastern time -zone folks get to be an hour behind. Rain clouds were coming in quickly from the west, portending the coming storm due to hit just as we would arrive on Cape Breton. After a quick reconnoitering tour of the sleeping town, we found breakfast at the Indigo Blues Cafe, where the young proprietor told us that Pictou used to be the boom town of the area, until a causeway was constructed across the bay, taking all the commercial traffic and business to New Glasgow. Pictou has that feel of a place that once knew better days, like many of the river port towns in the US that faded in the dust of the new interstate highways.

With the rain still threatening, but not there yet, we took the main road around the bay until we came to a choice that could take us again up to the coast. In this section, the road wound high up in the hills, overlooking the sea, where there were small farms with the houses built out on the tall bluffs to get the best view of the Atlantic storms as they rolled in, for winter's entertainment.

The names on the mailbox were those of the characters in a Scottish drama rather than the more pedestrian monikers I'm used to in Kentucky. I pictured in my mind the steel grey skies of winter, with cold waves crashing in on the rocky shore, and the folks in those sturdy houses sitting safe and warm by the fire. I'm sure the reality of winter up here is a bit less idyllic. The road curved wonderfully in these hills, following

the cliffs, but the speed limit (70 to 80 Kph usually) and the frost heaves kept us down to a reasonable pace.

On the high bluff which has the St. George lighthouse, we came upon a young female ranger from the fisheries service, sitting in her pickup truck surreptitiously watching through huge binoculars a tourist tuna fishing boat down in the bay. Because these huge creatures are endangered, all of the tuna sought by sport fishers here must be "catch & release" and cannot be landed. She told us that she was timing the anglers to be sure that they didn't keep the fish on the line more than 45 minutes, before cutting it loose. By her appearance, she easily could have passed for one of the college girls we had met at the motel, but she was wearing a rather large sidearm

and had a no-nonsense attitude about her job that suggested the tuna fishermen should abide carefully by her time limit.

We corkscrewed our way down from the peak to the harbor and stopped in at the "Blue Fin Tuna Information Center" to bone up on the huge beasts. Some can range up over 1,000 pounds (the record is just over 1,400) and all are caught here by rod & reel, with commercial boats limited to taking just one fish per year. That doesn't sound like much, until one realizes that 100% of the fish are shipped to Japan, where a single animal can go at auction for over a half million dollars.

All this talk of food had us feeling a bit peckish, so we proceeded down into the town of Antigonish, for a late morning snack of maple pecan bread

pudding at the local hotel restaurant. In the parking lot we met Nancy, a woman from Ontario, traveling by Harley with her dog, Sergio, to ride the Cabot Trail. Sergio was a small black poodle, who rode in a soft carrier strapped to the seat just behind the rider. She took him out for a photo, and it seemed from his growls and snapping that he really didn't want to go back inside!

While in town, we stopped at the post office to mail cards. The clerk inside asked me "what was my accent" and seemed amused when I said "Kentucky". The clerk told me that she asked that same question of every tourist and recently had a woman from Texas who replied that "Texans didn't have an accent, the Canadians did."



The Blue Fin Tuna Information Center at Ballantyne's Cove, NS. Inside here is a helpful young woman who doesn't seem to get many visitors and is eager to talk.

The Airhead Encore Tour

Part 2
By John Rice

By now we could see the threatened rain on the horizon, and as we crossed the Canso Causeway onto Cape Breton Island, the storm hit and soon made up for its late arrival. I had opted for the coastal route again, since we were early in our day, but soon regretted that choice as we wobbled slowly along in the high winds and lashing rain on what seemed to be an abandoned highway to West Mabou Harbor where we could turn inland away from the blasts.

“Lunch” was a stand-up affair in a roadside convenience store at the junction in Churchview, while our bikes sat in the monsoon outside. We were heading for the town of Baddeck, the nominal start and end point of the Cabot Trail, on the enormous Bras D’Or Lake where we selected the first old-style motel on the water, to get out of the storm. Though we have ridden in the rain many times over the years, and have what we thought was sufficient gear to stay dry, it seemed that everything we had with us had gotten damp to some de-



At the harbor in Ballantyne's Cove. Looks like multiple boat syndrome.

gree. The room looked like a used-clothing store with all our stuff spread out to dry.

The next day the storm passed over, and we hit the Cabot Trail.

To be continued.



Nancy, from Ontario, and her traveling companion, Sergio, a black poodle

Enjoying the weather



Ian Rice enjoys riding regardless of the weather.

Photos by John Rice

The **KICKSTAND's** **ANNUAL POLAR BEAR RUN**

Saturday, February 22, 2014

(If snow or ice on that date, ride is rescheduled for Saturday, March 1st, 2014.)



REGISTRATION 10:30 – 11:45
RIDE LEAVES AT NOON

The group ride will leave from the store, located at 500 East Main Street, in Burgin, KY – at the intersection of highways 33 & 152.

The route/distance will be dependent upon the group size and weather conditions. We'll end the ride at Bellacino's, in Brannon Crossing, with warm chili and drinks for everyone.

\$10 per person (covers cost of food & drink)

For more information or to confirm the ride is on,
phone **859.748.KICK** or e-mail **SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com**.