

June 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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

Photo by Jonathan McKeown

Randolph Scott, charter member and past president of Bluegrass Beemers, dead at 71

Randy Scott in 1983 upon seeing me on my new R80RT at the London BMW dealership introduced himself and invited me to attend the BMW breakfast group that met every Saturday in Lexington.

Prior to that conversation I was not aware of the BMW gathering on Saturdays, nor had I any history of motorcycle community, having enjoyed riding without joining any group. Randy, of course, talked with such enthusiasm for BMW motorcycles and the people who rode them, that I promised him I would attend the next breakfast, which I did.

It was a small group, maybe four to six people. I had a great time, sensing kindred souls, and have been attending ever since. But it was Randy who bowled me over with his enthusiasm. I

don't think Randy was capable of not introducing himself and making an effort to get to know people whom he did not know. Of course, he would hand out a wallet calendar while doing so, and they were handy.

Upon first encounter with my wife, Maureen, he called her "Blue Eyes." When we adopted Laura, he called her "Sissy." As noted at his funeral, Randy gave nearly everyone a nickname. He never failed to devote as much attention to Maureen and Laura as he did to me.

At our cookout in Wilmore a few weeks ago, Randy talked with Maureen, sharing his difficulty in being around Bluegrass Beemers, because he continued to feel the loss of Boone Sutherland, his riding partner for so many years. He told Maureen that not until that last Sunday of Boone's life did he know why

Boone took so much medication. Boone and Randy attended church that Sunday, and, unknown to Randy, during that day engaged in what would be their final conversations.

This struggle to deal with the loss of his friend, Boone, explains why Randy seldom showed up at Saturday breakfast in recent years unless he were advocating a benefit, usually for God's Pantry, the beneficiary of the Boone Memorial Ride Randy coordinated.

In the news video about Randy's death, friends from the Harley-Davidson Owner's Group spoke glowingly about Randy's commitment to family, to God, and to motorcycling. They were spot on in their remarks, and I'm sure they will follow through with continuing the benefits that Randy coordinated.



Randolph Scott

Randolph was the real deal, a kind and enthusiastic man who made a difference in the lives of many people. WKYT-TV in their coverage of the funeral reported that 300 motorcyclists rode in the funeral procession. Several of our members rode. I watched from the curb as the assembly pulled out, and I smiled as I saw family members in the procession hanging out car windows with cameras capturing the motorcycle procession. They appeared to appreciate the large turnout to honor Randy.

I wish we had been able to spend a little more time around Randy. One take from this loss might be that we should make a little more effort to enjoy one another's company while we can.

—Paul Elwyn



Boone Sutherland, Sean Quinn, and Randolph Scott in Maggie Valley, NC in 1991

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #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.
in Lexington, Kentucky on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.**

**BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers**



Randolph Scott obituary

By Milward Funeral Home,
published in the May 9th issue of the *Lexington Herald-Leader*

SCOTT Randolph, 71, husband of Becky Scott, passed away Wednesday, May 7, 2014.

Born in Letcher County to the late Cleamond and Nellie Collier Scott, he was a graduate of the University of Kentucky and was the first member of his family to earn a college degree. He was the owner of Randolph Scott Insurance and a member of Centenary United Methodist Church.

Randolph was active in the 101 Club and the Harley Owner's Group. He devoted much of his time to charities, such as God's Pantry, Burgers and Bikes, Quest Farm, Gallilean Home, ALS and Lupus as well as Wounded Warriors.

Dad (Papa) was more than just your average man. He was

loving to his wife, kids, grandchildren and the people of this community. He was a strong and faithful follower of Christ and the most giving man you could find. He was a jokester and loved life. He was passionate about riding motorcycles and passed doing something he loved with all of his heart. Rest in heaven, Pops! You will always have a special place in our hearts.

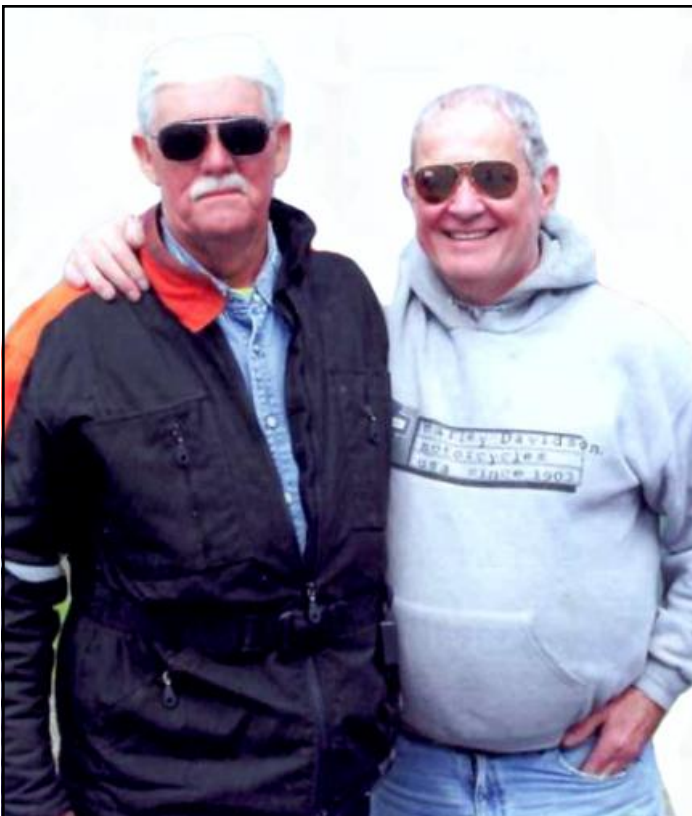
In addition to his wife of 48 years, he is survived by three daughters: Kimberly (Brent) Ray of Kenova, WV, Heidi (Robert) Mullins of Lexington, Heather (Gatewood) Arnold of Lexington; three sisters: Anita Sue (Harold) Winchell, Katie (Wilbur) Powers and Nina (Wendell) Banks; five grand-



Randy on the 1962 Panhead his father had owned.

children: Haley Smith, Koral Ray, Bryanmarc Scott Ray,

Gatewood J. and Stapleton Arnold.



Randy with Boone Sutherland



Lowell Roark and Randolph Scott

Randolph and me

By Lowell Roark

I first met Randy Scott in the mid 70's. I became acquainted with Randy at church.

Since Randy was a bike rider and I was interested in riding, we became friends. I had already bought a bike which I quickly found out wasn't big enough, so I traded it to a 750 Yamaha. Randy at the time was riding an R 90 S BMW.

We went riding one evening and Randy let me ride his Beemer. When we got back I politely told him that I didn't like his bike. Well that didn't make any difference to Randy. We rode together anyway.

On a ride one evening we pulled up to a stop sign and Randy said "Let's clean'em out!" OK, as soon as the Beemer moved I quickly outran him, picking the front wheel up in third gear. At the next stop Randy asked me why I didn't wait for him to get going. Duh!!!!

Later, Randy bought a new BMW R100RS and several of us were going to the BMWMOA national rally in Lake Placid, NY. We got up in NY somewhere and stayed all night at a motel. The next morning we were getting ready to ride. Randy had the RS setting on center stand running to warm up. When he started to get on, he put his foot on the peg and as his leg went over, and he hit the gear shift. The bike thought it was time to go. Well it was rodeo time for a while, but he did not drop the bike. We all had a laugh!!!!

On up the road we stopped to take a break and Randy suggested we switch bikes for a while. So I rode his RS through the Adirondack Mountains for the last 100 miles into the rally.

For me at the time that was a thrill.

Another time was when we were going to the Maggie Valley Rally and I met him at his house all packed up to go. He came out and said something happened and he couldn't go. He told me to take his RS and go on. Well I packed all my stuff on his RS and left my Yamaha at his place for the weekend. What a nice guy.

What I didn't realize at the time, was that Randy was introducing me to BMW motorcycles. I finally bought my first Beemer from Randy, an old R90/6 that I reworked, and Randy called it THUMPER. We rode many miles in those early years. We went to Daytona for bike week several times and many other places, too.

Then there was the time I was going to the BMWMOA rally in York, Pa. I was stopped on Martins Mountain in Maryland to make a thermal adjustment in my clothing as it was getting warm. There were several bikes going by and as the last one went by I heard a yell "THUMPERRRRRR".

It was Randy. He turned around and came back to check on me. I rode the rest of the way to the rally with the group.

These are but a few of the experiences we had in the early years, many more down through the years. I am sure that others have had good times with Randy, also.

Randy had fun, loved his sport and worked very hard to help others in whatever their need.

Randy was my good friend for many years. I will miss him greatly.



Randy and Lowell at the grave of Boone Sutherland in May of 2010



Randy visits with Maureen Elwyn (left) and Sue McKeown at the club's spring cookout in April.

—LR

I remember Randy Scott

By John Rice



Seated at the annual Bluegrass Beemers Awards Banquet in 2010 were (from left) Joyce and Lowell Roark, Jay Smythe, Brenda and John Rice, and Randy Scott.

I remember Randy Scott.

I think I first met Randy Scott in 1981, though it's hard to pinpoint....it just seems that he's always been there in my life. It is hard to contemplate living in a world without Randy in it, and rest assured he was one of a kind. There will not be another.

Looking back at an old photo, I see that Randy had salt & pepper hair back then, already in his 30's, not yet the silver fox he grew into being.

I remember doing the motorcycle insurance talk with Randy to numerous motorcycle groups over the years. Randy was one of the very few insurance professionals I knew, and I knew a lot of them, who understood the

Kentucky motorcycle PIP conundrum. The insurance problem faced by Kentucky motorcyclists was a personal mission of mine and Randy got on board, not because he could sell more insurance by understanding it, but because he knew it was something for the good of his customers and his friends...many of whom were in both categories.

I remember in the mid 80's, following Randy on his R100RS, "Big Red," up I-95 after a way-too-late start out of Daytona, headed for Lexington. I recall watching his taillight recede in the distance as my old R90 struggled with its top speed. Apparently, as the Jim Croce song put it, Randy had

mistaken the "95" number of the interstate for the speed limit sign.

I'll never forget following Randy on his Harley up Black Mountain, wondering how he could get his saddlebags so close to the pavement in the turns that I couldn't see daylight under them, without actually shredding fiberglass on the asphalt. In every single turn, every time.

I remember being called "honey." Repeatedly.

"What's going on, Randy?"

"Nothin' but the rent."

"How are you doing, Randy?"

"Makin' a cornbread living"

How Randy is always smiling. In every photo, in every memory, always with the big

grin or the kindly, knowing smile that accepted the frailties and aggravations of dealing with fellow humans.

There are people who come into your life and make it a better place to be, a warmer and friendlier place. We know in reality that those people will not always be there, but we cannot come to terms with it when they are gone.

Godspeed, Randy.

Randolph Scott, charter member and past president of Bluegrass Beemers, dead at 71; 300 riders escort Randy to the cemetery



Randy sits aboard his '93 Electra Glide. He broke this bike in while riding to Speed Week with Bill Moore and me in February of 1994. We seldom slowed to the speed limit, of course. This Harley, with over 140,000 miles showing on the odometer, was ridden in the funeral procession by a friend. Randy's 1962 Panhead, which I painted over 30 years ago, was on display at the visitation. —PE



According to WKYT-TV, 300 motorcyclists rode in the funeral procession for Randolph Scott. This photo captures less than a third of that assembly.

Anonymous Book, Bluegrass Beemers help stranded BMW rider

By Tom and Josh Weber

Photography by Tom Weber

Trick question:
If you are contacted
by a fellow BMW
rider via the *BMW Owners
Anonymous* book, are they
still anonymous??

Yes and No. They are still anonymous to the rest of the world, but they are no longer anonymous to us, the Bluegrass Beemers. Now one more BMW rider can check off at least 20 fellow riders as no longer anonymous to him, and he is no longer anonymous to the Bluegrass Beemers. What a night!

I have heard many stories regarding BMW riders who were able to get themselves out of a sticky situation by utilizing the information contained within the *BMW Owners Anonymous* book. Sometimes the call for help might be as simple as a place to store an item while they ride on. Other times, the call is a bit more challenging such as a bike that will not start, stranding the rider on the side of the road. We have all been there a time or two over the years. Those lucky enough to wind up stranded in these parts, well, we all know that Roy is always up for the challenge, and so are the rest of us.

And now, for the most recent story of a fellow BMW rider utilizing the *BMW Owners Anonymous* book and our most recent special guest, the one that rides long and hard, Ed Andrews!

Seventy-two-year-old Ed Andrews was riding to a funeral in Illinois when at/or around 8:00 pm, Friday night, April 25th, Ed was forced to steer his silent 2006 BMW LT to the

emergency lane of I-64 west just east of the junction of the I-75/I-64 split.

After consulting the *Anonymous Book*, Ed first called Roy Rowlett to see if he knew of a trailer that could be used to pick up the bike. Then Ed called me. Ed had no idea that Roy and I knew each other and both of us were going to do everything humanly possible to get Ed back on the road and arrive at his destination with time to spare. This set in motion a search for a trailer and thus began our mission to get Ed back on the road.

Roy noted that the bike Ed was riding was just like his, an 800 pound monster, but a very nice monster it is.

I could feel the onset of adrenalin pumping through my veins. I knew time was of the essence. With Ed's flashers on, it was only a matter of time before they went dim.

It is never a picnic when you are stranded on the side of the road a long way from home in an unfamiliar town, but if you carry the *BMW Owners Anonymous* book, you are never in a strange town.

Especially when cars and trucks are passing by at 70+ miles per hour! One mistake, one momentary lapse in concentration could prove deadly! None of us would ever want to end up like a bug on someone else's windshield. Windshields should be for killing bugs only.

Ed had just filled up his tank a few miles back and suspected there might be an issue with the fuel. This sounded logical to me. The bike still had electrical power, but not much. Since I am not a mechanic of any kind, all we could do was transport Ed and his bike to Roy's shop and give Ed a place to take a nap if necessary.

Ed Andrews is a man who has been in love with riding on the open road for decades, stopping when and where he would like, making new friends. Ed has a gift for meeting new people and making them feel comfortable.



Josh Weber with Ed Andrews from Virginia whose 2006 BMW KLT died on I-64 after dark. Tom and Josh Weber assisted Paul Kennedy who arrived with trailer.

Anonymous Book, Bluegrass Beemers help stranded BMW rider

By Tom and Josh Weber

Photography by Tom Weber



Preparing to load the disabled KLT into Paul Kennedy's trailer.

He is a "long rider," riding 700-1,000 miles in a day. For Ed, this is no big deal. Ed has considerably more stamina than I and yet, he is two decades older than I. A 1,000-mile day would be at least a four-day trip for me, myself, and I. I often have wished I could take a nap on the passenger seat while the other two rode.

Ed also loves to go south. When I say south, I mean *way* south. He lived in Mexico for almost four years and rides a lot throughout the country. Ed and his wife, Donna, just returned from riding to Honduras, via Mexico and Guatemala. They spent almost three months visiting all the Mayan Ruins and interesting cities.

When Ed first called me, it was about 8:20 pm Friday night, April 25th. This prompted Roy and me to make a series of

phone calls to locate a trailer worthy of hauling Ed's bike safely to Roy's place. I called the owner of the bike that I ride, Paul Kennedy. No answer. Now I'm starting to sweat. Then I remembered Paul had driven a local school marching band to Georgetown.

I sent him a text message that started with 911. I knew Paul would check in with his wife Jena, so I asked her to tell Paul to call me ASAP!

Then I called my son, Josh. I knew his neighbor across the street had a trailer they used to haul dirt bikes. Hmm, Ed's bike probably weighs more than 4 or 5 dirt bikes and is about 8 feet long. Then it dawned on me, using the 5x8 foot trailer would not be a good idea. Ed's bike is almost the same length as the trailer, ugh. Luckily, that little trailer was not available. Josh was able to

locate another trailer, a 14 foot farm trailer. That sounded a little better, but I was still holding out for Paul Kennedy to call me back.

When I talked to Roy, he told me that Ed's bike was an "800 pound monster."

At about 9:15 pm, Paul Kennedy called me back. He already had his trailer hooked up to his truck. Paul said he would meet us there near mile marker 82 on I-64 West. This meant we had to go five to six miles past Ed on I-64 East so we could turn around to get to Ed's location on I-64 West. So I went over and picked up Josh. He wanted to come along because it was an adventure. I wanted him to come along because he is much stronger than I will ever be.

Josh and I arrived at Ed's location a little after 9 pm. As we approached Ed's location

heading east on I-64, we got a glimpse of Ed and his LT with the flashers on. Less than 10 minutes later, Paul arrived. You should have seen the look on Ed's face when Paul Kennedy pulled up with his enclosed motorcycle trailer that could be configured to haul one to three motorcycles depending on their size. I thought Ed's eyes were going to pop out of his head. I remember Ed saying, "This trailer is too nice for my bike." Ed's LT took up the entire trailer. There was no room for another motorcycle unless it was very small.

At a little after 10 pm, Ed's LT was loaded, strapped down, and ready to go. Paul had obviously done this many times before. This was not Paul's first rodeo.

Ed rode to Roy's in Paul's truck. I'll bet neither of them stopped talking about motorcycles during the thirty minute drive to Roy's shop.

I called Roy to let him know that we were heading for his place. Roy said, "Okay, I'll be waiting in the garage." For a moment, I felt as though we were following a motorcycle ambulance, rushing a patient to the hospital for emergency surgery.

Did I mention, just before I left to pickup Josh, I decided to put Paul's father's motorcycle jacket and Bootstrap Bill's boots on? I'm sure at this point you are asking yourself why? Especially since I was driving and not riding! Why ask why? I knew that the jacket, which is Paul's father's, Don Kennedy, had some reflective features. The boots, well I

Anonymous Book, Bluegrass Beemers help stranded BMW rider

By Tom and Josh Weber

Photography by Tom Weber

just love to add as many miles as I can to "Bootstrap Bill's" old boots. I'll even wear them when I drive the car. That is, if I am going somewhere that has to do with motorcycles. Besides, we are on a mission from, I mean, we are on a mission to rescue a stranded fellow motorcyclist. Where have your boots been today!?! Thank you Bill Moore!!

After we rolled the LT out of the trailer in front of Roy's and onto his lift, I could see the wheels turning in their heads going through different scenarios narrowing down the issue.

We were all standing around as Roy announced that he has noticed something that might be a deal breaker. If the battery was totally dead, all the locks would automatically be shut down tight. This sounded bad. But as fate would have it, there was just enough juice left in the battery to prevent this from happening. Once Roy was able to access the battery, he immediately put the battery charger on Ed's LT. This got Ed's hopes up. Ed even flirted with the idea of getting back on the bike, once it was fixed, road ready, to continue on to his destination. I knew this was not a good idea. Roy also knew this was not a good idea. He did not say so out loud, but I could see it in his eyes as Roy gave me "the look."

Ed had already ridden from eastern Virginia that day, and he still needed to ride another 280 miles to get to his destination. To help Ed make the right decision, I simply said, Ed, "Breakfast is at 7."



Roy and Ed remove panels on the LT.

After less than 10 minutes of head scratching, Roy tested and diagnosed the issue, a failed fuel pump. I realized at this point, this was not going to be a 30-minute fix. As fate would have it, Roy just happened to have a replacement fuel pump. Imagine that! Sometimes I think Roy pulls these parts out from a place where the sun does not shine.

When Roy mentioned just how much of the bike would have to be, disassembled, I decided this would be a good time to take Josh back to his place. It was past my bedtime, and I knew it was past his also. Actually, I think I got that last sentence bassakward. I thanked Paul, and so did the rest of us, but I knew he had another long

day ahead of him the next day, which was now Saturday. So I told Paul to go home and we would take it from there.

Roy and Ed finished up about 1:30 Saturday morning. As Ed and I were about to leave Roy's place, I told Ed to follow me and he could take a nap in the spare bedroom. Less than a mile from Roy's place, Ed pulled up beside me and said, "We need to stop for gas ASAP!!" Roy had drained all six gallons of gas to remove the fuel tank. After the fuel pump was replaced, Roy put just enough gas back to make sure the fuel pump would work. After a successful test start, with big smiles on our faces, Ed and Roy started to re-assemble the bike. At one point, both

were asking me to hold certain parts of the faring from both sides that were still attached with electrical wires. They were both asking me to hold this, that, or another part and I quickly ran out of arms, fingers, and toes.

Ed and I left Roy's about 1:30 am Saturday April 26. We got back to my place a little after 2 am. Ed parked his bike in front of the garage leaving enough room for me to get the bike I care for, a red 1989 R100RT, out of the garage for our ride to breakfast in a few hours.

Ed just wanted to lie down and take a nap before breakfast. We walked upstairs and I showed Ed the spare bedroom where Josh has slept many times. Ed asked me to wake

Anonymous Book, Bluegrass Beemers help stranded BMW rider

By Tom and Josh Weber

Photography by Tom Weber



Roy working into the wee hours of the morning.

him up about 6:15 so we could go to breakfast. Funny how the words, "Breakfast is at 7" persuaded Ed to take a load off, get some rest, and ride with me to breakfast to meet the boys and gals that make up the Bluegrass Beemers..

When Ed and I arrived the next

morning, Ed made quite an impression on the group attending that day. Ed acted like a child in a motorcycle candy store with a multitude of bikes to choose from. To keep on schedule so he could make the funeral on time (3:00 pm CST. /4:00 pm EST.), Ed decided he should hit the road as soon as he finished breakfast. That was not the day to hang around to trade stories. Ed still had to travel about 278 miles to get to his destination, Danville, Illinois.

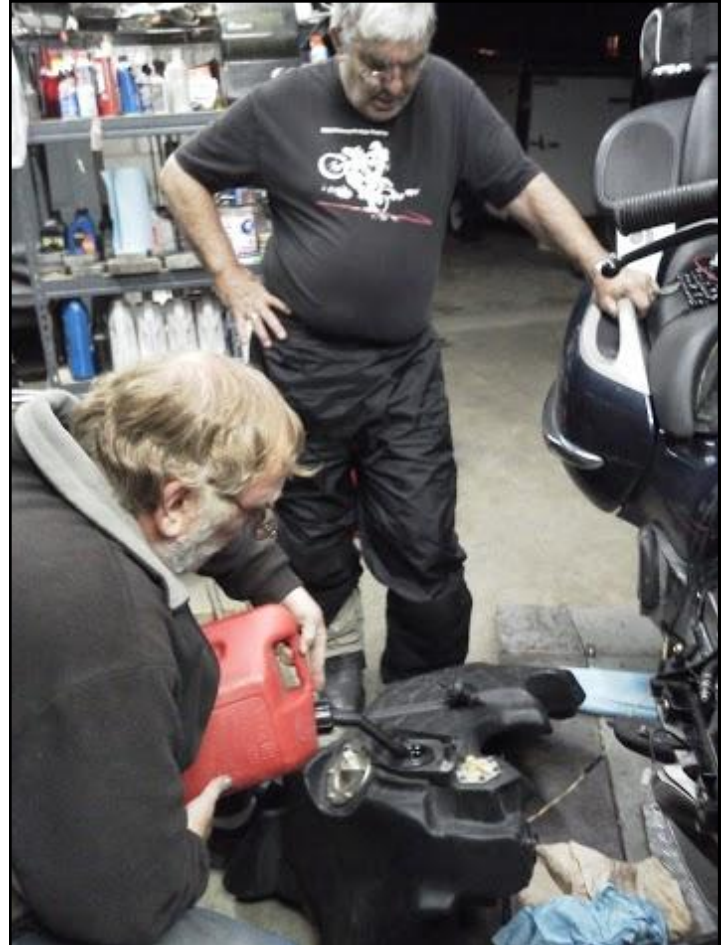
So Ed promised to come back later in the year for the Bluegrass Beemers Annual mini

rally which is held the second week in September.

As we were all fixing to leave Frisch's, that Saturday morning, we realized that none of us received a bill from Debbie, a young, wonderful woman who has been taking care of the group for the last 25 years. To our surprise, Debbie said that all of our bills had already been paid. This shows how generous and grateful Ed was for all of us that make up the Bluegrass Beemers.

We also have a surprise for Ed when he returns later this year. (Shh, I cannot let the cat out of the bag just yet. You know, secret club stuff. ;-))

Ed called me later that day to thank us for the help and hospitality. He also said he would make the funeral for an old friend on time. That's all that really matters, working together as a team to assist fellow riders that have become temporarily stranded in the Bluegrass, along with any other place we may be riding.



This was Josh's first "BMW Owner" rescue. I am sure this rescue will not be his last. He enjoyed it too much! I mean Josh enjoyed it because he was part of a group of good ole' boys helping a stranded person who asked for help.

I knew that Josh, at 6'-3", 210 pounds as a junior in high school, would be able to offer his strength to help us wrangle the "800 pound monster" that Ed was riding. I am very thankful that he has been able to meet such great people through the BMW organization.

Many may consider all the hard work and inconvenience, an unwanted hassle in their

lives. However, to me and the rest of the Bluegrass Beemers, this is what it is all about. Helping fellow riders along the way and hoping to make their journey as enjoyable and safe as possible.

We love meeting fellow Beemers from all across the country, and I always look forward to meeting even more of the priceless BMW community.

— Tom Weber
MOA #153799

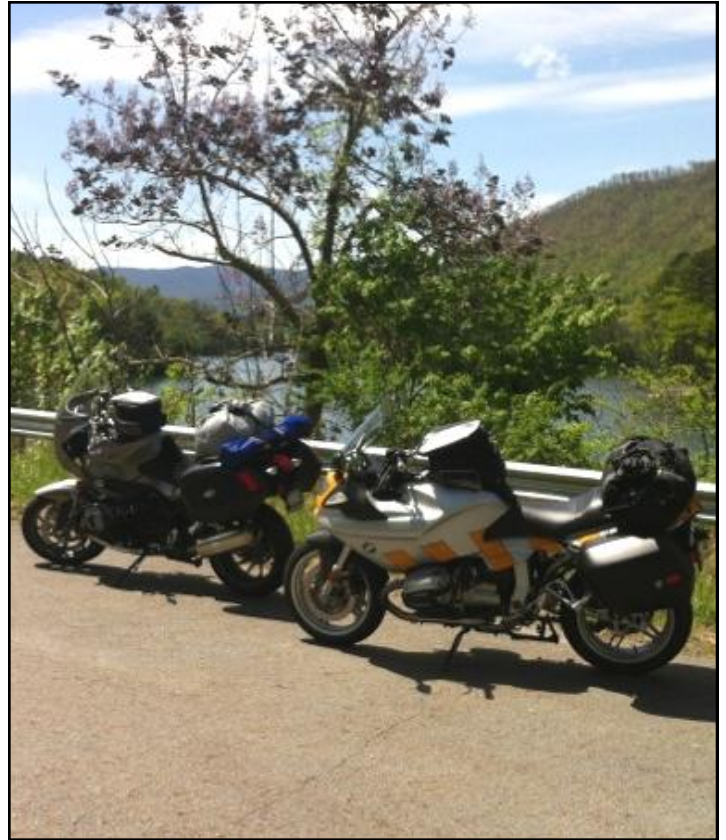
Club MOA #146, RA# 49

Georgia Mountain Rally

Photos by Todd Fuller



Todd Fuller with his new 1200R at Deal's Gap.



Georgia Mountain Rally

Photos by Todd Fuller



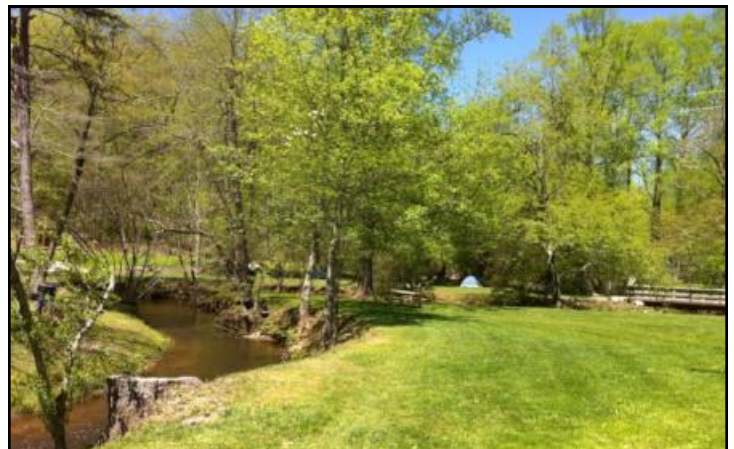
Georgia Mountain Rally

Photos by Todd Fuller and Paul Elwyn



Georgia Mountain Rally and day trip to Two Wheels at Suches campground

By Todd Fuller



Georgia Mountain Rally

Photos by Jay Smythe and John Rice



Snapshots from John Rice



Left: Brenda with the green bike near Jemez Pueblo, NM, in July of 1984.

Right: From a trials event near Covington, about 1975. I'm on a 1974 Suzuki RL250, my first real trials bike. I'm guessing, from the slight turn of my head to the right, that the line here called for a sharp right turn after the crossing, because making it across that second log in that short a space would have been a bit beyond me at that point in my skills arc !

I have worn a trials bike for a hat on more occasions than I care to recall....though I'd love to do it again if I could. Not sure why it fascinated me, but it did from the first time I read about it in *Cycle World*, back in the early 60's and I couldn't wait to try it. It wasn't until the fall of '74 that I got to go to one and give it a try. I didn't own a camera back then, so the only photos I have were those given to me by someone else.



Right: A Harley-Beemer at the Georgia Mountain Rally



Extemporaneous Excursion

By John Rice

Jay called last week and suggested that we go to the mountains on the Yamaha 250's.

Why not, I asked myself, and having no good negative answer, I said yes. This retirement gig isn't bad, I've decided. In keeping with our usual planning style, we didn't have an actual destination until two days before we left when Waynesville, NC became our home base.

Monday morning, Memorial Day, the XTs went into the truck and about 6 hours later, we were unloading them in the parking lot of the Oak Park Inn, a very motorcycle-friendly motel just a block or so from the downtown of this North Carolina town.

By 3pm we were at the highest point on the Blue Ridge Parkway, and had again convinced ourselves that the 250cc bikes were the best way of seeing that national park.

By 4pm, we were on the verandah at the Pisgah Inn, enjoying pie, overlooking the enormous valley below. A quick run down Rt. 276 (where I had crashed the R100GSPD a few years earlier...I'm still looking for black gravel in every turn on that road !) and we were back in town.

Our Irish pub there had closed, but two doors down from its location, the Tipping Point Brewpub had opened, with much of the same type of atmosphere. I recommend the Porter, though Jay preferred the wheat ale.

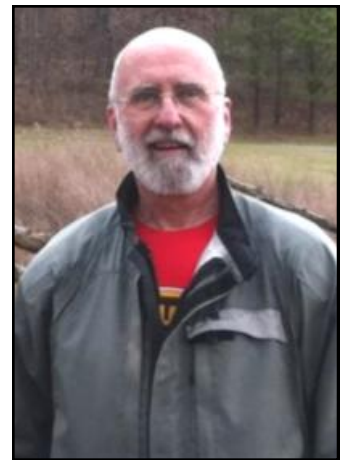
Tuesday dawned bright and clear.....no, wait, that would be someone else's tour. We awoke to a downpour. We are noth-

ing if not prepared for such things, so we suited up and were headed through Maggie Valley and up to the Parkway right after breakfast at the local bakery.

Up on the Blue Ridge, the rain intensified, so we made our soggy way down to Cherokee and started up through the Smokies. On the other side of Newfound Gap, the rain began to slacken and when we reached Cade's Cove, we were

tains from the Cove down to Townsend and the night's rain had left it just wet enough to be tacky but not muddy and kept the dust down. The dirt portion ends still far above the river level, giving us a long downhill of paved sweepers and switchbacks to reach the town. By now the sun had reappeared, the roads were dry and a decent lunch awaited at a roadside restaurant.

We headed back up to Cade's



Branch road. This one is mostly dirt, with some gravel that has been beaten into the surface and a fair amount of rock poking up to keep one up on the pegs.

There are ten stream crossings on this one, though they are for the most part quite shallow and with a concrete bottom, but still fun to raise a splash or two.

Parson's Branch ends abruptly on Rt. 129, "The Dragon", a few miles before the Deals Gap store. It had been years since either of us had ventured onto the infamous racer road, but on this Tuesday afternoon we didn't encounter much other two wheeled traffic. There was one Gold Wing, whose rider seemed to be puzzled by the two dirt bikes in his mirror, and was determined not to let us go around. We found some amusement in the idea that on this road famous for speedy travel, these 250 cc dual sports with knobbies were being impeded by an 1800cc machine.

We didn't stop in at the store, but did take a photo op at the dragon sculpture at Killboy's on the other side of the road. The view from there is amazing, when one thinks of what that store looked like when we started coming down here more than 25 years ago, a small one-person operation with nothing to suggest the mega-resort it has become.

I've always thought of Rt. 28, the left leg of the Y intersection



XTs in one of their many natural habitats



Jay at the Pisgah Inn

mostly in the dry. Rich Valley Road is a dirt and gravel path that leads through the moun-

Cove, this time to take the dirt path on the other side of the mountain, down Parson's

Extemporaneous Excursion By John Rice



Pie on the verandah at Pisgah



XTs make you smile.



John , looking stern as a parson encountering sin, contemplates the ten water crossings of Parson Branch Road.



The kind of place an XT 250 will get you to. You know that valley off to the right as you're heading down the last curvy miles of the Blue Ridge Parkway? This is what it looks like down there (except for the old guy in the red jacket).

at the store, to be a better ride than 129, so we headed that way with the notion of stopping for pie at the Fontana Village. The turns on this leg are not so severe and the pavement clean and flawless, allowing us to explore the edges of our dirt-oriented tires and the limits of our confidence (both keeping us well within the safe range of crazy) until we reached the Village. The Wildfire Grille

was completely empty of other customers, so we had the wide covered porch, the waitstaff, and the Key Lime pie, to ourselves.

By now it was getting near supertime, so we meandered through Bryson City, up the "old" 19 back to Cherokee and then scaled the Parkway back up to the top of the ridge. Late on a Tuesday afternoon, all of the tourists and motorhomes

had gone and we could wind out the XT's in fourth gear all the way up the curving route to Rt. 23, then back down into Waynesville. What had started out in a thunderstorm had ended in perfect weather and an equally perfect riding day. We found supper at the Frog's Leap restaurant, about three blocks from our room, with an excel-

lent meal accompanied by yet another local microbrew.

By Wednesday morning, we were starting to get the hang of this riding thing. Before heading back up to the Parkway, we stopped in at a local auto parts store to get some oil to top off the hard-working little Yamahas. When we walked in with our helmets, the two good ol' boys behind the counter

Extemporaneous Excursion By John Rice



Jay splashing across one of the ten crossings on Parson Branch Road



Jay at Frog level Brewing Company. For a town of less than 8,000, Waynesville does have its amenities.



The Dragon ponders appetizers.



On Cove Creek Road, overlooking Cataloochee Valley

asked us immediately if we had been to Cataloochee. We said no, and they replied in unison, "you boys ought to be slapped!" and laughed in that way some do at the terminally benighted. They proceeded to tell us of the re-introduction of the elk to that valley and the fine dirt roads and trails that lead to it.

We changed our plan to go south and headed north up 276 to Cove Creek Road. It begins as a paved track, then as it pro-

ceeds ever upward, spiraling around the mountain, it turns to dirt at the top and heads back down into the valley below. We soon were deep in the woods, with steep dropoffs to our left and high steep slopes to our right, constantly looking for one of the huge beasts to be standing in the middle of the trail around each corner. Eventually the dirt track ends at an incongruously paved three mile stretch that goes down into the Cataloochee valley, where there

are campgrounds, a ranger station and preserved early farm-houses for tourists to peruse. What wasn't there, at least on this morning, were elk. It seems that we were too late, too early or too something, to encounter any of the horned quadrupeds. Maybe next time. We did see large flocks of Monarch butterflies, flitting about in the air and gathered in clusters on the ground around something that we couldn't discern but which obviously was of great

interest to Monarchs. Later on the trail out, I had a close encounter with one of the large butterflies when it hit me square between the eyes, with one large wing over each lens of my glasses. I had a split second of seeing the spread-eagled creature in front of me and then complete darkness....not a good thing when on a switchbacked trail. I'm sure both of us exclaimed our respective species' equivalent of a two-word phrase beginning

Extemporaneous Excursion By John Rice



Old farmstead in the Cataloochee Valley



Somewhere in the NC mountains



Monarchs in Cataloochee

with "Oh". Fortunately for me and the Monarch, our encounter lasted only a brief second, leaving both of us no worse for the wear.

The trail leaving the valley on the other side from where we came in was 28 miles of dirt and gravel road winding through the eastern side of the Smoky Mountains and eventually dumping us out at I-40 with no apparent option but the Interstate or backtracking up the trail. We didn't know ex-

actly where we were, but chose the four lane, thinking there would be some quick exit back to more hospitable travel. No such luck. We were running low on gas, so we finally just buckled down to take the highway 13 miles back to Maggie Valley.

The little 250's soldiered on, accepting this as just another addition to their resume as all-rounders. They happily buzzed down the interstate, maintaining 60 mph and even working

their way around the occasional car or truck not as capable as they were at keeping up with the traffic.

Another quick stop in Maggie for cobbler, then we started back up to the Parkway to begin, at 3 pm, the route we thought we were going to explore this morning. Near the top of the ascent up from Cherokee, there is a turnoff to Black Camp Gap, a road we had passed by many times on our excursions up here. It leads to what seems to be a private Parkway, the same kind of curves, perfect pavement and stunning overlooks, with no one else there to enjoy it but us. Six or seven miles in, it terminates at a cul-de-sac with trailheads leading off along the ridges and a sign pointing down the hill, warning that Heintooga Road, down from here is unpaved, steep, winding, one way and rough. Sounds good to us.

It is not quite a trail, but not really a road either, sort of a combination that turned out to be the perfect thing for what we wanted to do. There are many switchbacks as it winds down into the valley, that long wide

valley one can see off to the right as you make those last 20 or so downhill miles on the Parkway, to the terminus at Cherokee. In places the path follows a tumbling creek that eventually ends up at the tribal trout hatchery within the Reservation.

Heintooga Road is paved for the last few miles past the trout farm and ends at a T intersection that isn't on our map. We go over to an older couple sitting in a pickup truck on the side of the road and ask politely "Can you tell us where we are?" When they quit laughing at us, they tell us that Cherokee is "6 or 8 miles that way" and we set off to get back up to the Parkway.

Thirty or so miles later, we've wound the bikes out in fourth through countless curves and we're back in the rain again on the ridgeline. We call it a day at Rt. 215 and make our way back to Waynesville by 7pm, another 11-hour day with about 230 miles under our wheels. Not bad, when one thinks of how much of it was in the dirt. We opt for a beer on the wide deck behind Frog Level Brew-

Extemporaneous Excursion By John Rice



ing Company, bordering the creek and then the Sweet Onion restaurant for a late dinner.

I've been fortunate enough to have done a lot of motorcycle traveling, and this trip has to rank up near the top when considering the enjoyment-versus-hassle ratio.

I know I've waxed poetic on a number of occasions about the virtues of the XT 250, and yet I must do so again. These are the perfect combination of dirt/street characteristics, fast enough on the road to keep up with traffic (or exceed it, on the curvy bits) and docile enough to be at home in the woods.

The torque available from the quarter-liter engine seems amazing, more than ample to haul my overlarge frame up and over whatever I still have the nerve to tackle. On the trails, one can stick it in second or third and just motor on serenely, trusting the bike to handle the problems with aplomb. It is the ideal vehicle for the Parkway, where the 45 mph speed limit can be maintained, or sometimes bent a bit, through any curve, leaving the bike in fourth gear and leaning as much as one dares on the little knobs out there at the edge of the tire. As we say, it's way more fun to ride a slow bike

fast than a fast bike slow. And all of this, while returning 65 or 70 miles per gallon of regular sipped. I know I'm at least 50 pounds heavier and half a foot taller than the person the manufacturer had in mind when they designed the bike and its suspension, but the XT just handles it all without much protest. When I was a young man, all those years ago, I rode street bikes in the woods and dirt bikes on the street, but I could not have imagined one machine this capable of being both.

Waynesville, a small town with the good fortune to be located near both the Parkway and the Smokies, is another

example of making the most of its resources. The small town where I live is about twice the size in population, but has not one tenth of the amenities offered in this motorcycle-friendly venue.

The Oak Park Inn is within a five-minute walk of several very good restaurants, two brewpubs, a Mast General Store (in case you forgot anything) and a fifteen or twenty-minute ride from the Blue Ridge.

It's an old cliché, but it really doesn't get much better than this.

—JR

Captain James Street of the Valley View Ferry

Still shot from GoPro video by Roy Rowlett



Also captured by Roy's GoPro camera was this rider pushing a V-Rod Harley out of the ditch to a flatbed.

Saturday @ Frisch's 7-9 am

We assemble at 7:00 a.m., well, some of us arrive at 6:45 a.m. for some pre-breakfast tire kicking, then we adjourn from the parking lot to the breakfast table arranged by Frisch's server Debbie Barnes who has been taking care of us for 25 years. Following breakfast we move back to the parking lot so we can engage in more tire kicking.

Right: Mark Collier rode his 1999 Honda 400R to the May 24th breakfast. Mark also owns the R1150R that he bought from Lee Thompson.



Burkesville Rally *and a Friday dealership visit*



Above: Bluegrass Beemers Jay Smythe, Jeff Crabb, Lee Thompson, Paul Elwyn, and John Rice kick tires at Burkesville. Also present but not pictured were Roger Trent, Eddie and Roy Rowlett.



Mike Gozia of Louisville entertained Burkesville Rally attendees with his Ural sidecar rig. A former Moto Guzzi Kentucky State Representative, Mike has traveled all over the country attending sidecar events.



John Rice tries on a new Royal Enfield Continental GT at the Mt. Sterling Kawasaki/Royal Enfield dealership



Kentucky State Trooper Endre Samu stopped by the Burkesville Rally in his official 2006 C6 Corvette police cruiser. In service for the past six years, the Corvette was "donated" to the department following the drug arrest of the owner. Trooper Samu said, "It's surprising how many people cannot read the markings on the car and don't realize they are passing a police car until the blue lights begin flashing."



Alex Boone's spring Fly, Ride, Drive-In draws 24 aircraft and quite a few bikes, cars

Bluegrass Beemer Alex Boone hosts a Fly, Ride, Drive-In a couple of times a year, inviting friends with old planes, motorcycles, and cars to show up at his farm on Walnut Hill Rd.

Perfect weather attracted about 24 airplanes, and quite a few cars and motorcycles this year. Alex provides a catered BBQ lunch for everyone, and we have a great time watching the action from the barn dining area with one side open to the grass airfield where visitors can watch planes in action.

Alex Boone (in the rear seat of his 1943 Army trainer) prepares the plane for its next flight.



Alex Boone's spring Fly, Ride, Drive-In draws 24 aircraft and quite a few bikes, cars



Bluegrass Beemers Tom Weber and Todd Fuller listen to Ben Prewitt (right) explain some of the technical details of his 1966 Champion Citabria. For years Ben flew for the state inspecting air fields, a job which allowed him to land on nearly every grass field in Kentucky while he was employed.



Alex Boone's spring Fly, Ride, Drive-In draws 24 aircraft and quite a few bikes & cars



Fly, Ride, Drive-In draws 24 aircraft and quite a few bikes & cars

Photos this page by Tom Weber



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.

\$4000 OBO

1981 Honda CM200 Twinstar

Great campground bike, kickstart, two tanks and a few other pieces. Vintage plate.

\$800

Tim Riddell

Lexington

859-806-8466



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



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



June 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Killboy captured renowned Bluegrass Beemers Apex Editor Paul Elwyn on the Dragon. At least 250 riders were on hand at the resort to welcome Elwyn who was traveling with Todd fuller to the Georgia Mountain Rally. Fuller somehow managed to take photos along the Dragon while keeping up with Elwyn.

RAIN, RAIN GO AWAY!

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



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