

November 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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





***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**



To Helen back

By John Rice



A wide spot on the Dragon, suitable for emergency tree inspection

Jay texted me on a Monday night in September to say he was heading back toward home from his six-week motorcycle journey, with a stop to see an Army friend in Florida. He would be headed for Helen, GA on Wednesday night and I said I could meet him there.

Early Wednesday AM, I left home on the F700 with not a really clear idea of how I would get there. Trip planning isn't really my strong suit. Somehow, at Jellico TN, I ended up on Rt. 297, the squiggly line that goes west of the interstate down through the valley beside the mountain by the same name as the town, that I-75 now goes across.

The interstate has taken the semis and tourists, so this little

road typically has sparse traffic and some decent curvy bits....but not today. Apparently the utility companies had conspired together to repair and/or replace all of the wires on the poles lining this motorcycle road, but only in sections a mile or so apart. I'd barely get into third gear when around the next curve would be another hard-hatted worker in a vest the same lime-green as my jacket, holding up a stop sign.

297 ends just north of Caryville, where one can buy all the fireworks you'd EVER need, and from there, it's just an urban mess with nearly all roads leading to Knoxville, which sits like a huge tangled barrier designed to prevent one from getting to the Smokies.

Gritting my teeth, I took the four-lane around the city and down to Maryville, where 129 begins. There is another wavy

line on the map that cuts off a bit of the 129 suburbs and ties into the Dragon right at the lake, where it starts getting good. I figured that there wouldn't be too many squids and crazies on the curvy bits on a Wednesday afternoon and I was correct. My days of pavement scratching on the Dragon are long behind me, but it still is an enjoyable stretch of wiggly asphalt through an early-fall colored forest.

At one point I parked on a wide spot and went off into the woods to inspect some trees and when I returned to the bike, a Sheriff's car pulled up beside me, with all lights flashing. He rolled down his window and said something I couldn't hear through my earplugs, so I cupped my hand beside my helmet, indicating that I was effectively deaf. He laughed and shouted, "If you want to get ahead of the tractor-trailer, you better go now !" I did as he commanded, grateful for his assistance.

At the store, I stopped in for a look, since I hadn't been in



Jay, in full epic trip mode

To Helen back By John Rice



Jay, outside our room at the Helendorf Inn in Helen, Georgia

there for many years, perhaps 15 or more. Jay and I had last camped here back when the original owner was first building the lodge, as the popularity of this road was becoming well publicized. From its beginnings in a small room, as part of a service station well situated at the confluence of Rt. 129 and Rt 28, the store now has grown, doubled and redoubled in size, morphed into a motel, a resort and an icon. Not needing any more t-shirts, I continued on my way south.

The right fork at the junction takes 129 on through Robbinsville, where Jay and I had stayed during the BMWRA rally in the mid-90's, when the local sheriff, convinced that the coming BMW crowd was a "biker gang" pulled out all the stops to prevent the mayhem he anticipated. I recall seeing police helicopters circling overhead and even parked in laybys along Rt. 28, ready to respond at a moment's notice when the middle-aged men and women in textile armored riding gear and flip-up helmets, on quiet

German machines, began to cut loose, let fly and get rowdy. When absolutely nothing happened and the locals could see that nothing was ever going to happen, after all that county expense, the voters suggested at the next election that the Sheriff find other employment. ("Would you like fries with that ?")

As I passed through Hiawassee, I was somewhat surprised to be the only motorcycle in sight. I've only been in this town during the Georgia Mountain rally times when the place

was thick with Beemers, everywhere I looked. I guess these places do have a life when we aren't here.

Arriving in Helen, with no sign of Jay yet, I got us a room at the Helendorf Inn, one of the older places dating back to the original days when this small town "went German" for the tourism trade. Brenda and I had stayed here many, many years ago and somewhere I have a photo of her leaning, princess-like, out of the corner turret.

To Helen back By John Rice



Somewhere on a mountain top in Georgia

Shortly after checking in, I got a text from Jay telling me that his planned route to avoid Atlanta congestion had turned out to be traffic-choked and in the middle of a thunderstorm. He would be another two hours at least. I went into town to scope out German restaurants and then ensconced myself on the over-the-river deck of a pub next door to our motel to have a beer and wait. By the time he arrived, after 7 PM, I'd eaten all of the appetizer I'd ordered for us and the down-

town restaurants had closed, leaving us only Paul's Steakhouse across the street. Not even faux-German, but they did have Warsteiner on draft, so all was well.

Thursday morning we went south on Rt. 75 for a short distance to pick up the Richard Russell Scenic Byway (Rt. 348), a road that does happen to connect some small towns, but seems to have been built mainly for the pleasure of motorcyclists. The smooth black-top curves and dips and climbs

all around the mountain tops, devoid of annoying traffic on this day, just for our amusement. The Byway terminates on GA 60, just a few yards shy of the entrance to the Motorcycle-Only campground at Suches.

There was a Kawasaki Concours rally just beginning at the campground, and we were drawn in by the presence of all the bikes. Jay ended up on the wide front porch of the clubhouse talking to a woman named Karen about her inter-

esting motorcycling history and her current eclectic stable of two-wheelers, including a Laverda triple and several BMW's. Her garage once contained such exotic things as a Scott Flying Squirrel, but a division occurred after her then-husband "took up a hobby I couldn't support....chasing young women." Her current husband is also a rider and was there at the rally somewhere, chasing (we hope) only interesting motorcycles.

To Helen back By John Rice



At the Concours rally at Suches

We were ready to leave the campground to continue our unplanned journey when a young man came up to us and asked if he could tag along. I realize now that he thought we were rally attendees as well and were just going on a short day trip. We told him we were old and slow and might hold him up and he said that would be fine. The three of us took off, up Rt. 60 headed for lunch in whatever town we came to first.

The curves and hills on this route are nearly as good as the Richard Russell, and we enjoyed them to the extent our diminished skills and attention span would permit. We didn't see our new riding companion, but assumed he was back there around the last bend. When Jay and I got to Morganton, it wasn't as big as we had thought and no restaurants were in evidence

by the time we passed through town and reached the highway intersection on the other side, so we turned around to back-track into town to see if any locals had suggestions. We pulled up in front of the post office in time to catch some folks coming out and discussed with them the options. The consensus seemed to be that there was nothing worth stopping for here and that we should go on up the road a few miles to Blue Ridge. As we were fastening up our helmets to leave, our new companion from the rally pulled up to us and asked where we were going for lunch. He had just arrived. When we said we were going on into Blue Ridge, apparently that was a town too far, so he turned around and headed back to Suches.

Blue Ridge Georgia was founded in 1886 as a railroad town, conveniently located along the lines of two rail companies. The town begins at the tracks and climbs up and around the hills, where once travelers could disembark and wander up to one of the five hotels that served the rail-borne commerce. Those days are long gone, but the town has managed to reinvent itself as a tourist attraction, bringing city folks (and meandering motorcyclists) in to sample the renovated old buildings now put to use as shops, boutiques and of course, restaurants.

Many years ago, Brenda and I had wonderful pie at a place along this reborn main street, but that particular spot seems to have faded into the second course of history. We were able to find sustenance at an old

grocery store, now turned into a tourist's deli. Good interesting salads and excellent molasses cookies, but, sadly, no pie.

Since we were sort of in the area, we decided to meander on up 68 to Tellico and sample the Cherahola Skyway. Should anyone doubt the power of motorcycles and riders as an economic force, a quick visit to the beginning of the Skyway is all the proof needed. From a sleepy little town of less than a thousand souls, with maybe a cafe and gas station, the draw of this road has caused businesses to spring up like flowers after a rain. There is a Harley Davidson dealership, miles from the nearest Interstate, right beside the two lane entrance to the Cherahola. A museum does double duty as a motorcycle gear store (with Klim ventilated pants on sale, just what I was looking for !) and a plethora of B&B's, cafes, and other tourist type places.

The city's own website lists "motorcycles" twice in its accounting of the area's attractions. I counted 24 business ads that featured motorcycles.

We cruised past the waterfall and up onto the Skyway, where, as sometimes happens in the mountains, we found ourselves going into and out of rain, from dry pavement in wonderful curves to suddenly wet asphalt on the other side of the same bend, leading to lots of nervous moments but not enough to dampen (pun intended) the fun.

I've read that the two states, North Carolina and Tennessee, spanned by the 41-mile Skyway spent over \$100 million dollars building this road in 1996, and I suspect that they have recouped that investment many times over.

To Helen back By John Rice



The twins take a break as their owners do the same over the hill.

The Skyway ends near Robbinsville, but when we went looking for lodging and food, we realized that the town was "dry", meaning decent restaurants were thin on the ground. We decided to push on toward Cherokee and Bryson City.

The storm caught us again, this time with a vengeance, on Rt. 19. We did that thing (for which you later ask yourself "Why?"), where we kept on riding without putting on rain-gear, thinking "oh it will quit in a minute". It didn't.

In Bryson City, NC, we found dry lodging at a traditional style motel, with just enough space in the room to spread out our wet clothes, on the edge of

"downtown" and only a block or two from the oldest restaurant in the city. Inside, the small eatery had the feel of an old movie set with stock characters from Central Casting taking their places in the booths, while the kitchen staff in stained aprons went about the business of feeding them. We walked back to our room in the dark, with the only light provided by the blinking caution signal and the dimmed Shell station sign. Bryson City goes to sleep early.

The tall mountains mean sunrise happens a little later down here than back home and it was still a bit dark and misty as we left in the morning, headed

north. Breakfast places weren't in evidence at that hour in Bryson, so we elected to ride through the Smokey Mountain National Park and find sustenance in Gatlinburg.

Crossing this park in the early morning hours is a pleasure that never gets old. The cold air brings the hanging mists that give the park its name and just enough chill to an old rider's bones for invigoration without freezing. Overhead is a sky of an intense blue not found elsewhere or at other times, nearly cloudless, with only the occasional soaring bird of prey to offer perspective. Hardy pines shimmer with the dew still clinging to the branches. We

are watching closely for critters, since this is a good time for them to be about their business of finding food, not becoming food and, they hope, finding a mate to perpetuate that cycle for another generation. In other words, the very same business as our species, except the ones without the opposable thumbs don't get to ride motorcycles up here.

The pavement is deep black, because it's relatively new (nature keeps taking it back in the winter) and because it is wet with that same mist that obscures my face shield. Watching the passing scenery, I seem to forget that slippery pavement as I head into the 360

To Helen back By John Rice



Clinch Mountain Lookout Restaurant, home of vinegar pie

degree curve a bit too hot, causing a lot of last minute braking and, no doubt, confusion for Jay behind me. I'm sure it isn't the first time he's wondered just what the heck I'm trying to do. Not to worry, I don't often know myself what it might be.

The peaceful park road dumps us out into the modern confusion of Gatlinburg, which fortunately at this early hour on a Friday morning isn't all that crowded. There are trucks idling in front of nearly every store, taking up one lane of the main street, to restock the gimcracks and geegaws for the tourist trade that later will flood these sidewalks in search of yet another thing to gather dust at home. We cruise through town and head on up 321 to get away

from the madness. Just up the hill we find an old restaurant, one of the ones that used to be way on the outskirts of this once-tiny tourist place, where a decent breakfast can be found.

A short distance into the mountain on 321, we veer left onto 416 which takes us north through the foothills and away from the Sevierville/Pigeon Forge mega-resorts.

This windy little road twists through what appears to be an artists colony, with signs in front of many of the old houses touting the occupants as woodworkers, glass blowers, painters and talented folks (one hopes) in a variety of other media. Not having the space on our luggage racks for a major art installation, we enjoy only a more

natural work, the sculpture of the these hills beribboned with asphalt.

Enduring a few miles on 411 brings us to Chestnut Hill where Rt. 92 turns off to go across the foothills and around the complicated shores of Douglas Lake to Dandridge Tennessee, the second oldest town in the state, first settled in 1783.

In 1942, the TVA's plans to dam the French Broad River to create the lake and reservoir would have inundated the town, (think "Oh Brother Where Art Thou" or, more malevolently, "Deliverance") but a consortium of concerned citizens lobbied successfully for a dike to keep out the waters. The resulting combination of shoreline

and mountains did leave a very motorcycle-friendly blacktop path leading through the valleys and along the ridges down into the picturesque small town that remains steadfast against the water.

Rt 92 continues pleasantly on up to Rutledge, and from there it is familiar territory on over Clinch Mountain (with again a mandatory pie stop at the Overlook Restaurant) and through the tunnel at Cumberland Gap. The road here used to wind up through the actual gap, lined by tourist attractions in old-style log or clapboard structures, but that section is now being reclaimed by nature, back to something ol' Daniel Boone might come close to recognizing. The tunnel, an engineering

To Helen back By John Rice

and construction marvel, would not be something he'd readily understand....but after working a mule up and over the old path, he would have appreciated its convenience nonetheless.

At Pineville, we headed up Rt. 66, which isn't the George Maharis, old Corvette route, but instead a wonderfully twisty road that winds through the Redbird Forest. A few years ago we had ridden our XT 250's down here and explored some of the dirt trails that spiderweb through these hills, but on this occasion we kept our wheels on the pavement, damp though it was.

As usual, the rain had caught us again, but even wet these forest roads are worth riding. At Booneville, we detoured again and found ourselves on 399, the road to Heidelberg. Unlike its European namesake, this town doesn't have a castle (or even, truth be told, a "town") but it does have a city park, by the river, which made a good rest stop. Should you be inspired to visit, do take note that the road makes a dramatic left turn just on the other side of the railroad crossing, and even a bit of excess enthusiasm will result in an unplanned off road excursion.

We split up at Irvine, with Jay going west to Lexington and me taking familiar Rt. 89 back to Winchester. He had been on the road for a month and a half. For me, it had been only a three-day excursion but it felt like a longer vacation.

Motorcycle trips have a way of compressing and expanding time all out of proportion to reality and perhaps that is one of their most attractive features.

That, and pie.

—JR



Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000

In 2005 I rode my 145,000-mile 1988 R100RT to the first Vintage Festival at Barber. That was a great weekend, but it was only the beginning for what has become possibly **THE BEST** motorcycle event in the country.

I was freshly retired and trying to live large, so I pitched my tent in a field knowing that overnight temperatures were going to fall below freezing, but that was fine. I was among kindred souls and thrilled to be at the first Barber Vintage Festival.

Despite the cold temperatures and steady drizzle, the first event was a smashing, albeit muddy success. The flea market that first year was as muddy as Mid-Ohio. Mr. Barber didn't like seeing the mud, so for the second year he provided paved runners for the entire field of used parts vendors, fairly well eliminating the mud. Beyond the less-than-ideal weather, the event was everything I hoped it would be.

That first year drew about 6,000 enthusiasts. This year drew over ten times that many people, and the entire park was mud free, despite moments of drizzle and light rain. Even with hundreds of cars and trucks parked on and driving over the park-like turf, there were no ruts, no mud.

The turf actually appeared to be a tough zoysia grass with ground rubber dispersed throughout, the same treatment featured on so many athletic fields. Underfoot, the turf felt springy, as though we were actually walking on rubber. This surface was everywhere pavement did not exist.

The 10th Festival seemed to be perfectly planned to handle the 65,000+ enthusiasts without



Bluegrass Beemers member Mark Rense at Barber with his Norton Commando

confusion or strain. Getting through the gate with our advance tickets in hand to be scanned took about half an hour, but considering that so many people were attempting to arrive all at once, we thought everything moved along quite well. Besides, there were hundreds of vintage bikes being ridden in with experienced riders and their steeds handling the walking pace with as much grace as possible under the circumstances.

This event was so overwhelming for me, that I seldom used my camera, spending every moment admiring one bike after another. How can one capture so much eye candy on camera?

The few photos I did take fail to capture the spectacle. Erik Buell Racing was present in full force with bikes on track and on display for enthusiasts to sit



Triumph Thruxton Ace Special revealed at Barber

on. Custom New Bonnevilles were too numerous to count. The new Motus sport touring motorcycles built in Birmingham were on display. A Motus V-4 crate engine powered an open track car and sounded

fabulous!

I have never seen so many vintage race bikes in one location. Every level of the paddock was full with what seemed to be every vintage racer in the country on hand.

Those who paid \$150 to at-

Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000



One-off Triumph Thruxton Gary Nixon Edition

tend the Friday evening dinner/museum fundraiser on the top floor of the museum heard Erik Buell and Alan Cathcart speak.

By mid-afternoon on Friday with temperatures in the mid-80's, we entered the museum to cool off, grab a bite to eat and once again be overwhelmed by the best motorcycle museum in the world.

With approximately 600 motorcycles on display and another 800 waiting to be restored, the Barber museum is special. Craftsmen in shops on the ground-level floor can fabricate anything to complete restorations on site. Very sel-

dom do they engage craftsmen outside the museum, we were told by one of the museum guides.

On Festival weekend, the lower shops were open, a feature available only on nine days out of the year. Various seminars were provided on restoration topics. The world's largest Lotus collection also resides at Barber, along with a number of Porsches. Mr. Barber for years raced Porsches, securing 63 first-place finishes.

Steady rain greeted us on Saturday morning, so we decided to head home with a perfect Friday at Barber to remem-

ber. On the trip back from Barber we also discovered a much more palatable route, avoiding I-65. Leaving Leeds, we exited I-20 at Rt. 77 to connect with I-59 for the run up to Chattanooga. This interstate features light traffic and excellent pavement, providing a pleasant run up to I-40 west which we followed for about 20 miles to Rt. 28 which merges with 127, a pleasant two-lane up to Danville. This was WAY better than combat driving on I-65, and travel time was about the same, because we did not run as far west and back east as we would to and from I-65.

With this easier route in mind, and with Barber providing so much to experience so late in the season, I hope to return next year. If you have not been to the Barber Festival, you really should go.

Check out the photos by Mark Rense on the next two pages!

—PE

Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000

Photos by Mark Rense



Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000

Photos by Mark Rense



Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000



Hard parts manufacturer British Customs teamed up with Triumph Motorcycles America to honor legendary flat track racer and Motorcycle Hall of Famer, Eddie Mulder with a modern day build based off of the Triumph Bonneville that he raced during the 1960s and 70s. Mulder was on hand to debut the motorcycle and speak to the crowd.

Photos by Motorcyclist Magazine



Above and Left: Custom R nineT street bike owned by BMW racer Nate Kern features carbon wheels, Ohlins front and rear, LED turn signals in the bar-ends, a custom solo tail unit with Sargent saddle, and several BMW options including stainless Akrapovic exhaust.

Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000



Right: These Vincents were assembled in Maggie Valley, NC on Tuesday for a rally. Everywhere on the main street were Vincents, mostly two up, running around in the rain.

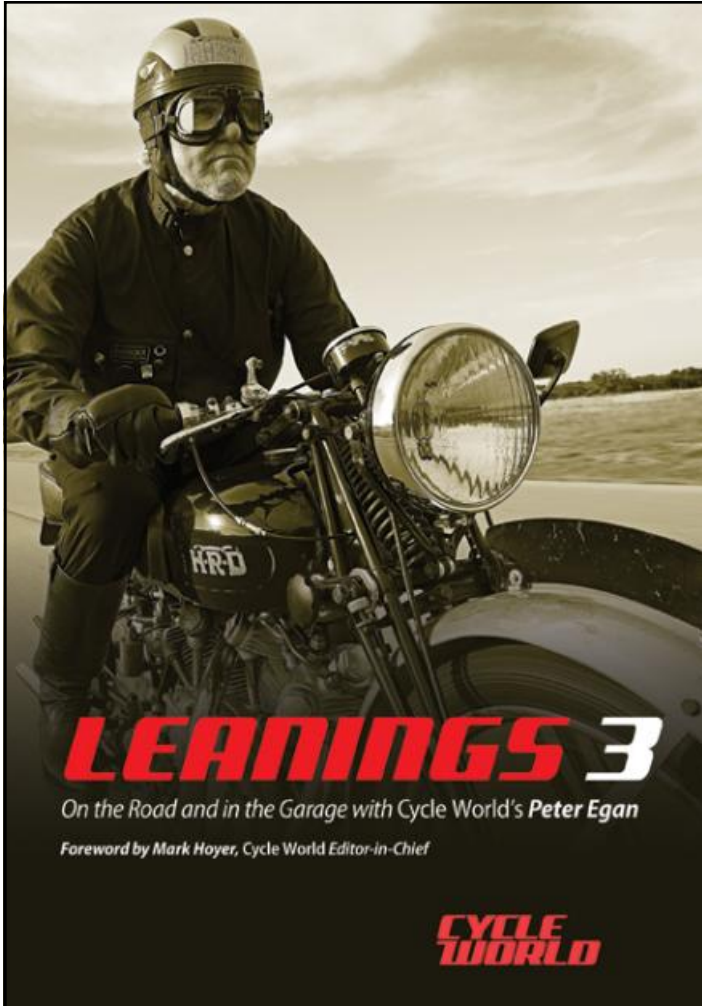


Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000



Barber Vintage Festival draws over 65,000





Many of us have been reading Peter Egan for years, possibly both in *Road & Track* as well as in *Cycle World*, so the latest collection, *LEANINGS 3*, brings another familiar mix of columns and features, this time originally published from January 2005 through October 2013.

For those who have not experienced Peter's writing, this volume will serve well as an introduction to what I consider

to be the best moto-journalism available.

Egan blends a broad knowledge of motorcycles and motorcycling experience from trail to street and to track, with nuances about places, music, and people, about the inner philosophical sense that riders often understand but until reading Egan, have not been able to put into words. His insights and humor prompt us to say, "That's what I understand. I know that feeling."

When I was an English

teacher, I used Egan's work as a model for student writers. He begins every writing with an effective hook that engages the reader, and then he follows through with vivid details and humor to a conclusion that further reveals the lead, making us smile and nod, "That's perfect."

One must not be a motorcyclist to enjoy Peter's writing, but anyone who rides will appreciate the many nuggets of motorcycling truths and love this volume.

One of the many perks of Bluegrass Beemers club membership is that you can buy this book at half the cover price.

Check out the details below. You need to add this book to your library.

—Paul Elwyn

Motorcycle Club Discount Program

Motorbooks offers motorcycle clubs a discount on our books! The order needs to come from one person, be paid for by one person and be shipped to one person, so it requires a little coordination on your end. Many clubs have found our books to be a good fundraising tool for their club coffer or a local charity!

Retail is \$28.00. **Club Price is \$14.00**

Free Shipping on Orders of \$75.00+

- Discount Offer Never Expires
- Discount Applies to Anything on QBookshop.net... mix and match your order!

If interested in ordering at this discount, make check payable to

Paul Elwyn
821 Pecos Circle
Danville, KY 40422
Paul.elwyn@gmail.com
859-583-0205

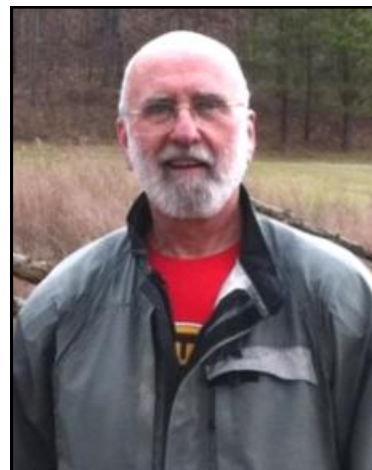
Order will be held until the \$75 minimum is met.

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
Leanings 3 By Peter Egan



Saturday @ Frisch's 7-9 am



We welcome John Norman and his 2007 R1200R. Jonathan and Lee McKeown invited John to join Bluegrass Beemers.



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

**1975 Bultaco Sherpa T
trials bike, Model 151**

\$250 OBO

(No, it doesn't look quite this
good now, but it still runs.)

John Rice
Riceky@AOL.com
859-229-4546



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

Tim Riddell,
Lexington
859-806-8466

For Sale



New Mexico 2008

1986 BMW K75

41,929 MILES, GARAGE KEPT

TIRES ARE GOOD, 41,929 MILES

GARAGE KEPT, ALL FUNCTIONS WORK

AUX FLASHERS ON REAR BRAKE

TOURING BAGS, REAR TOP BOX

\$2,800

859-229-4496 or bob.biker1@gmail.com

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

For Sale



2002 BMW R1150RT

Titan Silver
21,000 miles
garage kept

Extras include:

- Black BMW top box
- Oversize side box lids (in addition to regular lids on bike)
- fork mounted High Intensity lights
- flashing stop lights
- back rest
- Elf highway pegs
- Wired for Sirius radio
- bracket with wiring for GPS

Bike is located
in Perryville, KY.

Serviced by Roy Rowlett
Email kr4mo@yahoo.com
for additional pictures.

Asking \$5700.00.

Contact:

John Gentry
859-583-6969



For Sale



- Brembo ABS brakes
- K bike close-ratio 6 speed
- HyperPro shocks
- Throttlemeister cruise
- nearly flawless OEM paint
- heated grips
- head guards
- stock clip-ons and LSL superbike bar conversion
- stock and custom (pictured) seats
- stock and touring shields
- rear seat cowl
- headlight protector shield
- BMW side cases
- cat eliminator pipe plus stock catalytic converter
- 50% left on Metzlers

1999 R1100 S

65,362 miles

\$4,750 obo

Paul Elwyn
859-583-0205

The KICKSTAND's **ANNUAL MILEAGE CONTEST**



SIGN-UP OR CHECK-IN TODAY!



It's simple to enter our Annual Mileage Contest. While the contest officially runs October to October, you can join at any time. Just stop by *The* KICKSTAND, fill out a form and have your odometer read. Return any time the next October to have your odometer verified again. The three people who have ridden the most miles during that 12 month period will receive 1st, 2nd & 3rd place trophies and their names will be engraved on the annual mileage contest winners' plaque, which is kept on display in the store. The other riders, who start and finish the contest, will each receive an annual mileage contest certificate.

The winners will be notified by phone and the trophies and the certificates may be picked up at *The* KICKSTAND.

If you've got any questions, just contact the store. Let's ride!



BMW Motorrad
USA

Authorized Dealer



The Ultimate
Riding Machine®

BMW MOTORCYCLES of LOUISVILLE

1700 Arthur St. Louisville, KY 40208

(502) 634-1340

WWW.BMWLOUISVILLE.COM

**WE'VE MADE
OUR MOVE.
NOW IT'S YOUR
TURN.**

**Get one before your friends do or
you'll be on the couch this Spring!**

©2014 BMW Motorrad USA, a division of BMW of North America, LLC.
The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks.