

October 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Best organized, disorganized motorcyclists I know: 21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a great event, thanks to supporters

By Paul Elwyn



Nineteenth Century philosopher and essayist Henry David Thoreau wrote, "That government is best which governs least."

I suppose we are at some level living that ideal in that this group that prides itself in its lack of organization with a minimum of "business" somehow pulls off a great rally every year. The key to success lies in the many who support this event. That's expecting quite a bit from a bunch of people who simply want to meet for breakfast and ride motorcycles.

This year's rally provided a memorable event for local and traveling riders.

Rally Meister Roy Rowlett provided his years of experience, rally equipment, and much time in procuring supplies, preparing registration packets, setting up, and overseeing activities during the weekend.

Roy coordinated setup and teardown with the following people assisting: Joe Stewart, Jim Brandon, Ben Prewitt, Hubert Burton, Ben Lepage, John Rice, Jay Smythe, Phillip and Mary Baugh, Jerry and Gidget Obrien, Ken Perry, Steve Little, Lowell Roark, Jeff

Crabb, Mark Rense, Jim Kouns, and I.

Jim Kouns for much of the day on Saturday, Roy, and many others spent time at the registration table.



Eighteen riders prepare to head out on the Saturday lunch ride to Sunset Grill organized by Lowell Roark and Ray Brooks.

Adding to this year's event were new **BMW demo rides** by the Louisville dealership. BMW Sales Representative/Manager Mitchell Lanham and General Manager Jay Culbertson provided an F800GS Adventure and a K1600GT for rally attendees to ride.

Lowell Roark and Ray Brooks coordinated the **Lunch Ride** on Saturday.

John Rice handled up front duties including site reservation, food vendor, and porta potties arrangements.

I completed AMA forms, ordered rally patches and award

Phillip and Mary Baugh, Mark Rense, BMWMOA, Bob's BMW, University of Gravel Roads, Re-Psyche BMW Parts, Douglas Barnett, Jay Culbertson, and Mitch Lanham of BMW Motorcycles of Louisville.

These people who provide door prizes are doing so as a good will gesture toward our club, knowing well that the audience of over 100 riders at the rally for the most part will not be around to patronize their business. Door prize providers are banking on local riders at the rally passing the word and personally supporting those who support us. So, spend your money with those who support our event.

Throughout the weekend members pitched in doing what was needed, registering attendees, answering questions, setting up door prizes, bagging trash, replacing toilet paper, making coffee and more.

We likely are the best-organized bunch of disorganized motorcyclists I know.

—PE

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**



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Rally guru Roy Rowlett, Vice President Jonathan McKeown, and Ian Rice presented awards and door prizes at the 21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally. One hundred fourteen attendees gathered for presentations.

Door prize contributors

- Ray and Lynn Montgomery of The Kickstand
- Mitch Butler of I-75 Yamaha
- BMW Motorcycles of Louisville, courtesy of Doug Barnett, Jay Culbertson, and Mitch Lanham
- Ray Melosh of Ray's LED Lights
- Bob's BMW
- BMWMOA
- Re-Psycle BMW Parts
- Dwayne Mulkey of Motorcycle Superstore
- University of Gravel Roads
- Phillip and Mary Baugh
- Mark Rense

Awards

- Oldest BMW
1960 R69
ridden by Rickie Wainscott
- Oldest Rider
Tom Daugherty, 82
- Youngest Rider
Rachel Nelson, 27
- Long Distance Male
Sandy Macheon
2,900 miles, Nova Scotia
- Long Distance Female
Marilyn Wright
2,900 miles, Nova Scotia

Treasurer's Report

By Roy Rowlett

2014 Expenses

AMA Insurance and Sanction	270.00
Award Plaques	63.00
Patches	188.00
Consumables (coffee, etc)	78.00
Porta Potties	500.00
Campground	250.00
Food Vendor	<u>1,590.00</u>
Total Expenses	\$2,939.00

2014 Income

Rally Gate Proceeds	3,112.00
50/50 Proceeds	<u>185.00</u>
Total Income	\$3,297.00
Less Expenses	<u>\$2,939.00</u>
2014 Profit	\$ 358.00

Rally Fund Starting Balance \$1,085.84

Rally Fund Ending Balance \$1,443.84

21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Lowell Roark, Hubert Burton, Roy Rowlett, and John Rice enjoy the chocolate chip cookies provided by Brenda Rice.

21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



BMW Motorcycles of Louisville BMW Sales Manager/Representative Mitch Lanham (left), Jonathan McKeown, Lee McKeown, and John Rice admire the new BMW F800 GS Adventure demo bike provided by the dealer.



BMW Motorcycles of Louisville provided two bikes for demo rides, the F800 GS Adventure, and the K1600 GT. BMW Sales Manager/Representative Mitch Lanham (center) and General Manager Jay Culbertson (right) talk with a demo rider suited up to ride the F800.

21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Lee McKeown prepares to pull out on the F800 GS Adventure demo bike from BMW Motorcycles of Louisville.



Jonathan McKeown mounts the F800 GS Adventure as Lee McKeown and BMW Representative Mitch Lanham observe.

21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success

Photos this page by Mark Rense



Left: Bluegrass Beemers Vice President Jonathan McKeown (left) and Rally Meister Roy Rowlett presented door prizes and awards. Right: Jonathan welcomes rally attendees.



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Award Winners

Long Distance riders
Sandy Macheon and
Marilyn Wright of Nova
Scotia (left), 2,900 miles

Youngest Rider Rachel
Nelson, age 27

Rickie Wainscott (below)
and his 1960 R69, Oldest
BMW at the rally

Oldest Rider Tom
Daugherty, age 82, some-
how escaped our cam-
eras.



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Lowell Roark (above) leads the Saturday lunch ride of 18 riders to Sunset Grill in Warsaw with Ray Brooks riding sweep.



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Ray Montgomery brought The Kickstand van.



Bob Walker rallying hard with his 2006 R1200 GS.



Glenn Peavey's V11 Moto Guzzi



John Rice's F700 GS always appears ready to go.



21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success



Minor Noe with his R1150 RS

21st Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally a success

Photos on this page by Tom Weber



Ben Prewitt for years has put on an air show for rally attendees.

2014 MOA Trip

Part 2 By John Rice



The new bike in the showroom at Gina's BMW. It doesn't yet know what it's in for.

(When last we checked in with our peripatetic protagonist, he had encountered still more charging problems with his troublesome R100R in Muscatine, Iowa and was headed to Iowa City for help.)

On the way to the dealer, I was having mixed thoughts.

This airhead had taken up most of my summer, sorting out the intermittent ignition problem and keeping me in the garage when I should have been riding. Its rotor had failed at Vintage Days, less than three weeks ago, necessitating a motel parking lot parts swap. There was the strange vibration, strong and deep, but only in a narrow range between 3,000

and 4,000. I had balanced the carbs, multiple times, swapped carbs from another airhead that didn't have the problem, adjusted the valves, changed the ignition system one piece at a time, and briefly considered sacrificing a chicken on an altar of leftover parts, all to no avail. The vibes were annoying and unpleasant, causing me to ride constantly in a gear other than the one I wanted, just to keep the thing in an RPM range where it was tolerable. Having become accustomed to long-travel compliant GS suspension, this bike was not serving me well on these frost-heaved, cracked northern roads. The bumps were hammering my arthritic joints, particularly my hands, like a personally designed torture machine. Still, I thought, if I could have a

sweetly running R100R, that would be the perfect BMW for me. I like the size, the feel of a smooth boxer engine and the handling and brakes are wonderful within my limited skills. I like just looking at the bike when it's in my garage, or parked at the side of the road for a rest. I've had these airheads for well over 30 years and I feel like I know them fairly well. We've been, in general, a good match.

On the other hand, (Harry Truman once opined that the President needed a one-armed economic advisor, who couldn't say "on the other hand") Jay's F650GS had me intrigued. It was modern, had fuel injection, computers, a water pump, all those things that I had eschewed in the past. On the plus

side, it started every time, handled very nicely, with well controlled suspension, and didn't require constant maintenance. It sipped fuel at such a modest rate that at every gas stop, Jay reminded me of how much less his took than mine. He said that if I just got one like his, the fuel savings alone would eventually pay for it if I rode far enough !

My four year fling with the technology-heavy R1200GS had been good, but I had returned to my old-school airheads and felt comfortable there. I was comfortable in the airhead world, but this particular R100R definitely was not. It had never been a "happy" engine and all of my best efforts had been unable to make it better. I had fixed a number of problems, only to have others take their place. It was beginning to seem like a dysfunctional relationship in which there was no good outcome for either party but to find other partners.

With these musings swirling through my head, I pulled into the lot at Gina's BMW in Iowa City.

This is a best-of-both-worlds motorcycle shop, modern enough to meet BMW's current standards, but with the feel and atmosphere of the old-style places I knew in my youth. It was not Taj-Mahal large and shiny, just big enough to be comprehensive and small enough to be manageable. The showroom was full of new and used bikes and the lot outside had more used offerings. The staff seemed knowledgeable...as one of them pointed out to me, "everyone here is a rider". Sue, the parts and ac-

2014 MOA Trip

By John Rice

cessories guru, had just returned from a long ride to the MOA rally on her Beemer. In the shop in the back, the mechanic who was to work on my bike had his BMW airhead ice-racer project in the corner by his bench. I had called ahead to see if they worked on airheads (since many new BMW dealerships will not) and was told that they certainly did, with a puzzled tone that suggested, "why would you even have to ask that?"

In the showroom, with pride of place, was a 1977 R100RS with a plaque that said it was the bike Gina and her husband Julius had courted on back in those days and while in beautiful condition, it definitely was not for sale.

I heard a woman introduce herself to a customer with "Hello, I'm Gina" and I turned around to see a pleasant lady in jeans striding across the crowded showroom with her hand extended. It was good to know that the namesake wasn't sitting in a distant office poring over paperwork, but was a living breathing presence in the daily activity of the shop.

This shop had the true-motorcyclist's policy that broken down travelers took first priority, but there were machines already on the benches that couldn't be just tossed aside to make room for mine quite yet, so I wandered around the showroom for a bit. In a tidy row, there were several iterations of the F700GS, but one, down at the end, was in red metallic paint, always a draw for my attention. I looked at the hang-tag and saw that it had the minimum number of options that I would want, just the centerstand, heated grips



and bag mounts. I walked away from it, sat down at the table provided for customers, had one of the delicious pastries and a cup of coffee and tried to concentrate on writing something on my iPad. But my gaze kept returning to the red machine.

The dialogue between the two angels on my shoulders was so loud and continuous, it drowned out any attempt at concentration. I thought that at any moment they would dissolve into etherial fisticuffs.

Then, as has happened a few times in my life, I had a vision of clarity, a sweeping panorama of the future as it would occur. I could see myself leaving here with my airhead repaired, completing this trip...possibly with other problems... and returning home to spend more time tinkering with the machine in an attempt to cure its ills. The hours and days would go by, the bad language increase, and finally, after all that frustration, it was inevitable that the relationship still would end.

I walked over to Gina, who was finishing up with her cus-

tommer and said, "would you consider trading my R100R for this red one over here?" She looked at me, the white-haired, not-from-around-here, fellow in overlarge bug-spattered riding pants and sweat-dampened t-shirt, with just a moment's hesitation, trying to decide if I was serious or just some old geezer passing the waiting time with idle speculation. But, professional that she is, she said, "yes", and we walked outside to inspect my bike.

Gina knew her airheads, her eyes going right to the spots that mattered, looking for oil leaks around seals, drips from the back of the oil pan, signs of bodge-work fixes. (Fortunately, there were none of those.) She spotted the non-matching mirror, the nearly done rear tire. and, as she pointed out gently, "we know it has a charging problem". She started the bike easily, an airhead veteran, and listened, really listened, to the engine. Gina shut it off and said, "Yes, I think we can make a trade. Let's go back inside."

In very short order, the deal was done. I got a fair trade for

the bike I had brought in, she made a fair profit on the one she was selling. The saddlebags weren't in stock, but she said she could have them there tomorrow morning. It was a pleasure to make the exchange with someone who was a BMW enthusiast, not a sales hack. (She told me, with a far off glow in her eyes, about riding BMW's on the Nurburgring at a factory new-model introduction). In "old school" tradition, when the issue of the title for my trade-in was raised, she said, "no problem, just mail it to me when you get home."

Gina found me a motel in town, after first questioning me on what kind of food I might like for supper, picking one across the street from what she said was the best Indian restaurant around. She then gave me directions to the motel, the keys to the shop truck and told me she'd have the bike prepped and bags on by mid-morning.

True to her word, when I showed up at the shop the next day, the red GS was sitting outside, ready to go, Vario cases installed with locks matched to my key. Gina gave me a shop t-shirt and a bag full of BMW product advertising goodies and a 10% off coupon good until the end of the year, in case I wanted to call up the shop for more stuff. I went outside, affixed my tank bag and duffle and in a few minutes, I was heading for the road back to Muscatine to resume my ride down the river.

In slightly less than 24 hours, I had changed my situation drastically, for the better I hoped.

This new machine was very different. For starters, there was only the stock

2014 MOA Trip

By John Rice

"windshield", a tiny piece of clear plastic that, as far as I could tell, functioned mainly to keep bugs off the instruments. At highway speed, though, it did direct the wind off of my chest...right up to the bottom of my helmet where it reverberated inside rather like standing on the runway behind a jet taking off. If I was 6 inches shorter or 6 inches taller, it would have been fine, but I'm not. OK, first item on the accessory list when I get home will be a windshield. Below 60 mph, it was tolerable, and I sometimes resorted to riding with my left hand around my throat to block the influx of noise. I'm sure other motorists wondered "why is that man trying to strangle himself while riding his motorcycle?".

The engine is busier, more like a four-cylinder than a twin, in feel and sound, but with essentially no vibration below 4,000 RPM (the break-in limit for the next 600 miles). My break-in routine is to constantly vary the engine speed, giving me a chance to evaluate the dreaded fuel injection lag. I was pleasantly surprised. Fueling was almost, but not quite seamless, indicating that BMW finally had made progress with the digital gap between throttle off and just coming on. On the 1200, I had learned to soften that initial hit with just a slight hint of clutch, but on this one, even that wasn't necessary most of the time. Once past the first increment, the response was perfect. One effect of this perfection is that the gear indicator and tach are essential, since the engine seems not to care what gear it's in. It just responds and pulls when requested by the throttle, even if it would have



In Iowa on route x-99 by the river

preferred a different ratio selection. Like the faithful droid R2D2, the computer brain just accepts what's asked and does it, regardless of conditions.

The bike is about the same weight as my old airhead, but it felt solid, as if made all of one piece, and the suspension was soaking up all but the worst of the frost-heaves and cracks in the Iowa roads. Handling assessment will have to wait a bit, since in typical midwestern fashion, a curve had yet to make an appearance in the first 40 miles.

I came into Muscatine, looking for a restaurant, and immediately tested the brakes as two full-size deer calmly stepped out into the road in front of me, not a half mile away from the center of town. Brakes work well, smooth and powerful, check that off the list. I found a small restaurant for lunch and as I was getting off the bike in

the lot, another patron going in said, "Nice bike. Is that one of the new ones? How long have you had it". I looked at my watch before answering, "About an hour."

The Great River Road seemed to hug the shore a bit more closely along the Iowa side, so I stuck with that down Rt. 61 going to X99, which is not a food additive or a miracle drug, but instead a county road of varying distances from the river, distinguished by its isolation. For miles and miles there was only me, the black ribbon of asphalt and, sometimes, the water, visible just through the trees to my left. Finally as the sun was sinking, near West Burlington, a convenience store hove into view and I could see that a town was nearby. A town, yes, but without a single available accommodation, due to a prominent dog show taking place. Apparently even the

dogs had rented rooms, for there were none to be had by wandering motorcyclists. A friendly motel clerk called around for me and located a last remaining bed in Fort Madison, a half hour south. Despite my usual aversion to advance reservations, I took it, sight unseen.

Fort Madison, it turns out, is one of the two county seats of Lee County Iowa (the other is Keokuk, not far away) with a population of just over 11,000. It is situated along one of the widest spots on the Mississippi, and was the site of the first permanent fort on the upper river, established in 1808 when I was still quite young. Two of its prominent attractions these days are the Iowa State Penitentiary and the American Hair University, neither of which did I think I would be needing on this trip.

My motel had reasonably priced clean rooms, was quiet, within sight of the river and had a nice, non-chain, restaurant offering excellent barbecue and Guinness on draft, across the street. All my basic requirements met by sheer happenstance. There was rain, of course, but after I'd parked the bike for the night under its cover. Sometimes you do get the bear before he gets you.

The next morning, just after dawn, I discovered that this town also has a "swinging bridge"...not the Indiana Jones rope-type over a chasm, but a drawbridge over the Mississippi that swings sideways instead of rising up to allow ship passage. It is rather disconcerting when one arrives on the ramp up to the bridge and sees half the structure sitting perpendicular to the pavement, aligned with

2014 MOA Trip

By John Rice



Old Nauvoo: New bike, old town, early morning

the river, leaving a sizable gap of water where the road should be.

Back on the Illinois side, I followed the two-lane path down to Old Nauvoo, the small river town that once was the home base for the Mormons in the early stages of that religion's history. Joseph Smith lead his followers to the area in 1839 after being driven out of Missouri and the flock was given an enormous charter of land to establish a town in this horseshoe bend of the river. Soon it was one of the largest cities in Illinois and the tenth largest in the United States at the time. By 1844 things went south rather quickly as others in the area began to fear the influence of the group, leading to the mob killing of Smith and his brother and the expulsion of the Mormons from the town. The huge temple the group had

built on a bluff overlooking the river was burned to the ground. In 1849, the Icarians, a French-based utopian group, came to the area looking for a home for their communal-living society, which flourished for a short while (as Utopias typically do) and then fell apart as human nature inexorably overtook ideology. Most of them left, no doubt looking for societal perfection elsewhere, but the remaining Icarians realized that the climate and soils were much like their native country and began growing grapes for wine and making cheeses, both of which remain viable industries here in perhaps-less-than-Utopian Nauvoo today. The old city area has been preserved and restored as a tourist attraction, but not much activity was going on in the early hours when I parked there to explore the empty streets.

Crossing back over to Keokuk, (the other county seat) I took Highway 61 (a good Dylan album, but not much of a motorcycle road at this part) down to Hannibal Missouri, hometown of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. He's long been a favorite of mine for his sly wisdom enfolded in the humor. Twain reportedly said that he was not prejudiced against any race or creed, explaining his equanimity in words something like "All I need to know is that a man is human. He can't be any worse than that." I had envisioned myself wandering up and down the old town streets, seeing the places where Twain had roamed, inspiring the bits and pieces that became Tom Sawyer, Jim, Becky Thatcher and others. What I got instead was Corvettes.

The entire old town section, down by the water, was closed off and every space on the street occupied by a gathering and show of the fiberglass

Chevy sports cars, in every color and configuration, with the faithful walking the rows to ooh and ah over the various examples. The old guys (i.e. my age) who were manning the admission booth were interested in the red BMW, asking me when the company quit making the ones with the sticky-outy cylinders. When I told them I was traveling and had come to see the town, not the cars, they told me to park next to their booth and didn't charge me the fee to go in.

Strolling down the middle of the street, I was wondering what Mr. Twain would have made of this spectacle in his town. (He once wrote, about being tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail, "If it weren't for the distinction, I'd just as soon have skipped the whole thing.") With the throng, I couldn't discern much through the confusion of cars and the cacophony of the crowd, accompanied by a band so loud that my ears hurt. There was a



Something tells me this was not Twain's experience of Hannibal.

2014 MOA Trip

By John Rice



Still more Corvettes in Hannibal. I think the one on the left is Becky Thatcher's.

coffee shop near the other end, away from the music, that offered excellent cinnamon twists, decent coffee and a bench on the sidewalk for sitting to contemplate the scene. I really don't know much about Corvettes, after the early 60's, anyway, and I had some difficulty seeing the differences between the ones lining the streets, other than the colors. Sort of, I imagine, the way Corvette enthusiasts would have felt walking the rows at the BMWMOA rally, where I was gawking at all the various airhead Beemers, each one, to my eyes, as individual as a fingerprint.

From Hannibal, the River Road followed Route 79 along the top of the hills on the western side of the Mississippi. At last, here were some actual curves that the F700GS could sample and it seemed to like the taste. With the bike still new, me still learning its ways and my general hesitation to push things very far when I'm alone

a long way from home, my pace was quite well within legal and moral compliance, but still I was impressed. With lower bars and a higher seat, one sits on top of this bike, not "in" it like an airhead or even the R1200GS, and so lean transitions seem more dramatic. If not paying close attention, there

was an initial tendency to corner it more like a dirt bike on a trail, with the body staying somewhat upright and pushing the bike down into the turn. I had to convince myself to flow with it and drop the shoulder into the curve. Like its big brother R1200, though, the bike didn't seem to care much what I did and just went around the bends without a bobble. I'm sure the stock suspension isn't state-of-the-art, but more built to a price point, but it seems well controlled and compliant. There were a few good thumps (we were still far enough north for frost heaves) but typically the rear shock just took the hit once and settled right down.

All too soon Route 79 ends abruptly at I-64 in a flurry of fast food restaurants and outlet stores and this late in the day, there seemed no good alternative but to take the interstate to get through the urban tangle of St. Louis. I flashed by the Gateway Arch back over into Illinois, stopping quickly for gas

and to eat the last remaining cinnamon twist I'd bungied on the duffle back in Hannibal.

I called Louisville BMW to see if I could stop by on Monday to get the 600 mile service done, since two days after purchase, I was well past that mark. They have no BMW mechanics on duty on Mondays and couldn't get me in for an appointment until a week later, so I soldiered on, headed home.

I dropped down to Route 15, a two lane through southern Illinois that I hoped might be a bit more scenic for the slog across the midwestern prairie, and spent the night in Mt. Vernon. Rt. 15 continues into Indiana, where it changes names, becoming Rt. 64, without discernible difference, just a two lane blacktop meandering across the flats and low hills. In the early morning hours, the only vehicle I've seen in some time, a pickup truck coming towards me, suddenly swerved across the centerline and is coming straight at me. I push over to the right just as he veers back into his own lane and I see the reason. A flock of ducks is waddling across the road at a low spot. Not that I would have wanted any harm to befall the temporarily earthbound waterfowl, but I would have liked a bit more warning. I detour south to Brandenburg, then Shepardsville, to take 44 to Versailles as a two-lane somewhat curvy option headed east. After so long in the north, the heat and humidity here in Kentucky is oppressive, but it makes me appreciate the lack of a windshield.

There is that point in every trip where you have quit traveling and are just going home.



Along Great River Road with post-Hannibal cinnamon twist bungied on the back.

2014 MOA Trip

By John Rice



When you depart, the lines mooring you to your "real" life fall away ever more easily as the familiar recedes and the promise of new adventures beckons. On the return, the roads around your area become increasingly more recognizable and the horse-to-the-barn in-

stinct kicks in, sending you on the rush to get there, the magnetic tractor-beam pull that blurs the scenery around you with sharp focus only on where it will end. It's a strange dichotomy, in that I cannot recall ever *wanting* a motorcycle trip to end, yet when it is clear that

it is doing so, that it must do so, I feel the attraction of home so strongly that nothing will keep me from it.

I pull into the driveway that evening with 3,000 miles behind me, on a different machine than I left with and just short of

800 miles from where I purchased it. Malcolm the dog comes running to greet me, to sniff the unfamiliar I bring back to his territory, and Brenda says "Come in the house, have some pie and tell me all about it."

—JR

***The Kickstand* raises \$2,200 for Mercer County Fire Department toy drive with Bikes Blues & BBQ event**



One hundred sixty four riders registered for the annual Bikes Blues & BBQ event held this year on September 20th in downtown Burgin.

Attendees paid \$15 per rider and \$5 per passenger raising \$2,200 to benefit the Mercer County Fire Department's Christmas toy drive.

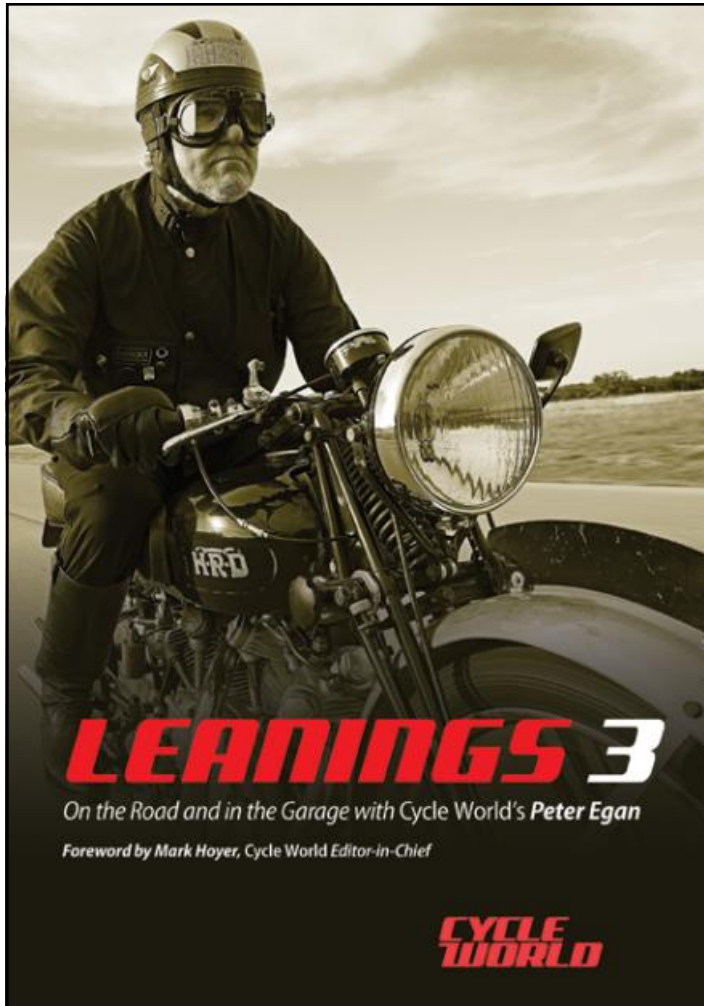
Hosts Ray and Lynn Montgomery handed out door prizes and awards.

Among the winners Bluegrass Beemers member Lowell Roark, age 73, won the Oldest Rider award.

The Five Below Band played nearly non-stop throughout the event while attendees kicked tires and enjoyed BBQ at the Village Inn Restaurant across the street from The Kickstand.

This was the 8th Bikes Blues & BBQ event hosted by The Kickstand.





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!

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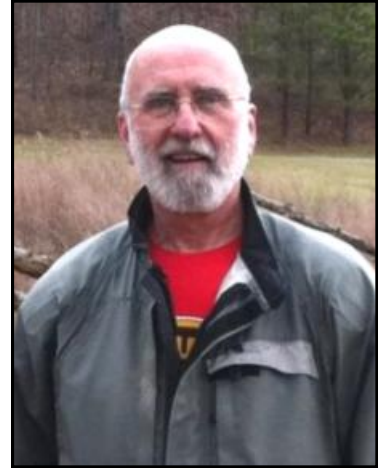
Order will be held until the \$75 minimum is met.

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

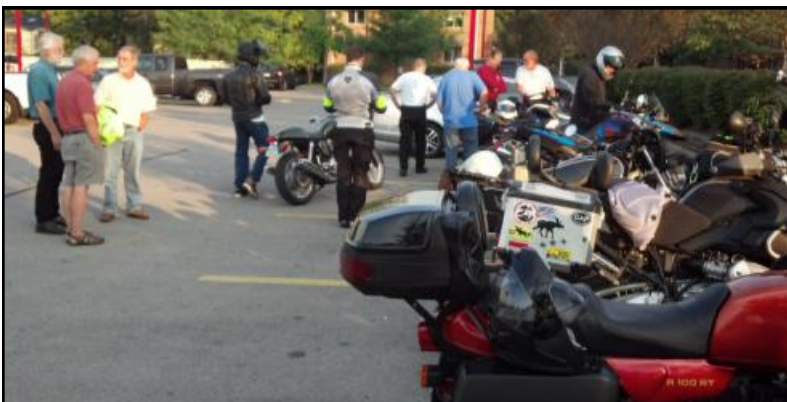
Smooth Riding By Reg Pridmore.
A Twist of The Wrist (Vol 1 & 2) By Keith Code
Triumph Tiger 100 and Daytona By J. R. Nelson
This Old Harley (anthology) By Dregni
Side Glances By Peter Egan
Mondo Enduro By Austin Vince
Big Sid's Vincati By Matthew Bieberman
101 Road Tales By Clement Salvadori
Riding with 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



Debbie Barnes and Joe Bark at Frisch's send greetings on September 13th to rally attendees.



Joe Bark (left) and new member John Wharton stand with John's R1200RT on August 30th.
Above: Saturday riders mingle on September 6th.

Where form meets function

By Robert Vail



1914 HARLEY DAVIDSON “SIMILARIA”

I made this motorcycle to have the simple, graceful look of a circa 1914 Harley-Davidson, but it had to be a “rider.”

It had to be able to easily travel at 70 mph on today’s modern highways and generate ample electrical power for needed accessories.

It took 20 months to build, and it’s been on the road since August 2011, logging over 7,000 miles.

FEATURES

1. I started with an Arlen Ness frame and added a 1997 Harley Sportster engine (883 cc)
2. Most every part was designed and fabricated by me
3. Forks were specially made by Paughco, 1” over
4. Model “T” B&L brass headlight with a modern h-4 headlight inside
5. Belt drive (remember, the early motorcycles had leather belt drives)
6. Hand or foot shifter
7. Front fender “floats” with the wheel
8. Fake acetylene gas bottle (made to the same size as the Prestolite bottles) on the handlebars houses the speedometer, tachometer and indicator lights
9. “Hard tail” (no rear shock absorbers)
10. Chrome has been eliminated from parts (most shiny items are either nickel plated, aluminum or stainless steel)
11. Robust electronics capable of running electrically heated clothing

Where form meets function

By Robert Vail



1928 BMW R-52 'similaria'



Here is a picture of my current "similaria" BMW project, a 1928 R-52.

This picture is the Beta version. I ride it 500 miles and make necessary changes before the painting, plating and finish work is done this winter.

Like the Harley, this is not a replica, but similar to the original, but more practical and functional. I have ridden the Harley 7,000 miles in the past 4 years.

—RV

Editor's Note:

I was out enjoying the GS when I noticed an unusual Harley parked at the McDonald's in Lancaster. I turned around and headed back to take a look.

Bob Vail, owner and fabricator of the special, was traveling from Ohio to Tennessee, but he graciously spent a few minutes to answer my questions and to allow me to take a photo.

When he fired up the bike, the Supertrap exhaust sounded perfect, what I imagine a 1914 twin would sound like, throaty but not loud. Moving into traffic, Bob executed a practiced shift with the right-side hand lever and slipped easily into traffic.

A few days later, he sent an email with the photo of the BMW project and offered to provide a seminar for Bluegrass Beemers next summer. Bob has presented at several motorcycle events, including AMA Vintage Days, Road America, and Sears Point. I assured him we would love to hear his presentation on building specials.

Check out Bob's two Yamaha specials to the left!

Let's hope we can arrange a seminar with Bob.

—PE

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 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



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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!

Edward Andrews, dead at 72



Edward Keith

Andrews, 72, of White Stone, Virginia passed away suddenly on September 16, 2014. He was born in Corpus Christi, Texas in 1942.

He is survived by his wife, Donna M. Andrews; his daughter, Alecia Midgett (Chaytor); his son, David Andrews (Julie); two sisters, Ann Harris (Mark) and Alice Rios (Ino) of Spring, Texas; brothers, Charles Andrews of Stoneham, Mass., John Andrews (Deborah) of Pearland, Texas and Steve Andrews (Madeline) of Pearland, Texas; seven nieces and nephews and grandchildren, Chaytor, Ella, Will, Cooper, Eva, Louise and Faizel. Ed was preceded in death by his parents, Roy and Dorothy Andrews.

Ed served his country in the U. S. Navy for 30 years as a fighter pilot. His numerous awards

include two Distinguished Flying Crosses, the Meritorious Service Medal, and the Purple Heart. Ed was a joyful, exuberant person who thrived on contributing to his community by helping others. He worked with Habitat for Humanity, Meals on Wheels and the YMCA of Lancaster County.

A memorial service celebrating Ed's life was held on Wednesday, September 24th at 11:00 a. m. at White Stone United Methodist Church with a reception for family and friends in the Fellowship Hall.

Although not a member of Bluegrass Beemers, Ed Andrews was a special friend of the club. Bluegrass Beemers sent flowers prior to learning the family's request to honor Ed by supporting his favorite organizations:

Meals on Wheels, c/o Bay Aging, P.O. Box 610, Urbanna, VA 23175

Marsh Children's Home, 1205 Hourghton Rd, STE 138-152, Tuscan, AZ 85748-2155 or marchchildrenshome.org.mx.

Condolences may be sent to curriefuneral.com.



Colan Stanley, Tom Weber, Keith Paxton, and Ed Andrews posed at Buffalo Trace Distillery. Mario Saragoni is the photographer.



Donna and Ed Andrews, Mario Saragoni, Holly Emerson, and Jean Paul Ledermann, take time for a photo.

Ed Andrews: A model of how to treat others

By Josh Weber

I'll never forget the day my Dad and I "rescued" Ed. It is an awesome memory.

My Dad called me sometime around 8:30 p.m. that night and said there was a fellow Beemer in need of a helping hand. I scrambled around making phone calls trying to find a trailer to hook up to my truck so we could set out to "rescue" Ed. The trailers I was thinking of, however, would not have worked for Ed's 800 pound monster of a bike, an LT. Long story short, one of our family friends, Paul Kennedy, got his motorcycle trailer and said he would meet us there. We raced across town, trying to get to Ed ASAP.

It was a fun and adventurous night for me, but the thing that really made it memorable for me, was the man we were about to meet. When we pulled up, got out of Dad's truck and walked over, the joy and appreciation was already flowing out of Ed. He was so excited.

So often, we run into people who feel they are entitled to the blessings they receive, myself included in many circumstances, but Ed was a completely different ballgame.

A few minutes later, Paul Kennedy pulled up with his motorcycle trailer and the look on Ed's face was like an 8-year-old child walking down the steps on Christmas morning! I'll never forget Ed saying,

"This trailer is too nice for my bike!" He was so funny.

The more I sit and reflect on the night we "helped" Ed, I realize more and more how he was actually the one helping me. Ed demonstrated what true gratitude through humility looks like. The preacher at my church, Jon Weece, once said, "The more entitled I feel, the less gratitude I have."

Ed could have simply taken some numbers of the BMW Owners Anonymous Book, called them, and just expected it was someone's duty to go out and help him out. However, it was evident to me that Ed felt the exact opposite. It was such a clear picture of what my preacher had said to the crowd that Sunday morning.

Ed had a miniscule sense of entitlement and a whole heart of gratitude. I will remember Ed for many things, but this is what I know will stick with me forever.

That extraordinary appreciation that Ed had will be a lifetime reminder and model of how I want to treat others in my life.

Unfortunately, that night was the only time I got to spend with Ed. However, the influence he had on my life will far outlive those few hours spent with him.

I have a strong feeling that I am not the only one who saw the bright shining light of Ed's life.

—JW



Ed Andrews at the Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

Josh Weber is 17, a senior at the Lexington Christian Academy and a well respected student and athlete. Okay, I might be a bit biased considering he is my son.

— Tom Weber