



Apex

August 2015

Looking Through The Curve

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

Breakfast—8/1/15



Robert & Angie @ Breakfast 8/1/15

Late, but not forgotten

By Jeff Crabb



This edition is a few days late. Kim & I were on vacation, an adventure in sorts. The Mini Cooper club from North Carolina, Tar Heel Minis, puts on an Ice Cream Run every two years. This was our second. Two years ago we drove from Virginia to Bar Harbor, ME. This year it was Virginia to Mackinac City, MI. As the name implies, we eat ice cream every day until we

reach our destination. Sometimes we stop 3 times a day. These ice cream shops are non-chain or regional shops. Just so happens on August 1st, there was an attempt to break a record of Mini Coopers in a "Parade". We needed 1425, we fell just short by around 100. It was still a sight, seeing so many Minis in one location. All colors, shapes and ages being well represented.

The idea was to "parade" over the Mackinaw Bridge and break a record held by some English folks. It was fun anyway.

Now, back to motorcycle talk.


Please send all of your contributions to
apex@bluegrassbeemers.org.

Thanks

* * * Clearing and muggies * * *

~ 70°

8/23/86

It's dark almost at 6:30 AM and it's very warm now (and muggies). Not like fall. Randy is 1st here on his new K100  ← "NEW RED". He is the first in the group to get a K model. *Boone*

Club E-mail Group

Have you joined?

To subscribe send an e-mail to

Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.

Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49

Jeff Crabb, Editor jdcraab@hotmail.com

Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

Back issues of *Apex* can be accessed on our website

Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.

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

BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers



The 2015 Old Men on Small Bikes Utah Excursion

Part III

By John Rice

(When last we left our grey-muzzled off-roaders, they were holed up in a motel room in Moab, recovering from the excesses of underestimating their ages)

The room is dark when I awaken, realizing that I don't appear to have moved much since going to bed. It seems that the secret to a night's rest is to completely and utterly exhaust oneself the day before. Rested, maybe, but actually getting out of bed, that's another thing, probably best not described in any detail here. I'm surprised that the creaking and cracking of joints didn't trigger seismic alarms all over the southwest. But the magic of this area is marvelous, erasing such corporeal concerns and leaving only the desire to get out there and do it again.

Our route for today, decided over dinner last night, is to be the Chicken Corners Trail. This one leads out to the southwest of Moab, and derives its name from the last bit where the high bluff over the Colorado River gets very narrow as it clings to the wall in a turn. Legend has it that early guides would let the



Chicken Corners Trail

"chicken" tourists who couldn't handle the thought of riding their horses around this section get off and walk through the corner. We ride into the valley where the campers are, on wide dirt roads, then cross the creek through the water up to the hubs and start into the open country. The "road" here is more defined than yesterday's, but still sometimes just a path across the rock floor. It leads up into the hills, where suddenly the valley below opens up in a vista impossible to capture on camera.

The ascents here are not as dramatic (read "scary") as on the White Rim or Shafer trails and more user-friendly for tired old men. It adds to the fun of working one's way up and down these

rocky slopes when one isn't constantly in fear of imminent death by falling. These had just the right difficulty to be challenging without the feeling that this one might be just a bit above one's skills.

More sand, of course there is. Give nature a lot of sandstone, wind, a little water and a few million years and she can produce an astounding amount of sand in surprising places, some of it so deep that I'm sure at least once I bounced off of someone else's helmet down there below my wheels.

On this trail we have encountered a few other tourists driving four-wheel buggies, some conventional "side by sides" and some a different sort of thing

Beemers in the Bluegrass Mini Rally

September 11th-13th, 2015



seemingly designed just for this type of place with a wide stance, four large knobby-tired wheels and suspension tall enough to float over most obstacles. One of these held a middle-aged man and his small white dog. They had stopped at a point on the trail where the valley could be seen spread out below and as we approached, the man beckoned me over to ask a question about where the trail went from here....obviously not having seen our way-back-east license plates yet.

As I stopped and raised my helmet to hear him, the little fuzzy dog leaped out of the buggy and made an enthusiastic attack on my right boot. Though he growled fiercely as he worked, the frenetic little guy was no threat, not tall enough to get much above my ankles and completely unable to make any progress through a riding boot and pants, but he seemed undeterred by his lack of effect. I watched his efforts with some amusement until his companion had stated his question, heard my unhelpful

answer ("I don't know, we just got here ourselves") and then fi-



nally called the fearsome beast back into the buggy. My gear was none the worse for wear, but I'm sure the dog felt that he had saved his uncomprehending master from certain annihilation at the hands of these strangely dressed intruders.

Besides the four-wheelers, we encountered very few other motorcycles on the trail. The ones we did see were impossibly tall, very loud and piloted by strong young men who apparently had yet to learn the weaknesses of the flesh made so obvious by be-

ing catapulted off a speeding motorcycle in the rocks. They would come up behind us, flash around in a flurry of bright colors and loud noise and be gone into the distance. We "mature" riders kept on at our reasonable pace, feeling ever more close to the parable's turtle than we ever thought possible when we were young.

Near the end of the trail, the Chicken Corner appeared and I could easily see the reason for its name. The Colorado River is a long way down and the edge of

the trail, leading to that tremendous drop, is very close to the wheels. We did ride on through, supposedly proving ourselves "non-chickens", but perhaps that appellation only properly applies to those who weren't scared while riding the narrow gap. It is a dead-end trail, for motorized vehicles (the walking trail continues on, cut into the side of the cliff, too narrow for any handlebars) so we had to backtrack to our starting point. Knowing where one is going changes the time perspective such that the



not be a good spot to overestimate the bike's fuel economy. Pushing a dead motorcycle in the sand is one of my least favorite exercises. On the Chicken Corners Trail we learned that what we had underestimated was the pounding these racks would take on the rocks everywhere in Utah. Both racks broke in the same spot, right at the bends where they bolt to the frame, leaving them to flop around with their flammable cargo under our rear ends. Fortunately, we always carry zip ties and



bungee cords, the universal fix-its, and, after emptying the gas into our tanks, these makeshift repairs were sufficient to get us the rest of the way back to Moab, where a bit of parking lot wrench spinning freed the broken bits from the bikes and retired the racks from further duty. We weren't planning now to take any super-long excursions, realizing that our endurance was less than the bikes' fuel capacity. Back in Moab, we cruised around a bit and settled on the Broken Oar restaurant for supper, an excellent choice with an outdoor deck just perfect for us to experience a bit more of the scenery and for the patrons inside not to experience two geezers that had been riding in the desert canyons all day.

return trip seems much shorter, a good thing for tired old men. Short term memory loss must already be in effect, for we frequently were surprised by the same sand pits we came through

on the way in.

In preparation for this trip, both Jay and I had installed racks on the XT's with a "Rotopax" one gallon gas container, figuring that out in the Utah desert would

To be continued....



Calendar

August 7th - The 38th Annual Daniel Boone Rally

August 7th – 33rd Husker Rally

August 7th - North Coast Campout

September 4th - Sherando Lake Rally 2015



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
Ghost Rider By Neal Peart

For Sale



"Bike Saved from its Previous Owner:"

"94 R1100RS Pearl White. Kept in heated garage always and has approx. 81K mi. Have extensive P.W. and maintenance records. Bike serviced and stamped by BMW dealerships up to 48K then owner maintained and have personal maintenance records. This bike comes with the following:

- 2 Windshields, one stock then a Aeroflow Sport Shield (pictured)
- Tank bra and bag
- Headlight protector
- Cylinder Guards
- Sargent Seat with three adjustments for height
- Tailrack
- BMW System Hard Bags with extra deep lids
- Odyssey Battery
- Sport chip installed for generous midrange acceleration (have stock chip)

Some of the more significant maintenance/repairs are:

- Clutch replaced/Spline Lube at 52K
 - Head and valve gaskets replaced/valve adjustments at 81K
 - Brakes Bled 81K
 - Oil and filter Changes every 5K(Amsoil)
 - Replaced HES @56K
 - Valves adjusted at approx. 10K intervals and have require little to no adjustment so far.
- Bike has Metzler Roadtech tires with approx. 5K on them.
- Air filter and replace fue lines when brakes last bleed @ 81K

This is an above average appearance bike with no real cosmetic challenges!!

\$3,400

Bill D. 270-403-1150

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

Hard to Find Original Slash 5 Bags with mounts, \$450 plus shipping

Bags like these do not surface very often for sale! Come with mounts but I'm not certain is stock or fabricated. The bags are still deeply colored with well preserved pinstriping and roundels. One lid has a "bite" out of the lids inner seal not visible when closed but will let water in if riding in the rain. Perhaps can be repaired with some black PVC or replace lid or use as is and ride! Request pics.

\$450 plus shipping

Large unpainted Slash 5 fuel tank, \$425 plus shipping

Two very small dings, no other defects. No roundels/petcocks nor fuel lid. Great tank, Pics on request.

\$425 plus shipping

Bill Denzer
airhead@windstream.net

For Sale



1986 BMW K75
41,929 Miles, Garage Kept
Tires are good, All Functions Work
Aux Flashers on Rear Brake
Touring Bags, Rear Top Box

\$2,800

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



1999 R1100S, 65,500 miles

Hyperpro front and rear, LSL handlebar conversion plus original clip-ons, braided brake line, ABS, heated grips, Throttlemeister, BMW side cases, tools, books, y pipe and original cat, 50% on Metzlers.

\$3,700 obo

paul.elwyn@gmail.com 859-583-0205



1988 R100RS, 34,900 miles

2k on Metzlers, BMW side cases and tankbag, owner's manual, original tools, stock and Corbin seats, fresh paint, stripes by Kirby, unused RS graphics, no leaks, fresh service, runs perfectly, an excellent example.

\$5,700 obo paul.elwyn@gmail.com 859-583-0205

For Sale

2004 BMW R1150RT

- Piedmont Red
- Original Owner
- 25,000 miles
- BMW hard side bags with liner bags
- BMW Top Case
- Metzeler Z6 tires with low miles
- Marsee fuel fill mount tank bag
- Stock Windshield and Aeroflow windshield
- Battery Tender
- Ram GPS Mount
- Never dropped, no scratches, garage kept
- Excellent condition
- Maintained by BMW of Louisville

Price: \$6,900

Contact Mike @ (859) 319-6215

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