

Apex

December 2015

Looking Through The Curve

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



Fall Riding...

By Jeff Crabb

Spring is an exciting time of the year for riding. You've been cooped up all winter and you're biting at the bit to get out and enjoy the roads. Sometimes you get out a little too early and your body isn't ready for the temperatures.

To me, Fall is the time to ride. You've burned up during your Summer riding and you're ready for some of na-

ture's air conditioning. The average temperature is perfect. Cool in the morning, just right during the day and cool again at night. When you ride in the Fall, you wish it would never end. You're telling Mother Nature that you're not ready for the Winter. You're stretching the riding season for all you can get. The only downside of Fall is the early dark-

ness.

This month we have two great stories of Fall riding and lots of pictures.

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

Thanks



THE FULL DECEMBER MOON DANGLED ALONE
IN THE BLUE-BLACK WESTERN SKY,
EDGES CRISP AND CLEAN, A PERFECT WHITE SPHERE
UNWILLING TO SHAKE ITS PLACE WITH ANY
SAVE THE BRIGHTEST OF MORNING STARS,
(and the crowd said ooooo!!)

Boone

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 Devil's Triangle and Deals Gap Ride

By Roy Rowlett

On September 24th 2015, my son, Roy Jr. and I set out on a father and son motorcycle trip. My plan was to take him thru some of the best riding roads I could find.

Our first destination was The Devil's Triangle. For those not familiar with this loop, it's a 44 mile loop thru the mountains of Tennessee. We headed out of Lexington on US 27 south on Thursday around noon. In Tennessee we picked up highway 62 towards Oak Ridge. The triangle starts on route 116 and runs through Petros, TN then on to highway 330 to Oliver Springs. I videotaped the ride and will someday get around to counting the curves, but that's another story.

Here are some pictures of the ride. Notice the GPS screen in most of them, you can see how curvy the road actually is. The beginning of the route is as gnarly as The Dragon, then turns into a nice leisurely ride through the mountain and valley. It then turns back into some downright scary hairpin curves where I swear I



could see my tail light a couple of times.

We made it through the triangle and into Alcoa Tennessee by around 6pm. The weather was

idea to take him on the Blue Ridge Parkway just so he could say he had ridden it. Big mistake. It was rainy, cold and foggy for the entire trip to pick

Time museum. Got to meet Dale Walksler and see and hear some great old iron. He started one of the old Ford race cars and one of the early big twin motorcycles while we were there.

Wonderful new pavement and lane markings



perfect that day. I say "that day" because the remainder of our trip was rainy the whole time. Sometimes a slight drizzle and other times dry, but not for long.

We headed out from Alcoa on highway 129 Friday morning and went straight to The Dragon. The ride was a bit more subdued because of the wet conditions but still fun. We got to the Cross Roads of Time and had a decent lunch, bought the obligatory shirts and decals, then headed east. The pictures of Roy Jr. and me on the Dragon were a bonus. When we got to Cherokee, North Carolina I thought it was a good

up route 19 again towards Maggie Valley. I was running my flashers for safety and going about 10 miles an hour, sometimes less.

We got to Maggie Valley safely and jumped on the first motel we came to. Larry the Cable Guy was in town for a weekend show, so the room was outrageously high, but we didn't care. We were wet and tired so we took it. After a nice steak supper we vegetated in the room for the evening. Saturday morning we awoke to more rain. After what passed for breakfast in the lobby, we headed to the Wheels Thru

Heading out around 11:30 or so we gassed up and headed up highway 209 to Hot Springs North Carolina. Again with the rain. Slow going and leaves and debris in the road most of the way. At Hot Springs the rain had stopped so we pulled into the only car wash in town and hosed off the muck and leaves from our wheels and undercarriage. The trip up 25E and through the tunnel and on to Corbin was very uneventful. It had started sprinkling just before we reached Corbin, so we decided to hit I75 and just boogie home. The rain stopped just before we got to Berea and we had a nice dry ride on home from there.

I had always dreamed of traveling by motorcycle as a father and son team and this was our 3rd trip together. We joked about how every time we get more than 50 miles away it always rains on us. Still had a great time and hope to do some more trips like this.

Club E-mail Group

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Arkansas Odyssey, part II

By John Rice

(We left our protagonists in Harrison, Arkansas, disappointed for not winning the Rally Grand Prizes, but as always, hopeful for the next day's ride.)

It is cold and foggy as we leave Harrison, headed northwest to Eureka Springs for breakfast. A perusal of the Arkansas Ride Guides had convinced us that most of the good ones seemed to converge on that city and the touristy vibe of the area had guaranteed that there would be places to stay.

The twisty road into town was shoulder to shoulder with motels, all of them showing "No Vacancy" on this Sunday morning, due to the annual Corvette Club rendezvous that had taken over the town. Eureka Springs is built on the sides of a winding valley, reminding me of some places in Eastern Kentucky where the saying is "you can walk out of your basement and spit on the roof of a three story house". We found an intriguing restaurant on the main street, down in a cellar, and were assured by the folks there that plenty of rooms would be available after breakfast when checkout time sent the 'Vette people packing. We got a room at the top of the hill and set out to explore down Rt. 23.

In the northwest quadrant of the state, Arkansas trims its road verges back about 30 feet on each side, leaving a clean path

from the pavement edge to a vertical wall of trees, straight and tall as if put there by architects and engineers, making a canyon that twists and turns smoothly away from the rider in long even arcs, right to left and back again and again. Fall has hit these hills, leaving the forest-canyon walls an impressionist painting of soft golds, brilliant reds, yellows, a dash of green still here and there. One easily can become disoriented, trying to stay focused on the converging edge lines of the road up ahead and distracted by the rush of color on both sides, almost dreamlike in intensity and flow. This is what we came here for and it is everything we wanted.

The long sweepers have predictable entries and, for some reason, the Arkansas DOT has not yet figured out how to spread gravel in the apex like other states we've visited. I'm sure they will remedy that some day. If there is a motorcycling Nirvana in this part of the country, we may have found it here. We passed through Boxley, which appears on the map as a town, but seems to have hidden its buildings, and stopped at a pull off where a uniformed forest ranger had set up a little stand with information about the elk herd that lives in this valley. She had a card table, surrounded by huge antlers the ruminant beasts had shed and some brochures about good roads and sights.



When we inquired about the herd, we learned that most of it had moved on during the night to another pasture, but "there's two of them right over there". In the field opposite her stand were, as she told us, a mother and son from the herd. The young male didn't have his antlers on and mom was still staying close (no doubt embarrassing him in front of the other young male elk) so we could get some pictures of both.

The little town of Jasper is another intersection point, like a ground connection in the wiring diagram of these "best rides" routes, so we stopped there for lunch and to figure out where to go next. Jasper is a postcard small town, with a central courthouse and old shop buildings facing inward on the square all around it. One of these is a fairly large cafe, which we found

contained a stage for live entertainment, though on this day we, in our brightly colored riding gear, were probably it. I do recommend the peach cobbler. Perusing the map over lunch, we selected Rt. 7, headed south, which turned out to be a high mountain ridge, excellent for riding if only those darn cars and trucks would go somewhere else. We changed routes to complete a circle and eventually found our way back to Eureka Springs.

Route 123 seemed to be the winner for the day, with more endless curves, brilliant colors, no gravel and little traffic.

Getting back to our room at almost dark, we set out on foot to find sustenance, first making a dead end half mile trek to a touted restaurant which had closed its doors some months prior. Backtracking, we ended up at a nice Italian place with an

"old family restaurant" feel and excellent pasta served with red wine. Walking back to the room, we spotted lights on at the "Arkansas Adventure Rider" store.

We stopped in the store, expecting to find "biker" gear, fringed vests, fingerless gloves and beanie helmets, but no, this store...and the guy who ran it...was the "real deal". The proprietor is a slender fellow, to put it gently, with a beard and mop of hair that suggested some time spent in the 60's. He knew his stuff. Around the crowded shelves were things that an adventure rider, in the real sense of the term, would need: top end dual sport helmets, soft luggage & tank bags, good quality riding gear for getting dirty and wet, and in the middle, a Suzuki DR 650 that obviously had been there and done that. In the back





Morning in Arkansas



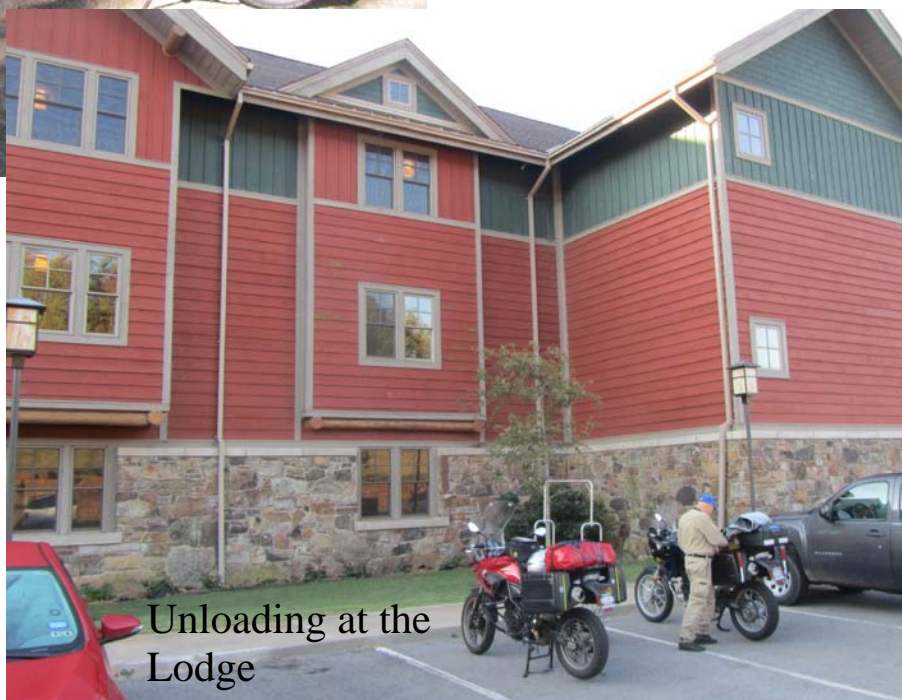
At Cove Lake

rooms were bits and pieces for old-school dirt bikes and dual sports, some dating from the 60's and 70's. He took us down in the basement and showed us his R75 BMW, part restoration, part "Frankenbike" that he used for daily transportation on the street. We both bought stuff we could use, but didn't really need, just to support such a unique endeavor.

The next morning we headed south again, this time on a com-

plex combination of county roads recommended by the Ride Guide. We drifted over into Oklahoma, following a route we had seen in a Roadrunner magazine article. From our sidecar excursion last March, we had formed the opinion that wind was the Sooner State's chief characteristic and this visit did nothing to change that. We decided that back when the state boundaries were laid out, the powers that were then simply went to where the wind started becoming problematic and said, "Alright, that's going to be Oklahoma". As soon as possible, we got back into Arkansas and the wind died down. Back across Rt. 16 and over to Rt. 21, more endless twists and turns, eventually landing us back at our room.

Tuesday morning we headed south, this time for good, planning to make as many of the curvy bits we could before getting to Mississippi. We made it as far as Mt. Magazine, the highest point in Arkansas (though



Unloading at the Lodge



Armored Possum

still a lot lower than Black Mountain, in Kentucky) where we decided on a whim to stay at the lodge on top. A bit out of character for us, the seekers of cheap motels, but a nice change of pace. After an afternoon run around the base of the mountain (noting the "watch for bears" signs and the occasional deer by the side of the road) and a stop at

Cove Lake, we went into the lodge restaurant for dinner. There we learned that Arkansas liquor laws dictated that we had to join a "private club" at the restaurant if we wanted wine or beer with our meal. The application asked for enough personal information to give identity thieves a field day and when we looked at the available selection

of libations, both decided "the juice wasn't worth the squeeze". The food was good, even without the accompaniment.

After dinner, wandering around the landscaped grounds, I encountered a "possum on the half shell", rooting in the grass for whatever it is that armadillos eat. The armored creature seemed completely unperturbed by me and my camera, no doubt accustomed to being the object of guest's attentions. It was the first of these beasts I'd ever seen upright and mobile, not flattened in the right-of-way. Kinda cute, in a prehistoric sort of way.

Wednesday found us going down the mountain headed toward Hot Springs, on increasingly straight and level roads. By the time we crossed over into Mississippi, any hope of a curve was gone.

After endless cotton fields, we passed through Money, Mississippi and over the Tallahatchee River. It was here in this town

where, the song tells us, the mysterious Billy Joe McAllister met his demise jumping off the Tallahatchee Bridge for reasons unknown. That old wooden bridge is long gone and the new one we took over the muddy water wouldn't have

100% cotton t-shirt. Some assembly required.



given Billy Joe more than a sprained ankle for his jump, sparing us all the puzzlement. Nonetheless, that darn song has been stuck in my head ever since....and I should be embarrassed to admit that, nearly 50 years after it was popular, I can recall all the words. What I had for lunch today, not a clue, but a 50 year old song.....

There were farmers out in force in the fields along the roads, but it was hard to see what they were accomplishing other than raising dust. Huge tractor-trailer trucks plied the highway, carrying, it seemed, more dust. At one point, as I was pulling out to pass one, the trailer wheels hit a severe bump in the pavement and suddenly the world went brown. I couldn't see anything but a wall of dust and I didn't know 1) if the truck was stopping in front of me, or 2) if Jay wasn't stopping behind me. Fortunately when my vision cleared, neither had come to any grief as a result, though I suspect my lungs are beyond repair.

I never thought I'd be happy to get on an interstate in Alabama, but there it was and I was pleased to see it. Birmingham was only an hour or so away in the fading light of day. Realizing that motels might be scarce on a weekend in that city with such an event as the Barber Vintage Festival going on, we took the unusual step of stopping at a gas station, looking up rooms available online and booking ahead. Our criteria included outside entrance rooms, low price and a two-lane access to the track. As would become appar-

ent later, we should have considered things like "no illegal activity in adjoining rooms".

Friday morning, the Barber track complex is already buzzing with activity when we arrive at 8:30 AM. The last time I was here, three or four years ago, there were traffic problems getting in, but in typical Barber fashion, those had all been solved. Four-wheeled vehicles were, for the most part, parked at a remote lot outside the complex area and their occupants shuttled into the track. The rest of the place was, as life should be done, reserved for motorcycles.

Entering such a venue literally is going into an alternate reality, a place where the concerns of the "real world" are not allowed to intrude. Everywhere are motorcycles, vintage bikes, modern bikes, custom bikes, just plain weird bikes and the people who love them. No one in here will ask you why you ride one of those deathtraps, "what do you do when it rains?" or "it's a bit cold to be out on that thing, ain't it?" or any of those "civilian" questions we get every day. Like anywhere humans gather, there are sharp differences of opinion and ideology, but here it is whether bars should be low or high, pegs forward or back, jackets leather or textile, bikes Oriental or European?

This is a first-class operation at Barber. The logistics of putting such an event into play are staggering, but at every point, you can see the thought that went into making it work and none of it has a "lick and a promise" feel about it. The folks at the AMA

should be here taking notes for their Vintage Days which has a thrown-together sort of feel, in comparison.

Like the proverbial mosquito in a nudist colony, we were overwhelmed by the choices, and started in the infield where the new product vendors and exhibits were gathered.

There was the Ural tent, with several models of the Russian sidecar rigs, and even a solo version, should that be your desire. There were purveyors of the Gasolina brand of motorcycle boots, the ones that look like the knee-high close-fit boots worn by old style motorcycle cops, and Rev-it, with high-end goodies and apparel galore. Custom motorcycle makers had various examples of their art, but here those are cafe-racer themed, not unrideable chopper monstrosities. Triumph had an enormous tent set up with bikes all around (there was even a Triumph-only parking lot) and couches for the Brit-bike faithful to rest up from the excess of options. With unreasonable optimism, we both signed up to win a trip and a new bike, but as of this writing, we're still waiting for the call.

At the end of the row was the food area, but again typical of Barber, these wagons were not typical of the carney food genre. I had a seafood taco with Asian slaw, good enough to have come from a pricey sit-down restaurant. And I could sit down, because Barber had a tent set up nearby with rows of tables and chairs. (A few years ago, Brenda and I were sitting at one of these and looked up to see

George Barber himself bussing tables.)

Nearby were the Wall of Death

sive as the trials motorcycle was, the bicyclist was matching him almost stunt for stunt, without

ous events for future visits and dropped us off at the museum. Talking about this museum is like trying to describe the Grand Canyon to someone who hasn't seen it. It is, I believe, the largest and most comprehensive motorcycle collection in the world and is still growing. I cannot imagine what is NOT here from the two-wheeled universe. A new building is taking shape next door to house the hundreds of exhibits currently stored by Mr. Barber in the catacombs of the basement. Also down there is the machine shop where state-of-the-art CNC machines can craft any missing bits for the immaculate restorations that find their way into the exhibit hall. We watched one such device as it spun back and



and the Globe of Death, both offering amazing, though fortunately not lethal, entertainment for those who enjoy seeing people do dangerous things just for the fun of it. The Globe was particularly spectacular, when there were three riders going in different directions around a woman standing in the bottom, all inside a filigreed sphere about 12 or 15 feet in diameter. I don't even want to think about the learning process to get them to this point in the performance. There was a trials bike demonstration, including a guy on a trials bicycle, defying physics at will. As impres-

sive as the trials motorcycle was, the bicyclist was matching him almost stunt for stunt, without aid of an engine. Like they said about Ginger Rogers, doing everything Fred Astaire could do, but "backwards and in high heels".

The efficient shuttle service took us around the track perimeter to scope out the vari-





other tour of the perimeter, it was time to peruse the swap meet. Within the first 5 minutes I had scored, for \$5, the thing I was looking for, a longer engine mount bolt for the /6 to accommodate the crash bars I had installed. We ran into Ken Perry and his son, totting a \$5 windshield that they just had to have, even though it's particular use hadn't yet been settled upon. Swap meets do that to a person. I am endlessly fascinated by the booths of rusty bits and old bikes that never fail to spark a memory or two from my misspent youth.

Dark started coming on, much more quickly than seemed possible,

so we hopped on the two lane road that led directly from the track to our motel 20 miles south. On arrival there we were greeted by a Mobile Crime Scene truck and trailer and swarms of plainclothes police in

forth, spewing water and tiny shards of metal making a...what exactly? I asked the attendant and he said that it wasn't anything really, he was just playing with the machine. Oh, such a toybox!

One cannot see everything, no matter how assiduous the effort, so we just wandered to see what caught our eyes. I, of course, was drawn to the various sidecar rigs on display, ranging from the sublime works of metal art to the brutal machines of war.

The collection of Lotus cars, starting in 1948, illustrated the evolution of automobile racing design from what looked like a corrugated aluminum shop class

project up to the ultimate expression of four-wheeled speed and technology.

Back outside, the wonderful noise of racing motorcycles practicing on the track drew us back to the shuttle and after an-

Meanwhile, back at the hotel....



our parking lot. Seems that the room next to ours was being used as a holdover for goods stolen from area storage facilities. Perhaps this "booking ahead, sight unseen" thing isn't such a good thing. We watched as the cops carried out a stream of rifles, tools and other items, for logging into the inventory. The officers were friendly and professional (after determining that we weren't the occupants of that room) and even gave us some suggestions for local restaurants to try while they sorted out the evidence. They told us not to worry about the criminal element at the motel, because "when we leave they're going with us".

Back at the track on Saturday morning, the night having passed without further legal drama, the scene was even more dynamic with the weekenders who

couldn't be here on Friday streaming in, eager to pack in as much motorcycle enjoyment as they could.

We made our way through the vendors again and then on to one of my personal favorites, the Ace Corner, where cafe racers rule. It is an enclave (requiring an additionally purchased pass) reached through a tunnel under the track, up on a hill with an Ace Cafe theme. In the meadow at the bottom were vendor

booths for exotic products and bikes, many experimental, brought here to test the waters among the bike faithful. There was an Australian group, with highly modified BMW airhead cafe racer projects showing off their metalwork: exhausts, body panels, instrument mounts, etc. There was a group that had manufactured replica Norton

help of resident metalworkers and mechanics. The principals of the group, including Jesse, were all graduates of arts programs in colleges, putting their artistic talents to work in the service of the cafe racer theme. Jesse, a very pleasant young lady, was interested in our travels and said that she'd like to take long bike trips "someday". We told her that as



Featherbed frames with mounting kits for Kawasaki KLR engines to make modern cafe racers with, one hopes, oil tight and reliable engines. They told us that a kit was in the works to use the DR 650 Suzuki engine, which would have the advantage of not needing a radiator.

We met Jesse Hyatt, of Bedlam Works, an innovative co-op in Athens, Georgia where enthusiasts could rent space to work on and construct cafe bikes with the

qualified old geezers, we had one piece of advice for her...don't say "someday", set a date and go. It won't happen if you don't make it so. Presumably inspired, she got out her iPhone and entered April 6th, 2016 and, we hope, she will stick to it.

At the top of the steep hill, reached by groaning golf cart, is the Ace-themed cafe serving burgers and fries, but unfortunately and inexplicably, no Guinness stout. Around the cafe

are arranged various vendors and a display of cafe racers for later show judging. There are chairs and tables set up for race watching, as this hilltop overlooks two

case we saw, wrenching their own machines. Talking to one woman who was the passenger half of a sidecar team, I said something to the effect that it

the work out there, jumping from side to side in the corners. She smiled and replied, "no, I'm just the one who keeps us on the ground". Sounds like an essential function to me. We watched more races from spots around the track, easily reached by shuttle, until evening arrived all too quickly, leaving us to ponder where the day had gone as we headed back in the dark to our hotel, thankfully police-free this time.

On Sunday we couldn't resist going back over for one last run-through before heading out for good. We stopped in at the KTM demo ride area just to peruse the bikes on offer, finding the 690's of par-



corners and the entrance to the pits. While we are there, an historic event unfolds as two of the last few remaining Brittens in existence participate in a race. The Britten family is here for an exhibit and, one presumes, approved of the use of their irreplaceable race bikes.

Just down from Ace Corner is the pits, crammed with racers and their crews. I was pleased to see sev-



eral women piloting and in one

appeared she was doing most of
www.bluegrassbeemers.org

ticular interest, lighter bikes with



mind could need.

Out at last, returning to the "real world", we set our sights on getting across Alabama and into Georgia, hoping to make it to Helen for the night. A late start and avoiding highways scuppered that plan, finding us skating into the little burg of Ellijay, GA right at dusk, looking for a room. The appropriately named "Ellijay Inn" is an old-fashioned motel, tiny rooms all on one level right downtown and within walking distance of what turned out to be the only restaurant open on a Sunday night, the '1907'. This turned out to be a real road trip find, an old building converted to a white

lower seats and still more power than anyone in his or her right



-tablecloth restaurant with an excellent bar and "celebrity chef" menu. We will return to this one.

Out before daylight on Monday, we motored up to the town of Blue Ridge before finding an open restaurant for breakfast. Rt. 5, turns into 68 at Tennessee, where we could enjoy the curves free of weekend traffic until we got to Tellico Plains. There we stopped in at the motorcycle clothing shop at the base of the Cherahola Skyway where I scored a new jacket on sale. In the parking lot we met a couple from Canada, Francophones for whom English was a second lan-

guage, but as always with motorcyclists, communication about the bikes was easily accomplished. They were headed south to escape the arctic conditions back home.

The Skyway is always beautiful, but this morning it upped its game with brilliant fall colors. Some of the trees went the extra step of dropping their brightly decorated leaves right down there on the pavement with us so we could enjoy them more closely. Such diversions only helped our concentration and could not dampen the enjoyment of so wonderful a motorcycle road. A pair of young men on

KTM's, similar to those we had admired at Barber, zoomed past us, oblivious to and apparently immune from such dangers.

After Robbinsville, the remainder of the trip home was on territory too familiar and took on the "heading to the barn" urgency that marks the end of all motorcycle trips. We don't want them to end, until we're close enough to smell the home fires burning and then the inexorable pull draws us in like a tractor beam, already thinking of the next journey out.





Humor at the Barber Museum

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

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
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 roundles/petcocks nor fuel lid. Great tank, Pics on request.

\$425 plus shipping

Bill Denzer
airhead@windstream.net

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

Located in Lexington, KY





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