

Apex

July 2015

Looking Through The Curve

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

Photo: John Rice



Where did the time go?

By Jeff Crabb



Procrastination is something I have a problem with and this time mother nature made me pay for it. I had started prepping the newsletter over the weekend. Thinking I'd finish it up on June 30th. Shortly after we get home, a lightening strike takes our internet out. So as procrastinators will do, I put off sitting down, because I knew there was nothing I could do with a fin-

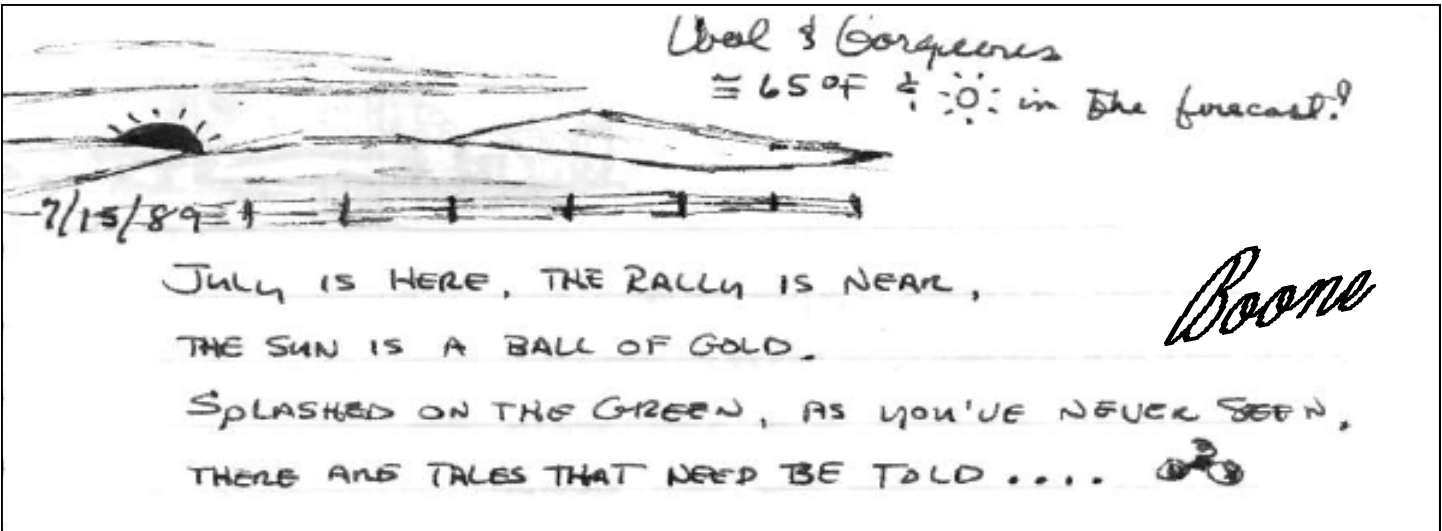
ished edition without the internet. Around 10pm, I figured I'd do a little work only to have the power go out after picking the cover picture. So, tonight I have internet, power and no more excuses.

The August edition will be a few days late, I'll be on vacation the first few days of August. Procrastination will play only a small part in August's edition.

For those who may have missed some excellent ride posting, check out our website for Brian House's "I'm still here" adventure - <http://bluegrassbeemers.org/blogs/>

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

Thanks



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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 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 II

By John Rice

OLD MEN ON SMALL BIKES, INTO THE BREACH.....

(When last we heard from our superannuated adventurers, they were covered in red dirt and wandering somewhere in the Utah desert.)

Thursday morning, we creaked our way up out of our beds at the Red Rock Inn for an early breakfast across the street and then out on the road headed back to Potash to again take the Shafer Trail with the ambitious intention of doing the rest of the White Rim Trail around the pe-

The scenery out here past the potash plant is grand, sweeping and now familiar.

Great towers of red rock, jutting skyward, the backdrop of nearly every Western movie you've ever seen. I expected swelling orchestral music to be playing for us as we rode into the first valley, but unlike that scene in

Shafer goes right, climbing the canyon wall up to Island in the



rimeter of Canyonlands National Park.

reaching that split inside Canyonlands National Park where

Blazing Saddles, the musicians were absent today.

This time we skipped quickly through the beginning Shafer Trail part, the territory that so impressed us yesterday, intent on

Sky, so we could this time make the left turn and start the 100 mile White Rim.

There was a brief pause as we reached the split, as if our bodies knew what our minds had yet to grasp, that this trail was a commitment far beyond what two old men should make so lightly.

At first, it appears that we are just riding off into the desert, because we are, with no particular route to guide us. The "trail" is marked mainly by tracks across the rocks and red dirt, sometimes with small cairns of stones to show a border, and at times it's difficult to tell where we're

Beemers in the Bluegrass Mini Rally

September 11th-13th, 2015

meant to travel. Quickly we are on the rim of a white rock canyon, the first of many, where the bedrock we're on has eroded and collapsed after millions of years of water's patient efforts. Skirting these huge voids means that we are making our progress in a series of gigantic scallops, like



The trail across the floor of the valley

sketching the outline of daisy petals on a poster board.

Sometimes the trail leads us out onto a vast plain, bounded by the red towers off in the distance, but perfectly flat as far as we can see in front of us. Not to get complacent, however, because the canyons just appear, with no warning, not unlike one of Wile E. Coyote's Instant Holes (from the Acme Corporation...if he could afford to order their products, why didn't the coyote just buy a RoadRunner Dinner combo?) I suspect that some careless travelers back in the day found this out the hard way.

Before long though, the trail climbs a canyon wall, going steeply in switchbacks that turn 180 degrees and then go up at a 20 or 30 degree angle to the next

one. The map gives these things names like "Hogback" and "Twister", but those are far more polite than the names we had for them. The "road" is narrow, barely enough for one four-wheeled vehicle, and rocky rutted so that it is difficult to keep a straight line. But the penalty for

veering off is a drop of hundreds, or in a few cases, perhaps a thousand, feet down. Once on top, the trail continues on across the mesa, then starts down another se-

wheel suddenly wants to wander like a drunk in a parking lot and the power to the rear seems cut by 80%. Usually I can save it, putting my weight back as far as I can, adding a bit of throttle and skimming on over the patch, but sometimes it goes on forever and we are reduced to just holding on, feet akimbo, trying to guide the bikes through the soft stuff. I crashed once on entering a corner in suddenly deep sand, just not paying enough attention, but it was a soft, slow motion sort of crash that left me uninjured (I'm gonna feel it in the morning!) and the bike unscathed after I straightened out the controls. A little sand in the throttle, but like most things we've thrown at them, the little XT 250 just shrugged it off, ready for more. Once Jay said I "exploded" after hitting a particularly deep patch,

ries of turns down hills, where often the road below can't be seen past the crest, seem more challenging, since gravity is not your friend on rocky surfaces.

The deep sand is the main problem on the flat bits, often looking just like the rest of the trail in this dun colored landscape, and only noticed when the front



Down by the river

with sand spraying up so far that he had to stop because he couldn't see me or the path.

Most of our progress is made standing on the pegs, letting the bike's suspension take the endless battering of the washboard

hardpan rock floor and the undulating waves of the dirt and sand. I'm at least fifty pounds heavier than the designers of this machine ever anticipated a rider to be but still it goes on and on, never complaining. Sometimes the shock bottoms out on something that I never saw coming, but the Yamaha shakes it's head, like a boxer taking an unexpected punch, and just motors on.

By late afternoon we are in an

means we still have about another thirty to go. Thirty miles off road is a long day in my book at this stage of life, even if I was just starting the day. Legs are wobbly, arms just going through the motions without a lot of actual control and that spot on the back of the neck, where the helmet and the jacket don't meet, is telling me that the sunscreen wasn't quite good enough. Still, we are in one of the most spectacular places in this part of the

total miles behind us, only 18 of those on pavement. We were in the Colorado River valley, having just come up and then down a frightening series of carved-in-the-wall switchbacks, when we happened upon a campground with some mountain bikers who were there for the weekend. A pair of Spandex-clad women athletes who appeared to have been carved from granite, told us we had 23 more miles to the end, but then, after a dramatic pause

added with an ominous tone, "You've gotta go up". Their demeanor and delivery suggested grave consequences, and we knew what they meant. The final canyon wall road out of here.

The road is wider now, capable of handling four-wheel drive traffic and the sand pits are frequent and deep. We are right at the edge of the river down here in the bottom of a canyon and way up ahead we can see an intersection. The sign tells us that the White Rim



Part way up

impossibly vast valley floor, surrounded by buttes and mesas that seem to be very far away, all the landscape on our level the same white and off-white rock and sand, sprinkled here and there with low bushes. The air is dry but hot and our water is getting low. The odometers on the bikes say we've come about seventy miles, a new "personal best" off road for both of us, but that

world, our bikes are, despite our best efforts to kill them, running well, and we have nothing else that takes precedence over enjoying this remarkable experience. We are so very fortunate to be here and that is enough.

By 5 o'clock, the shadows are getting long, the temperature has dropped dramatically and both of us are exhausted. The odometer showed that we'd put over 90

goes right and it's 17 miles back to pavement. The next few of those miles have to climb a vertical wall at the end of the box canyon to the rim that we can see only if we tilt our heads way back...not something we can easily do at this point in the day. Fortunately, it's a better road up than any we've yet seen in this situation. Unfortunately, it still has the sensation of clinging to a

wall by one's metaphorical fingertips and the edge of the road is the edge of a cliff with no shoulder or impediment to a very long fall....getting longer the higher we climb. Don't look at

the dropoff that it leads to.

Finally at the top, we park the Little Bikes That Could and walk over to the edge to look down on the road we'd traversed. A man is standing there with his dog,

had the same sensations, enhanced no doubt because unlike us, he couldn't see his outside wheels. This man had been here before and still was amazed by it. He told us that the remaining fourteen miles were dirt road, mostly wash boarded, out to the paved road that would eventually take us back to the highway down to Moab. He was right. The stutter bumps shook loose what remaining fillings we had and reduced our vision to a blur. I vaguely recall the sweeping asphalt curves on the highway, descending the mountains back into the rift that holds the town.

By the time we reached Moab, our tiny tanks had gone on reserve at 143 miles our bodies had gone into survival mode and we were more than ready for dinner and a bed.

(to be continued)



Down from the top

the edge, look only where you want to go, trying to keep the gaze on the next curve and not

both looking over into the valley just as we are. He had come up a bit before us in his Jeep and

Of Mice and Beemers?

By Roy Rowlett

I got a 2002 K1200LT in my shop about a week ago. The fellow that bought it said that it had been sitting for 2 years. The previous owner had some major medical issues with himself and his wife, so the poor LT was neglected and unprotected. He also pointed out what appeared to be a mouse's nest on top of the engine block. Wants me to get it running and service it, install a new tire etc.

Upon initial inspection, after

installing a new battery, the bike would crank but not even try to start. I posited that the fuel pump was probably stuck from the varnish that had formed in the stale gas from sitting that long. Boy was I right. I pulled the thing apart and opened up the fuel system and sure enough, there was a 1/4 inch deposit of gum and varnish on the pump, filter, wiring and everything. I removed the pump and hoses and put the pump in a can of carburetor

cleaner to soak. I scraped and cleaned the fuel pump holder assembly as best as I could. Two days later I removed the pump from the cleaner and flushed it out. After several attempts putting 12 volts on the pump, first in one polarity and then the other, it fired up. Just saved him about \$300.00. I reinstalled the pump with new hose and filter and put the tank back on the bike. Still no luck starting and the pump still wasn't running. I

jumped 12 volts straight to the pump and it would run.

I hooked my GS911 diagnostics computer interface up to the LT and lo and behold, the Motronic computer was unresponsive. Assuming it had failed I procured a used working replacement and installed it. Still no joy for it didn't respond either. Reinstalled the original computer and began the long process of tracing voltages and wiring. After about 3 hours of this, I discovered the relay that turns on the Motronic computer wasn't getting voltage to the coil to energize. I didn't have the exact wiring diagram for a 2002 but after comparing wire colors from an earlier diagram, I determined that the Alarm/Immobilizer was the culprit. I started opening up the tail of the LT under the trunk planning on bypassing the immobilizer. What I found was this:



If you look real close you can see where the mice had chewed 2 wires completely in two. There was about 3 inches missing from both wires.

There was also a small "nest" under the unit in the picture and the wire bundle was down in that. I spliced new wires in to reconnect these two wires and wrapped the bundle with electrical tape. Went to the front, turned on the key and viola. It started up immediately.

There's still a lot to do on this bike, the ABS module is bad, but I found a used one on Ebay and it's on its way. The center stand arm is bent and I am unable to put the bike on the center stand. Got a good used one from Pinwall cycle on ebay. It desperately needs a new rear tire, which I have in stock and all the filters and fluids changed. The bike only has 37,000 miles on it too. Such a shame to let one get this way.

MORAL:

If you're gonna let your motorcycle or car or lawn tractor sit unattended and unused for an extended period of time, make SURE you have it protected from rodents. They love to chew wiring and insulation. Or you

could just get a cat and put it in the area the machine is stored.

LIVING WITH THE SIDECAR (or, WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT ?)

By: John Rice

It's been nearly 3 months since I took my first ride on this sidecar rig, out there in Washington state at the beginning of what turned out to be a 4,000 mile trip

home. Three months is about enough time in the world of relationships for the first flush of passion to be wearing a bit thin and the veneer to start showing

the real substance underneath. In romantic terms, it's when the "real person" starts to reveal him or her self and the relationship either comes apart or starts to deepen.

I've now seen the sidecar rig without its makeup and experienced its morning breath and mood swings, I've learned about its family....and I still love it.

Before I took this plunge, I read everything I could about driving (and it is "driving" that is the correct term) these things and one agreement in all the literature was that it is neither fish nor fowl, not a car and not a motorcycle, but something different than either one. From my experience now, that is exactly correct.

It is a more contemplative ride, one that doesn't respond well to rushing things and therefore makes me slow down a bit and see what I typically hurry past.

It has accomplished...and is still



Sidecar possibilities

working on...one of my goals for it. It makes me learn a new set of skills that concentrate my mind

own difficulties (hard to steer, hard to back up on any slope) but falling over at a stop where traction is iffy, or while turning around in a parking lot, aren't among them.

I've seen the Can-Am's and various iterations of trikes and they have their attractions, but just as people can't really explain the type of person that makes the heart flutter, I'm not drawn to those like I am the rig. It just feels right for me. I think it's going to be a long-term relationship.



Brenda at our son's house, on Mother's Day.

and body in ways that well-worn neural paths didn't.

The rig still does things that I'm not entirely comfortable with yet and that's a good thing. One should push against the comfort zone frequently to avoid wearing in a rut that can't be escaped.

It makes people smile. Nearly everyone. Brenda says she feels like the Queen must feel, responding to smiles and waves everywhere we go in the rig. I've suggested she develop the one-handed rotational wave that the monarch uses to respond to her enraptured subjects.

It has become my go-to machine for running errands, with its much increased capacity for carrying things and people, and again that smile factor.

I'm not ready to give up the feeling of banking over into a turn on two wheels, nor the ease of moving through and around traffic that a motorcycle offers. But I can see that at some point I won't be as capable of handling one of those as I think I am now. The sidecar has its



Paul Rice and wife Cindy

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 roundles/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



2005 R1200GS, 43,300 miles

Ohlins front and rear, rear mud guard for the shock, head guards, folding shift lever, 60% on Metzeler

BMW side and top cases, touring shield, ABS, heated grips, rebuilt rear drive by Grassroots BMW, Level 3 service by BMW Louisville: alternator belt, all fluids, brake pads, filters; metal fuel cou-

plers, updated fuel pump. Minor dents and scratches, appropriate GS patina.

\$6900 obo paul.elwyn@gmail.com 859-583-0205



1988 R100RS, 34,900 miles

2k on Metzeler, 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.

\$5,900 obo paul.elwyn@gmail.com 859-583-0205

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2004 BMW R1150RT

- Piedmont Red
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- 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
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Price: \$6,900

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NOW IT'S YOUR
TURN.**

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you'll be on the couch this Spring!**

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