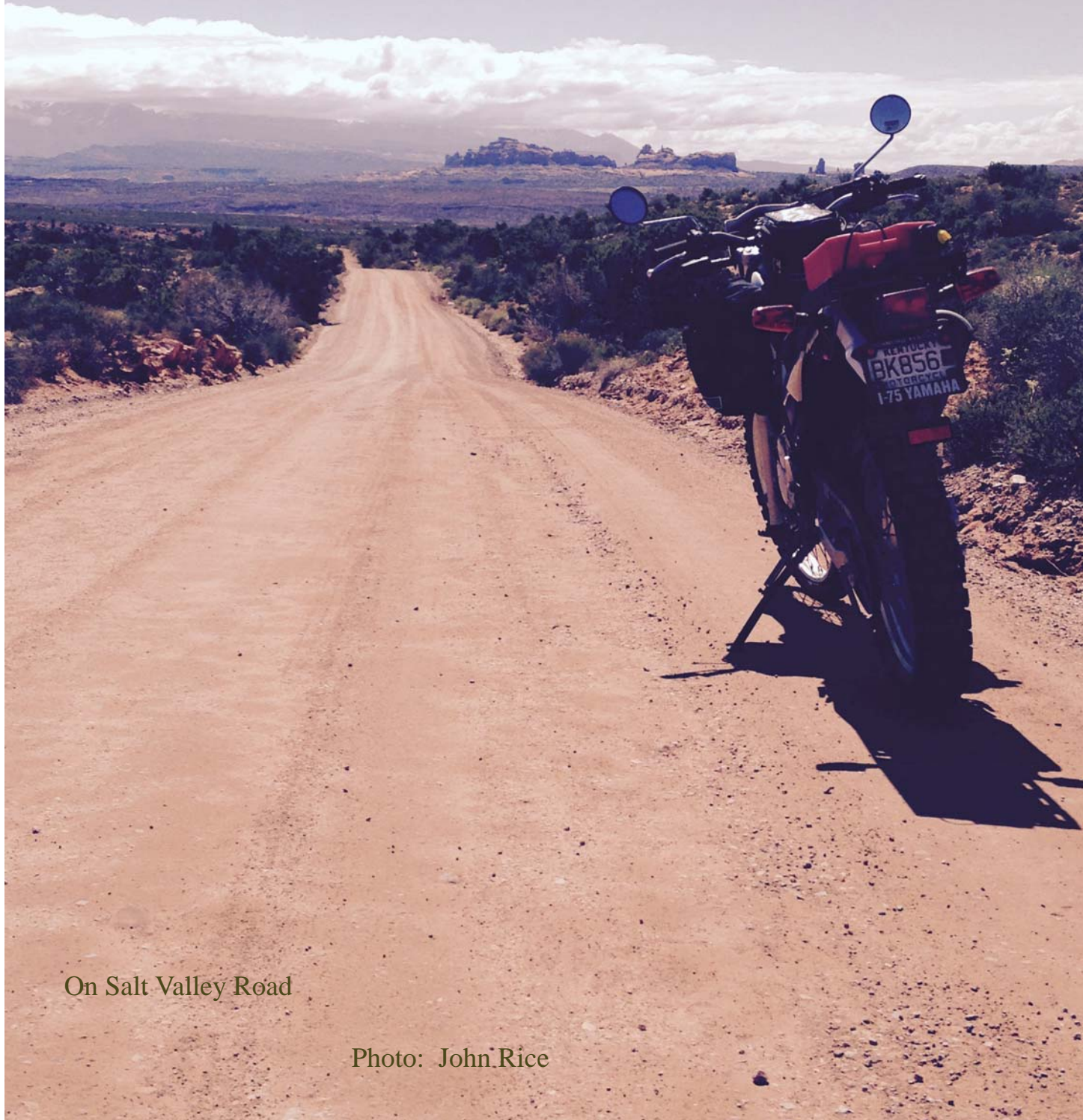


June 2015

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



On Salt Valley Road

Photo: John Rice

Kickstands up and ready to ride

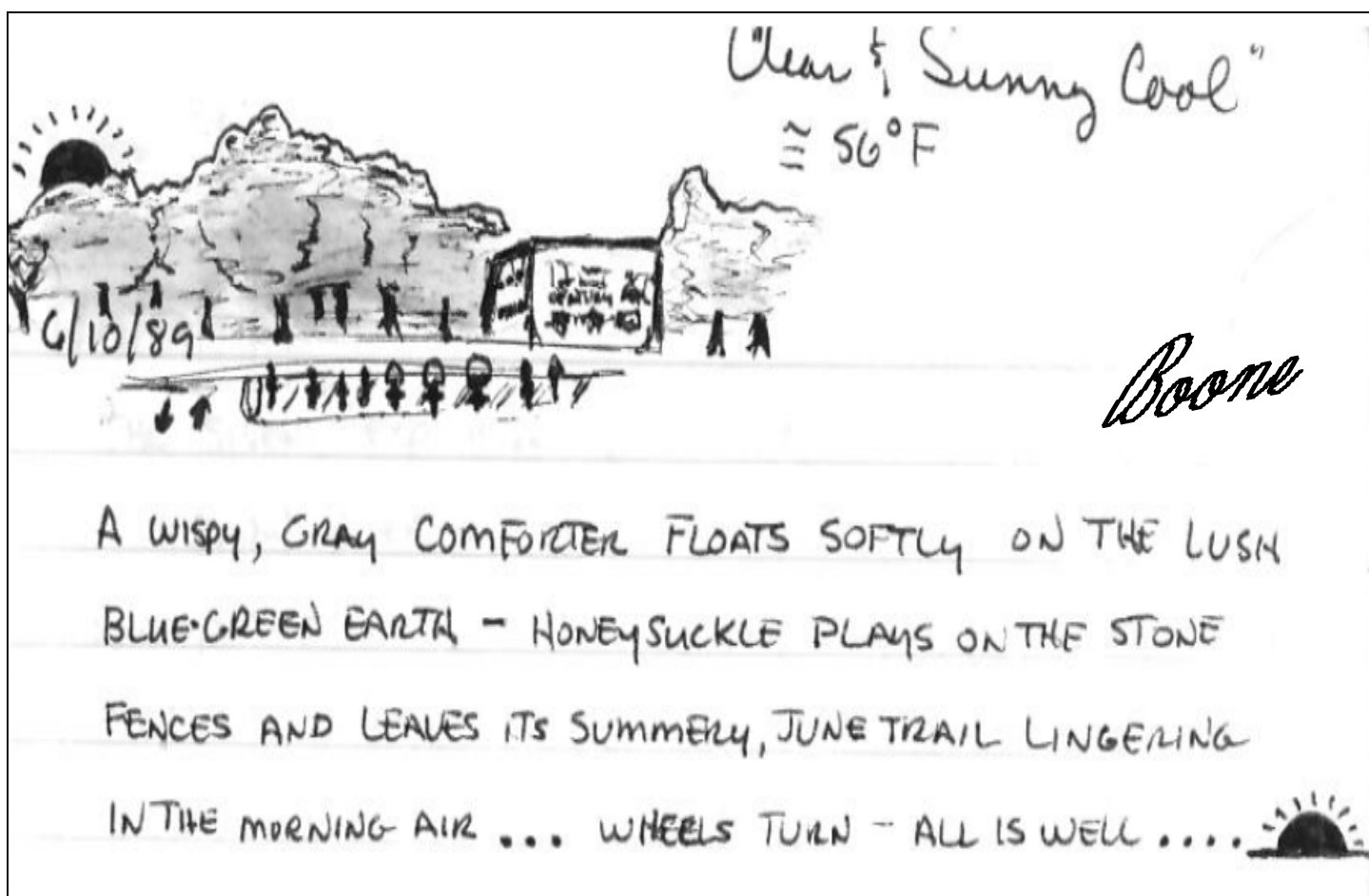
By Jeff Crabb



Wow! Started to think I wouldn't have much to put into this month's edition. Then, I had eighteen pages. This edition has John & Jay's most excellent Moab adventure. There are pictures, so we know it really happen. Todd Fuller

sold the house, loaded the bike up and is on a 60 day adventure that started this past weekend. It's still a little early in the riding year, but the adventures are not to be missed. If you have the time, send them my way and we will all share.

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



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

By John Rice

It was Saturday Breakfast as usual with the Bluegrass Beemers...except that after this one, Jay and I are leaving for the Grand Moab Expedition of 2015. Our Yamaha XT 250's are in the truck and our gear is in the back seat, ready to go. It will be two and a half days on the interstate, inside four wheels, but we've both made the crossing of the Midwest many times on two wheels and don't feel the need to do it on dirt bikes this time.

On our second night out, we stop in Limon CO, to avoid hitting Denver at rush hour and trying to find a room there. We are still on the Colorado plains, not yet within sight of the Rockies other than as a distant dark blur on the horizon. Our cheap motel is next to the only non-chain, non fast-food restaurant in this tiny town, so we wander over there for dinner. Our waitress is new to the job, two days she tells us, and she has a lot to learn yet about the necessities of the trade.

We're on Mountain Time now, two hours behind Lexington, so when we both awaken in the wee

hours and by 4 AM, we get on the road. Neither of us likes to ride motorcycles in the dark, but in the truck, we figure we can handle it. Not long after we get on the road, we begin to climb, slowly at first, but then we are in the Rockies proper and the altitude is rising and the temperature dropping in just about equal measures. By the time we're through Denver and into the mountain passes, there is snow on the road, deep on the sides and more coming down on the windshield. It is 22 degrees at the crest with snow everywhere except on the traveled lanes. The sun is bright up here, nearly blinding on the ultra-white snow. These mountains never fail to impress me. There are people who live here, were born here and for them, this is just wallpaper, the way things always have been, but I can't believe that even they aren't still in awe of the scenery. I don't see how this could ever become routine.

This has become and will continue to be, the "Denny's Tour" since that seems to be the only restaurant open for breakfast at

the hours we're traveling. (I once saw a billboard, somewhere in California years ago that had the chain's logo and something like, "It's 3 AM, you're stoned and nothing else is open. Denny's") Chain it may be, but breakfast is good and plentiful and, most important, available.

Our last lunch stop before Utah is in Grand Junction Colorado, (named not for pretension, but because the Grand River joins the Colorado River there) a surprisingly appealing town. The whole place looks like it got a good cleaning and refurbish yesterday, with all the buildings well maintained, no litter on the streets and everything in good order. We pick a restaurant on a corner that is in an old department store, with tables in the former show windows. On the wall behind Jay's seat is a photo of this same intersection back in the late 50's and we recognize that several of the same businesses are still there on this street. We have some very good pie and I think that if this place had a decent motorcycle dealer and a

Beemers in the Bluegrass Mini Rally

September 11th-13th, 2015

craft brewery, I might just stay.

But press on we must, our destination is not far and the afternoon is slipping away. We intend to take Utah 128, the scenic route into Moab, but we can't locate it. When we stop in at the Utah Welcome Center, the kind lady tells us that it was a few miles back, unmarked.

"Everybody misses that", she adds with a smile. Like "everyone", we take the marked Rt. 191 exit just past the welcome center and head south, passing the entrance to Arches National Park and into the fabled city of Moab.

It was a popular area for Native Americans and Mormons in the very early parts of the 19th century, with one story telling of how the Latter Day Saints followers came into the valley by disassembling their wagons and lowering them piece by piece down the cliff faces. While it was a stopping place on the Old Spanish Trail, Moab wasn't incorporated as a town until 1878. The name comes either from a Biblical town near the Jordan River, or as one story goes, a Native American word for "mosquito".

In the 21st century, it is a small town, population about 5,000 not counting the tourists who more than double that amount, with one main street and that one is lined with SUV's, VW campers, Jeeps, dirt bikes and mountain bikes, announcing that this is an outdoor activity sort of place.

Our motel for the week, recommended by Dave McCord, is the

Red Rock Inn, an old-style accommodation located conveniently across the street from the Moab Grill and about a block away from the Moab Brewery

and Restaurant, next door to a gas station. Supper is at the brewery, which does feature vegetarian items on the menu, and where we learn about Utah's strange (even compared to Kentucky's) alcohol laws. Only 3.2% beer may be served in res-

taurants...except in certain circumstances which we were never able to really understand...and then only with food.

So even though the "real" beer was being made only a few feet

away from our table, it wasn't available to the customers of this restaurant. But the meals were good and the place was crowded, so apparently this all works out somehow.

Dawn breaking onto the cliffs above Moab, right across the



Looking down at the Moab Fault from inside Arches NP



Courthouse Towers in Arches NP

street from our room, is a sight that I cannot adequately describe and so it must be experienced. The bright blue skies,

seeming endless above the red rocks make one want to just stay here forever. But we have only a week or so to enjoy them to the fullest and we must stir ourselves to get out amongst them on these motorcycles.

It is bright sunlight, though still in the high 40's, when we fill up the bikes and our "Rotopax" spare gas cans and ride through Moab to the entrance to Arches National Park, where we present our Golden Age ("old geezer") free passes to the young lady ranger at the gate. The road into the park follows the Moab Fault, where eons ago the earth ripped apart and separated the two sides of the valley. From the top of the road, one can see the sides of the rift looking like a

mouse flat walls of rock, more impressive than any construction of man, and so thin that it seems the constant wind will topple them over on us at any moment. It is stunning, such that words completely fail me.

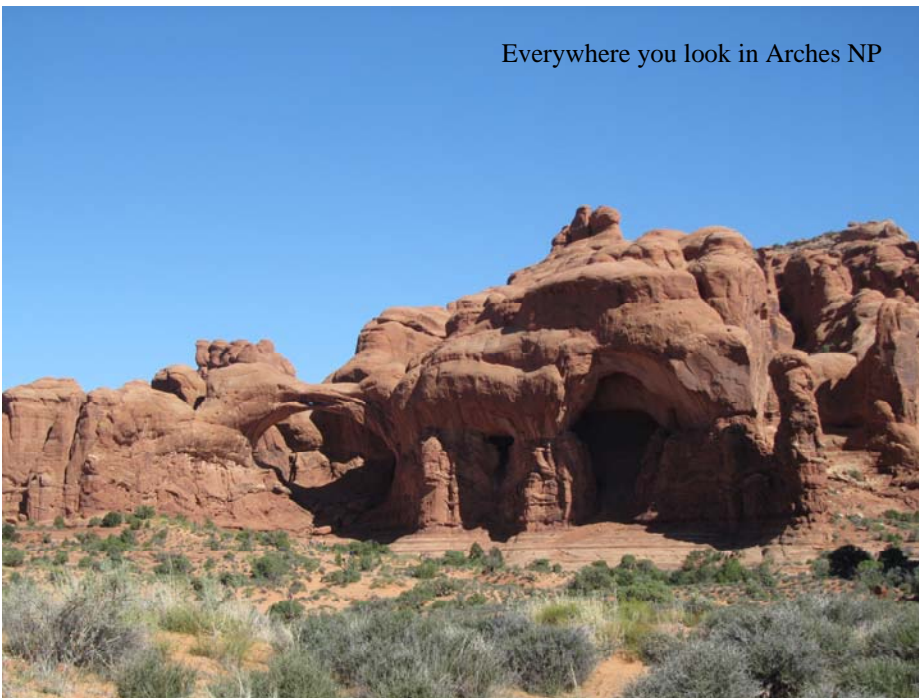
We ride the narrow asphalt

gorging hundreds of folks in various styles of clothing, speaking a polyglot of languages, all marveling at the same things as we are. Regardless of our respective cultures, we have all seen these landscapes, behind the cowboys and Indians, in countless John Ford westerns and other movies. But like any picture, the movies, the magazines, all of our sophisticated imaging media cannot begin to convey the sweeping grandeur of what is now before us. You might just as well show someone an iPhone photo of the Pacific Ocean.

We parked our bikes and climbed up to the Delicate Arch viewpoint, about a half mile. This is the iconic arch that appears on all of the literature for this park. Later I will encounter a tourist who asks if it is easy to get to "the arch", as if there is only one here. The dusty floor and sides of the valley are covered with low scrub plants of many varieties, with insects, lizards and birds going about the business of making their way in



Delicate Arch



Everywhere you look in Arches NP

three dimensional fabric torn asunder by giant hands. Red rocks tower far above us, in shapes sculpted with infinite patience by wind and sand. The "Courthouse Towers" are enor-

through the shaped sandstone, very tiny creatures on small motorcycles, hardly worth the notice of these timeless monuments to nature's ingenuity. There are tour busses in the pullouts, dis-

this world, oblivious to we temporary tourists tramping among them. It is amazing that so much life clings to these hostile rocks and dry earth. Why do we humans think our claim to life is superior when others work so

million years just getting one little piece exactly in this shape .

Three quarters of the way around the last loop of the park roads, we spot Salt Valley road going off to the right with a sign saying "High Clearance Vehicles

not just pavement tourists, seeing the prescribed views, we are out among them with red dirt under our tires and the whole of the vista spread out before us, like those riders in the Westerns, the distant shots that showed them small among the expanse of desert. Our map shows trails leading off of this road, but the first one we try dead ends at Tower Arch hiking trail with no motorized vehicles allowed. The second one, Willow Flats, has a beginning that goes up steeply in rock steps that may be a bit too serious for this early in the day. We back off from that one and proceed on down Salt Valley until it leaves the park and begins to branch off. After trying a few of the branches, leading to nowhere, we stay on the "main" trunk that ultimately leads across the wide expanse of tan earth to fences and cattle who seem amused, but not upset to see us in their domain. Eventually we find 191 and head back to-

much harder for it?

Back on the bikes, we toured around the park like everyone else, viewing arches and windows and more rock formations in every configuration one could imagine and many that we couldn't. So many impossibly huge shapes perched precariously on top of others, apparently defying gravity, but really just in the process of falling, very, very slowly. Nature's time frame is incomprehensible to we creatures for whom 100 years is a really long stretch. Every little weakness in the sandstone has been exploited to make these holes and depressions and balanced rocks, by a sculptor who can spend a

Only". Down this rocky dirt and gravel road, the real riding of this trip begins. Now we are



Jay on Salt Valley Road



Somewhere on Salt Valley Road

ward Moab, stopping at a gas station to replenish our and the bikes' vital fluids. There is a better map on the gas station wall that tells us Willow Springs Road, which we just passed, becomes Willow Flats after it enters

Arches National Park a few miles in, so off we go to back-track our way into the trail we'd postponed this morning. We figured that the rock steps at the other end couldn't be that bad going down. Oh, the boundless optimism of the no-longer-young !

Although a "road", Willow Springs is more of a trail and in places, merely a suggestion, with steep rocky outcrops, deep sand, washes, and grooved rock that feels a bit like a metal grated bridge under our tires. Still, it isn't bad traveling and the views out over the valleys with the Park off in the distance, are more than adequate recompense for the effort.

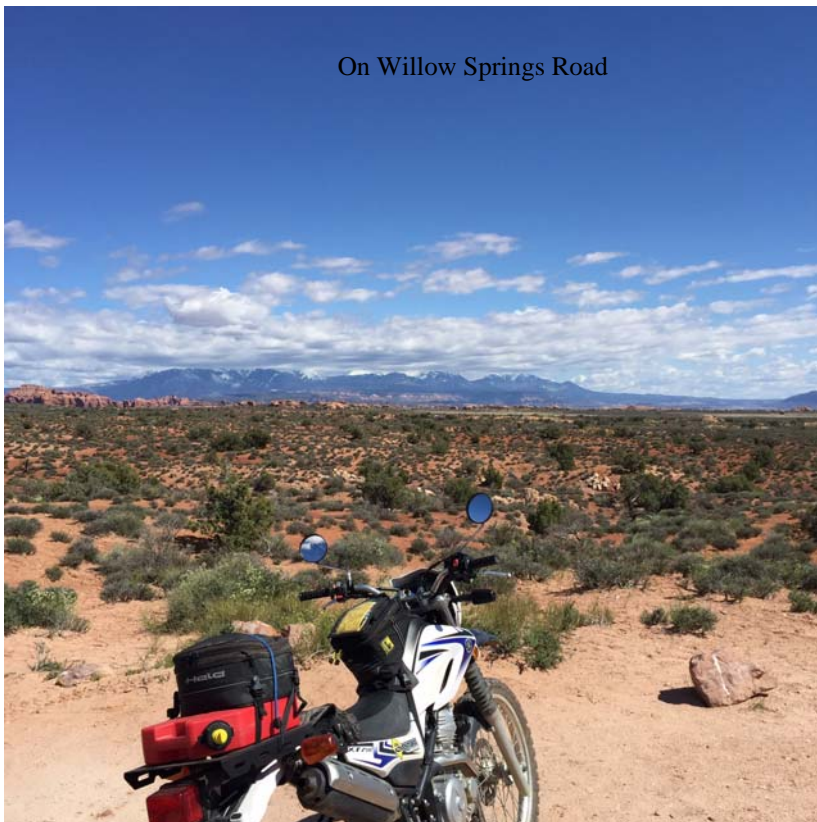
At a sort of intersection, a crude signpost tells us that we are 1.8 miles from Balanced Rock, inside the park with Willow Flats now breaking off to our left, 10 miles to Salt Valley

The beginnings of Willow Springs Road



of deep sand, washes, punctuated by rocky bluffs to climb and descend. The further we go, the worse it gets until by the time we're about 2 miles from the end, we are faced with a series of long uphill rock faces with sequential ragged stone steps and loose rock just for spice. Our legs are in fully cooked noodle mode, it's hot out here and we are wondering just why we thought this would be a good idea. The last ascent is about 30 degrees up the

On Willow Springs Road



Road. Figuring that it hasn't been onerous up till now, we detour off to pick up the trail we'd abandoned this morning. Like a classic Bait and Switch scam, the trail soon becomes long stretches

slope and so tall we can't see the top. Neither of us has the strength left to climb it on foot to see where it goes, so the little XT's are again dispatched into the breach, carrying their bur-

Willow Springs Road



dinner and an early bed.

Breakfast at the Moab Grill, then we set off to the Potash Trail, down

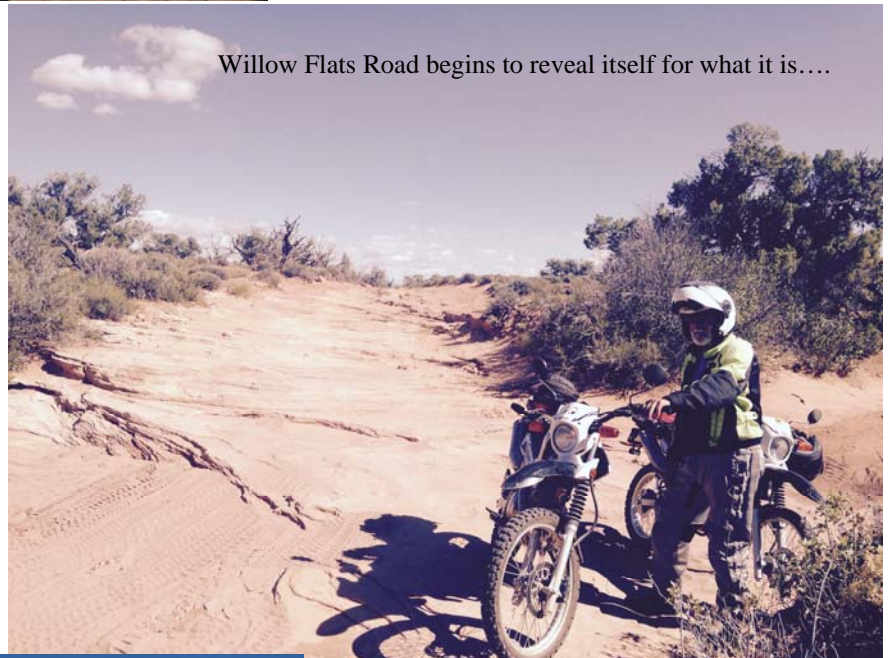
thought from the map and the road sign would be a town of Potash. This road follows a river, on the left, deep in shade at this early hour, but already there are climbers setting up for a day on the vertical red rock faces that are just starting to get sunlight to our right.

Instead of a town it is a factory for the extraction and processing of potash, with no other signs of civilization. The pavement ends, the dirt road goes uphill and then through a bit more industrial de-

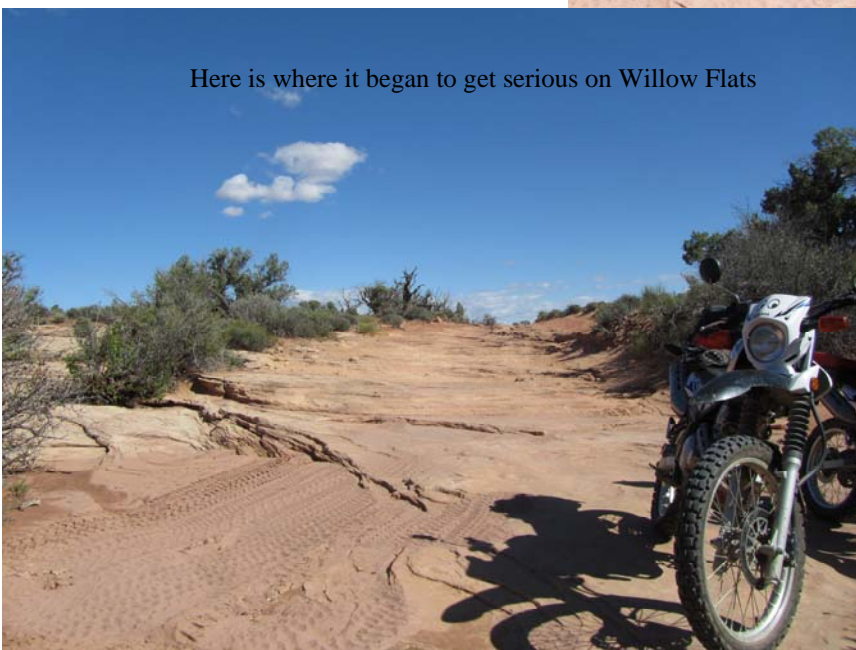
dens to the unknown. Through the bikes' capability, with little of ours left to help, we make it to the top and stand gobsmacked looking around at the valleys and peaks spreading off in the distance as far as we can see. The sun is low in the sky behind us, with long shadows adding depth to the colors. Suddenly we aren't quite so tired. This is worth it. Descending the steps that looked so high this morning is an easy task and soon we are back in Arches NP and heading for

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Willow Flats Road begins to reveal itself for what it is....



Here is where it began to get serious on Willow Flats



miles of pavement to what I

velopment with the blue-dyed potash leach beds, then off into the canyons. Again we are surrounded by red rocks, the scenery from every western movie, on what becomes some "road" some trail. We skirt around the Colorado River again, high on a bluff overlooking the water as it continues to carve this canyon. The trail goes down to the valley floor where it enters Canyonland National Park after a few miles. Here inside the park, the

land seems dryer, more rocky, and the cliffs get higher above us. The trail comes up to a "T" with the left branch going to the White Rim, a 100 mile trail around the perimeter of the Park, and the right side goes to the "Island in the Sky" visitor center

a couple feet to the right of my tires, before dropping hundreds, then as we keep switching back, thousands of feet to the valley floor. I am immensely relieved when we reach the top and can make the turn onto pavement leading to the visitor center. As

name. While they are amazing to look at from up here on the plateau, we now know that the real jaw-dropping views are off road, down in the rifts themselves. So, we leave the park and, following one of the ranger's suggestions, find Long Canyon Road that leads us past Dead Horse Point state park and into the long canyon (hence the name) between the two national parks and eventually back into Moab.

It was only mid day, so we struck out to Sand Flats recreation area, which required a \$2.00 entry fee. The first few miles of Sand Flats Road went through the Slickrock and Porcupine Rim trail areas, but then left the commercialized places and started up and across the ridges leading to the Manti-LaSalle mountains. These are the snow covered peaks we have



Near the top

for the Park. We go right, following the dirt road across valley floor, heading toward what seems to be a sheer cliff face. I assume the road will go through an opening in the face, but no, it begins switchbacks climbing the vertical wall of the cliff on a path precariously carved into the rock. I've seen those you-tube videos of the crazy canyon road in South America ...now it appears that I'm on its twin. In my youth, I had very little fear of heights, often to my mother's and later Brenda's chagrin. Both would be pleased, in an "I told you so" way to know of the terror I now feel trying not to look over the edge that is right there,

we are perusing the exhibits, the ranger manning the gift shop asks what we're riding and then suggests some roads for us to try later in our trip.

Canyonland, like Arches, has a few paved roads leading spoke-like from the visitor center to dead ends at the various canyons that give the park its



Near Moab

seen in the distance from nearly anywhere in the Moab area. We soon discover why it's called Sand Flats, when we run into deep sand areas that have us wal-

lowing our bikes as if in water. We have gained a lot of elevation and the air is getting colder by the minute. Off to the right, I can see the whole valley, containing Moab, spread out below us. When finally the trail dead ends into a paved road, the peaks of the LaSalles are right in front

of us, high and seemingly close enough to touch but in reality still miles away. We choose to go right, for no particular reason, and start immediately down the mountain on a roughly paved road just perfect for the 250's. Eventually, as the sun is beginning to dip behind the rim to the

west, we found ourselves on Spanish Valley road, the path of the original "road" into what is now Moab.

To be continued.....

Bluegrass Voyager

Another member is out on an adventure. Todd Fuller has started a 60 day journey that will take him across the USA and lower Canada. He will be keeping us informed of his trip via a blog, twitter and instagram. You can follow Todd at the links below. Good Luck Todd and be safe!

Blog:

<http://bluegrassvoyager.wix.com/bluegrassvoyager>

Instagram:

@Bluegrassvoyager

Twitter:

@Blugrassvoyager

He will be most active on Instagram.



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1973 Suzuki 500GT (two stroke) "project bike". FREE!

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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



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Streetwise By Malcolm Newell
The Bart Markel Story By Joe Scalzo
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Yesterday's Motorcycles By Karolevitz
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Investment Biker By Jim Rogers
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Bitten by the Bullet By Steve Krzystyniak & Karen Goa
Cafe Racers of the 1960's By Mick Walker
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The Perfect Vehicle By Melissa Pierson
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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



New Mexico 2008

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

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



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

1999 R1100 S

65,452 miles

\$4,650 obo

Paul Elwyn
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
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