

October 2015

Apex

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc. Lexington, Kentucky
MOA #148 RA #49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>

Test Ride—anyone?
Courtesy of BMW of Louisville



Perfect riding weather

By Jeff Crabb

I'm not complaining, really. We've gone from excess heat with uncomfortable riding to perfect riding weather. It's all relative, but I love it when it's 60 degrees in the fall with typically dry weather.

Riding a couple of weekends ago, it was to be enjoyed. The air was crisp and clear with the perfect temperature. We rode in a familiar area, but we were lucky enough to experience a

new road. I don't know how we've ever missed it, but instead of turning I stayed on a road until it ended. I had intended on making it home early, but it was hard to stop doing something so enjoyable.

This month John writes about riding Rt. 57. If you've never experienced this route, you need to. It goes from a divided painted highway down to something barely of two cars width

back to a full size highway. It is a challenge to follow, with all of the turns, but it is well worth it.

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

Thanks



2015 Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

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Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49

Jeff Crabb, *Editor* jdcrabb@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





9/21/85

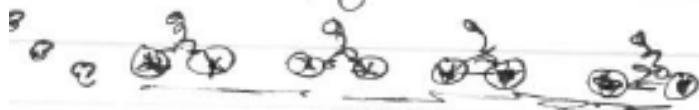
Boone

Another super Saturday morning! Warming up some but gorgeous weather - we have had about 10 days of great weather -

Here's the group for today:

- * ①. John Rice
- * ②. Neo Rice
- * ③. Lowell Roark (his generator light went so off)
- * ④. Barne Sutherland
- * ⑤. Paul Elwyn
- * ⑥. Chester Martin (on the bumper!)
- * ⑦. Ben Parker
- * ⑧. Harold Downing (1974 R90/6 from Lexington)
- * ⑨. Chuck Briffier
- * ⑩. John Oxford
- * ⑪. Bill Bonules
- * ⑫. Dallas Anderson
- * ⑬. Randy Scott
- * ⑭. Paul Wells
- * ⑮. Jack McDonald (an oncologist from UK riding an R65)

Big turnout today!! Funny looking bikes all over the lot ~~off~~. They are going to have to rope off the whole bay window area for us!! What a day for a ride somewhere - anywhere!



Wednesday

By John Rice

It was an ordinary Wednesday, in one sense, in that September days often are this perfect. I recalled that when I was working full time, I would see these days go by through a window of an office or a courtroom or the windshield of my truck as I hurried between those places and how I wished I could just take the day off and go somewhere on a motorcycle. So when I looked out the window of my house on this particular Wednesday, at the ordinarily perfect September day that was presenting itself, I scratched everything off my to-do list and went out to the garage where the dusty F700 waited patiently.

Some of the best motorcycle trips have no destination and so this one proceeded with the first choice being left or right out of the driveway. I went left.

The morning air was cool, with just a touch of sharpness, flowing through my well-worn mesh jacket and open face

shield, the sun just high enough to not be directly in my eyes heading east. It is cliché to talk about the soft golden light of these fall days, but I don't know what else to call it. A light that almost has physical texture. Artists travel halfway around the world to get the best light for painting or photography, they chuck it all and move to Paris for the light that falls on the banks of the Seine at certain times of the day. I have none of those skills of discernment, but I do know a perfect motorcycling day in Kentucky when I see one and this was it.

Rt. 627 north follows a ridge bordered on both sides by farm-

land. It is said that one of these farms has a camel in residence, but the humped one made no appearance on this day, probably off pining for a less perfect day in the desert. A right turn at the flashing caution light picks up Rt. 57 which makes a diagonal path northeast...apparently a direction no one else wanted to go, so I had the road all to myself. Norman Rockwell must have made this same trip at one point, for the farmers in their honey colored fields, the shadows of morning coming from the freshly stacked rolls of hay, the cattle slowly swishing the flies from their backs, all looked like his Saturday Evening Post covers. I



waved at men high up in the cabs of bright green John Deere tractors, busily doing what needed to be done to keep all of us fed. Sunlight filtered down through the canopy of trees, along with the occasional harbinger leaf, making the road appear to shimmer like water as it twisted gently around the fences and farmhouses. Inside my helmet I'm telling myself to remember this, hold this day in the mind even when the mind begins to disappear as it inevitably will, so that

there is an anchor in there for this good feeling.

I followed 57 until it joined a larger road near Maysville, as all country roads must do eventually if they don't end in someone's front yard. Looking at a map seemed like a betrayal of this unscheduled day, so the 700 and I wandered around aimlessly, taking the "wonder where that road goes"" method to turn off on side channels, exploring pavement that had been laid down because someone needed to go this way

at some point in history, though the reason seems to have been lost by now with only this asphalt habit remaining. Then in mid afternoon, the phone dinged while I gassed up at a country market and familial duty called me back to the "real" world, letting me know that there are important things to be done for others that must take precedence over just enjoying a perfect day. A balance, the Yin and the Yang I think, that needs to be there in life.



BMW of Louisville brought some rides down to our rally for everyone to enjoy



New Ride! - Jeanne Zibell with her new R1200R



New Ride ! - David Griffiths with his
just purchased 2014 R1200GS

Random Motorcycle Thoughts by John Rice

There is something about a motorcycle seat that is irresistible to cats, small children and me.

Motorcycles are mechanical objects, a compilation of inanimate parts that cannot have a personality or a "soul"....but some do.

There is a huge difference between getting somewhere and travel. And an equally large difference between travel by motorcycle and any other means.

Some of us like to ride alone, some with just one other person and some in large groups.

Soft golden fall days should not be wasted in productive activity.

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds", said philosopher Emerson. This can be used to explain why burning fossil fuels is OK when done to propel a motorcycle down a twisty country road.

Interstate Highways are good for when it's pouring rain for a whole day or dark or on a tight time schedule. Otherwise, they are soul-sucking, mind-numbing wastes of miles.

No one really knows why some humans just have to ride motorcycles. We just do.

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

Club E-mail Group

Have you joined?

To subscribe send an e-mail to

Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

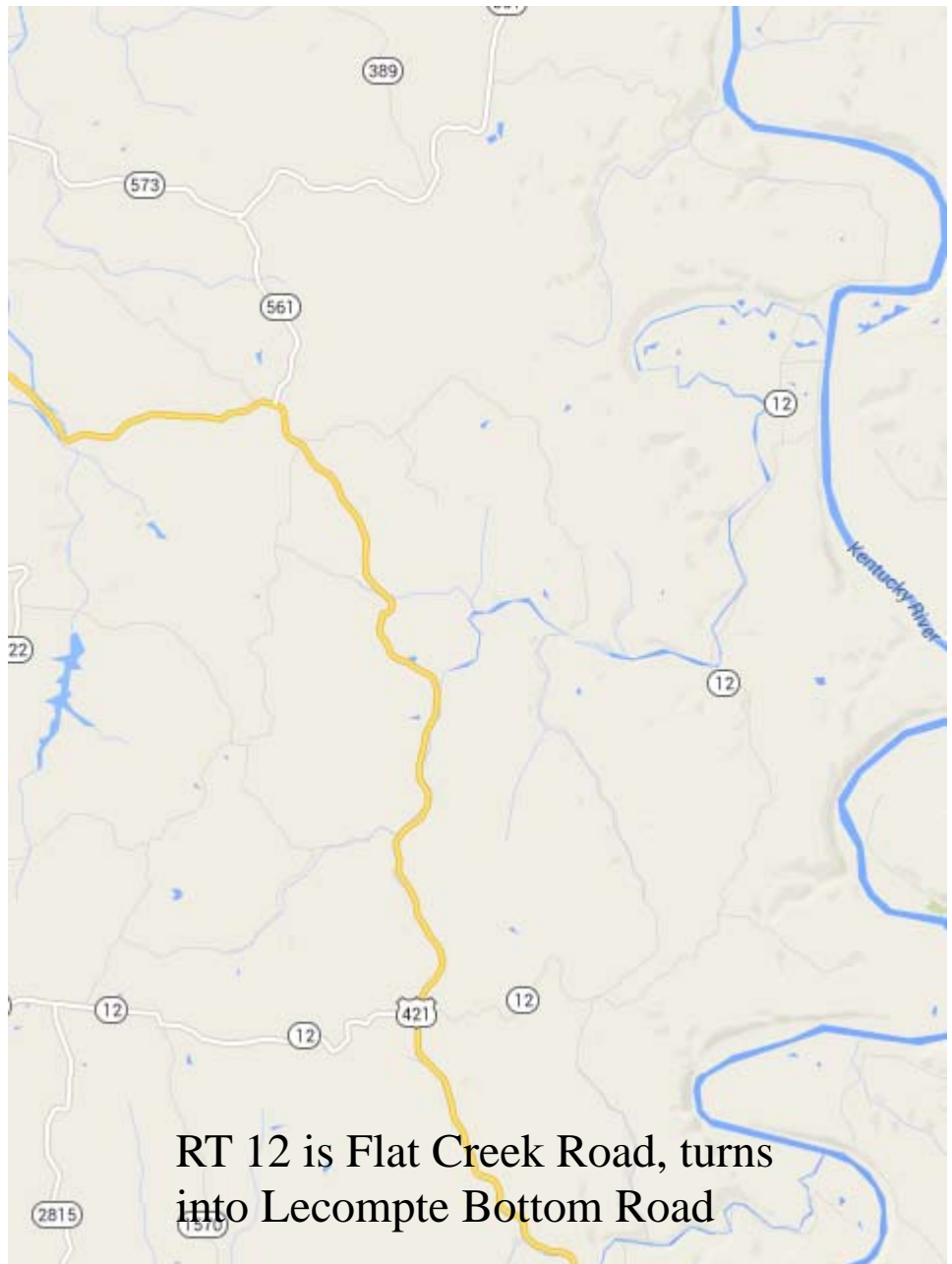
The Legend That is the Big Blue Road

By Jeff Crabb

This little adventure occurred about four years ago, so don't be surprised if a fact check doesn't come back in my favor – I've had at least one head trauma since then. That's my excuse and I'm sticking with it.

It started out as a "normal" Sunday ride. There were four of us on the road at 7am headed for the Cracker Barrel in Frankfort. Hubert, Joe, Ray and I were set to explore the back roads of Franklin, Shelby and any other county we came in contact with that day, as soon as we polished off breakfast. Hubert was on his "first" Suzuki bandit, Ray and Joe on GS's and I'm on my R80ST. No set route, just some friends taking turns leading the pack. The only timetable set on a Sunday was to be back home for lunch. Whether that was 11 or 2 didn't matter. This particular Sunday we set out for the west side of the Kentucky River, headed up US421 until someone spotted a road that looked interesting enough to follow. It took a little less than an hour to find state route 12.

Route 12 crosses US421 heading in an easterly direction. I know where US421 goes and lead the pack across US421 and into the unknown on route 12. I only get to lead the four of us into the great unknown for about 2 miles before the pavement turns to gravel. We all stop and without dismounting we gesture



to the person with a GPS. We get the news that this road isn't a dead end but leads somewhere that is more favorable than turning around. This is our first hint of trouble but we don't know it yet.

We continue down the road with Hubert leading, followed by

me and the two GS's. Due to the wonderful road conditions, we start to get separated about 500 yards into our trek. I look up ahead to find a switchback going to our left with a dirt road intersecting in the bend. The switchback transitioned immediately into a steep climb. The left

side of the road was non-existent, which meant I was paying zero attention to it and my mirrors, concentrating instead on staying upright and going forward at all times. Sideways or backwards were definitely not options. Speed was just above stopping.

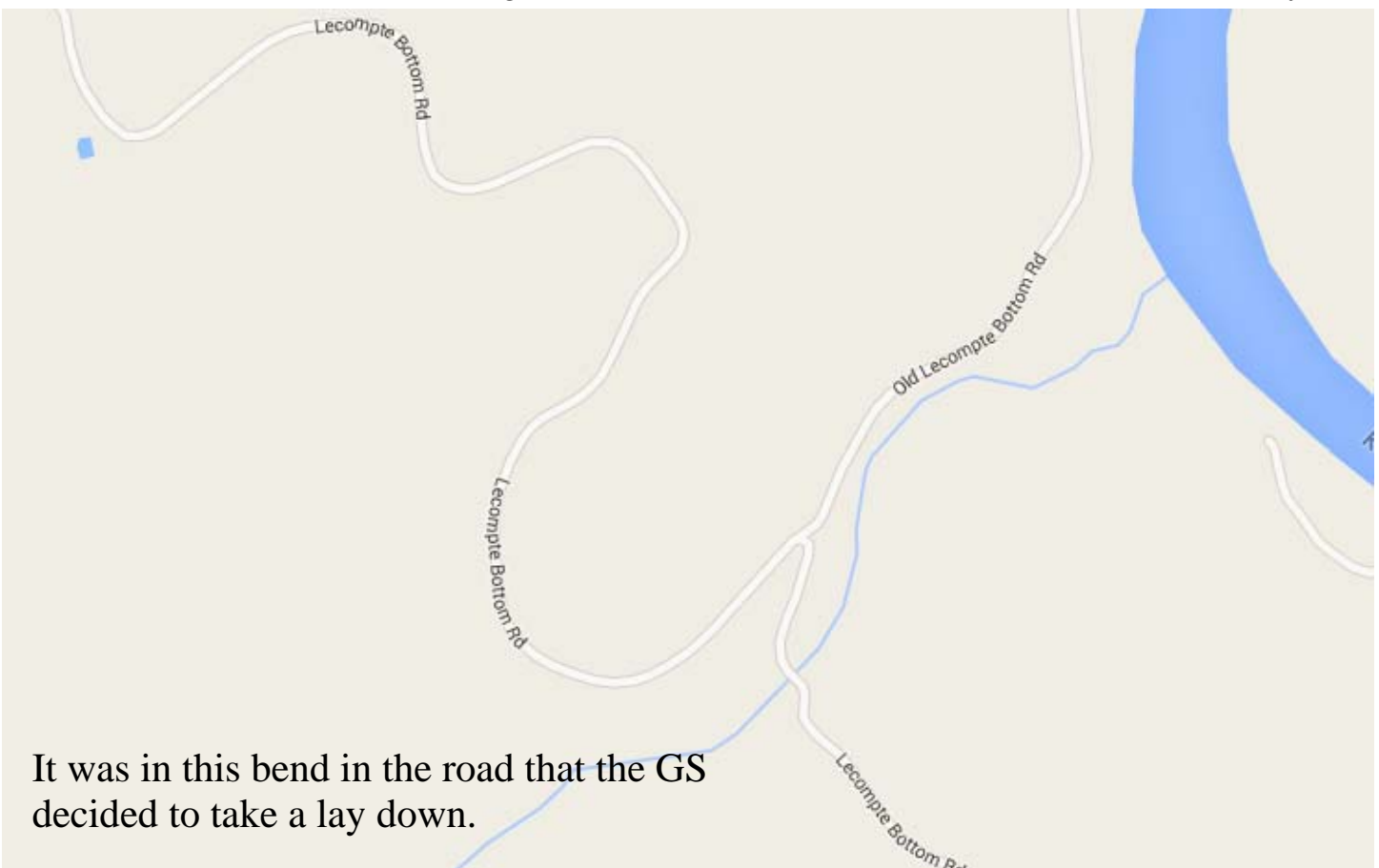
While the actual climb was probably only five minutes, it seemed like forever to me. By the time I crested the hill there was no Bandit in front of me and no GS's behind me. I went on for a few hundred more yards, then decided I'd wait for last of the pack to catch up. Second hint of trouble....they never appeared.

It took only a 15 point turn around on the one-lane gravel road so I could travel back to the top of the hill. Looking down, I saw one of the GS's had decided

to take a nap on its left side just after the corner of the switchback. I didn't blame it as it appeared to have gotten stuck in a tire rut closest to the edge and decided that lying down was easier than trying to get out of the mess by itself. I had taken the ride up, so the GS's idea of lying down in the middle of the woods, in the shade, seemed like something I wished I had thought of. It would have allowed time to grasp heading up a steep gravel road. The only thing worse than the treacherous climb up that lasted forever....was a quick descent of the same route. Since the GS was going to be stubborn, I steeled my nerves and headed back down with the added stress of having to maneuver around the napping bike.

I got back to the bottom of the

switchback, passed the GS's and slowly turned around. My ST has a spring loaded kickstand, so I carefully set the kickstand down and hoped for the best. Once assured that no one had been hurt in the lay down, I again asked about this road we were heading to. The GPS clearly showed there was a "nice curvy blue" road ahead, I was told. Mmm, blue. Before picking up the GS, I asked to see proof of this curvy blue road. This would determine which way the GS would be pointed if we were able to raise it and allow me to catch my breath. In my limited exposure to GPS's I'd never seen a road indicated in the color of blue. Come to find out, I still haven't seen a road indicated in the color of blue as the curvy blue road we were headed towards was actually the



Kentucky River. Was this the last hint of trouble for the day? Not quite.

Onto the biggest task currently at hand, getting the GS up. We started lightening the load by removing the right saddle bag. We were trying to figure out how the three of us were going to lift the bike that looked extremely comfortable where it laid. Ah....just when we needed it, there appeared from the dirt road a nice fellow in a pickup truck, headed into town from camping on the river to mow his yard.

We were in luck! Certainly a pickup truck would carry rope and the answer was yes when we asked. What appeared from the truck bed was not rope of the sort needed to get the GS upright, but rather that which we

could hang our clothes on to dry out once we'd righted the GS ourselves. It was a thin line we walked on, not wanting to insult the gentleman's attempt to help while continuing to look for something stronger. A few straps were found in the saddlebag and would have to do in place of anything better.

Looking back up the hill, I noticed Hubert had appeared and waved him off from coming down, confident three guys could lift the GS without making matters worse. We attached the straps to the GS's frame. After some pulling, tugging and sliding back down the hill about a foot, the GS was back on two wheels. We wiped our brows, managed not to use the rope for it's true purpose, got geared

back up and thanked the nice fellow for giving us a hand. I'm not sure he needed any thanks, he walked away with quite a campfire story, enjoying our predicament far more than we did.

I headed back up the hill, again ignoring the steep drop off, going forward and straight at all times. This time the GS's made it up right behind me. After catching up with Hubert, it was only a couple of miles before the pavement returned, though it felt more like fifteen. We headed home from there, knowing trouble found us but we had escaped with our lives, bikes intact, and a story that would be funny one day in the future, about heading toward a big blue road that we really didn't want to reach.

Top 10 Reasons to Avoid The Big Blue Road

- # 10. Damn dams.
- # 9. Really long waits at the locks.
- # 8. Class 5 rapids are impossible on a Beemer.
- # 7. Alligators are more prevalent than on black roads.
- # 6. Waterfalls are tricky to navigate.
- # 5. Barges don't often see motorcycles.
- # 4. Switchbacks are everywhere.
- # 3. Road signs are non-existent.
- # 2. Gas is a little watered down.
- # 1. No burger joints, only sushi.

Beemers in the Bluegrass 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
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

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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OUR MOVE.
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TURN.**

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The KICKSTAND's ANNUAL MILEAGE CONTEST



SIGN-UP OR CHECK-IN TODAY!



It's simple to enter our Annual Mileage Contest. While the contest officially runs October to October, you can join at any time. Just stop by *The* KICKSTAND, fill out a form and have your odometer read. Return any time the next October to have your odometer verified again. The three people who have ridden the most miles during that 12 month period will receive 1st, 2nd & 3rd place trophies and their names will be engraved on the annual mileage contest winners' plaque, which is kept on display in the store. The other riders, who start and finish the contest, will each receive an annual mileage contest certificate.

The winners will be notified by phone and the trophies and the certificates may be picked up at *The* KICKSTAND.

If you've got any questions, just contact the store. Let's ride!

The KICKSTAND 500 East Main Street Burgin, KY
859.748.5425 SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com