

August 2015

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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





# Is it hot enough??

By Jeff Crabb



With the amount of rain we had in the spring and early summer, one may have thought it would be wet all summer. Oh no, it's September, grass is dying and there are only a few comfortable hours a day to get in your riding time.

Most of my riding these days is confined to early Sunday mornings—back home by noon, having traveled 70-90 miles aver-

age. Exploring new nooks and crannies of the surrounding counties.

With a new job and not much built up vacation time, this is my escape.

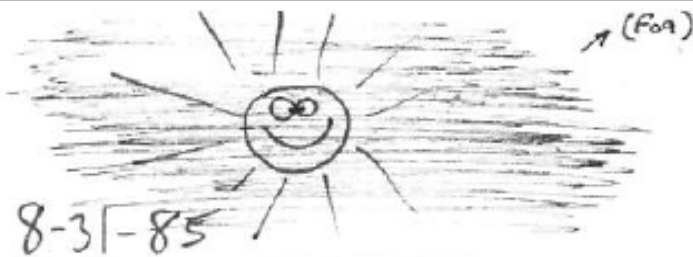
My plan is to put some of these adventures into this newsletter, just got to find the time.

Not sure if I'll get the facts straight, since time has the habit of plugging holes in your mem-

ory. I'm sure some will not believe some of the situations we find ourselves in. Others will just say, yeah that happens....

Please send all of your contributions to  
[apex@bluegrassbeemers.org](mailto:apex@bluegrassbeemers.org).

Thanks



*Boone*

John & Nico Rice opened the Frisch's doors this morning. Labor Day weekend may be unusually pleasant (high 80°) despite crazy weather from Elana.

Cover photo:

Paul Elwyn has a new ride.

2015 Yamaha Super Tenere

**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 IV

By John Rice

*(When last we heard from our geriatric off-roaders, they were feeding themselves at the Broken Oar, to replace calories expended on the Chicken Corners Trail.)*

By this time in the trip, we had learned that fatigue is cumulative and it had finally become clear to us that we no longer were young men with the recuperative powers that we took for granted back when we were so. For our last day on the bikes in this marvelous landscape, we chose what looked like an easier set of trails, The Pole Rim up on Rt. 128 northeast of Moab. The paved road through the canyon leading to the trail was worth the trip, with red cliffs and cowboy-movie desert and sage brush leading off into the distance. We passed by a ranch house that locals had told us was used in several John Wayne pictures, though the Duke or his ghost failed to make an appearance for us. The Pole Rim trail starts at the campground by the Dewey Bridges, a pair of bridges representing two widely spaced eras in the history of the west. The original bridge, now unused on a

dirt road off to the side of the new highway, is made of wood

This trail starts innocently enough, up a series of dirt



Sand Flats Road, heading down

and looks like a wagon and team of horses would be about all it could handle. The new one, actually not even noticeable except from the side, continues the concrete highway seamlessly across the arroyo without any fanfare. A campground is located at the old bridge site, where lots of folks were unloading 4-wheelers and buggies for a day in the dirt. We seemed to be the only two-wheelers in the place.

switchbacks ascending into the hills above the valley. Then it goes all rocky on us, leading off in several directions at once, with big rocks and ledges spaced just widely enough to require a lot of knee and upper body action to make any progress. After about an hour, we were spent. From one rise we could see that the trail continued like this over the next few hills, with no end in sight. If we've learned anything from our long time on this

## Beemers in the Bluegrass Mini Rally

### September 11th-13th, 2015



planet, it's when to let it go. In the heat of a Utah summer, two old men should let "discretion be the better part of valor" and head back to the road while we still can. There are lots of other great

were met with a young man coming out of the woods, asking us if we had seen his parrot. Now there's a conversation starter you don't hear every day. Seems that the bird had flown

(no pun intended) he had made, so we could identify this particular critter....as if other parrots were thick in the trees here in Utah....and we took his number assuring him that we would call if we found the missing bird. We did cast an eye up in the trees, best we could, as we rode along, but keeping the bikes on the pavement in these mountain roads took first priority, and unfortunately, we didn't spot the feathered escapee.

At the top of the mountain, we located the terminus of the Sand Flats Road that we had taken in the opposite direction earlier in the trip and started our descent back into the valley. As is often the case, taking the same road the other way opens up a new perspective. Now we could see the valleys spread out below us as we descended and the sand flats that we hit on acceleration before now were taken on trailing throttle, sucking the front wheels into the deep stuff. Even



The place for Breakfast in Moab

places to see here.

There is a turnoff from 128 that leads north to the top of the La-Sal mountains, a curvy road just perfect for our dual-sport bikes. Lots of bends, but tight curves with pavement that would discourage speed on most street bikes, present no problem for the well-sprung 250's. Today was a charity bicycle ride on these roads, so lots of very fit people (and some who were in various stages of trying to become more so...Spandex is not always pretty) huffing and puffing up the steep mountains. More than once we heard the offer from participants to hang onto our luggage racks for a tow up the slope. We stopped once to go off and inspect some trees and

the coop, literally, and had last been spotted heading up into this forest. He showed us the flyer



that couldn't dampen the pleasure of being up here, on top of this world, seeing it all as if for the first time. From the heat of the desert below we had come up to where a cold wind was blowing through our ventilated jackets and we enjoyed the chill....knowing it wouldn't last long. All too soon we were back in the campground area outside of Moab, surrounded by the various iterations of tall 4-wheeled ATV's that seem to be from a future-set science fiction movie, piloted by young people in cut-offs who had not yet heard of the new invention, "the helmet".

With only a turn onto a street from the campground dirt road, suddenly we were back in the city of Moab, as if teleported there. We cruised the main drag

again, looking for our late afternoon pie break and found it at the Moab Grill, an old-style ice cream shop converted from its former curb service past to a sit-down-and-overeat restaurant....just our type.

All good things must come to an end, or so I'm told, which had us packing up the next morning to head back east to the real world. I like living in the real world, for the most part, but it is very difficult to leave the adventure-riders fantasyland of Moab.



Telluride, CO



Downtown Telluride, CO

Our last breakfast here in dirt-rider heaven was at Eklektika, a restaurant at the northern edge of town where all the former hippies of the 60's had gone to roost. There was an old VW camper bus parked at the curb....and it wasn't just there for decoration. Inside the tiny place women of various ages, but dressed in the style of Summer of Love's free thinkers, served eclectic breakfast items including the best granola and yogurt bowl I've ever had in a restaurant. All of this with great good humor and style. I'd say it's worth going to Moab just for breakfast there, but you might want to do some of the other stuff the area has to offer as well.

Having explored just about every road north of town, we





Jay is thinking "nice dog"... the wolf is thinking "smells like lunch".....

taken in a pickup truck, one comes to the dead end at the top of a mountain where Telluride sits in a cul-de-sac, looking like the perfect picture-postcard western town. It doesn't take long to cruise the few streets and find an open restaurant on an early Sunday morning, located in an old wooden building on the main drag. Inside are wonderful smells, emanating from the well stocked pastry case and (of course) multiple kinds of coffee being

headed south to go home, with a stop in Telluride, Colorado as a diversion. This small city has had a mythic reputation as a special place, the highest town in the US (in more than just the geographic sense...remember the

old Eagle's song Smuggler's Blues "we'll hide it up in Telluride, just the way we planned" ) On other trips I had missed going there so this time we would make it happen. After a great motorcycle road, unfortunately

dispensed by earnest looking young people in hiking garb, as if they had just come in off the trail long enough to serve breakfast to us slackers. We sat outside on a bench where we soon were joined by a local dog, inter-

## Calendar

September 11th-13th—Beemers in the Bluegrass

September 18th-20th—Trail of Tears Rally, Jonesboro, IL

September 19th—Bikes, Blues & BBQ, The Kickstand, Burgin, KY

September 25th-27th-Hoosier Beemer Rally, North Vernon, IN

ested in crumbs. Off to our right, in the little courtyard beside the restaurant, one of the locals had tethered his or her "dog" to another bench. This huge animal looked far more like a wolf than a dog, but seemed to want to be petted rather than to devour us for breakfast...or perhaps that was just a ploy to get us close enough for the kill. At the end of town, the mountain rises impossibly high above us, with a thin dirt road snaking up its side. We ran into a Canadian couple, newly retired, staring up at the vista. They told us they had started off on a round-the-US tour to make up for time spent working and didn't plan to return home for months.

Reluctantly, we left Telluride, having decided that the housing and other living costs there

would limit our stay to about three weeks before our retirement savings ran out and starvation set in, heading east, stopping for the night in Gunnison. After securing a motel room with a Russian landlady, we wandered around the town and selected the Twisted Fork restaurant for Asian Fusion food. We parked the truck in front and went in, to be greeted by the tall young woman at the door saying "Cool bikes !". Turns out that she had just acquired a Suzuki DR 200 and was planning some dual sport traveling, but wondered if she had gone too small in her choice. We assured her that small bikes like these could go anywhere and mentioned that she should read Lois Pryce's accounts. She had heard of Lois, but hadn't yet read the books. It

just so happened that one of our breakfast guys had returned "Lois on the Loose" to me at our departure on this trip, so I went out to the truck and brought it in to give it to her. Later we saw her thumbing through it while waiting for the next customers to arrive. I hope it inspired her to go traveling.

The rest of the trip home was just an interstate drone, except for the Blind Tiger brewery in Topeka, the lady who knocked on our motel room door at 2 AM and the old man's museum in his restaurant, containing memorabilia from nearly 100 years on the prairie, but those are stories for another day. I'm tired and going to bed.

## For Sale



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41,929 Miles, Garage Kept

Tires are good, All Functions Work

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\$2,800

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# THE TORCH IS PASSED TO A NEW GENERATION

By John Rice

There is that moment in time when the change happens, when what was is now different and the future starts. We've all had that moment, in many different contexts, throughout our lives.

down river, into the old river town of Aberdeen and up to Ripley, where we got on 62 in the rain. Ian, in new rain gear, seemed dry enough in the car. A pie stop was needed at Paxton's

from the past as a sort of prelude to the vintage era he would enter at VMD. Our room was on the fourth floor, obviously remodeled from two previous rooms of the old-style hotel, so that it could have its own bathroom and accommodate two beds.

Dinner was had in the authentically restored hotel dining room, with its echoes of past elegance, looking out the grand windows to the rainy city sidewalks that once would have been teeming with people in early 20th century fashions.

After breakfast at the hotel, we loaded up the rig in unaccustomed sunshine and started north on back roads to Pickerington where we would visit the AMA museum and meet up with my nephew Paul Rice who was riding up from Ashland to join us. While at the museum I signed



Heading out

Sometimes we're the future that is starting and sometimes we are the past that is setting the future on its way.

Wednesday, July 8th, 2015 was one of those days. I picked up grandson Ian with the sidecar rig, heading out for his first Vintage Motorcycle Days experience. I wanted to make it a series of short days for him, so we started on a Wednesday for a Friday event, moseying up to Maysville at a leisurely pace (the sidecar's natural way) crossing the river into Ohio on the old bridge, not the new one farther

Bainbridge ("Home of the Ohio Dental Museum") where the rig sat resolutely waiting in the rain outside.

Our destination for the night was Shaw's Inn, an old restored hotel in Lancaster Ohio, so that Ian could have the experience





Ian up for his AMA membership.

The museum exhibits are a bit dry, mostly shiny machines from a past Ian doesn't yet know, but one bike caught our eye. The "Terminator Bike", a lightweight dual-sport dressed up in California Highway Patrol livery to fool the viewer into thinking that Arnold was jumping a full-dress police bike off the high wall into the dry canal. The pilot of that bike was not the pumped up bodybuilder turned actor, but instead the slender trials rider turned stuntwoman, Debbie Evans, someone Ian knows from her trials exploits (and who, with her husband Lane Leavitt, once shared lunch with me in my van at a national trials event in Alabama....I doubt they remember it, but I'll never forget.) Ian also took in the various Bultacos that have made motorcycling history. It is easy to see in this exhibit, where various eras of machinery are side by side, how brilliant was the elegant sense of style and purpose Sr. Bulto brought to his products. He was, in design terms, the Steve Jobs of motorcycles.

We took more back roads north, in keeping with the side-car rig's moderate pace, stopping for a rainy lunch in Granville, Ohio, a picture-postcard small college town with an abundance of outdoor dining opportunities...perhaps not the best venue in the light rain, but better than three people in soggy rain gear squeezing into a restaurant with dry non-riding civilians.



Paul and I in our previous excursions had always reached Mansfield too late to go to the track on Thursday, always hearing from others that "the good deals" were to be had then as the vendors and swap meet participants were just setting up. This time we were here early enough and so headed to the track. Our tickets were at the "will call"

building, providing us a good excuse to go.

Will call was closed, the gate locked, so we went down to the Ross Road entrance where I used to go when I was riding the trials events. There an official stopped our entry, asking for tickets which of course, we did not yet have. I have been accustomed to officials at this track being rather





rude and unhelpful in the past, but when we explained to this one that the young fellow in the

"don't know what's going to happen, but let's give it a try" moment. To my surprise (and relief)

the rig just went where it was pointed without drama, as if this was a normal procedure.

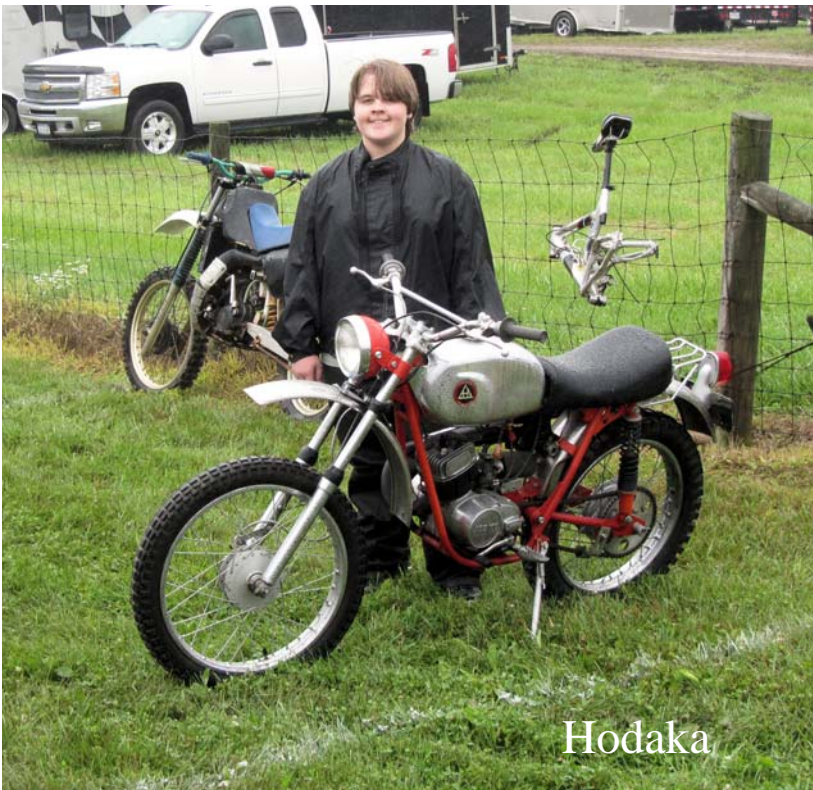
That night we made the typical walk around the parking lot at

heads to the most modern technology-filled models.

Friday morning, Ian climbed in the sidecar and we headed for the track in the morning sun, still damp from last night's rain. As many times as I've been here, there still is that thrill of coming up over the hill and seeing the track compound, trucks everywhere shining in the rising sun and hearing the sounds of dozens of old motorcycles starting up all over the park.

The swap meet area still was a swamp, but drying out slowly, allowing us to meander the aisles as people were opening up the stalls, shaking off the rain from tarps and wiping down the offerings. Today was a search for Hodaka parts, bits needed to resurrect Ian's Wombat from its long sleep. As we have discussed, "all it needs is everything" so any parts are fair game. We spotted a decent gas tank quickly, a rare find, and after some deliberation between two choices, picked the better one with petcocks installed, but without a cap. I had walked away from a similar item at another swap meet, intending to return to get it if nothing better showed up, only to find it gone when I came back. I couldn't let that happen again!

In the early years of this event, much of what was on offer had to do with British and European bikes, but that seems to have run its course. Now most of the stuff for sale is for late 70's and 80's era Japanese machines and of course some Harley parts. A good trend is the increased num-



Hodaka

sidecar was on his first Vintage Days trip, suddenly the facade of authority melted and the gates were opened. He radioed up to the Will Call office and smiling officials were waiting for us when we got there, tickets in hand.

The track was busy, people moving in and out of the spaces, setting up and getting ready for the grand opening on Friday. But the catch was that it was raining. Raining buckets. The swap meet area had turned to mud, churned up by many wheels, leading to the motorcycle equivalent of a greased pig wrestling contest. At one point I needed to go around a pickup truck stuck in the mud, sending the sidecar rig up out of the morass and on to a grassy bank in a

the motel, checking out who, and more importantly, what, was coming in for the weekend. At the end of the upper row of rooms, next to the Mexican restaurant, the "usual group", three or four guys who always occupy that space, were working on a flat tire on an airhead BMW, so we stopped in to watch. Though we had talked with them briefly in years past, this time we learned that several of them had been owners and/or partners in the Grassroots BMW shop in Cape Girardeau MO, including one guy who was a BMW master mechanic (and would figure in one of our misadventures later in the weekend). Among them they owned a wide variety of BMW motorcycles, from very old air-





wandered down to the pit road intersection for the traditional Italian Sausage lunch and bike traffic watching. The volume of the passing parade has diminished greatly in the last 10 years, but still there are interesting old machines to be seen along with some "what the heck were they thinking?" specials. Long cold northern winters, combined with alcohol and a welder can produce some strange machinery, and this event is just the place to bring it for the public's enjoyment.

ber (albeit still small) of young women walking the aisles in search of some bit or another, unaccompanied by male counterparts. I view this as the beginning of a more equal-opportunity experience and a better chance for keeping the old bike thing going into the next generation. While the internet has become the real venue for finding parts, there is significant educational value in walking these muddy rows, talking to people who lived the motorcycle scene in other generations, seeing the machines and handling the rusty, dirty bits, learning things that just can't come to you electronically through a screen. There is the thrill of seeing someone walking along holding up some barely recognizable piece of what the uninitiated would call "junk", smiling broadly because this is just what he or she was looking for....even if they didn't

know they were looking for it when they got here. This year that thrill was more personal for me, watching Ian as he absorbed the scene.

Some of the usual suspects were at the meet, the mid-60's Bultaco Metralla with the "All Reasonable Offers Refused" sign taped to its headlight, the "Magazine Guy" who is monetizing his version of the basement full of old motorcycle magazines most of us had at one time (he had an early issue with a test of a Wombat, for Ian's edification), the Ramp Guy, the various club-oriented booths for obscure marques and of course the SMOG (Spanish Motorcycle Owners Group) where legends of the 60's and 70's off road motorcycle scene can be found just manning the booth, selling t-shirts etc.

We met Paul Elwyn as he was parking his bike and together we

The racing pits beckoned, but our stroll there was brief since most of the garages are now empty and not much seems to be going on.

As has been the case for the last several years, there were no new product vendors in the infield, save Hannigan Trikes and Sidecars, with only the Wall of Death attraction sitting where the huge Iron Pony vendor tent once stayed. But Ian had not seen the Wall of Death, so we went in to watch the performance. The main bike in use was a flathead Indian, one that had been in continuous use for this type of event since the 40's. Ian was properly impressed as the rider soared up onto the vertical wall making the whole place shake like the wooden roller coasters of my childhood. I couldn't help thinking of the Mark Knopfler/Emmy Lou Harris song in which the singer croons, "*If you're inclined,*





had purchased one for it several years ago. When we returned to the motel and hooked up the new one....it was dead. Not just discharged, but seriously, permanently, Monty-Python-parrot dead. So Lee and Don in their Jeep took Paul and Ian to dinner while I returned to the Auto Zone, only to find that the only other example of this

*to go up on the wall, it can only be fast and high.*

*Them that don't like the danger, soon find something different to try".* An appropriate metaphor for living, I think.

We watched the road race practice for a bit, then wandered the swap meet again, hooking up with Lee Thompson and his Mississippi friend Don, who would be helping us out later when Paul's battery died at the track. The old PD, now in Paul's hands, has had a history of killing off batteries here at Mid Ohio and I guess it just couldn't resist doing it one more time. We got the bike jumpstarted

to get it to the motel, and then Paul and I took the sidecar to Mansfield to get another battery at the same Auto Zone where I

battery they had was also dead. We sourced another, different, replacement, which required some innovative strap work to





fill in the remaining space in the box, but all was well, we thought.

Then that evening, while we were standing around the bikes telling stories, the BMW master mechanic from Missouri asked me "Did they change the countershaft sprocket mounting on this model F650?" He had noticed that the large nut holding on the sprocket was missing. The threads were clean and the sprocket was still in place, suggesting that the departure had been very recent, so a small army of people searched the parking lot, to no avail. Paul walked all the way down to the Interstate, but since it was dark, no nut was found. I looked up the part specs on a BMW fiche through a dealer and got the size....an M20 x 1.5....and we went on an internet search, only to find that no hardware dealer, even the ubiquitous Fastenal, had such a device. Ever resourceful, Paul found a John Deere dealer in Wooster Ohio that had some (the parts guy there said that he had the only ones in the entire state, according to his search) and the next morning made the 40 mile run over there while Lee and Don again ferried Ian and me to the track.

In the pits at the track we ran into Steve Pieratt who was there with the Kentucky Wrecking Crew racers, while Steve was grilling lunch for the group. Since he wouldn't be using it for an hour or so, Steve loaned us his "kitchen chair sidecar rig" to take a tour of the infield. This device is the motorcycling

equivalent of a basket of puppies, being entirely too cute to stand and irresistible to any onlooker. I think we were in the running for "most photos taken in the shortest time" as we proceeded, with Ian driving, around the area. I was strongly tempted to buy one of these, until I realized that, while Steve comes to these track events all the time throughout the year, I only go to this one...and I ride a motorcycle when I come, so

transporting the little rig would





present a bit of a problem. Ian was disappointed that we weren't taking one home. He wasn't the only one. Reality can be such a buzz kill.

Back in the swap meet, Ian discovered a vendor closing out a lifetime of Hodaka parts and assisted in his efforts. We acquired a seat, rusty exhaust system and some spec sheets that

By now Paul had returned from Wooster, repaired the sidecar rig's sprocket and returned it to the track. I took Ian back to the motel and when I returned for Paul, he drove me back in the sidecar. I've put over 5,000 miles on the rig since purchasing it in late March, but I had never ridden in the car. Two things became immediately apparent:

1) the car is a bit small for someone my size, and 2) the skills in handling the rig that have taken me 5,000 miles to acquire, Paul had picked up on the way back to the track from the motel. He drove expertly, like he'd been doing this all his life, and the rig handled the two of us quite well. I was doubly impressed.

That night the three of us journeyed up to the flat track at Ashland, Ohio for the vintage races. One of the heroes of my youth, David Aldana would be competing, and I wanted Ian, who had never been to such a race, to see how it was done. These races were the highlight of the event for me for many years, but with the change from AHRMA to the hodge-podge of racing organizations that now run the show, the field was very small and the classes difficult to understand. There were some races that had only two or three participants. When it came time for Aldana's race, he ran off from the others



Swap Meet Veterans

may tell us what to look for. Ian's Hodaka has been so completely modified by the previous owners that none of this stuff may fit, and if we ever get it going again it will be a "Grandfather's Axe" sort of machine (from the old joke, "I've still got my grandfather's axe...I've replaced the head and the handle occasionally, but it's still my grandfather's axe."). The real pleasure of it all is watching Ian on the hunt and the look on his face when he finds his prey.



Flat Track



and then played it relatively safe to hold his lead. I had wanted Ian to see the long graceful 180 degree arcs of a sideways flat-tracker, rooster tail behind, at full speed that I remembered from my youth, but there were none of those in evidence here. The closest approximations were the speedway bikes that had one "exhibition" race on a track longer than their usual venue. They held the throttles pinned to the stops all the way round, spraying dirt into the spectators, much like the real flat trackers of old, but the tiny fuel tanks, set up for 1/8 mile tracks, only allowed them a few laps. Still, the whole experience was good overall and I hope Ian wants to return.

Sunday morning dawned wet and got worse from there, as we headed back over to the track. The swap meet was packing up, with soggy vendors having given up hope, but we were focused on the trials meet going on in the corner woods behind the main straight of the track. Getting the sidecar rig down there was "interesting", since the mud had now been thoroughly churned into ankle-deep slush with all the traction of axle grease on glass. Parking the rig, or rather just leaving it mired in the mud, we ventured into the woods to watch the feet-up crowd tackle the sections.

After watching a few riders going through the first section, I took advantage of a brief lull to walk Ian through it, pointing out the various obstacles and ways of handling them. The lady scoring the section asked me if I had

ridden trials and upon hearing my answer, told me that she was the widow of a guy I had ridden some with "back in the day". Their daughter, not born

yet when I was riding back then, also became a trials rider and in fact is the trials master for this event here at Mid-Ohio. I was happy to see the tradition continue in a family, but it did make me feel a bit old! I believe Ian enjoyed the trials and it put into perspective the things he had read and had been told about this curious branch of motorcycling. Until one has seen it in person, it's really hard for a non-trials rider to get his or her head wrapped around it. We talked later about the fact that both golf and trials had been invented by the Scots, two activities that indicate a national preference for doing things the hardest way possible.

We hiked in the mud back to a few more sections, but by then it was time for Paul to leave for home. Another muddy slog back to the bikes, a bit of a push to get the sidecar rig free from inertia in the slop, and we were headed back up to the track exit to see Paul off. Ian and I made another



In the infield

circuit around the track perimeter, but no racing was happening in the rain. We too made our exit, leaving Vintage Days for another year.

This event peaked in attendance and variety about 10 years ago and has diminished some every year since. But seeing it through Ian's eyes this year revived it for me, knowing that he has none of that history and is experiencing afresh what is still a great place to be for a few days each summer. To him, a young man steeped in motorcycles all his life, this event is still what it was for me all those years ago...motorcycling nirvana, the way life should be, if all was really right with the world. No politics, no conflicts, no crisis demanding attention, just motorcycles and motorcyclists everywhere, enjoying the strangest things and soaking up the ambience that happens only at events like these. We'll be back.

# 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**

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## 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







**WE'VE MADE  
OUR MOVE.  
NOW IT'S YOUR  
TURN.**

**Get one before your friends do or  
you'll be on the couch this Spring!**

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**The Ultimate  
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# *The* **KICKSTAND's** **9<sup>th</sup> Annual** **Bikes, Blues & BBQ**



## **WHEN**

**Saturday, Sept 19<sup>th</sup>, 2015**

## **WHERE**

*The* **KICKSTAND**

500 East Main Street  
Burgin, KY  
intersection of highways 33 & 152

## **FOR INFO**

859.748.5425  
SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com

## **Poker Run**

- **Registration 10:00 – 12:30**
- **Group ride leaves at 1:00**
- \$15 rider / \$5 passenger / \$5 each additional hand
- All proceeds to benefit the Mercer County Firefighters' Christmas Toy Drive
- Feel free to bring a toy to kick-off the season's drive

## **Trophies**

- Trophies for Poker Run's 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> Places & Worst Hand, Club with Most in Attendance, Long Distance Rider, Oldest Rider, Youngest Rider, Newest Rider, Bike with Highest Mileage, Oldest Bike, Bike with Fewest CCs

## **Door Prizes**

**50/50**  
**Event T-Shirts**  
**& More!**

**five below band plays 10:00 – 1:00**

**BBQ served all day at the Village Inn Restaurant**