

February 2016

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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

Photo: John Rice

## See ya at breakfast.....maybe

By Jeff Crabb

This club or the group that pre-dates this club has been meeting at Frisch's on Saturday mornings since the mid-70's. The only exception is either holidays when the restaurant is closed or for weather. This January we had such an exception on the twenty-third.

We've had Saturdays that have had a low attendance due to rallies or events that members are supporting. We've also had Saturdays where attendees number in the thirty plus.

Friday, January 22nd, had seen eight plus inches of snow falling throughout the day. Not much a chance to dig one's self out until Saturday. Not much a chance for a bike

making it in.

At least, two club members trekked to our Saturday morning meeting via four wheels, but our group breakfast wasn't to be had.

Hopefully, but doubtfully, this will be the last time, this year, weather will interfere with our Saturday.

I always have a hard time changing the date when we go to a new year. Evidence being the date on last month's Apex. I don't know if I subconsciously did that in order to relive 2015 or if my editing skills are lacking. My vote is for the editing skills. I'm sure I've missed other edits and I'll miss more to come, that is almost a guarantee.

Ads in the Apex will start ex-

piring, if I don't hear from sellers to take them down or to continue them after three months.

If you have something to sell, I can put your ad in here and on the website. I just need to know when to remove it.

This month includes Bill Denzer's part two of his western travels, a poem from Joe Bark and John Rice's story of a late December ride in eastern Kentucky.

Keep sending in your stories and pictures. Please send all of your contributions to [apex@bluegrassbeemers.org](mailto:apex@bluegrassbeemers.org).

Thanks

## 2016 BMW MOA International Rally 7/14/2016 - 7/17/2016

Location: Hamburg, New York

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.**

**Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

Jeff Crabb, *Editor* [jdcrabb@hotmail.com](mailto: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**



# An Airhead Travels West (Twice in a Week)

## Part II

By Bill Denzer aka Will E. Fienly

Back at home from the blown head plug debacle halting my effort a few days earlier to attend the Top O Rockies event, I briefly sulked and languished around the house for a couple of days. I lost motivation to attempt such a far reaching excursion so readily after having expended so much preparation and enthusiasm to make the two BMW events, the wind out of my sails! Now I'll regress into another time, another venture that I'd never quite gotten over apparently, a little dark cloud of negativity that was dogging me that needed to be exorcised if I was to point my R100 west again!

Motorcycle issues far from home and available resources to pull your bacon out of the fire result in "Severe Failure to Proceed" and "Depletion of the Wallet", This is especially true if you're a BMW enthusiast, not so with automobile and more ubiquitous marquee issues, it is difficult to conceive a repair major or minor that cannot be accomplished in short order whether you're towed to a large city or whether it's to a small 'burg, IF you are NOT riding a BMW!

Way back in 2003 I had purchased the so-called "Bullet Proof" K100RS bike with approx. 110K on the clock for 2K. Plan was to take a Pacific N/W tour by way of The 2004 Northwest Passage BMW MOA National in Spokane, a 3 wk. ex-

cursion with the Olympic Peninsula Coast of Wash. St. my furthest point west without splashing into the icy waters of the Pacific! I owned and rode this bike for approximately a year. An additional 3K of miles were tallied as I became drunk of the Flying Brick Kool-aid, made of possible folklore that the drive train on this early series of K-bikes was good for 300K and then some, with routine preventative maintenance and so forth, that friends of the marquee assured me is quite common among owners past and present of the early Ks!

Before the departure I drained all fluids and replaced those including the tranny oil, I inspected for any metal flakes indicating potential tranny failure. Noted no such metal flakes and replenish with fresh GL90W gear oil. The short version is that heading down the eastern slope of Mt. Rainier entering the 3<sup>rd</sup> leg of an otherwise uneventful trip I beginning the route leading



home, suddenly I heard a lot of slop coming off of throttle. I crept into the small town of Yakima Wa., an Indian Reservation encompassing an exchange of Interstates, for analysis of the noise! Spotting a Honda/Harley Dealership close at hand I nursed the bike into the parking lot in order to pick the mind of one of the technicians. As luck would have it they sent their Burley Harley guy out to the parking lot per my request for someone to give my bike a listen. Lumbering towards my K100 he scoffed at the marquee and uttered these

cruel words “BMW, huh(?), I thought they never broke down, I don’t know anything about those things”, then without further ado he turned to walk away back into his H.D. sanctuary! I made sure he heard these words in return “Well after 130 thousand miles I can be forgiving!”

Making my way to a Best Western intuitively realizing I could not proceed, I paid for my accommodations. In the parking lot I intuitively removed the transmission fill plug then after inserting a finger I withdrew a finger coated with tranny fluid full of metal flakes! The output bearing of the business end of the tranny was disintegrating, I knew this was the end of the line! Utilizing the BMW Anonymous book I called several contact numbers but being just a week or so after the national rally nobody was found to be available. Filtering options my pupils turned into dollar signs knowing this was not a simple fix and would be a lengthy lay-over at best.

Repairs of a K-Bike were out of my experience, special BMW tools required and splitting of the frame/opening of the gear box could not be accomplished in a Best Western parking lot, 95 degrees and no shade! Nearest BMW dealership 250mi. (it’s

Sunday and of course they are closed Mondays!), nearest Honda/Saki/Uki/Davidson dealerships 1/4mi. away!

I was laying in the respite from the heat in my motel room when the cell phone chimed, it was a response to one of the anonymous contacts I attempted to reach listed in the Yakima vicinity. Tom once rode later BMWs but no longer owns any bikes, he could lend support but little else till I could hash out a plan also he alerted me to stay away from the girls circulating the grounds of the motels as they were professional. I had noticed them to be mighty attractive being a medley of Indian/Spanish genes, they were distracting but on my ring finger the wedding band tightened its grip!

Weighing many possible solutions to effect repairs of the K-Bike it was not going to happen in Yakima, I found a local listing for a U-Haul vendor that was operated by an area appliance dealership. The owner inquired what I had intended to transport, I (naively) explained my situation and was intending to transport a motorcycle to Seattle, he refused to issue me a van, as being post 9/11 any machinery with petro-products are prohibited (why didn’t I say plants or furniture?) for being carried in an enclosed

commercial vehicle! Tom from the Anonymous Book offered to house the BMW if necessary for me to leave it behind.

Having time to filter thru’ what I was up against, it came down to there being no fast exit out of this situation, I could not get the BMW to Seattle and Seattle could not come to me, it became necessary that I had to leave the bike and fly back to Kentucky. There were many dollars involved in any extended layover in Seattle (coffee is expensive there!) awaiting repairs to the K-bike if I could even get it there. If this type of failure had happened to me riding an airhead, I could have swapped out an “overnighted” replacement tranny (courtesy of the trusting membership of the ABC) in the parking lot. I knew of ABC contacts that would have gladly sent me one from their lot of extra parts. An airhead tranny could be exchanged with little more than the tools in the conventional airhead tool roll then also a special drive socket from a NAPA ground down a bit to seat into the swing arm bearing housing. With tools in hand I could do an airhead tranny swap in a parking lot in 3-4hrs time but such was not the reality here and now!

Old friend (all my friends are old) Don had ridden out to Spo-

Club E-mail Group

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Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

kane with me to the BMW National, we had parted for different directions after the event broke up and I knew he may be not too many hundreds of miles away. Don was located in Western Washington along the Columbia River Basin and agreed to travel in order to aid and abet me in a plan, mid-afternoon the following day he arrived in Yakima for the consortium! The following day we parked both his and my disabled bike in Tom's ample garage. Tom drove Don and me to a rental car vendor and we drove back towards Seattle Sea-Tac, Don would return the car to Yakima after I made reservations for a flight returning to Kentucky and placed in a near to Sea-Tac motel. In the process of the leaving my K-Bike there was a lot of gear/tools/camping equipment also clothing to not be left behind. A rather large sturdy box was acquired amounting to 80lbs, it was dispatched to Kentucky via Fed-Ex, the BMW System 2 bags would serve as my luggage to be checked in on the return flight. On Wednesday, I was in the air looking down over Mt. Rainier and "The Road of Tears" where my troubles began on the Eastern Slope

Shortly after re-

turning home I listed the K-Bike on IBMWR site for sale, explaining I had left the bike in Yakima and what I believed were the necessary repairs, I asked for 1K for the sale of the bike not being interested in taking time from work and weighting the expense of bringing the bike back to Kentucky plus cost of needed repairs. I received perhaps eight responses to my ad from the west coast riders and within approx. 6hrs since posting the ad I had sold the bike! Selling off my salvage tool roll and the System Panniers, I recovered approximately \$600 which covered my flight and hotel expenses. All and all, I did not come out badly against the cost of the bike as I had purchased it.

Not desiring to have another breakdown/letdown riding old bikes I came close to shelving plans to head out once again for Billings! It was time for me to

muster optimism and confidence that I had this wonderful airhead and I could handle about anything that may occur "Out There", I DO maintain my bikes and this time it was my error that caused the problem not the bikes!

The weather was about to break out of the heat sink in the west with temps in the upper 80's and dry for the foreseeable future, one could not ask for a better sign and scenario, I had to go!

Per my request, my wife Melanie, being 3 times removed from Cherokee decent, performed an ancient Indian Shaman Dance of Anointment with incense, dancing around the R100RS the night prior to my departure in order to ward off the Demons of Demise!

Next issue of The Apex "Will E Fienuly" launches once again!



## **The No-Breakfast Breakfast by Joe Bark**

I'm up on the twenty-third of snowy ol' Jan,  
I was dreaming of breakfast with friends, oh, yeah, man!  
So I head off to Frisch's  
To dirty some dishes,  
But wow! what a surprise I had!

I measured the snow at about 14 inches,  
As I shifted to 4X4 I use in the pinches,  
And headed out cautiously onto 5th Street  
To get my egg muffin and maybe some meat,  
But little did I know the surprise that I'd greet.

As I pulled on Broadway, and thought of my bike,  
"Maybe I'll RIDE, (just borrow Ray's trike?)"  
But I shook my head and began thinking straight,  
And I knew if I did, I'd not be there by EIGHT,  
So I headed for Frisch's at a reasonable gate.

Just over the hill there's nary a light,  
In the restaurant (by 7 is usually quite bright,)  
No cars, bikes or lights, ten inches of snow,  
And none of my friends seemed up on the go,  
So I turned in so slowly and plowed two fresh rows.

Were I the sole RIDER, free food I'd enjoy,  
But driving today, would could our rule still employ?  
If I, sole Beemer member, just DROVE to the meeting,  
Where normally, all of my friends would be eating,  
But this morning there were NONE eating and greeting!

One server was present and rushed to the door,  
Shrugging her shoulders as if to implore  
Her fellow workers to get up and work,  
"Look here," to the manager, "is this guy a jerk?"  
"One frozen non-rider," he said with a smirk.

I waited a sec, stood foot-deep in white powder,  
And thought, "Were I smart, I go to a warm shower,  
and back into bed for a couple more hours."  
But none of my bike friends their noses did show,  
"I guess that this 'meeting' has drawn to a close."

So slowly I treaded straight back to my Jeep,  
Direct to my quarters to grab some more sleep,  
My visions of breakfast no longer alive,  
I slammed my front door, "Straight four-wheel, Bark."  
Home from the "meeting" to warm Fayette Park.

# Exploring in late December

By John Rice

El Niño brought us the gift of warm weather in late December, but the Weather Channel app, spoilsport that it is, warned that the end was near. After this day, the cold would return and stick around until spring. Rain had moved in and by late morning on the 27th, our place was socked in with soggy grey clouds. But there was, in the south, across the hill, a window of blue. I fired up the F700GS and pointed it through the rain toward the clear spot.

By the time I reached Irvine, the rain was gone, the sun was shining and the roads were beginning to dry. Ever since I was a teenager running around Eastern Kentucky on a 250, I've loved taking any side road I see, just to find out where it goes. I tried "Dry Ridge" road, hoping I guess it would be, well, dry. It wasn't, but it led me up into the hills on an increasingly narrow and broken-up tightly curving ribbon of asphalt and then dropped me back on Rt. 89 just a short distance down from where I'd turned off. I tried a few more, but just as the Romans had all roads leading to Rome, everything paved here seems to just come back to 89 or to a dead end. By now it's either 77 or 82 degrees, depending on which sign you believe, and in Ravenna I have to come out of my cold weather liners to cool off a bit.

Leaving Ravenna, it occurs to me that I've been this way many times, in both directions and always followed 52 to and from Beattyville. But Rt. 52 takes a sharp turn at the end of Ravenna and, intent on that curve, I'd never really noticed 1571 that goes straight ahead. That road, I discovered today, follows the railroad and the river through the valley below the hill that 52 ascends. Not as deliciously curvy, though enough so to keep one's attention, but interesting in a different way. The blacktop hugs the base of the mountain on the left and is contained by the railroad tracks on the right, with a wide flat bottomland extending from the tracks over to the river. There are buildings, abandoned now, but showing that this was once a commercial thoroughfare where business followed the two main forms of transport, water and rail. Seeing the distance between the tracks and the water, I can imagine the periodic floods that washed over this place and the resigned, square-shouldered men and women who heaved a sigh of "here we go again" and set about the task of putting everything back where it had been before the natural tantrum.

Soon there's another turnoff to the right and I take it, though I suspect from the lay of the land that it won't go too far. A mile or two down, I see the "End of State Maintenance" sign, but still

there isn't a "No Outlet" sign, so, more optimistic than sensible, I press on. Before long, the pavement has narrowed to less than the average driveway and a large farm dog is racing off the porch of a bungalow near the road to challenge my presence. I slow down, let him get almost to me, and accelerate away in the usual tactic for dealing with charging dogs....then I see the gate across the road. Oh well, that wasn't how I planned this to go down.

Now I'm trying to turn around and Old Shep is making it clear that his agenda includes taking me back to the porch to chew on. I can see that, formidable as he once may have been, this is now an old dog and I'm not too worried about him getting through my riding clothes to do any serious personal damage. But he has clamped his aged teeth tightly on my front tire now, trying his best to take down this strange invader, and I can see the puzzlement in his eyes when it isn't working. I often have that feeling myself when some previously easy physical task has inexplicably become beyond my ability, so I'm sympathetic. Fortunately, his owner, a woman at least my age, is coming slowly down the road, with a leash in her hand, telling me, "Don't worry, he won't bite" as the dog continues his efforts to sink his fangs into the front tire. She tells me that his purpose is just to

let her know when someone's around. I wonder how often in his youth the dog kept quiet about visitors so that he could supplement his food ration with Leg of Trespasser. Attached to her leash, he releases his grip on the Michelin, which remains unscathed, and meekly trots back to the house to dream of his former glories on the porch.

Soon I'm back to Rt. 52, but I don't want to just follow it as usual, so turn off again. This time I'm headed north toward Cathedral Domain, the sign tells me, as the blacktop winds up the mountainside. I've heard of this place, but never visited, and I'm expecting that it is along the road....it isn't. The road goes there and stops. As I approach, I'm greeted by three charging dogs, but this time there are no worries. These are extremely well-fed chocolate Labs, and though they are trying their best to be fearsome, their bulk means I could walk away safely if necessary.

Partway down the hill from the Domain, a road turns right, up another hill, at a sharp angle, but I don't see it and get stopped quite quickly enough to make the turn on wet pavement. As I'm turning around, a pickup comes barreling up the road, no doubt late for some experience at the Cathedral, and shows no sign of slowing for the motorcycle in his way. Keeping an eye on the oncoming truck, I proceed over to the grass verge to give him clearance. Big mistake.

The verge sloped sharply downhill away from the blacktop and I quickly realized that what

looked like grass was just a thin cover over completely saturated ground, about the consistency of pancake batter, and as slippery as, well, whatever cliché you can come up with for something really, really, friction-free. Feet down, feathering the clutch, I'm trying to ease forward, but I'm going backwards. I look around and realize that if I can just work the bike around 180 degrees, I might be able to slip-slide down to a spot closer to level with the

pavement about 50 feet down from my entry point. If I can keep a 500 pound motorcycle upright, that is. I know if I let it go over, my only option will be to try to drag it on its side to the pavement, because there's no way to get enough foot traction here to pick it up. With lots of clutch slippage, careful balancing and frequent appropriate expletives, I slowly make it down to the spot I need and get back onto hard surface. I look behind



**In need of a puddle.**

me to see what appears to be a field well-plowed and ready for spring planting. My bike and my clothes are covered in mud befitting an old style enduro rider. The Michelin Anakee 3's that the F700GS wears are rated as a "90/10" on and off road tire. I can assure you now, beyond any question, that the 10% off road portion does NOT include mud.

I spent the next hour or so looking for gravel roads and large puddles to take the mud off the tires and prevent sudden loss of traction in the curves. Interesting that mud makes a wonderful abrasive when applied to drive

chains and yet acts as a remarkably effective grease when applied to tires. One of the roads took me back to Rt. 11, above Beattyville, and then towards Natural Bridge. As I descended down into the valley where the park lay, the temperature dropped with the altitude, losing 10 degrees by the time I'd reached the turnoff to Hoedown Island. I thought that this lowest spot, down by the water, would be a good place to find cleansing puddles and I was correct. The few visitors wandering around the closed park attraction eyed me warily as I cruised through


the parking lot looking for water to splash in. It's one thing for them to see a motorcycle out in December, but to see one intentionally getting wet, well, that just confirms that those guys are crazy.

From Slade up to Bowen on Route 15, I rode happily on newly washed tires, then realized that it was all for naught as the rain I had left in Winchester that morning finally found me. Visor down, I soldiered on home. It had been, all things considered, a very good day.



DRIZZLY, FOGGY, RAINY,  
COLD, "YUUUK"??

2/21/87

Boo, Boo, Boo - where is the sun: ☹️??  
A gray, cold February day in the  
Bluegrass. We are all getting "terminal  
riders itch."  ← SITTING IN THE  
GARAGE PRETENDING  
TO BE ON A TRIP.

Here's the group for today:

- ①. Chester Martin
- 2). Boone Sutherland
- 3). Tom Sutherland
- \* 4). Paul Elumpp
- 5). Lowell Roark
- 6). Ron Hampton
- 7). Pete Gelskis
- 8). John Rice
- 9). Dylan Anderson
- 10). Chuck Griffin

"V.P."  
→ Paul gets a  
free breakfast!

*Boone*



Who says you can't have fun at breakfast??

John Rice giving Doug Searcy a sidecar ride on January 9th, 2016.

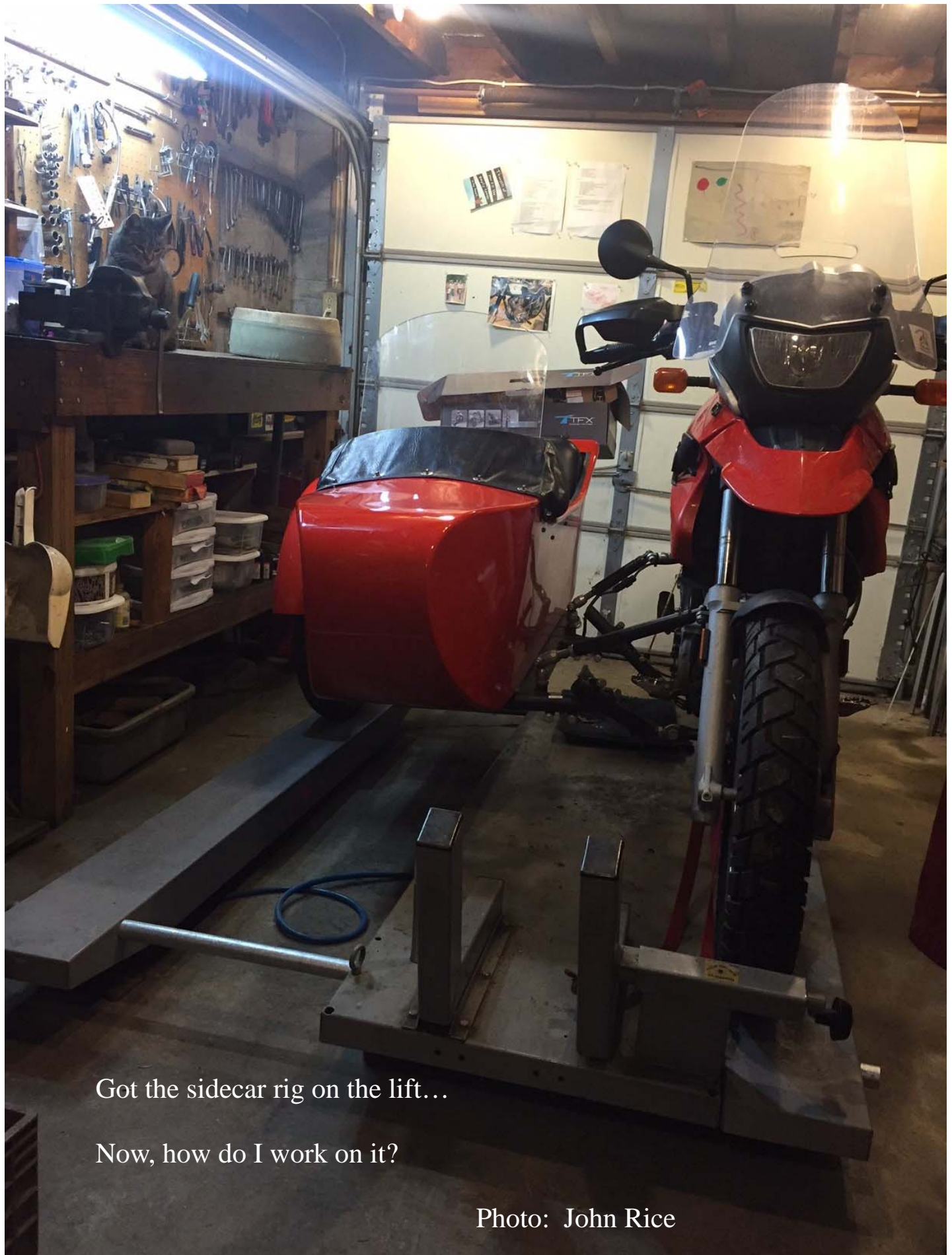


January 16th, 2016

At breakfast, one of two bikes there.

Yes, that is ice on the windshield and tonneau.

Photo: John Rice



Got the sidecar rig on the lift...

Now, how do I work on it?

Photo: John Rice

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**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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# 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 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





# *The* KICKSTAND's 10<sup>th</sup> Annual Polar Bear Run Saturday, February 27, 2016

*If snow or ice on that date, ride will be rescheduled for Saturday, March 5, 2016.*

**REGISTRATION 10:30 – 11:45**  
**RIDE LEAVES AT NOON**

The group ride will leave from the store, located at 500 East Main Street, in Burgin, KY – at the intersection of highways 33 & 152.

The route/distance will be dependent upon the group size and weather conditions. We'll end the ride with warm chili and drinks for everyone.

**\$10 per person** *(covers cost of food, drink & tip)*

**For more information or to confirm the ride is on,  
phone 859.748.KICK or e-mail SeeYou@TheKickstandLLC.com.**

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#### **TROPHIES FOR:**

- Long Distance Rider
- Oldest Rider
- Club with Most in Attendance

#### **DOOR PRIZES**

**FREE EVENT PIN TO  
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REGISTER**