

Apex

January 2016

Looking Through The Curve

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



Blue Moon Cycle

New Year, old memories.....

By Jeff Crabb



If you haven't been, you should go. The town has a Bavarian theme that makes it a joy to visit. It sits on the Chattahoochee River surrounded by mountains. We usually stayed at the Helendorf Inn and had breakfast at The Wooden Shoe. The patio was on the main drag and you could sit there, eat a

the cool mountain air. At last check, The Wooden Shoe is no longer there, but the memories stay.

This month we have two great stories and lots of pictures.

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

Thanks

This time of year you reflect on the past. The past year, the past decades. I've been looking for the above photo for quite a while. Its of the three J's, Jeff, Joe & Jim standing on the observation deck on Brass-town Bald mountain. It was taken in either '95 or '96 while we were in the area to attend the Georgia Mountain Rally. We really weren't trying to be "cool", it just was that bright that day.

Another remembrance of the trips to northern Georgia in the '90's was the town of Helen, GA. I only got there three times, but would still like to make it back some day.



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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.

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BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers



An Airhead Travels West (Twice in a Week)

By Bill Denzer aka Will E. Fienly

Well there you are somewhere reading these lines perhaps desperate to find material to help pass thru' the sedentary laconic days of the "Off Season" and perhaps maybe doubling down on Lisinopril or Atenolol as your BP has recently mysteriously elevated since it's now dark at 5:00! Thus my offering of a "Trip Report" drawn from the big retirement ride I made to the Billings National and to other parts encompassing the central Rockies.

This has been the year of my retirement which almost didn't happen (the trip) if not for a mere foot or two difference when I experienced "Sudden Impact" riding my '72 R75/5 being violently T-Boned by a distracted driver at a local intersection, the forwards left side of the forks and steering stem area took the brunt of it otherwise if he hit dead center then that would have potentially resulted in my having a new nickname and missing the use of my lower limbs but for the bike being struck at just ahead of my positional relationship to the front end I was slammed down to the right onto the pavement, I had not ever felt such a jolting impact since my first heartbreak at age 23 when a 2 year torrid relationship with 17yro sultry blond vixen girlfriend informed me she had better possibilities explore than being my girl (Reference: Leo Kottke's

"Pamela Brown" tune)! I think I took a count of 3 lying on the pavement till I gingerly erected myself! I'll attest here and now that I believe in the inherent design safety of the built-in "Crash bars" designed into a "Boxer Motor" protuberances and will not ride any other motor for that reason (I can provide more reasons to ride them also, just ask)! I've been riding/touring since age 17 and so it had taken 45yrs for statistics to finally have caught me. Here I am though now striking the keys and depending on auto corrections/spell checker in order to tell you about the trip I was able to make 3wks post-accident albeit though still hurting. The Slash 5 frame suffered some torsional force and will only steer in a counter

clockwise circle, its total loss but amazingly unscathed but for the frame twist!

Being on the cusp, at that time of the accident for the turning of 63yrs, "Retirement" has mostly meant time spent at "Goodyear" when some new rubber was required for the truck but now I had 3 trips designed for a "Tour De Retirement" this year along with a few other "Bucket List" adventures including kayaking the length of the daunting Rockcastle River.

The previous year I had ridden the now "Brokeback" R75/5 a great one person touring bike to the national at St. Paul and although I own 3 later models of BMW's including an Oilhead, I had not to want for riding any other BMW than that little SWB



Crashed R75/5



Not so straight

jewel however for travels thru' the high highways of Rocky Mts. I prefer disk brakes. Next up now for this trip was my "Rocket '88" the R100RS with a larger Parabelum windshield for increased environmental pro-

tection installed, when riding out west one may expect 3 climate environments all in a few elevation changes during a mid-summer trip, so it was definitely the bike of choice for this particular excursion.

Many aspects of routine airhead maintenance were performed over the earlier I also performed the "A Pulse Air'ectomy" which required installing a threaded plug into each of the heads once the exhaust re-circulating tubes had been removed, some environmentalist in this reading crowd may be alarmed at my R100's impact now on air quality. Word on the street and from higher up advisors is to ditch the system and the bike will run cooler with improved mileage also eliminates concerns of the heads warping from higher operating temps. I subsequently had better idling and higher mid-range performance. This process completed, performed some basic body/frame and lubricant servicing and ready now for the big trip out to the Rockies, last time was out to the Olympic Peninsula in 2004. The plan is to head from Central KY in time to catch the "Top of the Rockies" event then to Billings, I've not had an opportunity to make the T.O. R. rally before this year!

Temps have been less than inviting to cross the plains states late July, in the upper 90s, we all know how much the trip becomes an endurance marathon especially if sitting behind the generous fairing BMW designed for the R100 RT/RS series liken-

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ing heading west into the prairie heat onslaught too heading towards Hells Gate though I knew I'd be glad for the fairing when traveling the high passes west of central U.S.. There would be frequent watering stops mitigating attempts for long distance, mileage gobbling days, no electric windshield to lower in order to evaporate the perspiration under the Schuberth C3 but I could ride with the "Flip-up" flipped using the sun visor lowered later in the day. The Schuberth performed well to diminish head/neck fatigue in the elevated position without head buffeting problems that my Nolan N102 had given me issues over. I also did a John Wayne thing of dousing a bandana with ice water to tie around the neck and stuff into my shirt, good for perhaps a 75mi., I'll gas about every 100mi. mostly for relief of heat stress and hydration needs but not necessary to relieve myself as most body fluids were evaporated from osmosis into the arid air, may they serve to facilitate rain!

A restless pre-departure night of sleep, not what I was hoping for to give me an edge and make it to my first nights stop after penetrating into Kansas vectoring I70W. I rose about 5:30 sluggishly and with lack of a purposeful attitude towards exchanging of latitudes, 600mi. was my quest for that day of Weds. There was a little heat relief on tap lasting a day or two then back into the upper 90's, I could shoot the window but a narrow window squish thru' in

time to get up in elevation the next day. Things were about to go awry though! A graven mental image of the Old Indian Chieftain did not have a twinkle in his eye a sullenly stoic, as I harkened back to many youthful ventures to the west as I moved or stayed along the ways according to certain intrinsic yet intangible notions of the time being right or not, right? This time no such time to adjust my itinerary based on emotional poppycock!

Briskly speeding along I64 towards St. Louis, I considered the traffic to be very light and the posted speed limit as "a suggestion", the harmonic drone of the tall R100 power band was transcendental in my mind as my custom made earplugs left me mostly to my thoughts and some mental entertainment, love those tunes that run through the labyrinths of the consciousness spawned from being imbedded in my own Thalamus, distortion free listening! The new Schubert C3 plus the earplugs, only isolated me further sitting behind the wonderful now ancient design of the wind tunnel design of the world's first factory designed fairing to come standard off the showroom back in '77 thru' '95. Now suddenly there was something heard that alarmed me, bang, bang chitty chitty bang, BANG!! An exit to the right with a truck pavilion to take, I exited I64, a few roadside maintenance crewmen heard me coming a longways way away, it wasn't the beauty of the bike causing stares this time as almost embarrassingly I drifted into the

truck pavilion, the closed flip up hid my expressions! The temps were beginning to hit into the low 90's this early already, before 11:00 I sought shade and solitude under an outlying pump island and shut the RS down soon after giving a close listen to the area of sound originating from the boxer engine, I was baffled yet decided to pull off the valve covers and check for valve clearance allowing the motor to cool a bit as I was pulling towels out of the convenience dispenser to sop up my perspiration, the rocker arms were spot on as I had set them prior to the trip, I was stumped and began to reconsider prospects for making it to Top o Rockies as slim to none, my bike and my plans were in serious trouble after all the planning and self-reliant preparation then it hit me, the source of the trouble. Practically lying onto my back looking in the recesses of the finned cooling fins surrounding the left piston head, I could see that the 18x1.5mm plug I had inserted in place of the now stored away return exhaust tubing, it had ejected and now resides somewhere off of the lanes of I64 westbound in Illinois. I was cursing my air-head wrencher (me) for neglecting to use Loctite as one does not seek to over torque aluminum threading!

Under the circumstances I could not determine if the threads in the port were run thru' the exhaust valve of spotted out thru' the port with escaping combustion, I knew that I needed a port in the storm, there was a BMW

dealership in St. Louis not so far away, they had a good rep' for emergency assistance and bumping travelers ahead of less imperative service needs, I had emergency roadside assistance coverage but I knew this leg of the trip was likely fatally delayed, I decided to call in a favor in lieu of overlaying in St. Louis for a possible Heli Coil insert or simply a replacement the plug if threads are good, either way I decided to call in that favor and get the RS to the garage of another Airhead.

Bill Yeiser, from Newburg In. is a regular at the venerable Gathering of The Clans ABC event where we met several years ago

and at this year's event he rode his "Modern Era" Ural Sidecar rig of which the day of departure from the Clans Rally the Ural would not ignite to life, long story short he had an aftermarket ignition sensory upgrade that unfortunately degraded. I had driven my truck to The Clans with my RS in tow due to maintenance problems (my wife was with me) so luckily for Bill I had all we needed to return Bill and his son Eric back to Newburg. The favor was called in to Bill and he graciously brought me and the RS to his home using his only towing vehicle, a 36' RV that averages approx. 10 gal. to the mile, for further inspection.

The port threads were good but Fastenal, NAPA and the local BMW automotive dealership did not have the correct sized plug but could overnight. I was feeling a bit let down to say the least, Bill agreed to take the RS and owner back down to my home in central KY. Once back in the workshop of wrenching mayhem the proper sized threaded plug was acquired and installed with Locktite, I reset to launch for Billings missing the Colorado festival!

Next Chapter forthcoming in the next issue of The Apex (subject to reader enthusiasm to be drug thru' it?), it all turns around and victory is had!!



FREEZING RAIN &
DRIZZLE ≈ 28° F
Boo!

A cold, wintry "gray day", in the Blue Grass - promise of more rain later today "if winter comes, can spring ☀ be far behind?" (probably!)

Boone

Once in a Blue Moon

By John Rice

Blue Moon Cycle in Norcross, Georgia is one of those places that hold legendary status in the BMW universe. For as long as I can remember, I've heard of the independent and irascible John Landstrom, his impressive collection of motorcycles and his BMW dealership where nearly anything could be found. Located in what the map shows as a suburb of Atlanta, it had long been on my "list" of places I had to visit. So when we learned of a "vintage ride" to take place there in November, Jay and I made plans to fire up the old airheads and ride down.

Jay was on his 1982 R100RT, the Anniversary Edition, and I was on the Green Bike, the 1975 R90/6 in Nurburg Green (or as Boone used to call it, "Look at Me Green"). It's supposed hypervisability would be tested later in the trip.

Due to some family responsibilities, we started later in the day and headed down through Lancaster and on to Rt. 27 as the most direct route south. I recall this road as be-

ing a pleasantly curvy stretch back in the day, but "improvements" have straightened and 4-laned it into numbness. Once out of Kentucky and into Tennessee, its character returned, but so did the rain.

By Onieda TN, there was a brief respite from the wet weather and a restaurant appeared just in time to satisfy our hunger. As an ornament in the foyer, there was a "custom" motorcycle which apparently belonged to the owner. This example of the customizer's art was, in my opinion, unrideable, but the information on the menu seemed to suggest that he rode it on a daily basis. I wanted to meet the man who could con-

form to such a seating and handlebar position, but he was not available, probably off visiting his orthopedic surgeon.

By evening, we were in Tellico Plains, the beginning of the marvelous Cherahola Skyway, but that was not to be on our agenda this day. We had arrived at that time in the afternoon when there was no direction we could go without eventually riding in the dark before finding a room, other than here. At our age, we don't do dark very well.

Shelter was found at "The Lodge at Tellico", a collection of cabin-like buildings just south of town with a large garage under one of the units. The owners of the lodge live on the premises



and the system for getting a room involves a telephone in a box mounted on the outside wall. Visitors are to call them on the phone so that they can come to the front and let them in to conduct business. There once was a restaurant on the premises, but we were told it fell victim to the brief explosion of such facilities right after the opening of the Skyway. Now there are few places to eat, but the owners here, once burned, are reluctant to try again. We took a room with the garage privilege, allowing us to park our rain-soiled machines inside and out of the weather for a change.

At breakfast the next morning, we met our garage-mates, two guys from Pennsylvania on dual sports. One was a motor officer in his city, who had gotten the dual sport bug when the force got a couple of BMW F650's for use in patrolling areas with parks. His riding partner was an older fellow who had recently acquired a used F650 and was shaking it down for dual-sporting on this trip. They had trailered down here and were staying for a week, basing from The Lodge and

making off-road excursions during the day.

On Friday, we headed south, taking as many twisty options as we could find on a map. The rain caught us in Georgia, just as we got to the wonderful roads in northeast mountains. We pulled into the Two Wheels Only campground to take shelter for a bit on the front porch. There we met a guy who had ridden his cruiser up from Florida to meet some friends to ride the curvy roads he didn't have in his state. Staring out at the downpour, he was rethinking his options.

A short way down the road, we pulled into Riders's Hill, a fantastic multi-line dealership just outside Dahlonaga, GA that, besides interesting machines, offered a cafe for lunch and a place to again get out of the rain. One of the mechanics there told us a more "interesting" way to get from Dahlonaga to Athens, so we set off to follow his directions through the Georgia hills.

His route, written down on a piece of soggy paper while we stood outside in the rain, included bits of several roads, in different cardinal directions, demonstrating that this was a man who thought like we did about travel....great riding roads that only sort of and coincidentally went in the general direction of where we were eventually headed. As we left, the rain petered out and the roads began to dry. After a while we had to remind ourselves, as the sun began to sink, that we had a destination for that day.

Once we arrived, we found that Athens isn't big enough, fortunately, to have much problem locating Bedlam Works. Jesse Hyatt remembered us, the old geezers from the Barber event, and gave us the guided tour of the facility. This is the sort of innovative place that gives one hope for the future of motorcycling and for the young people that are taking up the two-wheeled life in an age of increas-





Jesse Hyatt @ Bedlam

ingly cookie-cutter machines from the manufacturers. Jesse and her cohorts have leased a large building, a former industrial site, with a good-sized parking lot and, more importantly, a green space out back large enough for camping and events. Inside, there is a showroom at street level, with other rooms that have been turned into a tavern (with interesting craft beer taps, though not actually functional quite yet), gathering space and a locker room. Downstairs is a set of garages and workrooms with motorcycle lifts and a well stocked metalworking shop where custom bits can be made. There is an emphasis on the cafe racer mode, but other types of individuality are welcome as well. The plan is to have memberships, at various levels, which would allow motorcyclists to come and hang out, work on their bikes and/or pro-

jects and socialize with others of their kind. The showroom area would feature completed works and bikes for sale, as well as various parts and gear for sale. I bought a set of bar-end mirrors, just to support such an enterprise. It occurs to me that a college town, near a major metropolitan area, in a part of the country where the riding season is nearly 12 months is just the perfect spot for this concept....and that I'd like to see one in Lexington, even if we don't have all those geographic advantages.

The rain returned with a vengeance as we got into the mess of Atlanta suburbs that melded into a giant traffic jam the closer we came to Norcross. Finally we called it quits in Duluth GA, where a motel with outside entrances and several nearby restaurants beckoned us off the road. We spread our soaking

wet gear out in the room and walked off in search of sustenance. Nearby was a Korean restaurant, a rather high-end affair. I've managed to sample a large variety of regional cuisines over my life on the road, but somehow hadn't much experience with Korean. Jay became my expert guide to the menu, pointing out the things that were interesting and the ones that were, if the spicing wasn't carefully ordered, potentially life-threatening. An efficient young Korean woman came to our table with a loaded tray, set fire to the round depression in the center and set to work. That cooking surface became the hub for the panoply of things, not always immediately identifiable, that quickly multiplied around it, leaving us busy with chopsticks (nice metal ones, I might add), forks, knives and other implements of destruction to shovel them into our mouths. There were little pots of various sauces, powders and potions to dip things in, adding flavors and textures with which I was not familiar. With Korean beer to wash it down, and cool the fire, we ended up completely sated and vaguely confused by the flurry of activity that brought all of this about.

Saturday morning, the rain had given us a temporary pass as we loaded up and went in search of Blue Moon Cycle. A winding two lane road, through old, vine-covered neighborhoods, took us to the town of Norcross which apparently was once a quaint old burg situated on both sides of a railroad track, until modern de-

velopment left the actual town behind. Now that village is off to the side, sort of like an exhibit, while the Norcross of today is a confusing compilation of fast food and other kinds of national chain businesses centered around the Interstate exits and along the now four-lane high-

now taken on the Ural brand as a dealer.)

The rain was moving back in but despite the damp conditions, some vendors were setting up shop in the parking lot, sheltering under tarps and in vans. Several told us that this event usually drew a much larger con-

tingent of folks with goodies to sell, but the weather seemed to have kept most of them home. Inside, the former showroom is now packed with motorcycles of every sort, from a variety of European countries, looking much more like a museum than a dealership....though many of the machines had price tags, rather astonishing ones, hanging from the bars. Some did not, suggesting that either they were not for sale, or if they were, folks (like me) who needed to ask the price weren't the target market.

Inside the garages which once housed the service department were more machines, motorcycles, sidecars and automobiles, including a 70's



way. Blue Moon sits on a hill, just outside the old town, but near the beginning of the modern mess, sort of a metaphor for what has happened to BMW as a brand and motorcycling as a lifestyle. This was a premier dealership, known throughout the country, but apparently was not big enough for the current BMW marketing plan. Mr. Landstrom, we are told, sold the dealership to others, including some of his former employees, and kept the shop for his own personal collection of bikes to buy and sell. (I've since been told that he has



Inside Blue Moon



Looking down from the second Level

lured to this country to ride by the former National Trials Champion Curtis Comer, whom I had known when Comer was a skinny kid from Tennessee who used to come to our Kentucky trials events. He was the only one who could offer any real competition for our own John and Jimmy McWilliams, the amazing riders from Berea.

era Lincoln that seemed larger inside than my college apartments.

Lunch was served, fried chicken with baked beans and the usual Southern accoutrements, with limited seating out of the rain under a tarp in the lot. By chance, I was seated next to a fellow who was vending some interesting Beemer bits from a van and I realized that I'd met him before. He is an expat Brit, a trials rider who had put on several of the events I had rid-

den at Barber. In our conversation it came out that he had been

By mid afternoon, the rain was still present off and on, and it





became apparent that the event was not going to get any bigger since many of the soggy vendors were packing up to go. Jay and I set off to get out of the metro Atlanta area, a daunting task. It seemed that the best plan was to toss our two-lane allegiance to the winds and take the interstate north until the tall buildings were in the rear view mirror. This worked, up to the point when the guy in the gray VW Golf tried to kill me.

Some experiences are felt only in hindsight, when the brain is trying to figure out what the hell just happened. I recall swerving to the left and braking as hard as I dared on the wet pavement and wondering for a split second "why am I doing that?" before the conscious part of my molasses-like mind perceived the gray VW Golf swerving into me. Then I watched in slow motion as the rear quarter panel of the Golf slid past my decelerating front wheel, seemingly without a

gap between them, as I was moving left and hoping that whatever was over there was braking and moving over too. I thought that the car would hit my front wheel and that would be the end of the scenario, and everything else, for me. Jay said that from behind, it all happened too quickly to take in, that he didn't see a gap between my bike and the car and was expecting to see me tumbling down the road and under the traffic at any second. The VW sped off, weaving in and out of traffic ahead of us as I got back up to speed and returned to what had been my lane. I was too relieved to be angry.

Jay said later that the guy had been coming on to the interstate on an entrance ramp that had a long merging lane. Jay could see him jerking his head back and forth, impatiently trying to see around the car in front. He was behind someone who wasn't moving fast enough for him (though fast enough to be pass-

ing me, and I was at the speed limit) so before the merging lane ended, the guy whipped out around the impediment ...without noticing or if he did notice, caring, that someone wearing a Hi-Viz yellow jacket, riding a bright green motorcycle, was already in that space. I wondered if he would have stopped if he had killed me. Whatever errand he was on was, in his view, more important than the life of anyone on the road with him.

Jay said he didn't know how I avoided it. Neither do I. I can only assume that 50-plus years of pattern recognition in riding

motorcycles told my muscles to start doing something about this, long before (in relative terms) my "walking and talking" portion of the brain that identifies the world I'm in had formed any thoughts about what was going on. In hundreds of depositions and interviews during my career and around rally tables, I've heard the stories in which folks describe their multi-stage thought process when a car or motorcycle accident is imminent and how they deliberately took a particular sequence of actions (many of the bike stories ending in "and then I had to lay 'er down"). I'm sure some of those stories are actually true, but for most I think its hindsight recreation, making ourselves the heroes of our own narrative. More often in reality, the accident or the near-accident is over before we can process the information in a conscious rational fashion. When the fertilizer hits the ventilator, you will do what



you

Motorcycling Diet



Spare Tanks

have practiced, not what you want to think you would do.

An hour up the road we came to the little town of Jasper, GA, where a quick detour down the streets of town didn't seem to find anything open....but then I couldn't find Jay either. I turned around to retrace my path and heard a bike horn honking in what seemed like the far distance. There he was, up on a wooden bridge that had led off from the main street and terminated in the

lot of a very nice looking restaurant. Exactly the sort of local place that might have pie.

This was the Woodbridge Inn and pie they did have in spades. I had a memorable apple strudel and Jay availed himself of a house specialty, a pecan pie concoction that he said was even better than it looked. We had a long and pleasant conversation with the manager about the curiosities of the restaurant business in these modern times, then reluctantly went back out



The Woodbridge Inn, Jasper, GA



into the misting rain to head
www.bluegrassbeemers.org

north. Our dallying meant that

we weren't going to make it to Helen before dark, so we set our sights on Ellijay and perhaps another visit to the 1907 restaurant there.

Sure enough, the Ellijay Inn had a vacancy and a short walk away, the 1907 was open. The waiter and bartender both remembered us (take from that what you will !). Jay noticed that the bar had a bottle of Willett, a bourbon I had not tried, but which apparently comes highly recommended. The bartender was generous. I think I had fish for dinner.

It could be a day's ride from Ellijay to Lexington, but following the back roads suggested on a Butler map, we somehow man-

aged to wander around the curvy bits of Georgia and eastern Tennessee enough to find ourselves only in Oak Ridge as the day was waning. We located a room at an old motel and set off to take in the Devil's Triangle before dark. This is a road, or series of roads, twisted such that it would be perfect for a crazed teenager on a 250 or 350 super motard, but not so much so for guys in their later 60's on air-heads dating back to the Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan administrations. It is to roads as fusilli is to pasta, in continuous turns up one side of a mountain, down into the valley and over another peak until it dumps the exhausted and exhilarated rider

back into the outskirts of Oak Ridge. The pavement is new in places, laid down just for us, shiny and black and in other spots worse for the wear and crumbling a bit at the edges. Those edges often are followed immediately by a drop off into a rushing creek or hollow, giving us incentive in the fading light to pay close attention to the road. Toss in some gravel here and there, pickup trucks heading home for the evening and the occasional critter crossing the road, and it's an interesting way to end the day.

Back at our cheap motel as the sun disappeared completely, we walked across the street to a large chain hotel that Jay's



Swiss Army Motorcycle

iPhone app told us had a restaurant. It did, but apparently no one else knew about it. A large and nicely appointed place, with tablecloths and waiters in uniform, we occupied one of the two tables in use. Our waiter told us that the restaurant had been there for years, but no one in Oak Ridge seemed to be aware of it, so the only business they got was from traveling guests. We thought that perhaps a little advertising might not be amiss, but then who are we to advise major hotel chains on their business model. The food was good, at least at our table, so the unin-

formed Oak
Ridgians
are miss-
ing out .

More
rain on
Tuesday
morning,
and the
cold
front had
moved
in over-
night to
leave us
wet and
chilled
as we
started
home at
sunrise.
We took
two
lanes
north in
the driz-
zle, then
hopped

on the dreaded interstate for a few miles, getting off at Caryville to take, old TN 63 to 297, the neat little road that goes through the valley on the west side of Jellico Mountain. Even in the wet it's a fine alternative to dodging trucks going up and down the four-lane I-75. After Jellico, up 25 W with a brief stop in Corbin to pay homage to Col Sanders at his museum. We didn't go in, but I wanted a look at the place since my maternal grandmother when she was young in this town, knew the Colonel as "that crazy old man at the gas station" before his fried

chicken became a global phenomenon. If only she had fancied him in those days, instead of a used furniture dealer from the East Kentucky hills, I might have a much better selection of motorcycles. Alas, I am not heir to the chicken fortune, so I and my forty year old airhead must motor slow and damp to home, as the decent riding weather season fades, to think of where and when to go next. Not sure where it will be, but the route may have to go back through Ellijay.



Sanders Café, Corbin, KY



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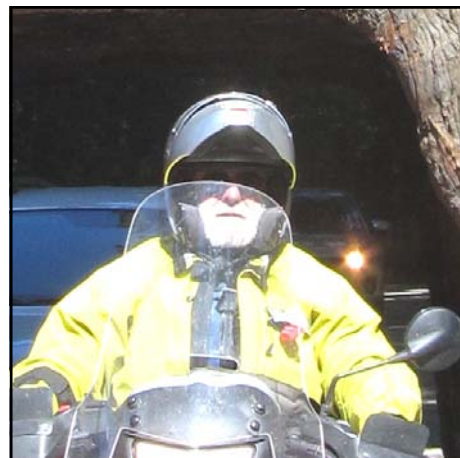
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I don't mind if people keep them a while (it takes me forever to read a book now....I keep falling asleep and then have to re-read the last 10 pages or so) but I don't want to give them away for good. At least not yet.

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:
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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

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