

May 2016

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc. Lexington, Kentucky  
MOA #144 RA #49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>



Photo: Joe Bark

## Better late than never?

By Jeff Crabb

A few days late, but not forgotten. (Hopefully)

Last Saturday night was our annual awards dinner. We met up at Sonny's BBQ in Nicholasville. Food was great and the company was better.

John Rice has two awards awaiting for his return this year, mileage and breakfast rider award.

Jim Brandon took home the breakfast attendance award and Lowell Roark took home the event attendance award.

All of the award winners re-

ceived some really cool bandanas with the club's logo embroidered on them. If anyone is interested in getting an order together, any of the items on the website come with free logo embroidery with a minimum four item order.

The website is;  
[http://  
bluegrassbmw.qbstores.com/](http://bluegrassbmw.qbstores.com/)

Until May 16, 2016, you can get 25% off your order.

This month's Apex has two stories from John Rice and one from Bill Denzer. Check out the BMW of Louisville's open house coming up in June.

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**





Photo: Joe Bark

# Route One

By John Rice

Driving the sidecar rig on the way back from Athens, Ohio recently, I crossed the Ohio River back into Kentucky near South Shore. Not in any particular hurry, I turned off highway 23 to take the scenic route home.

Route One in Kentucky begins at the Ohio River in the small county seat of Greenup. The road winds along creek paths, alongside the hollow where Jesse Stuart grew up and wrote his stories of country life, past Greenbo Lake State Park (where fifty years ago a friend of mine once made the teenage mistake of chasing a skunk into a culvert....we let him ride way behind on the route home) and on to the Oldtown Covered Bridge. Built in 1880, it is a two-span

bridge, on a Burr design, 192 feet long over the Little Sandy River. The bridge is on the National Register and was renovated to its original state in 1999, but open only to foot traffic now.

Not long after the bridge, Rt. One comes into Grayson, in Carter County, where once could be found pecan pie that was featured in the New Yorker magazine. Sadly that place is now gone, but if you take the turn off Rt. One to Route 60, headed west, the gentle curves will lead you to Morehead Kentucky where Rootabaker's Bakery can be found on Rt. 32, just north of 60. Here in this converted old house are pastries that are worth the journey...from anywhere...to

eat. Pies, cookies, tarts, whatever the folks there feel like making that day, and even lunch if you are sufficiently disciplined to eat real food first, but everything is wonderful, without exception. First time visitors to Rootabaker's get a free sugar cookie with butter cream icing. It sounds innocent enough, but be warned, they are addictive. You will be back.

From Morehead, the possibilities for good roads are nearly endless, in any direction. One can go back up to the Ohio River starting on Rt. 32, down into the wilds of Eastern Kentucky on 519 or continue on Rt. 60 into the city of Lexington. There really aren't any bad choices.





# An Airhead Ventures West (Twice In a Week)

## Part IV

By Bill Denzer aka Will E. Fienly

.....”the bartender, missing one half of his right ear, eventually interacted with me as he broke conversation with a few regulars, then as one not to be trifled with I ordered a PBR, belched, being 2 walking blocks from my room, I ordered 2 more Blue Ribbons after the thirst for the first! My body soaked the fluid intake like a dry barrel helping to wash down the “Big Buffalo Burger n Fries”. I returned to my Wall, S.D. Super Priced Super 8 and nestled in for the next morning’s early rise.

Arising to the mid-western S.D. sun casting illuminations of gold thru’ the eastern facing window of my room, the curtains could not contain the stabbing rays, no alarm needed to be set, I was now programmed to a time zone aptly known as “Early Dawn to Late Dusk Time”! Opening the door facing due east the world definitely appeared so flat as if there was no horizon in as much to have supported Galileo to have been sequestered the rest of his life. A gaggle of H.D. s had filed in over the prior evening and formed a covey outside the rooms housing their probable rattled bones laid to rest over the night, all riders regardless of marque surely slept soundly after yesterday’s long arduous traverse thru’ the severe prairie crosswinds. The Super 8 Coffee was thin as 3n1 Oil, so I headed over to the Best Western Conti-

mental Breakfast for something a bit weightier.

Today would be the day for Billings and my much anticipated annual rendezvous with “The Black Sheep” and a few “Wil’ E Coyotes”. This annual gathering of The B.S. and Coyotes around the “Great Circle of Liars” that is formed of eclectic personalities is not unlike the Lion and the Wildebeest at an oasis, a lot of tolerance is expected and “Do What You Want, We don’t Care” is the password! It is here that I will be rendezvousing with the Astute Mr.”Booker” an old(all my friends are old now)friend from Indiana.

Departing Wall S.D. at approx. 7:00 a.m. after a lite continental breakfast, a ritualistic walk around inspection of the RS and then refueling, I accelerated onto I 90W, I had forgotten to apply my molded earplugs as I have neglected all too many annoying times, so off onto the shoulder for plugging. Heading back onto the interstate surrounded by wind carved mogul like sentinels called the Black Hills. I kept vigil for other BMWs headed west for same destination purpose however for the past 2 days it was likely those riders absent from I90 were not choosing the Interstate and I could have counted the BMWs seen on one hand. Although the official start of Sturgis was not for several

days, it was the H.D. marque that dominated, more actually riding than transporting on trailers! As I drew closer to Sturgis the billboards announcing the festivities of Sturgis increased, noting the scheduled performances of Rock Icons mostly from the decade of rock music’s lowest point(80’s) when raging vocal incoherency and running up and down the frets of a Fender for 30second intervals constituted music akin to loud pipes! It was good to see John Forgerty was there to give my generation ear relief, all the others scheduled I would have to give a pass and wondered who was on the bill of the national and hopefully none of that City Ordinance Temperance that was in force at the Sedalia Mo. National striking “Late Evening Performances”, a real disappointment especially when for people of my age “Late Evening” is about 9:00! Apparently and confirmed by a waitress in Sedalia the noise ban was effected after a long ago 3 day post Woodstock music festival back in the early 70’s I attended called “The Ozark Music Festival” and the “Good People of Sedalia” would have no more of THAT! I can’t recall seeing Springsteen there but he was on the lineup early in his career, they told me I had a good time though!

Throughout the long duration of gobbling piles of miles thru’

S. Dakota, one is left to their own thoughts for entertainment as there are no curves for some time to come. At one point the vastness of the Great Planes triggered a memory of a trip made circa 1976 during the month of July towards Indiana from my then temporary home in Hungry Horse, MT, I had the CB750 diagonally wedged into the bed of my El Camino when I blew a tire about as far away from somewhere as one could be in the state ("Ain't got no spare, Ain't got no Jack, I Don't Give a Rats A., I Ain't Never Comin Back": Tom Waits!) yep, no spare! I was grinning inside my Schuberth thinking back and recalling this situation that involved an 18 Wheeler giving me and my tire a ride to the next truck stop 30. Mi. East for a patch. And then subsequently thumbing back onto the Interstate from an On-Ramp, I was given a ride in a small cargo van hauling Pheasant Chicks to be raised further for the restaurants in the region, the driver informed me. Along the way the driver offered up a menu of hedonistic libations, I did not refuse so as not to offend and I arrived back to my El Camino with an inflated tire and wearing an illegal smile, ah the recklessness of youth!

At Spearfish, WY I was only too happy to depart off of the interstate for awhile as I sought out U.S. 212 for a hundred miles plus heading N/W, at Belle Fourche I refueled. Hwy 212 further unwrapped the vastness of the open range prairies, tumble weeds and dust devils were be-

musings to observe as they occupied expansive cattle ranches yet I only observed sparse cattle along this wonderful route that defined the owners as ones being staunch survivalist contending with often times a hostile environment. The cruising along this seemingly endless 2 lane ribbon of which a rider could visually wander off the straight ahead in order to examine the stark relief of sharply angled beveled edge mountains and coursing Arroyos' compelled me to open the modular and let out a Yelp! Edging towards the WY/MT state Line I was listening to a tune in my head playing J.J. Walker's "Borderline" cover: "If you're ever in Montana, take a message to my friends, that the glamour of the city is as empty as the wind and with that good woman at my side, with her lips like Cherrywine, she kissed and said she loved me as we crossed that borderline"! Finally after hitting reserve, my pulse quickened (where is the next fuel stop?) and at Lame Deer I found all the other BMW riders I had not seen to this point all crowding the only fuel stop in the tiny little town, would there be fuel enough for us all? At this watering and refueling hole amongst the assemblage of mostly very late BMW models and old timer in 80's driving a 1/2T Dodge from the 60's haltingly asked a rider standing next to a farked GS if he would reposition his parked and gassed Hexhead so that he could access the pump? The arrogant GS rider whom was busy standing and obstruct-

ing the pump while programming his GPS for further information became annoyed at the local gentleman and with a condescending attitude and a New Yorker's tone told the man to keep his shirt on "You're not in that big of a hurry, are you now?!" The old gent didn't say a thing but my blood began to boil! This old gent was "local people" and deserved more respect and courtesy. I was ready for an Old West Showdown thus I suggested to the arrogant rider he move his bike and let the guy gas up and that we are to be considerate to the locals and represent ourselves accordingly. "The old guy earned his spot at the pump many times over in his lifetime, as well as you came off as a total A'hole!" The Millennial Gen' Rider looked at me incredulous as I too interrupted his interest in his interplaying with the I-Phone then moved the bike as this conversation reached many ears!

Last leg of the route to Billings was ahead, it was looking as if the mid-afternoon heat was bringing in some thunderheads and I'd likely be making a stop further up the road for donning of the rain gear.

To Be Cont'd.....

Wile' Finelly Machit

# SPARKLY BITS

## (or the F650GS Saga, Part One)

Brenda wanted to take a sidecar trip in the spring. It was going to be a two week excursion, without an agenda or even a direction other than "south".

I did the usual stuff to the rig to get ready, checked this, tightened that, inspected the other and then, as a final item on the list, did an oil change. This was the second time since last April that I'd done the change on the F650GS, not an easy task, involving a three-part draining and filter operation, complicated by the fact that the filter canister is on the right side, where the car is, requiring one to hang upside down over the seat to accomplish the change.

As I was pouring the drained oil into my used oil can, some part of my age-fogged brain said "that's odd" because the fluid looked "sparkly". By the time

that thought had registered, however, the oil was in the container, mixed with all the other oil that I'd changed from various vehicles over the last several months.

Having heard of the dreaded "sparkly oil" syndrome, which usually means that something is coming apart inside the engine or transmission, I then fished the used filter out of the trash and cut it open. Inside I found what looked like a few sparkly bits and a little piece of what may have been clutch plate fiber.

None of the bits were magnetic. There was nothing on the magnetic drain plug. I filled the bike up with new oil and ran it for a few minutes, then pulled some oil off the tank and put it in a clean pan and took it out into the sun. Sparkly?, I don't know. The mind plays tricks at this stage, much like a miner panning

for gold in the Yukon, finding pyrite and willing himself to believe it's what he wants to see. I called Kent Holt at his BMW shop and explained my problem. Without being able to see what I was seeing, he could only opine that if there wasn't much in the filter and it wasn't magnetic, it could be just normal wear. He advised running it some more and continuing to sample. He said he couldn't estimate accurately what it would cost to rebuild the 650 single because they'd never had to do one before. The Rotax engines are legendarily bomb-proof.

Though I loved the F650GS for its big single thumping, and it just looked and felt right as part of the rig, this particular one was not without its issues. As I knew when I bought it, the bike had a salvage title, having been con-

## Beemers in the Bluegrass Mini Rally

September 9th—11th

Club E-mail Group

Have you joined?

To subscribe send an e-mail to

[Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)



The “old” Rig at breakfast

Sunday I went on line and searched for 06 or 07 BMW F650GS's (to match the sidecar framework that I already had), located a likely prospect in Kalamazoo, Michigan, bought it sight unseen and recruited Jay to drive up there with me on Monday to get it. We arrived at the owner's home about 4:30 in the afternoon, had the bike loaded up and on our way by 5:30 and spent the night in Benton Harbor. By mid-morning Tuesday we were south of Indianapolis and found a gas station where we could unload the machine and I rode it the rest of the

structed from two examples of the breed, with the front end off one wrecked bike and the engine and frame from another. It was made strictly to be used as a demonstrator for the new sidecar model DMC had produced. The folks at DMC had been completely up front about its history and I knew the risk I was taking. The bike, or at least half of it, had been used hard off road showing all the scars and wear of that former life. The fork seals leaked, spraying my riding pants with a Jackson Pollock pattern, the ignition switch had a passive

-aggressive personality problem and now it may, or may not, have Sparkly Oil Syndrome.

So there I was, a promised trip for Brenda one week away, a bike I no longer trusted and the only options for restoring that trust costing more than the salvage-titled machine was worth. What to do? A man doesn't promise a sidecar trip to a woman as special as Brenda and not make the effort to complete the vow. I suppose I went past a lot of other possible solutions, but the one I chose in my desperation was this.

way in. If all went well, I'd never have another chance to ride it unattached and I wanted that experience.

Wednesday morning, early but not so bright, I started on the process of dismantling two motorcycles. First I had to remove the 06 from the sidecar, which was daunting, complicated by the fact that the bike has no stand of its own once it isn't held up by the third wheel. I wanted to keep all the measurements exactly the same on the fittings because this rig had been set up perfectly by DMC when I



bought it and, not having any other experience myself, I didn't want to change anything.

With great trepidation, I began the process of disconnection. I took measurements of various points, hoping that by matching them again I could keep the alignment. The bolts that hold the four mounting points were so tight that I had to stand on the wrench to get them loose.

I had not realized until I began the process that the F650 had a subframe that held the side stand and also

served as the bottom half of the bike's frame. That had to be removed from the 07 and the side-car sub-frame from the 06.

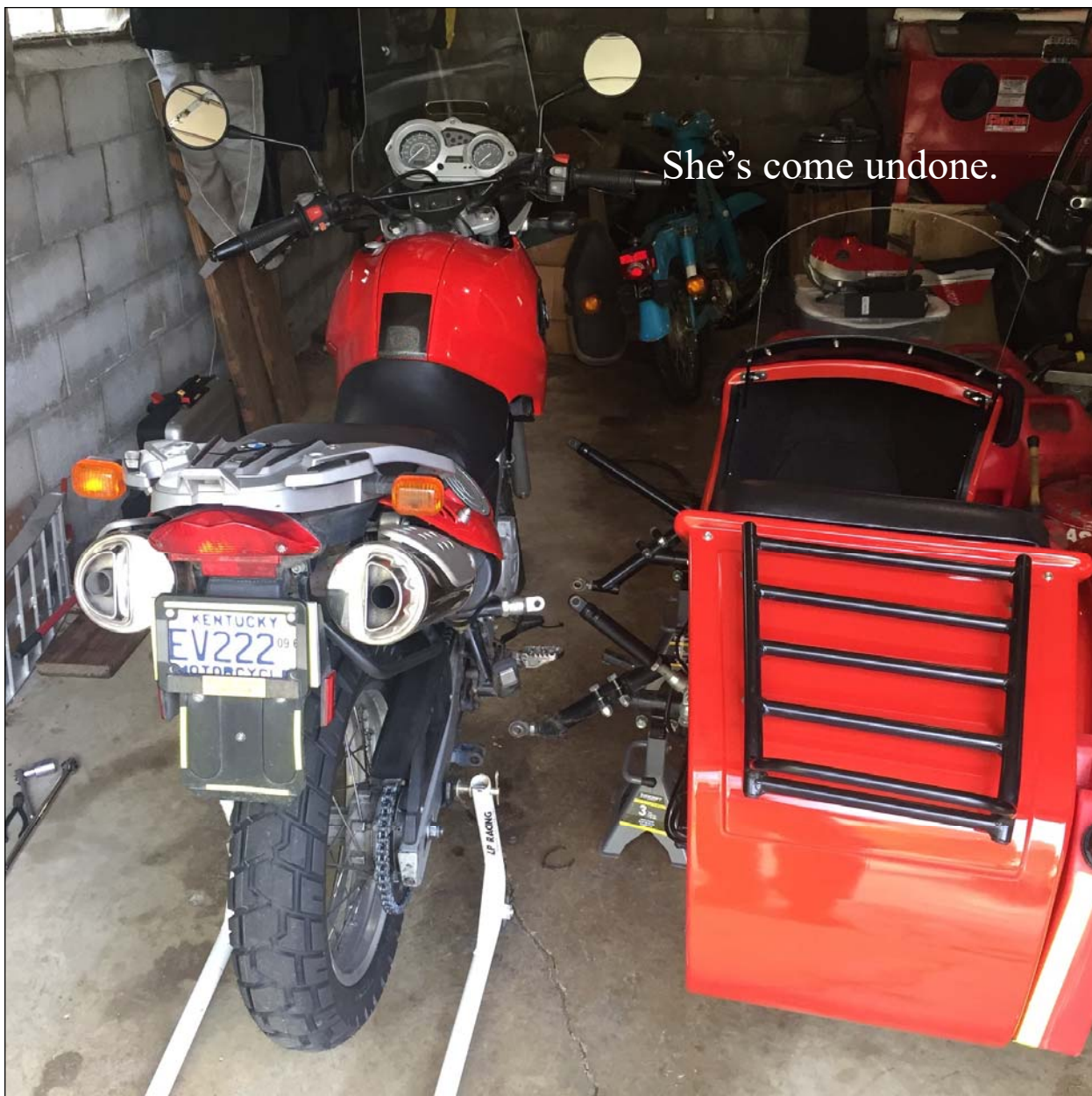
Early this spring I had installed a new rear shock, specifically set up for the rig, on the 06, which made a huge difference in handling, compared to the completely worn-out one it came with, and I wasn't going to

forgo that benefit with the 07, even though its stock shock seemed to be working perfectly. Having the car attached made that job difficult, so I wanted to get the swap done first thing. But, the shock seems to be the first item coming down the assembly line when these things are built, so the motorcycle has to be removed from the shock, not the other way around. Twice.

Jay came over to help and with two people working intensely,

we got the shock swap accomplished. With one bike on the lift and the other one in the garage bay, we felt like transplant surgeons shuffling back and forth with parts in hand. Jay asked at one point if I needed an ice chest for the transport.

Eventually, by Saturday afternoon, the crucial hour had come. The new bike had to be joined. Jay came over again, a glutton for punishment. We got the bike and car side by side and then pondered how to move them



closer when neither could stand independently and our days of being able to lift a bike were long past us. Jay came up with the solution, which involved him holding the motorcycle and me laying under the sidecar to lift and crab-walk it slowly toward the target. Imagine the docking scenes in the space movies where the shuttle mates up with the space station...but then add one of the characters under the

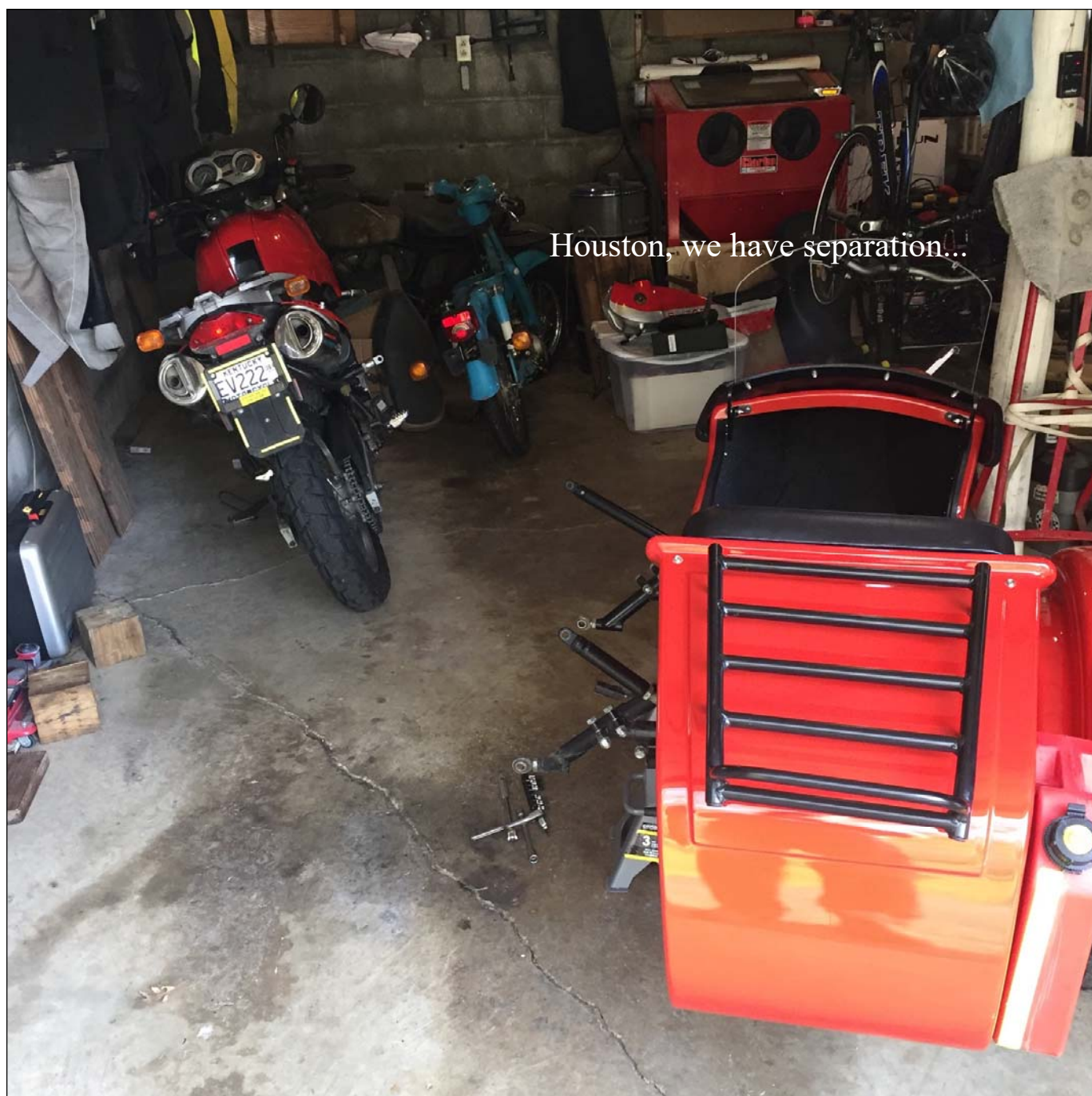
shuttle on his back trying to lift the thing into place without the aid of weightlessness.

More as a credit to DMC Sidecar's engineering and precision than any mechanical skills on our part, the two docked perfectly and the bolts slid into place without tension. A quick check of the wiring proved that the lights worked as planned with no unwanted escape of the essential smoke. I hooked up the

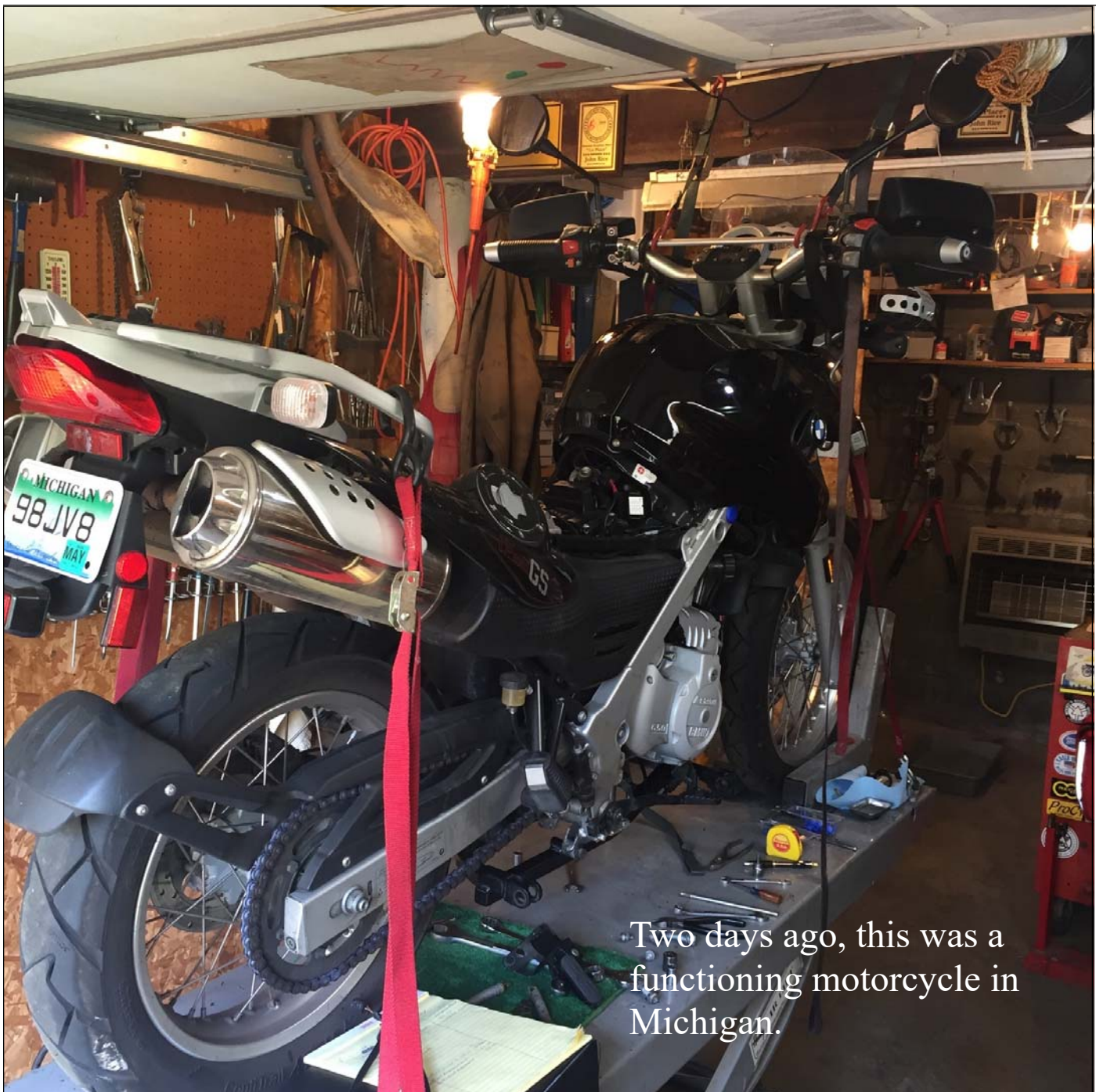
sidecar brake arrangement, which again requires hanging upside down over the seat to manipulate the small bolts into place.

A few minutes later, I was donning my helmet and taking it down the driveway, hoping that it would stay pointed in some semblance of a straight line. It did.

There were more details, more incidents proving that Murphy's







Two days ago, this was a functioning motorcycle in Michigan.

Law is immutable (why, oh why did BMW put windshield clips upside down in a place that when they fall off, the entire instrument panel and headlight have to

be removed?) but by Sunday afternoon, it was ready to go. I'm typing this in a motel in Abingdon, Virginia on the first day of our sidecar trip with the

"new" rig. I'll let you know how it goes.

2016 BMW MOA International Rally  
7/14/2016 - 7/17/2016  
Location: Hamburg, New York

**BMW of Louisville  
Open House  
June 18th, 2016 from 9am to 5pm**

Remaining 2015 models will have special pricing along with all used bikes.

I am going to plan a route or place/s for people to ride for something else to do in the afternoon. Nothing official for the ride, I will look for some places and if you have any suggestions let me know. Nothing over a 2 hours please unless you have specific plans with a group of people.

Come over and hang out with us for a good time by all.

- Free Food and drinks
- All in stock BMW clothing will be have special pricing. Already marked clearance items will be marked down.
- Schuberth clearance helmets take another 10% off.
- Non clearance Schuberth helmets will be 10%- 15% off.
- Special ordered BMW clothing will get same pricing.
- Raffle prizes, must be present to enter. I will mail to you if you win and have left already.
  - BMW jacket credit of \$200, good towards purchase of any new BMW jacket.
  - \$100 gift card
  - \$50 gift card
  - BMW Motorcycles of Louisville T-shirts

## Upcoming Rallies

5/13-5/14, Blue Ridge High Pass Boogie, Asheville, NC

5/20-5/22, European Riders Rally, Burkesville, KY

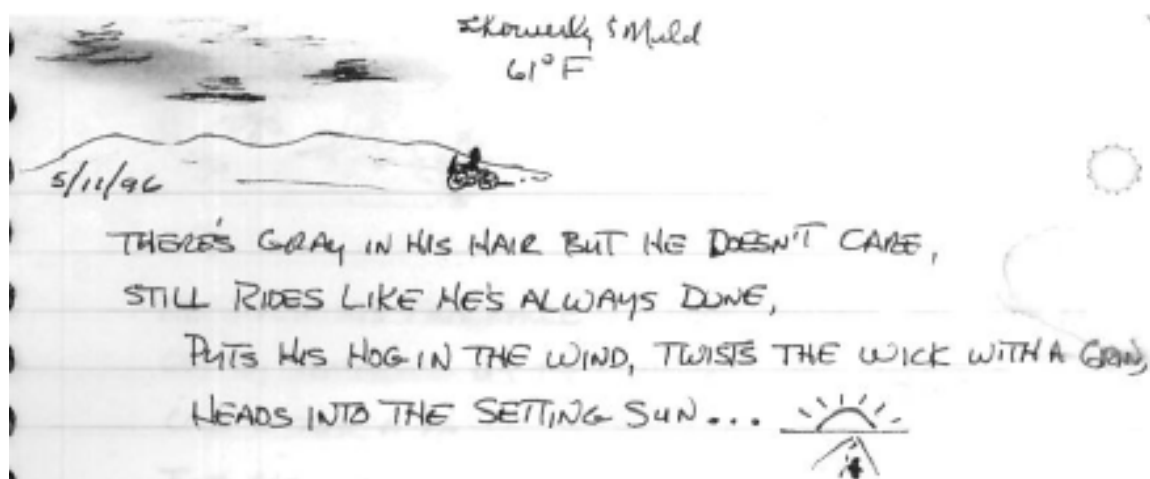
5/26-5/29, 17th Annual ROK Rally a.k.a. "The Firefly Rally", Del Rio, TN

5/27-5/29, 27th Annual "Great Chicken Rally", Dunlap, TN

5/28-5/29, Mayhem, Dunlap, TN

6/10-6/12, 24th Gathering of the Clans, Ferguson, NC





Here's the group for today:

- 1). Christie Martin
- \* 2). Mike DeWeese
- \* 3). Paul Elwyn
- \* 4). Hubert Burton
- \* 5). Bob Riley
- \* 6). John Rice
- \* 7). ~~John~~ Phillip Baugh
- \* 8). Mike Gregory
- 9). Pete Goldsht
- 10). Boone Sutherland
- 11). Jim Brandon
- 12). Mike Gall
- 13). Chris Warner
- 14). Joe Bark
- \* 15). Randy Scott
- \* 16). Gary Hoffman
- 17). Darlene Huffman
- + 18). Bill Voss + Jessie
- 19). Bob Goss
- 20). Duff Neal
- \* 21). Donna Norris (P.L.B.)

Boone

# 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 2009 Yamaha TTR125



**Monoshock, , electric and kick start, relatively new tires, good battery. It's an amazing little dirt bike, capable, in Ian's hands, of going anywhere the big bikes went and sometimes leading the way. Ian has outgrown it now, so it's time for it to serve another young person. Dealer and AMA site both say average retail around \$1175, so that's the asking price.**

**John Rice, [riceky@aol.com](mailto:riceky@aol.com) 859-229-4546**



# For Sale

2006 K1200LT \$7,500



If interested, e-mail [8593218002@vzwpx.com](mailto:8593218002@vzwpx.com)



# For Sale

1993 K75RT with 30K miles



**\$3,000**

**If interested, call Hans  
Meintzschel 606.932.3304  
(English or German!)**







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your way to the  
European Rider Rally  
in Burkesville!**