

November 2016

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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

Ray Brooks' new ride
Photo by Jeff Odean

What time of year is this and did we really get Hacked???

By Jeff Crabb

What time of year is it?? This last week we've seen highs in the 80's and the rain has been scarce for a while. Not much like a "normal" last week of October. Not that I'm ready for the cold. Never been much of a fan of cold weather and it can take some of the fun out of riding.

One may also be confused by the number of new bikes that are coming into the club lately. Isn't that a spring thing? It's great to see new bikes. Ray Brooks picked himself up a

2016 F700GS and Joe Bark is now the owner of a 2016 R1200GS. The club is getting that new bike smell. (Is there such a thing?)

This month's newsletter has been HACKED! Not by what's been in the news almost everyday from the world of websites & file servers, but by our two resident sidecar owners. Jeff Odean chronicles the path to which now finds him owning a 1981 R100RT sidecar rig. While John Rice takes us along on a trip down

memory lane. Which finds him back in his hometown area in far eastern Kentucky.

Please enjoy the stories and the pictures and please keep sending in your stories and pictures.

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

Thanks

Club E-mail Group

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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



How we adopted a Sidecar Rig (And a few other things)

By Jeff Odean

The decision to enter into the world of sidecars, or HACKS as it's sometimes referred to as, is much easier when you have the support of your spouse when one is married. Of course this stands true, on most everything you do when married. It is a fairly large decision both financially as well as the affect and effect it will have on your life.

My life into the world of motorcycles began at the age of 9-10 years of age when my parents bought me a "mini bike". One of those cool green metal flake models with the 5 hp. Briggs and Stratton engine, and high handlebars. While for the most part, my area of riding consisted of one city block where I grew up in Moline, Illinois, (the neighbors didn't mind) as well as all those "donuts" I rode in my back driveway burning pre-teen energy. But my main focus was the annual trip to the family cabin on the lake in north central Minnesota, where I had free reign of miles and miles of two lane beautiful black top back roads amongst the Minnesota wheat and corn fields. To increase my riding time when not out in the boat fishing with my father, and to "farkle" it up a tad, I bought an old Schwinn headlight/taillight and generator set from a second hand store in Minnesota, and fashioned it to the frame so I had light. Amazing light, as one would imagine. That generator was spinning at 20-25 mph at times. Never designed to be used like that, I'm surprised that I never blew a bulb.

Fast forward through a few bikes, a number of years, and then a dry spell as my bride was

not a fan of motorcycles as she had a serious motorcycle accident when she was 21 and in a coma for almost 2 weeks at Barnes Hospital in St Louis. Joyce and I meet when she was 29, we married in 1994, but needless to say the pre-nuptial was understood, and I couldn't blame her.

I started occupying some time back in 2005 or 2006 buying, rebuilding, and selling small scooters. Lexington, being the college town meant finding a home quickly for these scooters made it profitable and fun. It was indeed both.

One day Joyce decided she wanted to ride with me on a totally worn out Honda 150cc that I was considering repairing and selling. Actually it was ready for the graveyard. (A poor purchase decision on my part.) This was the first time she had been on anything with two wheels besides a bicycle since she was 21. I was shocked. As the light turned green to cross Richmond Rd to Kroger, the worn out 150cc scooter made it across barely only with the help of our four feet as we were riding 2 up. It did have passenger pegs. My guess is that we're the ones supplying 100-125cc with our feet. I seemed like an eternity crossing that intersection and upon arriving back home we both were thinking that if we want to ride 2 up we should look for something with a few more cc's and a tad bit more reliable. It was agreed. We listed and sold the worn out 150cc Honda in a week. Thank goodness. We came across a used 1997 Honda Elite 250cc that had been well cared for and purchased it. It had a full

fairing, of sorts, as well as a factory Honda trunk. It felt good to be back up on two wheels again. It was very reliable, and Joyce was even enjoying it, which both surprised me and made me very happy to say the least. Joyce was responsible for finding the 2005 Piaggio X9 Evolution on Craig's List in Ohio. It was 500cc with plenty of power for two. The gentleman we bought it

from (in his early 80's at the time) said he had bought it recently new to ride with his two sons on their Honda Goldwing's, and it only had 2,400 miles on it. When we arrived in Sharonville, OH I pointed out to him that it was actually only 240.4 miles. He said "Oh,



2005 Piaggio X9 Evolution 500

We really enjoyed the Piaggio and logged quite a few miles on it the two years we owned it. I had mentioned to Joyce that BMW was building their new C650GT and to my surprise she said sell the Piaggio and let's get the BMW (Yeah). I listed the Piaggio and sold

it within 6 days to the second person that contacted me. He, his wife, and son drove down from Shelbyville, Indiana and he bought it. He road it all the way back to Shelbyville via I-75/I-74. He actually called me when he arrived home to tell me what a great ride home it was. That was nice of him. I then received a phone call from him thirty days later and thought to myself "oh no.....what's up"? Fearing the worst, he was quick to set my mind at ease and tell me how he and his wife loved the Piaggio 500 so much they listed and sold their big Victory touring bike on Cycle Trader as they were tired of the stop and go, while having to balance such a big



BMW C650GT

ok. My mistake. You still want it?.....

bike on their short but frequent rides. The

Piaggio was perfect they said. Wheeeew! Everyone was happy.

With the Piaggio down the road, we then purchased the 2013 BMW C650GT. It has been a great bike. As Web-Bike-World reviews stated it was a blend of 90% sport bike and 10% Scooter. A fantastic light touring bike. I must concur.

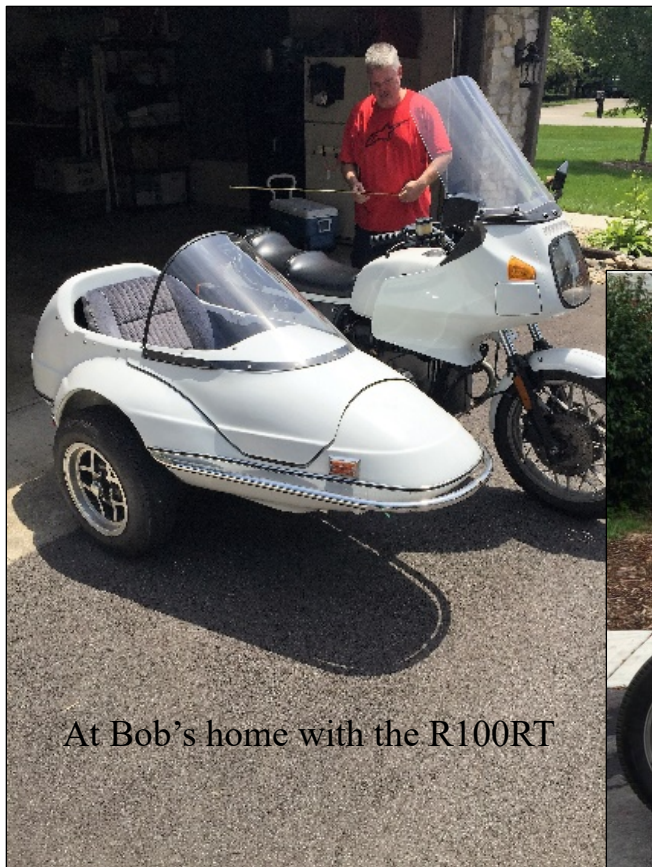
Now I have to say a word about John Rice and his acquisition of his F650 with DMC Sidecar. Am I going to blame John for this? Well certainly not, but I was fascinated with not only his new rig but the journey that John went on to bring it home as well. Joyce absolutely loved it from the pictures I showed her. And that began her thinking. She said she would like us to look for something like that, and that she would rather ride (or sit as it were) more than ride 2 Up. It took us approximately 16 months to find the perfect "rig" for us. You just don't run down to the "HACK Store" and pick one up. But we eventually

found it. A 1981 BMW R100RT with California II Sidecar rig with 59K on the clock. I had consulted with many of you at our Saturday breakfasts over a few weeks, from John, Roy, Ray, Jay, Lee, Pete, and probably a few more and, felt that it was a wise decision for Joyce and I.

We absolutely loved it and never owning an airhead before we didn't think twice about buying it.

Now that old carpenters saying goes like this: Measure twice and cut once. This applies to many things in life not just lumber. In my 186 mile trip to New Palestine Indiana I remembered Bob telling me that I need a 6' trailer to haul the rig. I had thought of giving Ben a call because I knew that he had a trailer but I also knew he and his wife Lucie were using it for their trip to the MOA National Rally in Hamburg, NY. Hummm.....I also had considered just riding it back as Lee Thompson had offered to drive me up to New Palestine, IN Given the age of the rig plus the logistics of the 186 mile trip up and back made that not possible. (Thanks again Lee)

I called U-Haul to reserve my 6' trailer they confirmed with me a 6" would be ready. After



At Bob's home with the R100RT



picking up the trailer I kept looking out the rear view mirror while traveling I-75N to I-74W and thought those “flats” on the back of the U-Haul trailer that the ramp/gate locked into, surly would not come into play and that my true opening is 6’. I thought of calling Bob to measure once more and I’d do the same in route, but he was not home. Our plans were to meet at the same time they were arriving home from their vacation. I arrived at his home and before we even tried to load it we got out the tape measure. Oh no! “Murphy’s Law” reared its ugly head. The 6’ trailer was 6’ but with the flats on the back I only had a 5’ opening. It’s amazing the adjectives that spring into your head at a time like this. Biting my tongue retained the tapestry of profanities that were brewing in my head. Oh well. Live and learn. “Measure twice.....”



I called Joyce to tell her the not so good news, and then headed back home 186 miles “Rig less”. Now I was fortunate to find a trailer at Sunbelt Rental the following week and it had a true opening of 6’ 6” and was an open tilt flatbed too. Now I’m all set. Done!

Bob had purchased this rig as a barn find only one mile from where he lived in New Palestine, IN (East of Indianapolis) He owns three other BMW bikes. An R1200RT and two 70’s Airheads. The 81 R100RT had been a three year project for him. His decision to sell the RT was that he had found a new love for the Ural Sidecar Rigs and was looking for a late model 2WD that he could take “off road” camping with his wife and young daughters. Something they’d wished to do with the RT but was just not feasible.

While this RT is not a “Garage Queen”, it is mechanically sound. Bob had replaced with OEM or better, many parts. The rear shocks and springs were replaced with new KONI’s, a new battery which is a small automotive size and relocated to behind the sidecar seat for more ballast, a new “bean can”, new diode board, rebuilt front and rear Brembo brake calipers, new brake pads, new master cylinder, new front fork seals. Guenther Wuest, of Fredicksburg, IN. rebuilt the transmission and final drive, as well as installed a new clutch and the updated new style clutch carrier. Guenther also installed a lower 5th gear to handle the additional weight of the sidecar. The top end has been rebuilt with Nakasil lined cylinders, piston rings, upgraded valves, seals, and gaskets, so as to run unleaded fuel. Carburetors have been rebuilt, (the left still likes to mark its territory on occasion), new fuel lines and fuel filters were installed also.

I have replaced the speedometer/odometer with the original gauge that Bob included in

the parts box. I quickly noticed after I brought it home that the replacement he installed was clocking 1,000 miles for every 100 miles traveled. (We can't have this. I said to myself) I disassembled the original speedometer from the parts box and quickly determined the only problem (hopefully) was that the speedometer needle was stuck on the stop pin. "I can fix that". With it disassembled I lifted the needle carefully with a pair of hemostats, and straightened it very carefully as best I could. With that fixed a cordless drill chucked to the speedometer quickly confirmed that the speedo moved and speed and mileage was being clocked. "Hooray" I then cleaned all the electrical contacts, with 2000 grit paper, checked and corrected for tightness of all contacts, lubed internal nylon gears, replaced all the bulbs, and cleaned the glass. I installed that original parts box speedometer and to my amazement it works flawlessly. Lights, speedometer, odometer and trip. When you don't have a gas gauge, a trip odometer is a pretty handy luxury to have.

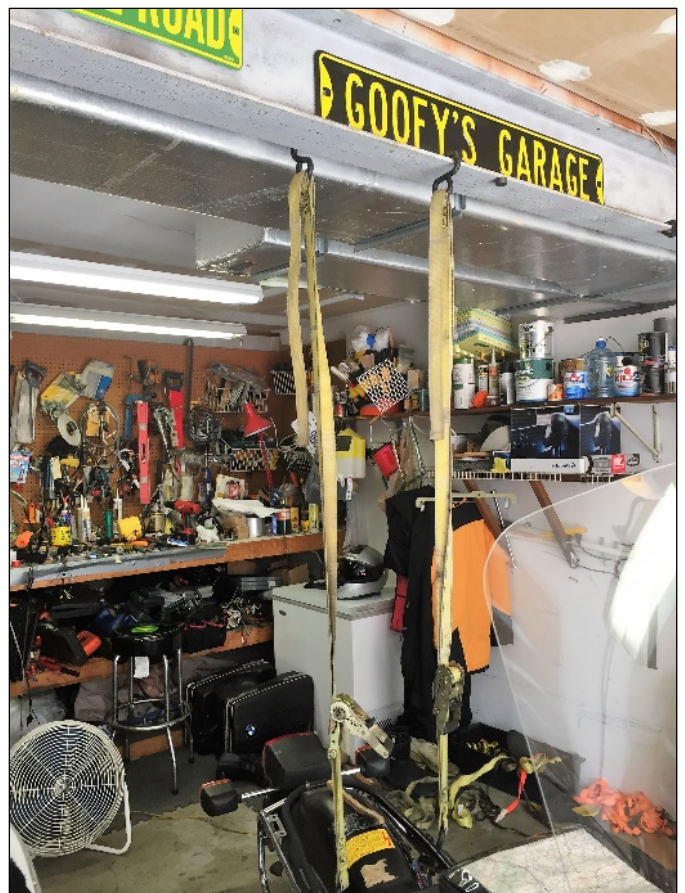
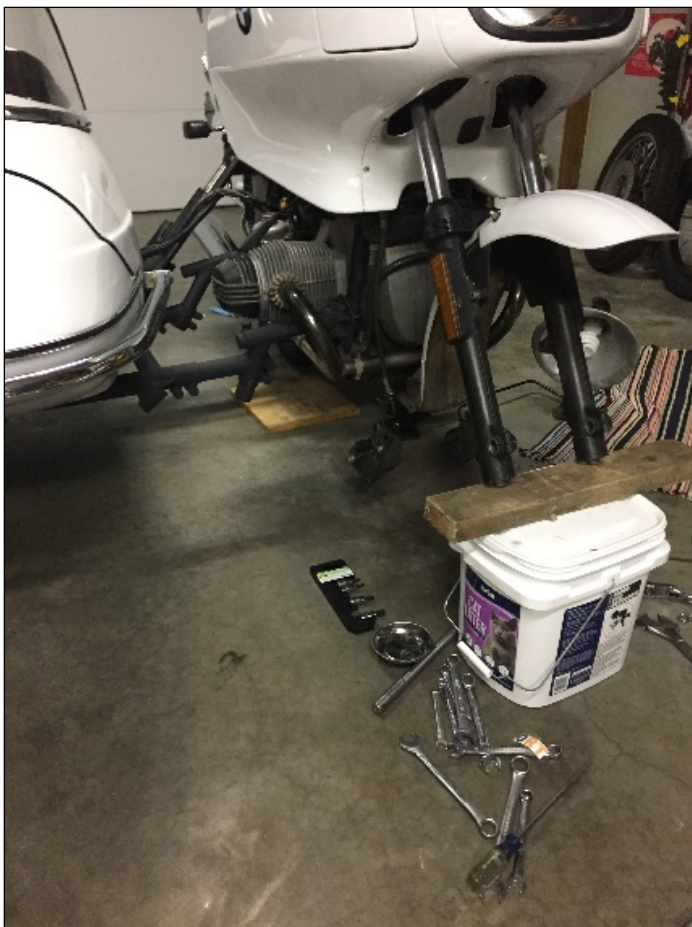
There were some little things that needed to be put in working order. The side marker on the sidecar didn't work. It was the type that relied on being mounting in contact to a metal body "ground" so as to have a ground wire to battery negative connection. Not possible on a fiberglass sidecar body. So I ran a ground wire to the socket soldered it in place and the side marker works..... Shazzam! The driving/fog lights were not working due to a mouse making a meal out of the harness. Roy Rowlett had said to me that the original configuration on these RT's was that on low beam one driving/fog light worked and on high beam the other driving light would light. I ordered a generic 30A driving/fog light wiring harness with relay and 30A fuse and just wired the two lights

to come on together with its own designated switch through the ignition switch when it was on and..... "Let there be lights". The voltage seems to still be in the positive range as long as I use the extra lights above 3200 rpm.

I have just replaced the tires, and thanks Roy for the mounting and balancing. Iron Pony, in Columbus, OH had a good price on the Dunlop K70's. They are special bias belted tires for many motorcycle of that vintage period. The DOT date on the original rear was 2800 they were from the 28th week of the year 2000..... YIKES! The front had no DOT date to be found. Double yikes. The lifting of the rig and removal of the wheels was much easier that I was thinking it would be. I'm treading in foreign waters here, and didn't know quite what to expect. The new tires and tubes have made a world of difference. It rides and handles like a totally different bike. Not to mention much safer too. It seems very happy at 55-65mph at 4400 rpm with no pulling or drifting whatsoever. MPG seems to be around 35mpg.

The night in August, I brought it home from Indiana, I took Joyce out for our maiden evening cruise. It was in the upper 80's. Joyce picked the roughest route to travel when she said "Let's ride downtown". Downtown Lexington we went, around the fountain in front of Rupp Arena. I looked over at her some 15-20 minutes later just after we circled the fountain the second time and she was fast asleep. I would say it passed her test. She probably tired from waving back at everyone that honked and waved at her in our ride that night.

I was forewarned by John Rice that those things could happen and also that a quick 10 minute ride to the Kroger could easily turn into 30-45 minutes or more.



Now I'm certain that the next replacement will be the brake lines with either the standard lines or some stainless steel braded types. I really like those. I will also add a small, 30 watt Cree headlight on the front of the sidecar rail. In all, we have only logged 2,500 +/- miles since August. Most of them with Joyce riding right next to me sometimes nodding off. With three bikes in the garage I've run out of room. Even though as John Rice says "the correct number of bikes to own is the number you own plus one".

And that's how we adopted our Sidecar Rig.



CODDIWOMPLE

By John Rice

Coddiwomple: English vernacular: "To travel in a purposeful manner toward a vague destination."

I'm up and out of the house at 8 AM this mid-July morning with the sidecar rig, for a trip with the thinnest of excuses, to carry a forgotten helmet back to Greenup. From there to points unknown.

I follow Rt. 60 to Morehead, for the mandatory pie stop at Rootabakers, then to Olive Hill, where I point the nose north on Rt. 2. There are lots of curves on this road, but I'm not scrubbing off chicken strips with a two wheeler today, I'm going gently with the rig at about the pace a family car could do, if you didn't want to shake up the passengers. A bit more cautious on the rights when I don't want to do the hanging over the sidecar thing since that requires more physical effort

than I care to take on as a habit. The road is still wet, and I'm running in and out of rain. It is nice to not worry much about traction on the front in the wet with comfort of having that third wheel out there on the side. I reach Greenup where I visit for a bit with nephew Paul Rice at his workplace and accomplish my errand, returning his helmet. Without much of a plan from here, I meander on up to Ashland, with a detour through Flatwoods to see where I used

to live. My first purchased house is there, a tiny cracker box ranch, now modified almost beyond recognition, and the open field behind it, where I used to run with my dog, is now a forest. I take the back way from there to Ashland, where I found lunch at Fat Patty's, a restaurant located in what was a store building back in my day. Most of the businesses I knew as a kid wandering around here are gone, storefronts closed or morphed into something I would not



Morning Pie @ Rootabakers

have imagined then. No Bluegrass Drive In at the east end of town anymore, the burger shack whose parking lot was the backdrop to much of my teen years is now a vacant lot. In my teens I once did a high wheelie on a Ducati 250 leaving that parking lot, for the edification of my friends and other onlookers, carried it through the underpass where the train tracks went over the road and on down Winchester Avenue where the police officer I passed with wheel still in the air found it more illegal than inspiring. That road has been rerouted now, taking out the underpass and straightening out the curve where my older brother Fred rented an underground space for a real "Man Cave" before that was a thing. Over there is a grassy spot where once stood a three story house. When I was a rookie social worker, I went to that house for a visit and observed a homemade chicken-wire pen with several undernourished looking puppies inside. While I was looking at them, a child from the family came out, picked up one of the pups and threw it down on the ground. I turned to the mom and said, "Put them all in my car, now." She did, without questioning, and homes were later found for all but the

"runt", who became Casi, my dog for 14 more years.

I detoured off Winchester Avenue to go up 43rd Street to Gartrell Hill, headed toward my boyhood home. I slowly rounded the uphill left hand curve where I used to like to drag the Ducati's long steel pegs at night to watch the sparks in the rear view mirror under my hand. In those teenage years, I could not have imagined my 68 year old self returning here on such a wonderful machine as I now pilot. At the top of the hill, Burchett's Grocery is now an apartment building. In a matter of seconds I relive the hours after grade school spent in the crowded store picking out just the right thing to spend my quarter on.

Just down from Burchett's, there are houses now, whole subdivisions where once were thick woods that seemed endless when I spent my days in them wandering on trails and following the creek to see what had changed each day, down to where it petered out and disappeared underground to make its way to the river.

My childhood home on Russell Street also is barely recognizable. It has been half a century since I left home and I recall it being much larger, not the modest bungalow it seems to be now. I turn down Black-

burn Avenue at the top of the hill, past where people I knew lived, the boy my parents didn't want me to play with, the garage we jumped off of with our Superman capes made from towels, (no lasting injury, so perhaps the capes were more effective than we thought) and the yard where, using a clawhammer as a digging implement, I managed to bury the tines in the back of my head. That may explain a lot. Blackburn is a long steep hill at this point, with a curve near the bottom. I once got in a friend's little red wagon at the top and pushed off, with no forethought as to how one would steer, or more importantly, stop. It did not end well. At the bottom of the hill on the left is the cul de sac, though that's too grand a word, more of a holler, really, where the creek ended. Near there lived a friend who got a 50cc bike, like me at the age of 14, and like me tried to tinker with it for no real reason other than that's what boys do. He found inside the wheel assemblies something that looked dry and dusty, so he lubricated the bits liberally with axle grease. On his first foray with the newly maintained bike, he learned that brake shoes are not among the items that need lubrication.

On Rt. 23 again, I head up to Catlettsburg, the county seat, going under the underpass down to the road by the river and into town, now a cartoon of itself from the old days. I drive slowly past the Circuit Courthouse where once I did supposedly important things. There are others now on the sidewalks, in professional clothes carrying briefcases. I will leave it all to them and motor on.

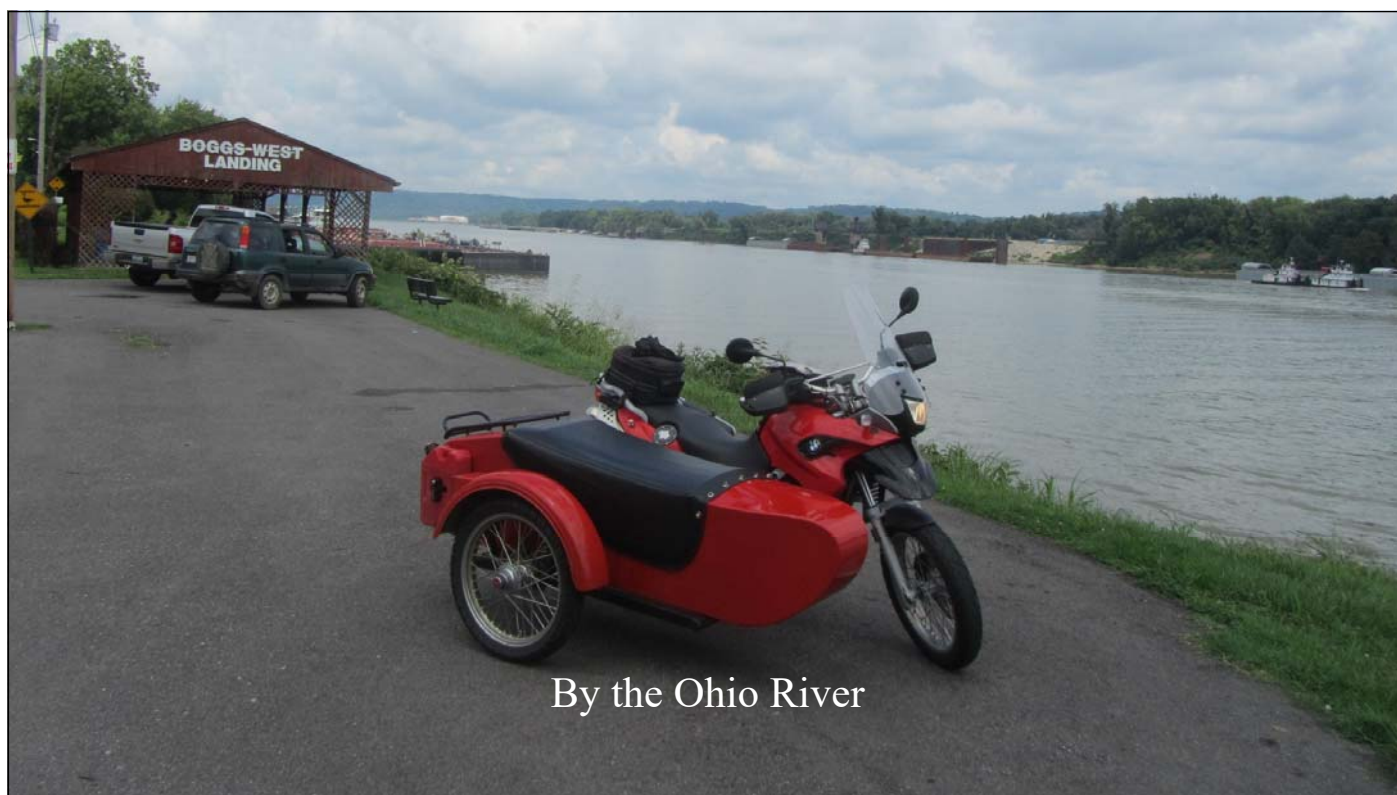
I crossed into West Virginia at Kenova and immediately turned down Rt. 1, Big Sandy Road, to connect to Rt. 52.

The Italian bike, running on magneto and the old British car, with its Lucas electrics, didn't have much illumination, but my young eyes could function much better than in low light conditions. Much of the old twisty road is gone now, "improved" into blandness with anything that qualified as a curve straightened, widened and tamed.

At a water stop my phone tells me I have had a message from home, but now out here in the hinterlands of West Virginia, I have no phone service. I detour over to Kentucky,

to drop behind the mountains. I chose the Landmark Hotel since it met the requirements of being 1) near where I am when I decide to stop for the night, 2) parking in front of the outside entrance to a room, and 3) a restaurant that is non-smoking, a rarity in eastern Kentucky. Much of its clientele comes for the Pikeville Medical Center, the big regional hospital, next door, so there are lots of folks here who are killing time awaiting an appointment with a doc.

The next day I went out into the cool air and dim light of a



By the Ohio River

Back in the late 60's, I used to make this trip in my 1958 MGA, or on a 250cc Ducati to see an acquaintance in Keystone, West VA, starting out in the wee hours from Ashland.

stopping periodically to see if service is available. Finally finding communication in Pikeville, and learning that there was no emergency, I opt to stay here as the sun begins

mountain morning to where my rig sat waiting in the parking lot. Some of the other guests were lounging on the steps just down from my room, watching with idle curi-

osity to see what this strangely dressed man would do with this odd machine. They got more entertainment than they, or I expected. I loaded the dry bag onto the luggage rack, put on my gloves and mounted the bike and thumbed the starter switch. With no result. Not silence, but the quiet click,

up the alligator clips and in another second or two, the bike was running. I let it idle while I buttoned everything up and as I was doing so, one of the watchers came over. "What did you do?", he wanted to know and when I showed him the little battery he stared at it much like a 19th

tery being where the gas tank should have been just didn't compute.

I had planned to go south and wander a bit on some squiggly lines I had spotted on the map, but now with a weak battery, I opted to stick with more mainstream roads for a bit. I rode on to Prestonsburg where I got

gas and, fingers crossed, started the bike again. It fired right up, which gave me the confidence to take off on another thin black wiggle just up the road. Rt. 404, the Battlefield Highway, turns left off the Parkway just a few miles out of Prestons-



Kermit, WV

click of a tired battery that just can't quite muster the energy to fire the solenoid. But for once I was prepared. I took the Torx driver out of the tank bag and in a few moments had the center panel off the faux tank to reveal the battery. From the tail bag I withdrew the palm-sized "micro-start" auxiliary battery pack, fitted

Century denizen being shown an iPhone. I explained to him how it worked, but I could tell he wasn't listening, as if I had lapsed into a foreign language. He had been expecting either total defeat or the typical hood -open, long cables and "now hit it" command from the world of pickup trucks. The tiny booster and the bike's bat-

burg. But as entertaining as that one was, it was 542 I was hunting. It is a wickedly curvy little ribbon of asphalt that quickly begins to deteriorate as it winds further back into the hills. Soon the surface is undulating where trucks exceeding the design limits have hollowed out great portions of blacktop, sinking here and ris-

ing there as if liquid rather than hard pavement. In other spots, the asphalt has just given up the fight and begun to return to its component parts or disappearing altogether leaving only dirt. The F650 sidecar rig is perfect for this sort of place, as if it was made with this in mind. I cross a "rails to trails" gravel track that is un-named and unoccupied by any of the hikers and bikers it was made for. I suspect it is because they don't

ersed on this trip, indicating what it is. Around another corner I'm confronted by an Escalade-size bull standing in the middle of the road, calmly munching grass from the edge. He looks at me with only mild interest as I idle discreetly and respectfully by. He doesn't know what this thing is, but he is confident that he is bigger and badder than I am and he is right.

The pavement gathers strength a bit later and be-

Quicksand Creek. When I was a youngster, riding my 24 inch Huffy down to the Capitol Theater in Ashland on Saturday mornings to watch the latest installments of the black and white adventure serials, munching on popcorn and Jordan Almonds, it seemed that quicksand was a fairly regular feature of the wilderness, always lying in wait for the unsuspecting. Deadly it was, sucking the poor victim down in minutes, leaving only a hat



Quicksand Creek

know it's here or can't find it, since there is no signage at this junction, or on any of the approaching roads I've trav-

comes more consistent as I get nearer to civilization. But before I reach bright lights and brick buildings, I have to pass

floating on the surface (in his movies, Lash Larue always had a convenient branch above to wrap his whip around, sav-

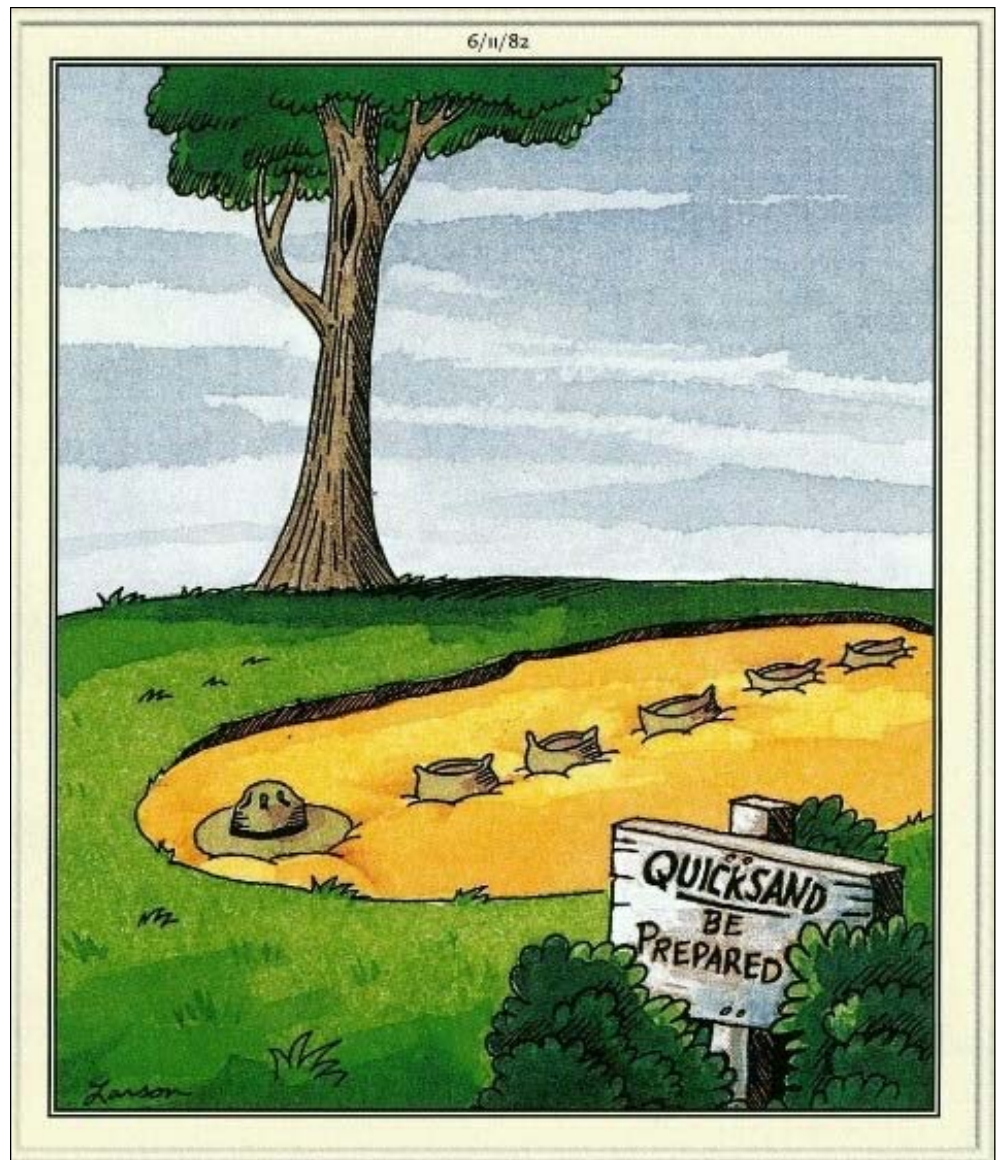
ing himself from this fate.) Throwing caution to the winds, I parked the rig by the creek and walked down to the bank, knowing that this could be my last walk and I wasn't even wearing a hat. Fortunately (OK, you'd guessed this since I'm still writing) I was spared the ignominy of that last struggle, wondering as the nose goes under, why didn't I pay attention to those old movies!

(One feature of bike trips for me has always been rescuing turtles (more accurately Terrapins) who like to sun themselves in the middle of the hot pavement until suddenly the lights go out under the tires of a pickup. Three Terrapins were relocated from the highway on this trip, and there were three more for whom intervention was too late. I'm inordinately pleased to see the little guys (or girls, it's hard to tell) since they seem to have been completely absent for a few years. All of these were small, about two thirds the size of the ones we used to pick up on past trips. I don't know if they are young, or just a smaller variety that has, through evolution, learned to better cope with traffic. Either

way, it's nice to have them again.)

Not long after Quicksand, 542 joins Rt. 30 which would take one either to Jackson or on up to West Liberty. I pondered the pie possibilities in Jackson vs those in Morehead, north of West Liberty and

of butterscotch pie left in the case for me. From there it's an easy jaunt back home on familiar roads. I park the rig in its usual spot, waiting for the next coddiwomple opportunity to arise.



found the decision easy. Go north. I made it into Rootabakers after the usual lunch crowd, but there was a piece



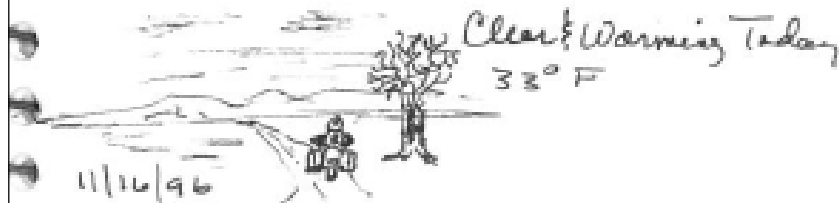
Joe Bark's New Ride!
2016 R1200GS

Photo by Jeff Odean

Joe Bark's New Ride

Photos by Jeff Odean





A PINK SUNRISE AND MOTIONLESS JET SMOKE TRAILS
 PROMISE A BEAUTIFUL NOVEMBER SATURDAY. THE HIGH TODAY
 WILL NEAR FIFTY, BRINGING US A WEEKEND REWARD FOR
 ENDURING NEAR RECORD LOWS EARLIER THIS WEEK. THE
 TALK IS LIVELY, BIKES AND OTHER BREAKFAST CHATTER ARE WELCOME



Here's the group for today:

- 1). John Ricci
- 2). Ben Pruitt
- 3). Phil Baugh
- 4). Mike Gill
- 5). Tom Sutherland
- * 6). Herbert Burton
- 7). Roy Rowlett & Eddie
- 8). Debbie Rowlett
- * 9). Jim Brandon
- 10). Boone Sutherland
- * 11). Paul Elumga
- * 12). Joe Berk
- * 13). Bill Vase
- 14). Jeff Cribbs
- 15). Drew Neal
- 16). Bob Goss
- * 17). Randy Scott (K100LT)
- * 18). Mark Renee
- * 19). Ed Blankensson

Boone

} the Louisville Club
 Connection, yep!!

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

