



October 2016

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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

Saturday Breakfast
Photo by Todd Fuller



Fitchburg Furnace

Near Ravenna, KY

Photos by
Todd Fuller



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Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49

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Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

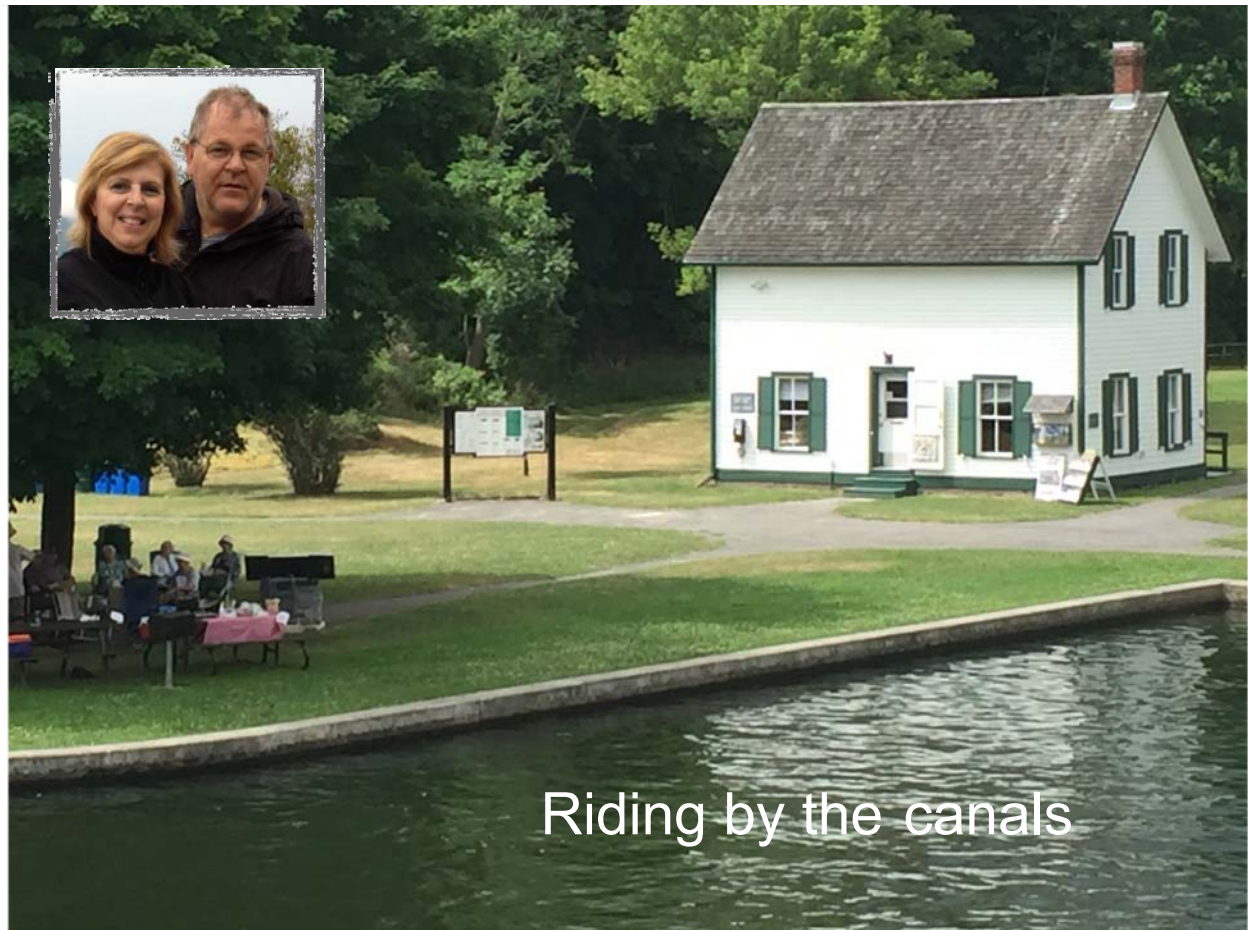
Back issues of *Apex* can be accessed on our website

Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.

in Lexington, Kentucky on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.

BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers





Riding by the canals

Now that we have an RT we could plan longer 2rides and since Hamburg, NY is basically midway to Ottawa, ON, I suggested to my steady girlfriend (We met Nov 2, 1979 @ 11pm) to ride to Canada from the 2016 BMWMOA National rally.

Like any happy married man, I knew the plan had to be attractive and reasonable. That means no iron butt challenges and lodging at decent hotels with pools. We will not hit the road at 7am and of course, a nice sit down dinner is the norm. Like they say, "You do not have a second chance to give a good first impression". Therefore, I decided to trailer to Hamburg and reduce the ride to 450 miles (50%). Lucie never request the Hilton but the pool is a must. I booked

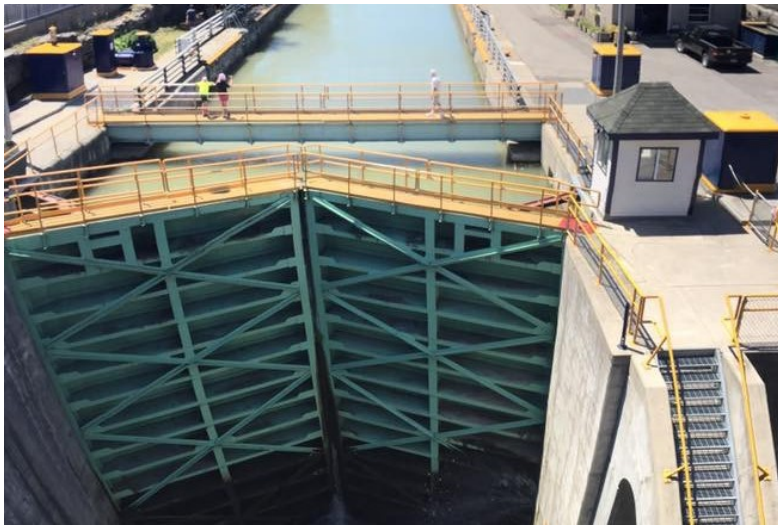
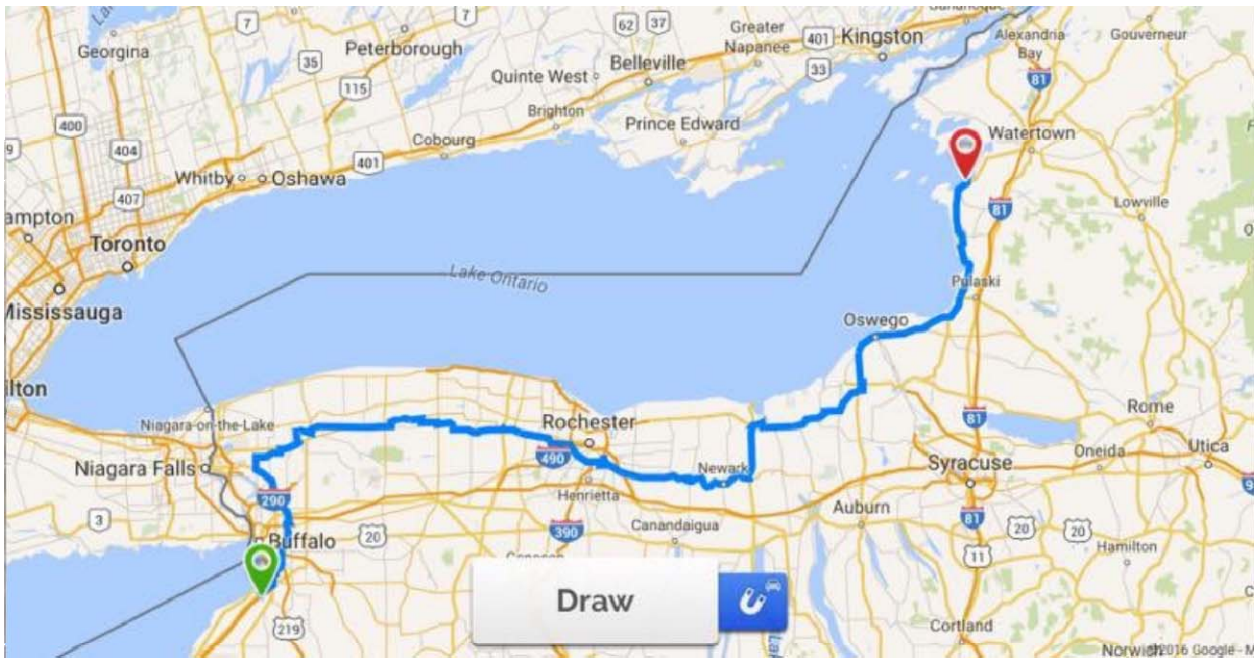
for 3 nights at the local Quality Inn, 3 miles from the rally site. It was not luxurious but clean with a decent hot breakfast and ... a pool. The next challenge was the luggage and the acceptance of the compression bag. Yes dear, you will have to roll all your clothes and fit them in this small cylindrical sleeve. Then, we will compress the whole thing fit in the top box. No need to bring dressed clothes and plan the kit for 7 days. Of course, the challenge is easier for men. Like Bill said, men could use the same underwear 4 days (In & Out, Back & Forth). Simple but uneasy to admit...Lol

The night before departure, I strapped the RT on the "KID". This is the utility trailer I jointly bought with my friend Ken

Schott. We call it the kid since we have joined custody. The trip to Hamburg was uneventful, just like any long trips we have been doing for the last 19 years to visit family. Except this time, there was a bike tailgating us.

The first morning in Hamburg I volunteered at the MOA registration while my girlfriend was getting her beauty sleep. Todd Fuller also volunteered and we both enjoyed it. A great opportunity to meet people from many states and Canadian provinces. There was 6,100 registered guests at the rally and the logistic was great. We had a good time and decided to purchase a dual helmet communication system so we could use it for the canals ride.

The hotel manager was very



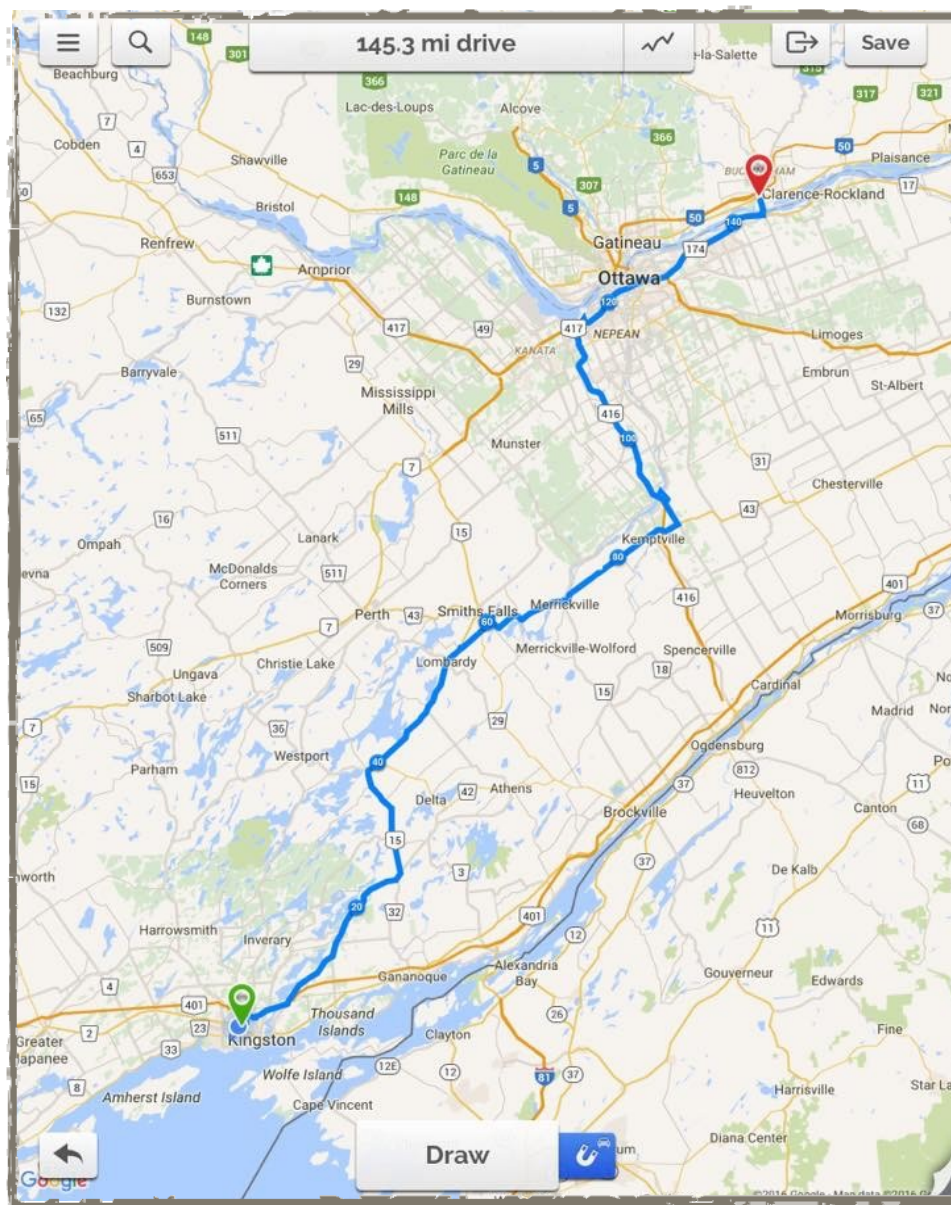
Lockport, NY



nice to accommodate parking space for our car & trailer during our canal ride (1 week). The first canal segment extended from Lockport, NY to the Syracuse, NY area. Lockport is majestic and happened to host the chalk festival. The Erie Canal is a gold pot of history with towpaths now converted to bicycle and sometime horseback riding trails. Multiple locks allow water level drop by +/-200ft. I guess it is the

equivalent height of the Niagara Falls. The ride was very nice and Lucie enjoyed her audiobook with few interruptions from the cockpit. We tried to keep daily rides to 150 miles with a first stop at Rochester, NY. The convention center had indoor and outdoor pools plus full breakfast included for less than \$100. We enjoyed that place so much that we stopped on the way back.

From Rochester, we travelled alongside the Ontario lake to the Canadian border. We usually cross over the Alexandria Bay bridge but decided to use the ferry system at Cape Vincent, NY to Kingston, ON. The first ferry was tiny over an agitated river. Bad enough that I had to stand by MAC+ fearing an unfortunate tip over (MAC+ stand for Middle Age Crisis, second generation. The first one was the



F800ST). It brought us to the Wolf Island, a nice narrow streets area with tiny stores. We decided to line-up for the second ferry without delay. This one held 50 cars and was much more stable. Getting to homeland, we made the border officer suspicious. Why didn't you use the bridge he said? Because the grated bridge is 120ft over water and the cross/gusty wind is not inviting, I replied. He scanned the passports and said "Have a good ride folks". I looked at Lucie and said "He

must be a fake border patrol; he is way too nice". Believe me, I met more border officers than I care for and the younger they are, the most unpleasant they could be. But since I am a good citizen, respectful of the law and order, I usually reply yes sir/ no sir with a poker face. Some of them are young enough to be former classmates of my sons and the temptation of parental behavior is coming up but...they have a gun.

Arriving in Kingston, we also chose the convention center. I

guess they have better rates because it is their low season. They also had a pool. (You are doing good Ben!) The next day is our last stretch to destination and we planned to follow the Historic Rideau canal with a stop at Merrickville.

Right before we reached Merrickville's lock, Lucie spotted a food trailer and instructed to halt via the helmet communication system. It was time for "Poutine", you know, the dish that should be served with Lipitor (fries topped with cheese



Clockwise:

The Merrickville lock on Rideau canal, Alexandria Bay Bridge, Lucie at downtown Merrickville and the one stop visit behind the Catholic Church.

curds and drowned in gravy). For some of us, it classifies as comfort food. Merrickville is pretty and charming with the manually operated lock but we need to move, family is awaiting us for dinner.

Most of our family live 30 miles east of Ottawa. We just had to take one last ferry (< 1 mile). You will be interested to know that this ferry operates yearlong despite severe cold weather. To prevent the ice to

close the way, they lay a perforated air pipe underwater. The bubbles break the ice cover□ .

The next morning, I jumped out of bed at my usual 6am and tip toed out of the house, jumped on MAC+ and travelled an extra 6 miles east to my hometown, Thurso. The most efficient memories browser is a visit to the cemetery. There all there, dad, all 4 grandparents, uncles, cousins, teachers and neighbors. Even the annoying lady who

fussed because your football landed in her flower garden back in the days. Quebec is 95% Catholic with the cemetery right behind the church.

Overall a great trip but I was told that the compression bag is too limitative for a pretty woman. Next trip, we will likely have to use the FedEx swap system.

VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE DAYS, 2016

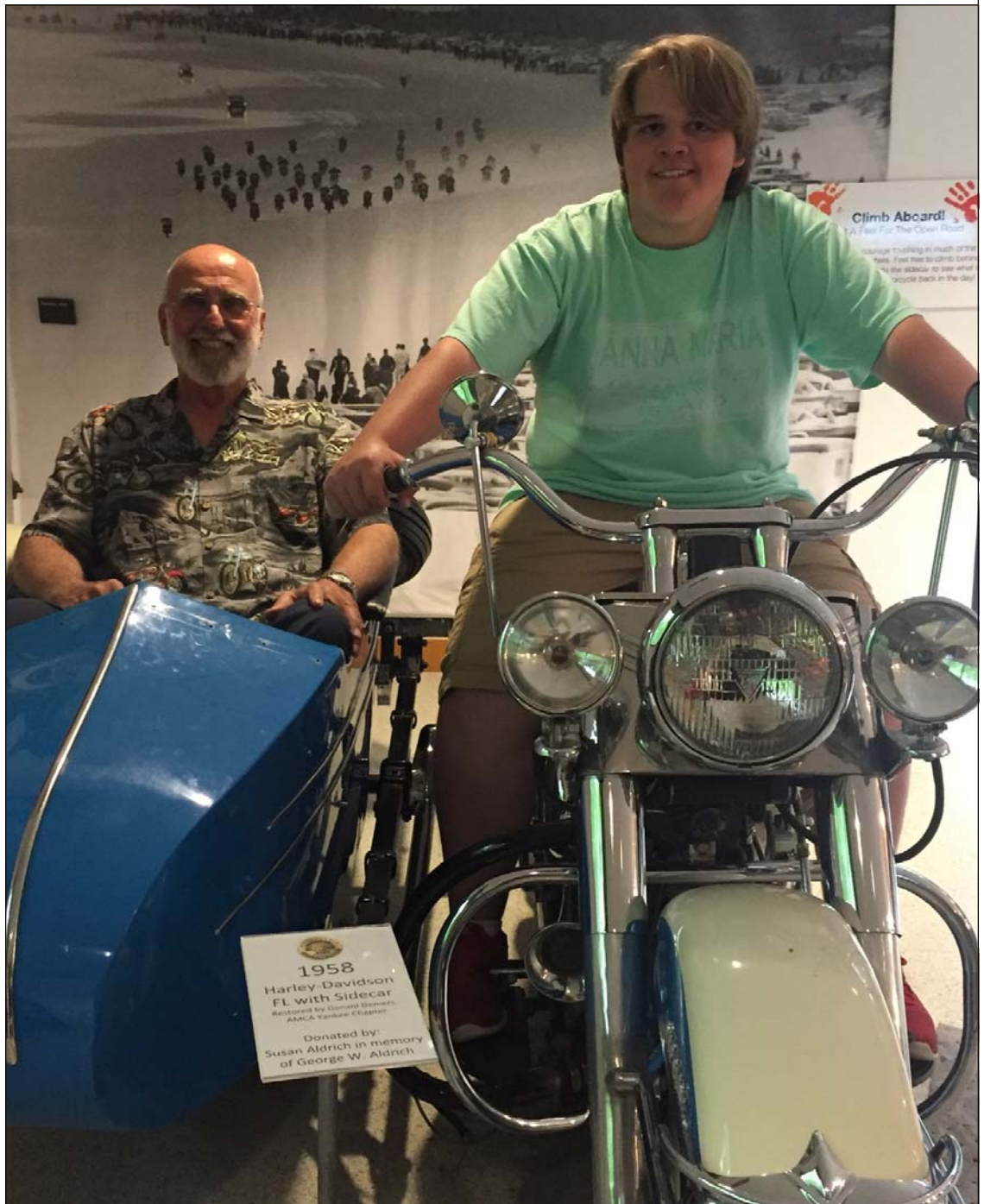
By John Rice

This year was to be different. Instead of riding our motorcycles to Mid-Ohio, we were trucking them there so that grandson Ian, now 15, could ride within the confines of the racing facility grounds. In the back of the pickup were an XT 250 and a Bultaco Sherpa trials bike, while riding on the hitch carrier out back, like the child relegated to the "wayback" seat in the station wagon, was a Suzuki DR200 on loan from nephew Doug Rice. I picked up Ian at his house at the appointed hour of 8:30, where his dad informed me that the young man who hates getting up early had been up and ready, looking out the window, for some time. On our way, Ian tells me that he doesn't want to take the Interstate, but would prefer the longer route on back roads. That's my boy!

We arrive at the AMA Motorcycle Museum in Picker-

ington, Ohio where, as we are getting out of the truck, a man passing by says "Nice Bultaco". Ian tells me with a smile that we're finally at a place where

people will know what it is. Inside, we renew Ian's AMA membership and, after nephew Paul arrives from Ashland, give the exhibits a quick run-through.



Down in the lower level is a Harley sidecar rig set up for photo ops, which we of course must try.

It's an hour's interstate slog from there to our motel near the track, and we arrive early enough to head over to the event for some Thursday night perusal of the swap meet vendors setting up. We unload the DR200 for Ian along the pit road and quickly he is gone, riding the roads around the track and the camping areas. He put seventeen miles on the bike that evening without leaving the park. It was his first experience riding in

"traffic" with other bikes on the asphalt, but he took to it quickly and in no time was working his way in and out like a pro. In the swap meet, Paul and I notice that management has put a sort of gravel/shredded asphalt mix on the paths to ease some of the muddy mess that has often occurred here in the past. They are trying, at last. At one booth

we spot a 2011 Honda CBR250 for sale for \$1,300. If I had room in the garage for another bike, I'd love to have this nimble, capable quarter-liter machine. The seller is a woman with a vaguely European accent, who sounds like she knows her bikes and riding. She tells us that the bike was bought for her daughter who "broke my heart when she didn't want to ride anymore". The tires are scrubbed almost but not quite to the edge. She explains that she was teaching her daughter to conserve traction on the street, to lean as far as needed but leave some in

reserve for the unexpected. Sound advice.

Back at the truck, we meet two "old guys" who are camped by the trackside fence. Being of senior status, they do know what the Bultaco is and even what it is for. One of the pair rode trials a bit in his distant youth, but says he preferred motocross, which he still does sometimes these days. We pried Ian's hands off the handlebars of the DR, loaded up and headed back to the motel.

Friday morning, the old familiar anticipation is there, even though I've done this so many times, it never fails. This morn-





There is another green bike in the world.

The picnic cooler basket is a needed accessory.



ing is clear and bright, the sun glinting off the sea of vehicles as we top the hill leading to the track entrance. A few minutes later, we've parked the truck and Ian is already gone, this time on the Bultaco, leaving only a cloud of Castrol-scented two stroke smoke in his wake. Paul and I return to the swap meet to see what bargains are in the offing, knowing that neither of us is looking for anything in particular. Still, you never know....

A few things are missing. The guy with the immaculate Bultaco Metralla, "All Reasonable Offers Refused", who is always in the same spot year after year is ab-

sent. Perhaps a sufficiently unreasonable offer was made. The huge booth always at the near corner, closest to the infield road, that had surplus Cosmopolitan Motors goodies, mostly Italian brands and cafe oriented, is gone. I suppose he finally sold it all, probably on E-Bay.

Still, there are lots of things, trash and treasures, are on offer. Guys who have cleaned out their garage or storage building after collecting bits for use "someday" finally have brought the stuff out into the light of day, hoping to rehome it this weekend. There are plenty of people here, more optimistic than sensible, who are

willing to help.

We wander over into the infield where again the only vendor of new stuff is Hannigan Sidecars and Trikes. They have many nice looking rigs, but we are told that theirs are for "sport" use, typically, not for "touring". The sidecars are streamlined, beautiful to behold, but seem to be difficult to enter and to have what looks to me like a lot of effectively unusable space. Nonetheless I spend a lot of time looking at an R1200GS rig with a color-matched sporty car. I finally walk away, realizing that convincing Brenda to leap over the wheel or climb in through the



back over the trunk is a non-starter argument.

Just down from the vendor area is the "pit bike racing" area, encompassing mostly the off road demonstration course that KTM used in years past. It's a long course, marked out by hay bales, going over the hill, down by the race course and back up to the start. This is a new event for VMD, designed, perhaps, to encourage more participation from the crowd. In keeping with that appeal to a more relaxed standard, the participants were not required to have much of anything in the way of protective equipment. All wore helmets, though some of questionable utility, but many were in t-shirts, jeans or overalls, sometimes shorts and tennis shoes, relying on the low speeds and forgiveness of turf to save them. Dirt may be less abrasive than as-

phalt, but getting tangled up with another bike is still gonna hurt with bare legs and a t-shirt. Out on the "real" race track, one is constantly amazed by the precision and clear decisions made by the racers who so smoothly arc their machines through the curves with inches separating them, flowing as if they were being drawn forward by a thread instead of propelled by their own engines. Here in the Pit Bike races, it was more comedy than drama. The bikes ranged from the back-of-the-RV tiddlers with 8 inch wheels to more serious machines like a TTR 125 and nearly everything one could imagine in between. The riders also ranged widely from those who took it somewhat seriously to those who were just having a good time trying to slide the rear end around the bales with no real plan as to how to connect the

turns. It looked like a disaster waiting to happen, but while we were there only fun, not mayhem, occurred.

Saturday, at the SMOG (Spanish Motorcycle Owners Group) booth, we met two-stroke Spanish bike legend Ken McGuire and his new protégé, Sandriana Shipman. Ms. Shipman is a young lady who is an up and coming flat track racer. According to Ken, she recently competed in a race with former multiple national champion Chris Carr and lost to him by "just that much", holding up two fingers inches apart. Later we would see her at the Ashland flat track races where she would prove that the praise was justified. Her boyfriend, also a racer, was fascinated by Ian's Sherpa trials bike and asked if he could try it. After riding it around, more like a moto-crosser than



Pit bike racers



Ms. Shipman

trials, he declared that he would just have to find himself one of these.

We wander off to the demonstration area in the pit parking lot, where some modern trials riders are putting on a show for the crowd. The crew included a young woman doing all the same things as the boys, though saying that somehow seems wrong since there is absolutely no reason why she shouldn't. I believe that this is the future of trials and of motorcycling in general, to have more women involved, so it seems necessary to point it out, even if doing so is "catch 22"

awkward.

Since these modern trials riders seem to find it easy to do what the rest of us find impossible, one of them had devised a "wacky bike" bicycle on which the handlebars were geared to work exactly backwards from the way we all expect it to be. Turn the bars left, the wheel below turns to the right. He rode it easily around the lot, then parked it while the announcer told the crowd that there was a \$20 bill for anyone who could ride it 15 feet between two chalk marks on the pavement. Several brave souls tried, but no one made it

more than a foot or two before crashing. Later, Ian said he had the method to collect the Jackson. Pop a wheelie immediately upon getting on the bike and don't let the front wheel touch down until the far line had been crossed. In theory, it's perfect, with only that first step being a problem.

We didn't actually see much of Ian on Saturday, as he toured the facility on the Sherpa until he ran it out of gas. We had started with a full tank, which is good for a day's trail riding, and I had brought an extra gallon "just in case", thinking there was no real

prospect that I'd need it. He ran it all out, and switched back to the Suzuki, on which he then put in another 20 miles. Note that this is all within the confines of a hundred-acre park. Fortunately, before he burned the last of his two-stroke fuel, Ian became the first-ever winner of a new event at VMD, the "Egg Hunt". This consisted of five laps around the same course that had been used for the Pit Bike Races, but competitors were to stop at baskets

along the way to pick up colored blocks which they then tossed to officials as they came through the staging area. Points values would be assigned to the colors later, with the rider who got the highest total winning. Ian found that most people were taking only one or two sessions, and that if he took more, he could increase his chances, so off he went on the Sherpa, making laps. At the end of the day, persistence paid off and he was pre-

sented with the winner's spoils, a poster and t-shirt, each signed by the Grand Marshall of this year's VMD, Wes Cooley.

Paul and I made a few more passes through the swap meet area, finding some odds and ends, but nothing of major import. We both have a surfeit of projects and no need to drag home more to add to the clutter. But then something interesting pops up, another Bultaco, a small Italian tiddler, perhaps an



Egg hunting



Janus Crew



Janus motorcycles



Flat track races, just a moment before getting sprayed with dirt

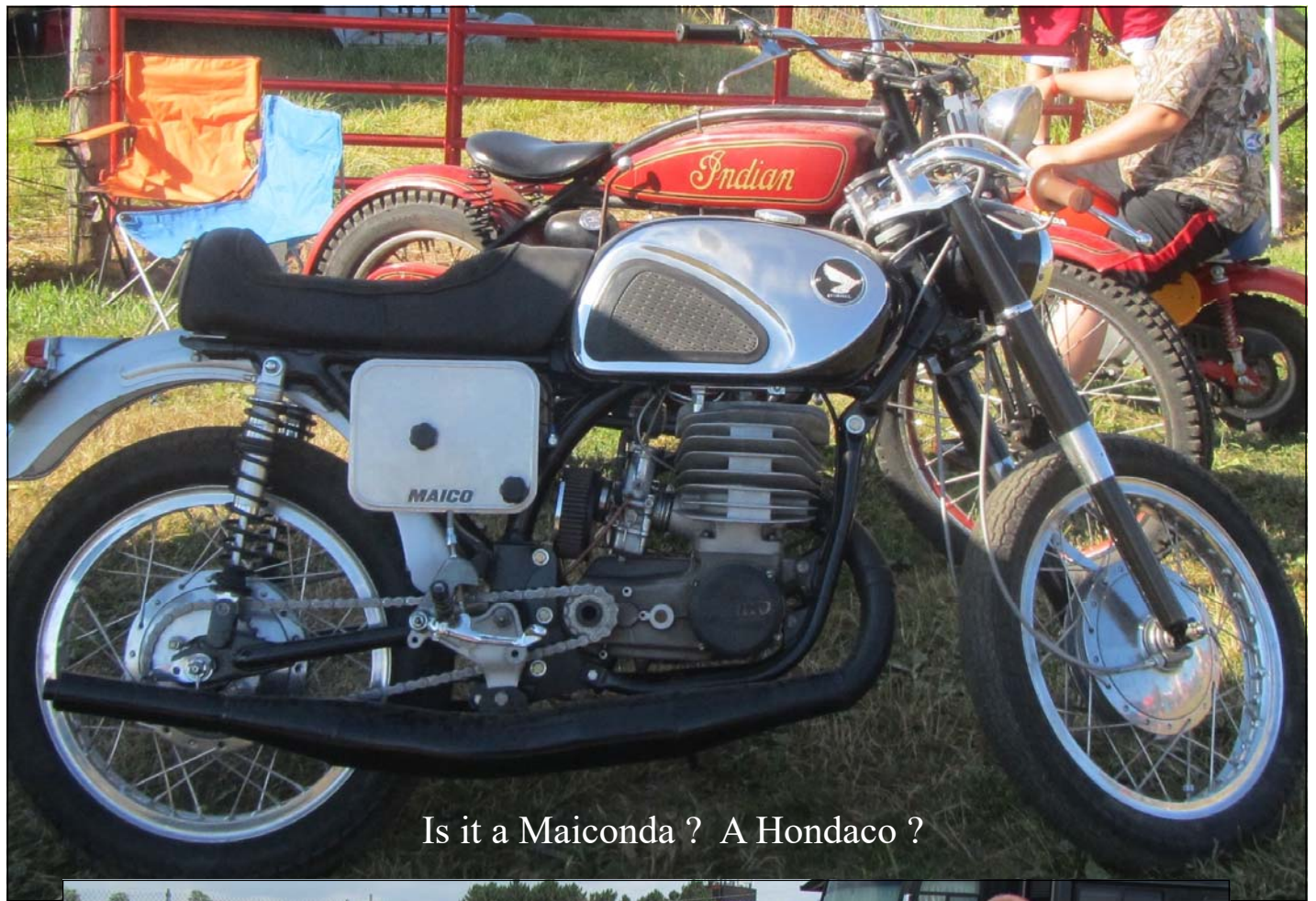
Aermacchi 250, the one with the rough looking horizontal fins, and the mental gears start spinning again. There is a need for interventional counselors at the end of each row of the swap meet area, with couches one can lay on until the feeling passes.

Saturday evening, we journeyed up to the flat track races at Ashland, Ohio. In the pits we met Ken McGuire who was prepping the bikes for Sandriana's three races, all in different classes. He talked about the particular problems of setting up race bikes, usually designed with beefier male riders in mind, for a racer who weighs a good bit less than 100 pounds. She typically has to start in second gear to avoid too much wheel spin on the line. Once underway how-

ever, her method is to pin the throttle in third or fourth and stay there. "Why" Ken asked rhetorically, then said with a shrug, "She's Sandriana!". Later in the evening, we saw her in two races (we left at eleven, with races still going on) and saw the fantastic potential this racer displays. In her first heat, she was third going into the first turn, passed those guys in the next two and then lead the field to the checkers. Ken was right...she does not back off. Then in the next heat, a different class, her bike was down on power compared to the eventual winner...but he knew that was all that let him prevail. The two of them ran off and left the rest of the racers, with Sandriana on his rear end...not a metaphor, I ex-

pected to see contact any second...through every turn, only to lose ground on the straights. When Shakespeare wrote, "Though she be but little, she is fierce", he had Sandriana in mind. Keep this young lady's name in mind. She will make racing history.

Sunday we loaded up for the trip home, but stopped by the track one more time to take in the Observed Trials event. Some of the crew from the modern trials show were there on vintage trials bikes, trying their hand at the old school way. While they are quite talented riders in any venue, one could see the frustration when they expected the old iron to be as nimble and responsive as their usual rides. Here, as in other places at this VMD,



Is it a Maiconda ? A Hondaco ?



Paul Rice ponders a sidecar rig.....



Trials

there were more women riders than I have seen in years past, a hopeful trend.

Reality has a way of intruding on the best experiences, how-

ever, and we needed to be home by Sunday evening, so we pointed the truck south and left this 2016 VMD in the rear view mirror. In keeping with the hope

that the future generations do "get it", Ian wanted more back roads on the way home.

Club E-mail Group

Have you joined?

To subscribe send an e-mail to

Bgbeemers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

2016 Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally

By Roy Rowlett

Well, another one in the books. This was our worst attended rally of the 23 we've now had. Our total attendance was 52, which is 23 less than we need just to break even in the rally fund. Here's the breakdown of costs and incomes.

Income

Rally Gate \$1465.00
50/50 drawing \$90.00

Expense:

Porta Potties \$500.00
Campground \$300.00
Meals \$540.00
Balance \$215.00

We started the year with \$762.84 in the rally fund. The new balance after this rally is \$278.49.

This included 150.00 for AMA charter and sanction, and \$294 for insurance, and 63.60 for the awards plaques and \$45.79 for consumables.

The award winners for this rally were:

Long Distance Male Rider Don Fulkerson From Morrilton Arkansas
Long Distance Female Rider Lucinda Cook from Colfax Indiana
Youngest Rider Tammie Counts,44 from Aurora Indiana.
Oldest Rider Sawyer Stern,69 from Santa Claus Indiana
Oldest BMW Ridden John Pahoundis 1985 R80RT

I would like to thank all the folks who helped set up and tear down our setup this year, and the folks who helped with the signup and coffee pots etc.

My health has become more of a factor than I anticipated, so I will no longer be able to put on this rally for our group. I hope someone will pick up where I'm leaving off and continue with this event.



Suzuki Bandit Sidecar rig

Photo by John Rice



Clear & Cool
40° F

FORKLAND FESTIVAL IS HERE AGAIN,
PANCAKES ARE ON THE GRILL,
GOODIES FOR SALE AND LEAVES ARE RED,
"DINNER IN THE ROUND" IF YOU WILL ...



Here's the group for today:

- *1). Jim Brandon
- 2). Chester Martin
- 3). Phillip Baugh & Patrick
- 4). Roy Rowlett & Eddie
- *5). Mike Gregory
- *6). Mike Gill
- 7). David Speakman
- 8). Tom Sutherland
- 9). Boone Sutherland
- 10). Pete Galskis
- *11). Chris Adkins
- *12). Tom Keller
- 13). Jan Rouleau (Dad-IN-A-Truck)
- *14). Randy Scott

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

