

February 2017

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Combining two sports you love. The bike for the roadways and the kayak for the waterways. This was spotted at the 2006 MOA Rally in Burlington, Vermont. I think the guy looking at it felt the need to touch it to see if it was real.



# Where are my portrait photos....

By Jeff Crabb

I thought I'd pull some old photos out that I hadn't shared before. I only wish I would have thought about taking more portrait photos ten plus years ago. (Would fit on a full page much better than landscape.)

shares a story about going to the ROK Rally and John Rice talks about a favorite bike. Not an easy task for someone who has ridden so many. I can still count my bikes on one hand.

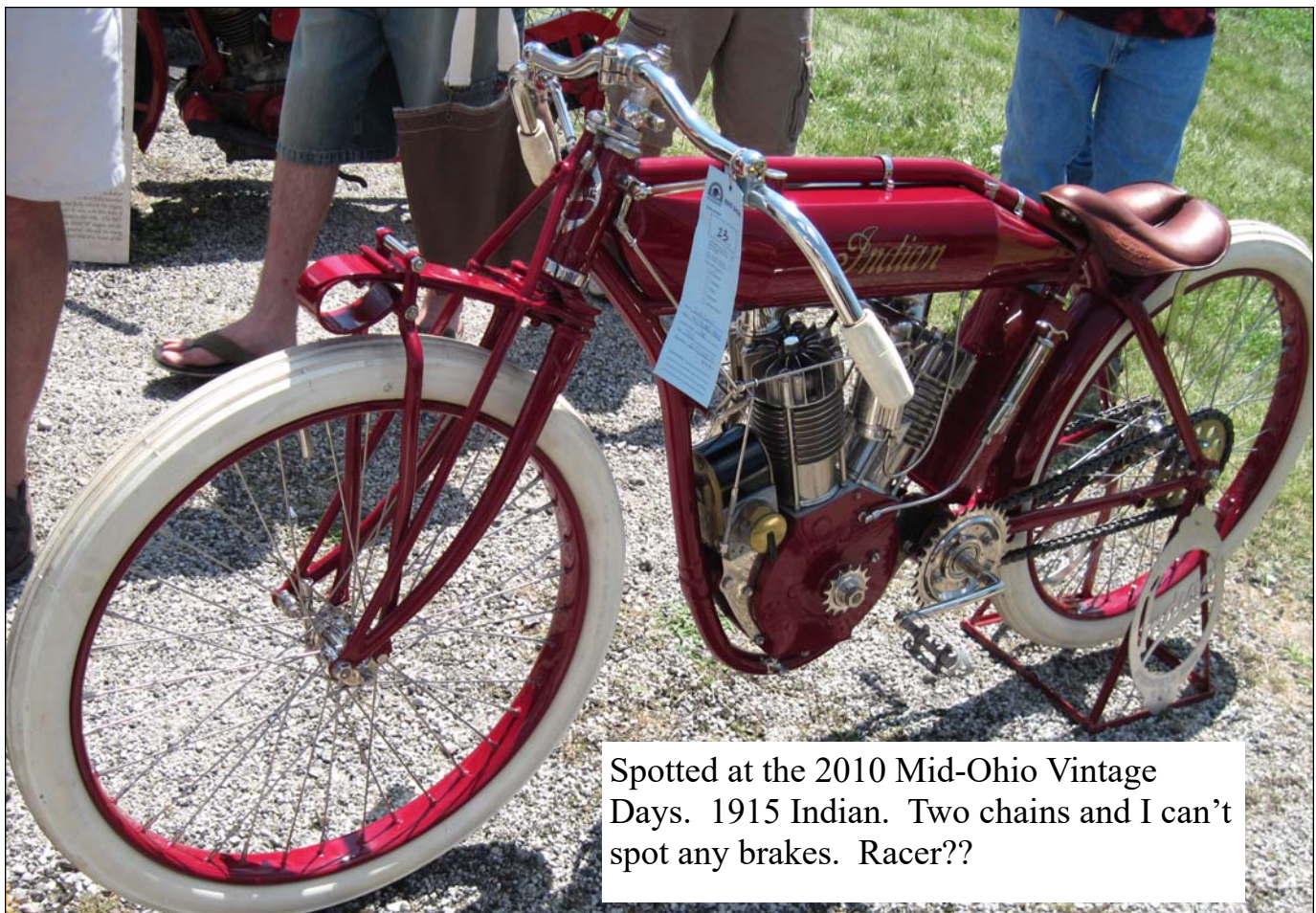
keep sending in your stories and pictures.

Please send all of your contributions to  
[apex@bluegrassbeemers.org](mailto:apex@bluegrassbeemers.org).

This month Benoit Lepage

Please enjoy Ben's and John's stories and pictures and please

Thanks



Spotted at the 2010 Mid-Ohio Vintage Days. 1915 Indian. Two chains and I can't spot any brakes. Racer??

**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.**

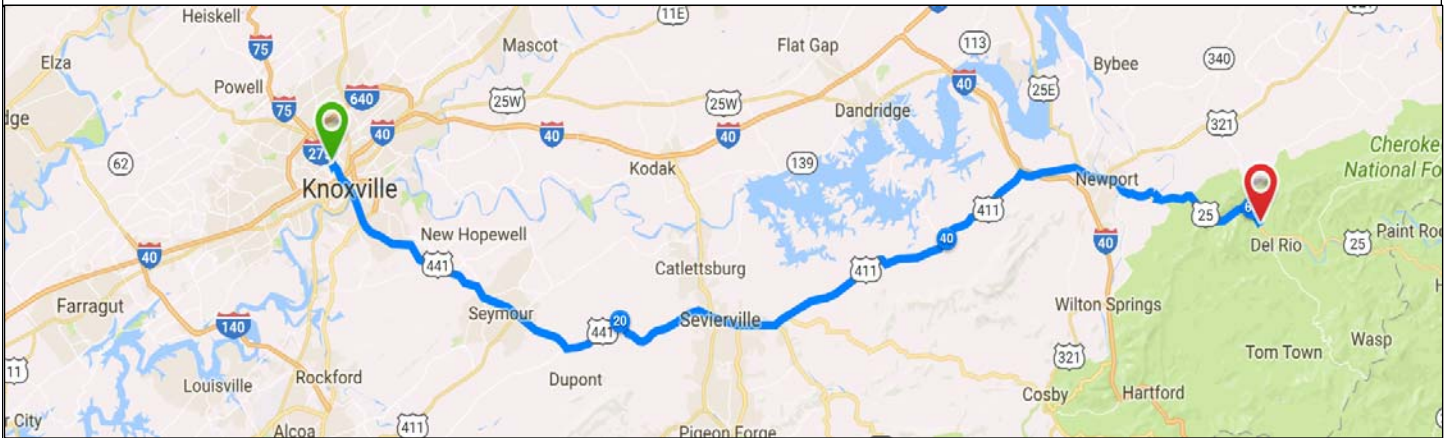
**BMW Club**  
**Bluegrass Beemers**





# Del Rio Rally 2016

By Benoit Lepage



In May 2016, I invited my steady girlfriend to the Riders of Knoxville rally in Del Rio, Tennessee. We were welcomed by Bill & Nancy Voorhis who we had previously met at the BMW Gateway in Fontana Dam. Nancy was the shining star of All Gear All The Time. She displayed a shredded rider jacket from a 30+ feet slide earlier in the day from which she suffered not significant injuries.

The ROK rally took place at the very nice Two Creeks site in Del Rio. It is a private property with majestic trees secluded between two

verging creeks. They also have few buildings for accommodations. It is a location of choice to observe synchronous fireflies. Only few places in the world have synchronous fireflies and the Smokies Mountains are amongst them.

No rally is fulfilled without a guided ride, as it is especially important for the visitors to give them a reference for future visits. Again, Bill & Nancy deployed their leadership and guided us on a nice backroad ride with a lunch stop at the infamous Bush Beans factory and museum.

We arrived onsite to find a lost husky dog. Apparently, it was roaming on Two Creeks site for few days without any luck to locate the owner. One of the rider who happened to be veterinarian treated the animal free of charge. Another rider volunteered to bring the lucky dog at the new owner & rider's home. Isn't it great?

As a bonus, a veteran story teller narrated the local history of the civil war with visual aid. I would need to hear it again to remember most facts which unfortunately were human tragedies.



con-



The ROK rally typically takes place during Memorial Day weekend. We plan to be part of it in 2017 although it is not announced yet.



Looking at the picture, I told Lucie that I want to come back as a dog. And she spontaneously replied: "I want to come back as a...motorcycle". LOL





HEY IS THAT JOHN AND BRENDA RICE IN THAT SIDECAR RIG??!??



Photo submitted by Jeff Odean

# A Favorite Bike

By John Rice

It's impossible to pick "the" favorite bike out of my checkered past on two wheels, but "a" favorite was my 1966 Ducati Scrambler 250. It was the first brand-new machine I purchased with my own earnings and it set a tone for riding that still exists with me today.

My first bikes were whatever I stumbled on in tiny Ashland Kentucky in the early 60's, starting with a Puch 50cc moped in 1963. But from magazines I became enamored of the Ducati singles (there were no twins then) that seemed to have more panache than the offerings at the local Harley shop (though I would have taken any of those, if I could have af-

forded one back then). I lucked into a used Ducati Monza in my junior year in high school and it became my central focus for two years. Then in 1966, after graduating from school, I applied my earnings from a year on the night shift at McDonalds (65 cents per hour back then) and wages from the bottle-sorting line at the Pepsi Cola warehouse and traded in my Monza for a fresh-off-the-boat 1966 Scrambler. The dealer in Huntington West VA had become a sort of a friend, after my many trips there for parts and advice on the Monza and he sold me the new one for, if I recall, \$700. I believe he was a better motorcyclist and friend

This wasn't mine, it's an ad  
for a similar one for sale



than businessman, for the shop didn't last all that long after.

The Scrambler was marketed as a "do anything" bike and came with several assorted rear sprockets, a set of solid struts that could replace the rear shocks, a megaphone pipe and some other bits and bobs in boxes. With these additions, the theory went, you could convert the bike into a true off-road only scrambler (motocross hadn't yet made it big in the US, but there were "scrambles" tracks in every little burg, including one near me), a flat tracker (hence the struts, since rear suspension was frowned on in flat track then), a road racer or a touring bike ready for any terrain.

Its frame was little different from the Monza or any of the street-going Ducatis of the era and the engine was the same high-revving single, more known for upper range power than low down grunt. The main difference between it and its road-only brethren was the wheels, with wider rims to accommodate slightly bigger tires, and the tiny tin can headlight that made it look lighter and more sporty. It did come with the iconic large white-faced tachometer, borrowed from the Diana road racers, and that single feature still identifies the bike for me.

The gas tank was similar in shape to the Diana's but shrunk from 4 gallons to about 2. The seat had a curious dip in the middle, perhaps to provide a better grip for pitching it sideways on a flat track, but not really practical for much else. Being not quite 18 years old when I bought it, I could conform my body then to anything and didn't notice the unusual contour of the seat.

That summer I worked five days per week on the bottle sorting line, from early in the morning until about 3 pm, trying to save up some cash for community college in the fall. But the rest of the day and the weekends mostly were spent on the Scrambler in gloriously un-

scheduled exploration of both the countryside and the "me" I was now going to become.

I would take it on any trail that I saw branching off the rural roads, blundering my way through as far as I could get. Utility pipelines would take an explorer across counties, always eventually crossing a road that would take you home or farther afield, as the time allowed. I learned that every road goes somewhere and you're never lost if you eventually find your way home. On the pavement, it handled wonderfully, allowing me to drag pegs in the corners (admittedly they were low mounted and rather long) and experiment with lines in the multiple bends of poorly surfaced back roads.

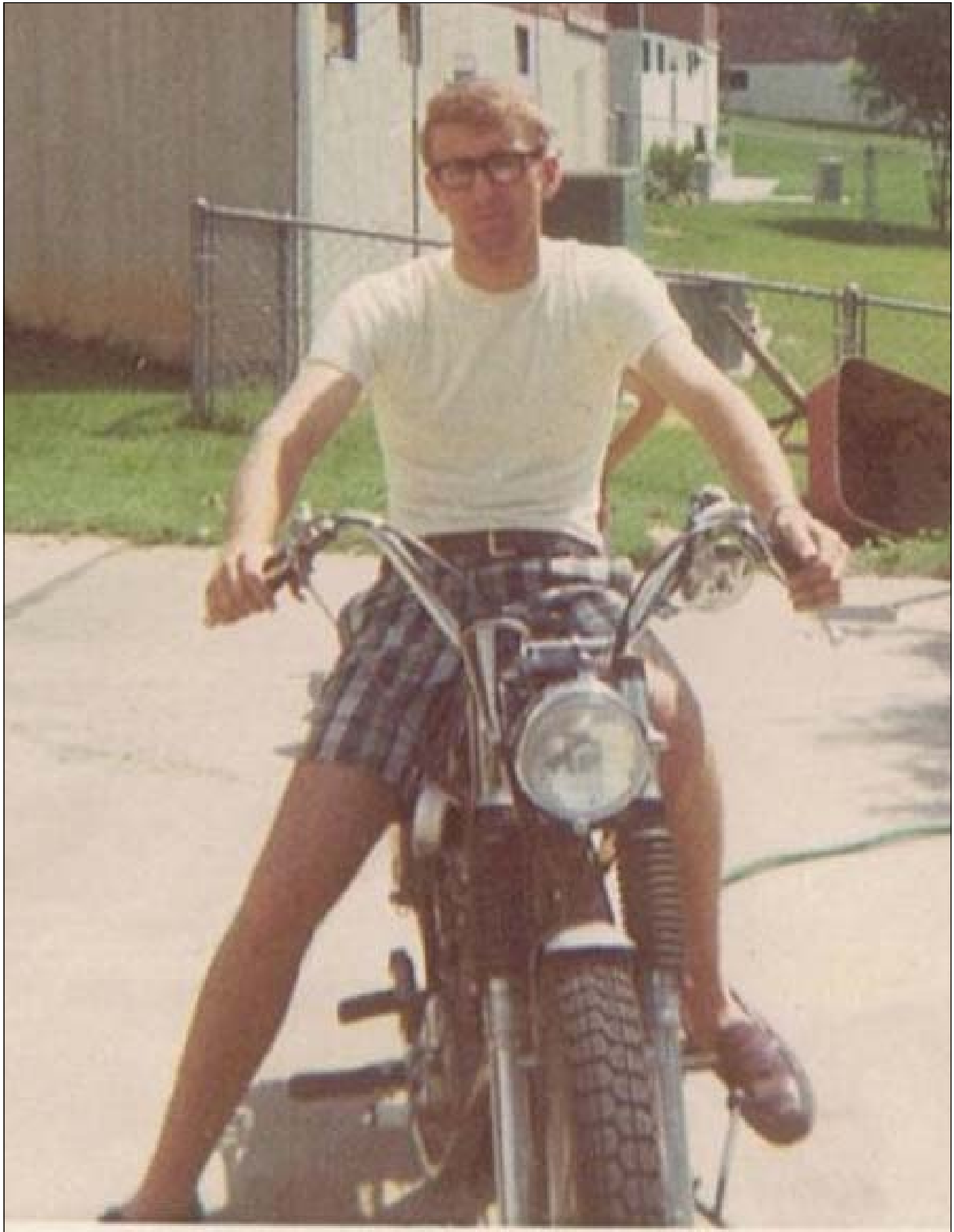
I tried my hand at scrambles racing, since I had a bike that said it could do it. The local track was at Wurtland, KY, about 12 miles or so from home way out in the country. Calling it a "track" conjures up in these modern times a facility built for racing with amenities for spectators and safety considerations for the competitors. This place had none of those. It was a dirt course, bulldozed haphazardly years ago into a piece of scrubland and then polished by the tires of countless motorcycles into a slippery, potholed track about 20 feet across at the widest point and half that at others around its length. The start was a short little space off to one side and the field then made it about 100 feet before plunging down into a dip, which launched some into a jump, while others just wobbled, before the dreaded left hand drop-turn that seemed like falling off a cliff while making a turn. If one survived that, the track meandered around for a bit before making a hard left and a short sort-of-straight leading back to the start. Spectators dotted the hillsides, with spaces by the drop-turn being considered prime.

I showed up with my Scrambler, fitted with the larger of the back sprockets, the megaphone and wide low bars for leverage. I had my lineman's boots from the Army-Navy store



and my helmet, jeans, a pair of gloves and a decent t-shirt, all the regulation safety equipment for the day. To say that I didn't set any track records would be the kindest account of my per-

formance. I did have one moment of glory...of a sort. I came around the last turn by the start, got a good drive off the dirt berm and shot toward the dip. Perhaps a bit too





good a drive as it turns out. I went down in the dip, bottomed the suspension and came out in a jump that carried me past the lip of the drop turn and off into the weeds in a spectacular slide-bump-highside-roll sequence that I don't really recall except for the accounts I was given later. I picked up the bike, pushed it back to the "pits" (just another dirt area by the track) in that fog of adrenaline and concussion known to teenage motorcyclists everywhere. As I was attempting the bang the now flattened megaphone back into some semblance of shape, I felt a hand on my shoulder. One of the track veterans was there, looking down at me. "Nice jump, son", he said. As my bruised ego began to resurrect, he added, "But that landing needs work."

Later that summer (after a bit of repair work) a girl I knew invited me to visit with her family as they camped at Jenny Wiley State Park, about 75 miles from my home. I rode the bike there, reveling in the destination on that warm summer day....but when I arrived, it soon became clear that she had neglected to mention to her family that I would be coming, much less that I would be staying. When the sun went down, her father offered me a lawn chair a respectable distance away from the family quarters. I slept in the chair that night and the next morning, got up early, said my goodbyes and was on the road not long after daylight. It was the beginning of a pattern that I still prefer today. I recall the twisting road, with the sun rising behind me, enjoying the cool damp air and the perfect joy of being on a motorcycle, far from home (well, relatively far for a 17 year old) with breakfast and my own bed still a good ways off. The Ducati's large tachometer face still comes to my mind, needle rising and falling, with the background noise of the little single telling me and the world that it was stronger than it looked.

I rode that bike everywhere, to school, to work and on seemingly endless explorations

around the three-state area radiating out from Ashland for two years. I rode it in the winter, with a handkerchief across my face in those days before full-face helmets, to keep my face from frostbite, in freezing cold and on icy brick streets (with more than one fall for my efforts), in rain with no rain gear, and in the heat of summer. It endured my ham-handed attempts at repair when it needed it and taught me a lot about what did and didn't work. It was as faithful and useful a companion as any movie cowboy's horse ever could claim.

Then came the end of summer in 1968, when I was going to be leaving Ashland and immigrating to The Big City to finish up college at UK. I had been working, and "saving" as best a teenager understands that concept, but I needed some cash for college expenses and there was only one immediate source. I recall standing there watching the new owner riding away on the Scrambler and knowing in a very deep way that I'd just made a motorcycle mistake, however necessary it may have been.

It would be three months before I could get another motorcycle, a basket-case Montesa Scorpion (literally a basket-case...I took the pieces back to my second floor apartment in laundry baskets) that would become my transport for the rest of my college years. I haven't been without at least one in the garage since then. But those are other stories for another time.

## Shared things...

This month a recipe from Jeff Odean.

### CROCKPOT RANCH PORK CHOPS

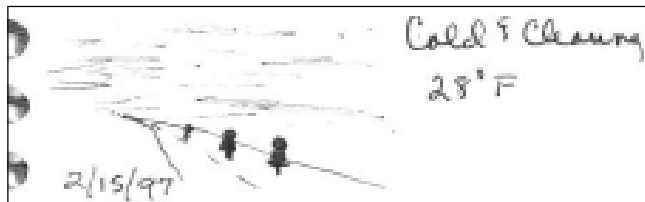
Package of boneless pork chops  
1 can of Cream of Chicken soup  
1 packet dry Ranch dressing mix

In crockpot layer pork chops, add the cream of chicken soup, then sprinkle dry Ranch dressing all over.  
Cover and cook on high for 4 hours OR Low for 6 hours.

The pork chops come out very tender and the flavor is amazing! You also get a good gravy for mashed potatoes







DOES THE WEATHERMAN EVER GET WEARY,  
FORECASTING DAYS BLEAK AND DREARY,  
THEY DRAG ON AND ON,  
'TIL WINTER IS GONE,  
SOMETIMES IT GETS DOWNRIGHT "SKEERY"...



Here's the group for today:

- 1). Chester Martin
- 2). Mike Gill
- 3). Bill Vase
- 4). Blaine Adkins
- 5). Tom Sutherland
- 6). Roy Roulett
- 7). Ron Adkins
- 8). Hubert Burton
- 9). Philip Baugh
- 10). Jim Brandon
- 11). Chris Warner
- 12). Boone Sutherland
- 13). Paul Elwyn
- 14). Pete Galskes
- 15). Ben Premitt
- 16). John Rice
- 17). Bob Goss
- 18). Randy Scott
- 19). Darlene Huffman
- 20). Gary Huffman

NO RIDERS!

*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

