

July 2017

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Thanks Debbie!!

# Hot July!

By Jeff Crabb

July is the height of motorcycle season. It is, by far, not my favorite time of the year for riding, simply because of the heat.

When I bought my RT, I did so for the wind protection. Over ten years later, the RT definitely provides to much wind protection on the hot days of summer. I still enjoy early spring and late fall rides, so the RT is still good by me.

July has two BMW International rallies occurring a week

apart. But if you can't make it to Michigan or Utah, you might want to check out a completely different event. Jets over Kentucky. (jetsoverkentucky.com) Starting July 9th, at the Lebanon-Springfield airport will host a large remotely controlled jet airplane event. Last year's event drew 164 pilots and 10,000 spectators. I don't know if I'll be able to make it, but it is on my calendar.

This month we have club news

from our club's president, Jeff Odean, a trip article from Timothy Adkins and an article starting the story of John Rice's trip back from Washington on his new rig.

Below, I've compiled a short list of area rallies. Just to give an idea of what is in the area.

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

Thanks

## Area Rallies

What	Where	When
BMWRA International Rally	Petosky, MI	7/6-9/2017
BMW MOA International Rally	Salt Lake City, UT	7/13-16/2017
40th Annual Dan'l Boone Rally	Boone, NC	8/11-13/2017
MOA Getaway Pine Mountain	Pineville, KY	9/8-10/2017
Ride the Blue Ridge	Morganton, NC	9/14-17/2017
31st Annual Hoosier Beemers Rally	North Vernon, IN	9/22-24/2017

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.**

**Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

Jeff Crabb, *Editor* 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**



## End of an Era at Frichs'

By Jeff Odean



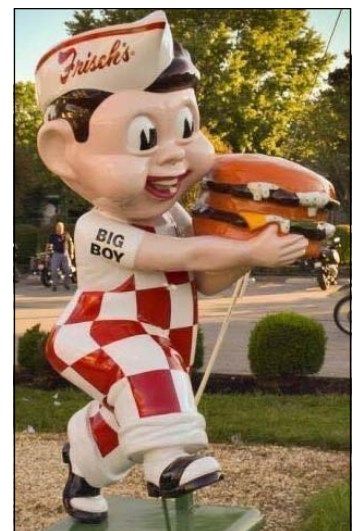
It gave me great honor presenting Debbie our gift of appreciation on her last day at Frischs' restaurant. We collected \$550.00 as our appreciation of 28 years of service to our tables every Saturday at Frischs'.

To Quote John Rice from his Facebook post on on our Bluegrass Beemers page;  
"Debbie has taken excellent care of all of us for 28 years. She has memorized our orders (and occasionally told us what to order) and has put up with our foolishness with good hu-

mor. She has seen the third generation of my family at her table."

Enjoy your retirement.....and see you soon.

With much appreciation  
Bluegrass Beemers



## Bluegrass Beemers June Report

By Jeff Odean



Where is the year going? Summer is here and the days are starting to get shorter again. That's ok we still have many months of great riding and rally's to investigate.

Our Bluegrass Beemer Shirts are ready to order and the first order will be gathered at our July 8th Breakfast Meeting. We need a minimum order of 24 shirts in order to be printed. Order forms were made available at our breakfasts, as well as able to be downloaded on our Facebook page. Bring your order form and check for payment to Underground Printing for you order. I will take our order to the printers Monday July 10th.

The Bluegrass Beemers members bike decals are done and you can pick up yours at breakfast. It gives you free front row parking at Frisch's Big Boy parking lot.

James King and Jonathan McKeown have agreed to co-chair the committee for our 2018

Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally. They are looking into different places that would be "move in ready" with good shower facilities, great camp sites, a pavilion with concrete pad, affordable camping prices, and great riding. This is a great opportunity to continue to grow our group and show our beautiful region of the Bluegrass! Let's give James and Jonathan all of our support. They will give us updates and more information as they have it available.

The New Rider seminar is still in the planning stages. It was suggested that it should be held at a local Brew Pub/ Micro Brewery Restaurant here in Lexington. This would only be meant to be an informative, informal, seminar to introduce the Non Rider, and Ride Curious an opportunity to ask questions and learn the basics of what they need to know to get licensed, types of motorcycles, and different safety courses that are available. We would also have a variety of our members bikes on location to show the variety of bikes available . Bluegrass Beemers will also make available to one winner attending the seminar a Motorcycle Safety Course like one offered by the AMA.

That is all for now.....

Ride Safe.....Ride Often!

Respectively

Jeff Odean

## Failed Attempt

By Timothy Adkins

We had planned to ride out west , maybe all the way to Los Angeles. We left about 8 am and met our daughter and granddaughter in Lexington for breakfast. After saying goodbye we took US 68 , thinking we would follow it to I-65 and maybe end up around White House Tenn. for the evening. As we neared the town of Edmonton KY we picked up a bolt ? in our rear tire, whatever it was, it was big and blew out our new Michelin Pilot Road 4 GT :-((



I always have a can of motorcycle fix-a-flat and tire repair kit with plugs etc but the hole

was big enough to stick your finger in. I have towing insurance thru BMWMOA and called them just before 1 pm. They said they would text me as soon as a tow truck was on the way.

The truck finally showed up at 5:30 and the guy was only about 20 min. up the road. He said they had called him 3 times over the last 3 hrs asking questions and finally told him to come and pick us up. He had never hauled a motorcycle before and had just got a sort of dolly like thing that went on his roll-back for motorcycles. Between the two of us we got loaded up and headed for the BMW dealer in Louisville a little after 6 pm. It was over a 3 hr ride with the three of us and all our gear, helmets, jackets etc crammed into the cab of a truck meant for 2. The driver was very helpful and super nice, we dropped Kim off at the Quality Inn, just a couple of blocks from the dealer. We unloaded the bike in front of the dealership where it was well lighted and we could see cameras so I thought it would be safe. Its now between 9:30 and 10 pm , we order a pizza , take hot showers and get a good nights sleep. Next morning I am at the dealer a little after 8 am they are supposed to open at 9 but we get in early. They are super nice and I really appreciate them but .... \$428 for a new rear tire and mounting ? Plus it was just after 12 pm when we left the dealership. Whew.....

We changed our plans and decided after losing a day with the flat tire and getting such a late start we would just take I-64 to St. Louis

and then US 50 across Missouri and Kansas to Colorado.



We stopped at the Santa Claus Ind exit to top off with gas and I noticed an ad for a German restaurant, Schnitze-bank in Jasper, just a few miles

north. We can never pass up a good German place so we head that way for lunch. About a 1/4 mile or so we come to a red light or stop sign and when I slow down the bike back fires



Potato Pancakes :-)

like crazy, pop,

pop, pop, pop and then idles rough. Oh no, bad gas ... we just paid 2.95.09 for 3 gallons of bad gas :-(( We go ahead to Jasper and have a great lunch at the Schnitzelbank. The bike starts rough and won't idle. We decide to throw in the towel and head for home. We go

north a little farther to Loogootee and hit US 50, this time heading East for home.



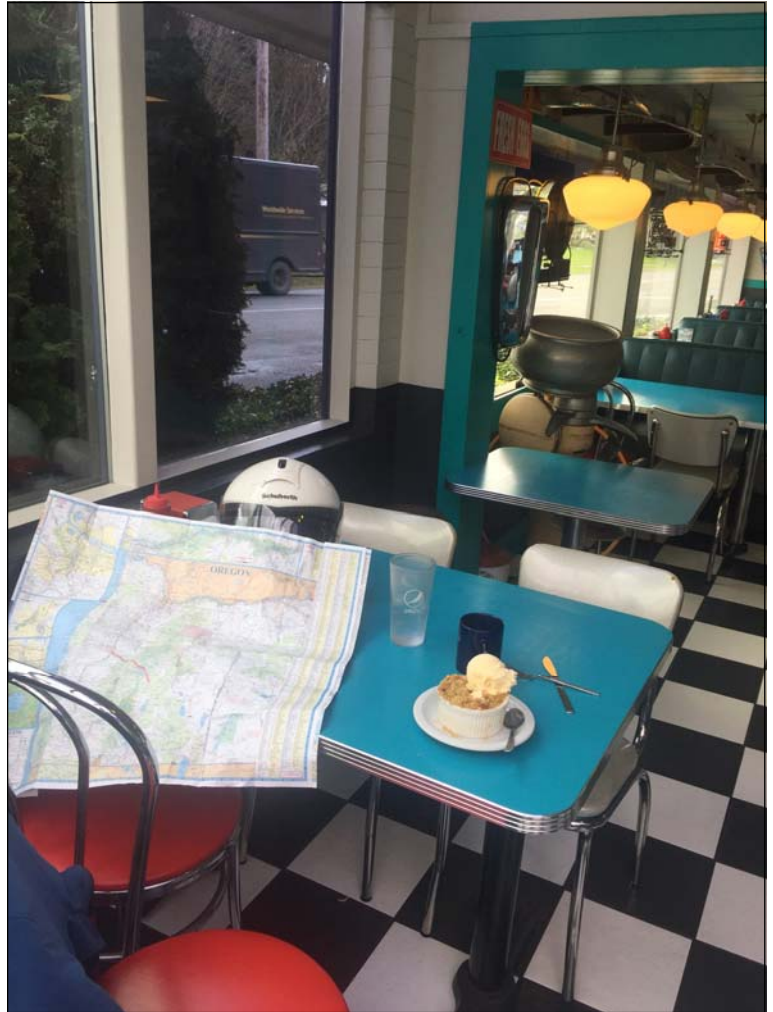
Unknown K-bike with cool paint job

Ol' Thunder (our 2010 R1200RT) began to run a little better, as we rode across the beautiful farm land of Indiana. I missed a turn in Brownstown and noticed it in about a half mile. I made a right turn into a concrete driveway that was on a bit of a slope. Trying to make too sharp of a turn and being on a slope etc I dropped the bike. Nether of us were hurt but my pride was severely bruised and Ol' Thunder got a few small scratches. We stopped for the night in Lawenceburg Ind and had a nice evening walking around the levee and having a good meal on the river at a place called RiverWatch. We crossed into KY the next day and took the Double AA highway home. We ran into heavy rain and hale just past Vanceburg KY and rode thru the worst rain and wind we have ever been in. We think of this trip like an attempt to climb Mt. Everest, we only made it to base camp this time. Next time we will make it farther and maybe all the way .

# Second Time Around

By John Rice

It's early Wednesday morning, April 12, and I'm sitting in Charlie's Cafe, beside my motel, in Enumclaw, Washington. Last month I shipped my 2012 BMW R1200GS (which previously belonged to our own Ray Brooks) here to DMC Sidecars to mate up with its new life partner and yesterday I flew out here from Kentucky to pick up the new rig. Today I'll begin the trip back. I've finally finished, at great peril to my arteries, the "Grandpa John's Special" consisting of a mountain of eggs, peppers, onions, cheese, hashbrowns (the real ones, not frozen shreds) and heaven knows what else. Excellent, but another example of how my brain, on a bike trip, reverts to thinking I'm 25 and invincible. At the next table I'm listening to the conversation between Bud and Ken, names I know because they have their own coffee cups from the selection of named mugs hanging above the counter. It's the usual "what's wrong with the world and politics and young people these days" until they are joined by a woman of about their age. I knew they were all older than me, which is old enough, but it narrowed down when she commented that her sister's daughter would be 70 this week. When she joined the conversation, the topics changed to family and weather and local events, conducted in a more gentle fashion with the offering of opinions softened considerably. It brings to mind the old adage that "men without women are like bears with furniture ". Obviously, we with the Y chromosome need that distaff influence.



Breakfast over, circulation hardened and confident now that the world's problems have been calmed by the efforts of Ken and Bud and their companion, it was time to begin.

Weather, more than expediency, controls where I'm going. The mountain roads around Mt. Rainer, heading southeast toward home, are still closed by snow and there is a strong storm brewing off the coast which eventually will drench me whichever route I choose. West it is, then, opting for the contrarian view of driving into the rain, hoping to come out the

other side as it moves east. South of Tacoma, around the Fort Lewis complex, there are quiet two lane roads wending under the tree canopy of old forests, dotted by small communities where folks are just waking up to this new day. At a convenience store under the trees by a creek, I stop to pick up some water. A young man is coming out on my left as I'm removing my gloves and helmet. "Cool bike!" He says and I agree. He tells me that he and his dad are rebuilding a Kawasaki that his brother had crashed, with the hope of them all riding together soon. After a few minutes discussion on the relative merits of BMW's and their far eastern counterparts, he moves to the front of mine for a better look and exclaims "Whoa, that's neat!" He has just noticed that there is a large white sidecar attached on the right. That

of course requires more exposition of the why's and wherefores of adding another wheel and before you can say "Sidecar Delay Factor", my five minute water stop has stretched to half an hour and a young man has something entirely new to think about, expanding his view of the motorcycle universe.

After a few hours of driving now, I have to say that this new rig is amazing. The R1200GS is mated to a DMC Expedition sidecar, with the "automotive wheel" conversion on the rear of the bike and the sidecar, so that those two wheels use automobile tires (the same size used by VW Beetles!) and are interchangeable. The steering modification, a rebuilt triple clamp that kicks the front end out just 2 inches, reducing the trail, makes steering this huge combination ridiculously easy. The



At Gary and Stephanie's house in Eugene

red 650 setup I had before, probably 300 pounds lighter wasn't bad, but this is great. This time, unlike the last trip, the motorcycle is one I owned, so it feels familiar but now it has this sidecar attached and it isn't the same thing it was the last time I saw it. Sort of like meeting that person you knew well in school years ago, but now they've become someone who looks like the one you knew but isn't the same person at all. I keep reminding myself of how much wider this one is than the little red rig that I learned on. It just wouldn't do to "take out a mailbox" with this new one so early in the journey.

In the curves, it feels much more "planted" than its smaller cousin had been. As my son, the four-wheel car person would describe it, sort of the difference between driving a small sporty car and then a larger sports sedan, going from an older Miata to a new 5-series BMW coupe. The bigger engine, more than twice the power of the 650, is relaxed at any speed I'm likely to attain, adding to its confidence-inspiring feel.

The rain catches me well south of the metro area, pushing me onto the dreaded I-5 so that I can make my one scheduled appointment for this trip, a rendezvous with old friends Gary

Griffin and Stephanie Midkiff in Eugene, OR for the night. This storm will be here for a while.

After two days of wonderful hospitality in Eugene, a favorite city, it was time to head on...but first, breakfast at the Hideaway Bakery. It is a marvelous place for lovers of pastry, breakfast and gastronomic excess with a well stocked bakery case, tables outside with heaters overhead and a cozy dining room for those not hardy enough to brave the outdoors. If you can handle a rich, buttery cinnamon roll "as big as your head", stop in. Gary and I took Steph to her job at the Law School and saw the osprey nest on the pole above the Library. It seems that a few years back an osprey built a nest on a light pole above the sidewalk outside the school. The powers that were decided it was some sort of hazard and tore down the nest. An outcry ensued from Oregonian Osprey fans. Somehow, money was found and a new pole, suitable for osprey home life, was erected on the school roof, safely away from pedestrians and sure enough, it got a tenant almost immediately. When we watched today, there were three of the big raptors circling the nest. Don't know if the occu-



BMW of Western Oregon

pant invited friends over for dinner or if there's competition for the space.

Late in the morning, I headed west. I had checked out the internet "pass cam" for Wilamette Pass, going southeast, and saw that it was 25 degrees and snowing. The big rig might make it up there, but I didn't want to risk going down the other side with ice. Maintaining my contrarian ways, I pointed the nose of the sidecar in the "wrong" direction to the coast and then south till it got warmer and I could get across the mountains.

On the edge of town I stopped into BMW of Western Oregon and had a nice chat with the couple that I think own the place. It's a small dealership, multiline with Ducati, and, unlike some modern dealers, very customer friendly, worth a stop whether you need something or not. Farther west, near Venetta, I turned south on to Rt. 38, a quiet curvy two lane, through farm country. At Drain, (yes, as many had predicted all my life, I ended up down the Drain) I learned that the road to the coast was closed for a bridge out, sending me back to the black-hole gravity of I-5. At a gas stop, the attendant told me that further south down the highway, 3-5" inches of snow had accumulated on the ground. He suggested that I should go as far as Grant's Pass and take the Redwood Highway over to the

coast from there. I took his advice. By the time I'd reached that town, hail was coming down, peppering my faceshield and beginning to cover the pavement. I got a room for the night at the Motel 6 across the street from the Black Bear Diner and next door to a bakery. Good location, but bad timing, since I got to the bakery one minute after they closed.

Up the street is a local bar, Ric's Corvette Lounge. I didn't go in, since I needed dinner, not a drink, but I couldn't help but speculate on story behind the name.

("So, why do you call this place "Ric's Corvette Lounge", " I asked, elbows on the bar and a shot of good bourbon gently refracting the light from the gleaming old wood in front



of me. The short, grey haired guy behind the bar kept polishing a glass while he answered," When I was 18 I started saving money for a Corvette. A red one, removable hardtop, all the stuff." "When I was 21, I had the money in the bank, but I'd met her" ..he motioned down the bar to the slender blonde of similar age serving a customer, "and she convinced me to buy this place instead." That was over 40 years ago. I never got the car, but we've put three kids through college. Our daughter bought a new 'vette last year. I get to drive it.")

In the morning, the weather is still nasty on the mountains to the east. Out of Grant's Pass, the road climbs up for a while, getting colder, but without snow so far. This new rig drinks fuel at a greater rate than the old one, needing yet another gas stop at Cave Junction where

the attendant is amazed that I can operate the pump and credit card reader myself. Apparently in Oregon, no one is allowed to pump their own gas and the skills have been lost. A bit farther down the road, signs confirm that I'm on the Redwood Highway, if I couldn't already tell that by the border of incredibly tall, majestic trees closing me in.

Two years ago, when I fetched the little red rig home from Washington, I spent the night in Eureka and noticed the Black Lightning Motorcycle Cafe in the downtown. It was closed when I arrived and didn't open the next morning until after I needed to be gone, so this time I'm determined to make it to Eureka for an early lunch. I was not disappointed. This is The Place, the place we all want to find on a motorcycle trip. Located on a corner, there is "motorcycle only" parking on the side street



Black Lightning Motorcycle Cafe



Black Lightning Motorcycle Cafe



and large glass windows displaying the goodies inside. Scattered around the cafe among the tables are bikes, some for sale and some just there because. The machines include an old Italian 125, a 60's era BSA sidecar motorcrosser, and various cafe racers from different eras. There are motorcycle parts for sale, things one needs when traveling or just for a tune up. Vintage style motorcycle clothing, helmets and boots are on offer as well. There is a "helmet caddy", a cubbyhole cabinet in the entryway. On the video screen above the counter "World's Fastest Indian" is playing, soundlessly, and I am treated to the scene where Burt Munro (played by Anthony Hopkins) repairs his trailer by using a log strapped

good, but honestly, I'd come back here even if it wasn't.

As you would expect, the tables soon fill up, with mostly guys and a few women. There are only a few bikes out front, so I'm guessing the couples came in cars for a Saturday brunch at the restaurant. Four men of an age sufficient to recall these bikes in here are at the table next to me. I peruse the huge California map pinned to the wall and then walk over to ask their opinion about a proposed route east, knowing that there's nothing guys like better than to display their knowledge of the local roads. Talking nearly all at once, they tell me that Rt. 36, below Fortuna, is "the best motorcycle road in the state" and since it is going in



Route 36

in place of the missing wheel. The menu is eclectic, featuring sandwiches named for motorcycle marques, including some of my favorites, Norton, Bultaco, etc. The food is very

the direction I want, I take their advice.

It was a good call. 36 begins winding around the hills as soon as I turn away from the coast and starts a steady climb into the ridgelines. There are long up and downhill runs, very

tight switchbacks, stretches of rough pavement and at the top, snow. Some of the hillsides have new spring growth of groundcover, a fluorescent looking green sort of thing, a color more common in kids' toys than in nature, while others are carpeted in smooth brown velvet. Many tall trees have been cut down along the rims on the passes, as if the DOT is getting ready to widen and straighten these roads for the convenience of car traffic, rather than the entertainment of motorcycles. As it is now, it would be a fast sporty run for a long-legged adventure bike, a good ride for a sport bike though with some forearm hammering in the rough patches and a nice slow cruise for

are so accustomed to perfect weather, this cool day isn't considered suitable for riding.

In one of the passes, as I'm working the rig around the turns, suddenly a huge shadow crosses the road in front of me. I look up, as best I can without tumbling off into the canyon, and there, descending into the valley in front of my path, is the biggest freaking bird I've ever seen. I'm looking at it from the rear, so I can't see its head, but if it isn't a California Condor, then it's the love child of a fling between a large buzzard and a medium sized airplane. It banks into the canyon, following the same road as me, but eventually veers off to follow a thermal somewhere else.

The  
road



the heavyweights. On the sidecar rig, I'm probably keeping about the same pace as a cruiser, and working a bit harder in the switchbacks. Despite my relative slowness, no bikes come up behind, and only a few from the other direction. Perhaps California riders

straightens out as it comes down from the hills onto the flatlands and ends at Red Bluff. It is getting late so I opt for the first thing with a vacancy which is a Comfort Inn. I'm an old-style "park-in-front-of-the-room" motel sort of guy, but on a Saturday night of a holiday weekend, I'm not going to be picky. They as-

sign me a huge room with a separate area for sitting, and a bed suitable for me and six of my closest friends. But it doesn't stink of stale cigarette smoke, there are restaurants nearby and the rig is sitting under the office canopy, thanks to Chelsea, behind the desk, so I'm happy.

Only one of the restaurants is not a "chain", so I select the Rockin' R to sample something local. The perky waitress, "a big ole friendly girl" as the late Harry Chapin would have described her, seems incredibly happy at her job, bubbling as if this is the best possible place to be and the only thing she ever wanted to do. My tiredness from the road has to give way to her good humor and I quickly notice that all of her colleagues seem similarly ecstatic. One sounds much like the comedian Sarah

caramel apple pie a la mode for decadence, a morally well balanced meal.

On Easter Sunday, I'm up early again to check the internet CalTrans maps and weather channel. Looks like I will abandon my mountain route...still snow in passes and part of Rt. 89 is closed where I want to go. I'm realizing my lack of foresight in that I failed to get the DMC Snowplow Option, with Track Vehicle Conversion on this rig. Given that omission, I'll take the direct route down to Chico and over to Tahoe.

It's a long straight ride through the Central Valley, with nothing but orchards on either side. This is where all that fruit comes from that we take for granted now in the winter months, out there in the cold parts of the country. Peaceful, in the early Sunday morning



Along the shore of Lake Tahoe

Silverman, only without the profanity, a hard east coast accent that seems exotic here. Supper is a grilled chicken salad for virtue and

with little sign of the swarm of people it must take to tend these thousands of trees. Changing course to the southeast, I started to gain

altitude, out of the warm low places until soon the snow walls along the edges were in some places 10 feet high or more. As I made my way up to the iconic Donner Pass, there were two-story buildings completely covered in snow, with only the end of a roof showing. Curiosity sent me up the two-lane Donner Pass Road for a bit, but I wasn't sure of the weather or if the smaller road went all the way through, so I made my way back to the cleared Interstate. I stopped at three restaurants, because I wanted to eat, rather than be eaten, in Donner Pass, but all were closed for the season. It occurs to me that if some of these restaurants up here had just been open back then, that whole Donner Party thing might have turned out differently.

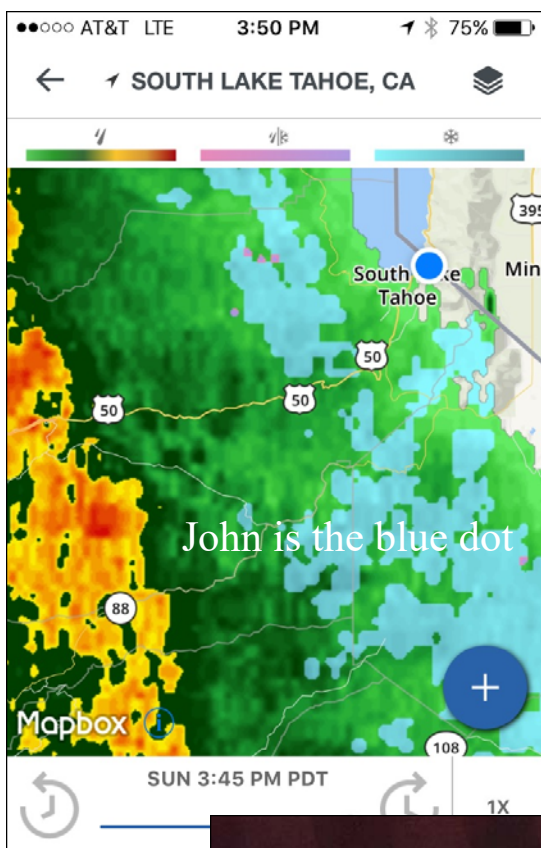
Still bordered by deep snow, the road makes its way down to Lake Tahoe. As I meandered along the west shore, past Squaw Valley, there were lighted signs warning of the high "lake winds" sweeping across the highway, as if the hard steer to the left wasn't sufficient notice for me. Since I was unsuccessful at feeding up on the pass, I opted for lunch at Rosie's,

where I watched my waitress engage in an elaborate, spontaneous role play with the little girl at the next table. If she's not a really good actress, waiting tables between gigs, she should be.

Heading south, the road rose higher, with still more snow along the sides. The high winds off the lake breached the walls here and there, depositing wide patches of the slippery stuff on the road. It is good to have three wheels. Near Emerald Bay the road briefly climbs up on a narrow "bridge" high above the trees, with steep slopes down either side, before plunging into a series of switchbacks. The continuing wind pushes the rig around alarmingly and I speculate on the danger of trying this bit of road today on a two wheeled machine. At an overlook near the south end of the lake, snow everywhere, I met an English lady, about my age or a bit more and her husband. She said she had noticed my "lovely sidecar" in the parking area and told me, in her charming accent, about growing up in England right after the War, near London, with only a sidecar rig for family transport. She described



Emerald Bay



family holi-  
days in  
the coun-  
tryside,  
with Dad  
driving the rig  
over-  
coat and mit-  
tens, with  
Mom, two chil-

Fortunately, there is the  
"LewMarNel" restaurant (terrible name, but  
excellent food, perhaps on the old "Smuckers"  
theory) next door, with some grilled salmon on  
offer, with a glass or two of white wine, fin-  
ished off with a fine apple pie. Ah, the hard-  
ships of the long distance traveler!

Tomorrow, when the weather has cleared a  
bit, I will hook up with Rt. 50 across Nevada,  
"The Loneliest Road in America".

To Be Continued.

in

dren and all  
their provisions  
for the week in  
the sidecar. "It  
was just what  
you did back  
then", she said.  
"We loved it."

By the time I  
reach the com-  
munity of  
South Lake Ta-  
hoe, I can see  
that another  
huge storm is  
on its way,  
driving me into  
a motel for the  
night. Better to  
batten down  
the hatches and  
let it pass over.



LewMarNel's pie entry..

**Riding the Tunnel of Trees**  
**2017 BMWRA International Rally**  
**July 6 – 9 Petoskey, Michigan**

We've got a great location for the 2017 RA Rally in Petoskey, Michigan. Petoskey is located in Northwest corner of Michigan's Lower Peninsula, about 50 miles below the "Big Mac" bridge.

The Emmet County fairground sits on a beautiful location above Lake Michigan's Little Traverse Bay on the outskirts of Petoskey and will be our rally home base. Downtown Petoskey is about a mile and a half away and is full of small specialty shops, restaurants, and "watering holes". <http://www.petoskeydowntown.com/>

The fairground's has a number of large updated buildings for our activities along with grandstands and "dirt area" where we are looking into "GS" activities. Yes, there is plenty of nice grass for our "Green Eureka Timberlines" and a number of full service hook-ups for the "Cushy" RVs.

More information is available on the BMWRA website; <http://bmwra.org/news/national-rally> and pre-registration is now open. <http://bmwra.org/ra-national-rally-registration>

With Pre-registration you will save \$15.00. You can also order Friday & Saturday meals and T-shirts. You will save \$4.00 per shirt by pre-order. Ladies shirts and long sleeves will only be available on pre-order.

It will be a great rally at a great location- Bob Alexander/Rally  
Chair



Walt Gargano ☺  
55° F

7/5/97

THERE'S FIRE IN THE SKY, IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY,  
IT'S AMERICA'S CELEBRATION,

PUT ON YOUR BOOTS, TAKE A RIDE ON YOUR SCOOTERS,

BEWARE OF MISINFORMATION... ☺

Here's the group for today:

- \* 1). Herbert Burton
- \* 2). Chester Martin
- \* 3). Jim Brandon
- \* 4). Paul Elmyer
- \* 5). Bill Voss
- \* 6). Joe Bork
- \* 7). John Rice
- \* 8). Randy Scott
- \* 9). Boone Sutherland
- \* 10). Richard Smith
- \* 11). Alan Poindester
- 12). Pete Galskis
- 13). Tom Sutherland
- \* 14). Pat Patterson
- \* 15). Charlie Norton
- \* 16). Ben Prewitz
- \* 17). Phillip Baugh
- \* 18). Jeff Crabbe
- \* 19). Steve Bishop
- \* 20). Tom Keller
- \* 21). Darlene Huffman

22). Gary Huffman

*Boone*

# For Sale 1996 BMW R1100RT



85000+ miles and rising...

Bike is in good condition.

Replaced the following at approximately 84000 miles:

- Tires (Michelin PR3)
- Oil change (engine and final drive)
- Brake fluid change
- New air, fuel and oil filters
- New starter
- New front brake pads
- New battery (Odyssey P680)

Roy Rowlett is familiar with the bike and can verify its condition.

Asking \$2500.00 or reasonable offer.

Contact John Harder 859.684.4217

# 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



***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  
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(Autographed copy, with DVD of the trip)  
***Whatever Happened to the British Motorcycle Industry***  
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***Down the Road*** By Steve Wilson  
***Motorcycling Excellence***  
By Motorcycle Safety Foundation  
***Leanings 3*** By Peter Egan  
***Ghost Rider*** By Neal Peart  
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