

September 2017

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



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By Jeff Crabb

John Rice appreciates good pie. Anyone that has ever heard or read, at least, one of his adventure tales knows that to be true. A place is just a place unless there is good pie to be found there.

I've taken John's advice, on occasion, and have ventured out to some of the out of the way places in order to enjoy pie. I have simpler, some say limited, tastes than John. I'll enjoy a chocolate pie from Jones Restaurant in Burkesville, KY when in town for the rally even if we just had lunch at the rally.

One Saturday, the wife and I drove to Morehead, KY under the guise of attending a folk art fair. When the truth was

we were headed to Root-A-Bakers. This restaurant had appeared in more than one of John's articles and I needed to check it out. We didn't get any pie though, so that trip is only half fulfilled. (If it is your first time at the restaurant, they will give you a welcome cookie. After lunch and the cookie, we just couldn't fit any pie in. But, we'll be back!)

Not that anyone needs an excuse to hit the road and enjoy the great outdoors from ground level, but it adds something special to the trip if you know there is something sweet and delicious that could be waiting for you wherever your travels take you. In this day and age of fast food and identical restaurants through-

out this great country of ours, it nice to know someone is keeping the spirit alive of the little "hometown" restaurants.

Shamefully, until I read the latest of John's adventure bringing his new rig home, I had never heard of Pie Town, New Mexico. Now, I'm trying to figure out how to get there and how long to stay.

This month we have the continuation of John Rice's trip home on his new hack.

Please enjoy and remember, send all of your contributions to apex@bluegrassbeemers.org.

Thanks

American International Motorcycle Expo

On September 23rd and 24th, Columbus Ohio will be the location for the American International Motorcycle Expo. Attendees will have the unique opportunity to see the newest 2018 models and products from more than 500 exhibitors, many items making global, North American and public debuts. More information can be found at www.aimexpousa.com

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



Getting the Rig Home, 2017 (part III)

By John Rice

(We last left our sidecar pilot asleep in the “James Arness “ room in Kanab, UT, dreaming of Pie Town.)

I’m dropping south today, through Arizona, with the notion of making into New Mexico for a visit to Pie Town. The Glen Canyon Dam beckons me into its visitor’s center to see the giant works (and to spend a bit of time in the air conditioning). It is a huge concrete construction, but slotted into the canyon so that one doesn’t see how big it is until looking over the edge. Very much like the Grand Canyon, where on my first visit there, I didn’t know I’d arrived until I got off the

bike and walked over to the edge. Backed up behind this wall of concrete is an incomprehensible amount of water to feed the needs of the thirsty southwest.

Not far south is the Cameron Trading Post on Rt. 89 near the junction to Tuba City. This “post” is as big as a Wal-Mart and packed so tightly with merchandise that a man clad in motorcycle gear drags his coat against the offerings while trying to find the restaurant way in the back. I’m a bit early, so there are tables available despite the crowd. I select from the pictures on the menu a Navajo fry bread taco and when it arrives, it looks exactly like its image, and is enormous. I had



Glen Canyon Dam

hoped to try their pie selection, but this thing is delicious and after I've consumed all I can, there's no room for anything else. From the size of the food offerings I've experienced on this trip, I can only conclude that everyone who lives in the west eats only once per day and then walks 50 miles to the next restaurant.

Near Winslow, I had to stop in at the Meteor Crater to see if it had changed much since my last visit in 1984. The visitor center certainly had, going from what I recalled as a simple brick structure about the size of a small suburban ranch house to a huge multi-level system of interconnected rooms, including a theater, a museum larger than the original center, and of course a gift shop. Outside, the crater looked pretty much the same as it did

nearly 40 years ago, but as I attempted to bound up the stairs to the observation deck, as I did back then, it seems that I am not the same as I was in my youth. It took me a while to get up there and a bit longer to catch my breath.

As with everything in the West, eyeball estimates of distance and size are deceptive. The Crater is nearly a mile across, hard to take in at one viewing, and the bottom is way, way down there. Only when looking through one of the telescopes can one discern that the tiny dots in the bottom are in fact life sized mannequins of astronauts (harkening back to the use of the crater for NASA training) which brings the scene into perspective. In the museum one learns that the rock which made this hole in the ground wasn't all that big, it



Meteor Crater

was just very, very fast. It's that $E=MC$ squared thing again, the same principle that lets tiny little bullets knock over a large animal.

Show Low, Arizona seemed to be the best place out here for finding a room when evening began to approach, so I set off across the desert following Rt 77, the old Hashknife Pony Express route. The first 20 or so miles are featureless desert, easy for me to traverse on this well defined blacktop, but offering little in the way of landmarks, only a large rock outcropping or two, for the Express rider back then. A long rise begins, which my rig dispatches without sweating but must have been agony for a tired pony whose young rider was trying to keep a schedule. On the other side of the crest, the terrain changes dramatically, now a scrub pine and bush "forest" with landmarks even harder to make out.

The story of Show Low's name, I'm told, goes back to the pioneer days when two part-

ners shared an enormous ranch in these parts. As often happens, the partners had a falling out and decided to go their separate ways, but couldn't settle on partitioning the property. A poker game was agreed upon, with the winner taking the land. Both men were equally good (or bad) poker players and the game went on for days. Finally, the story goes, one of them, exhausted, said let's "show low" with the lowest card taking the win. The deuce of clubs decided the ownership and thus is the name of the town's main street.

It is 36 degrees when I leave Show-Low in the morning but it will warm rapidly as the sun gets higher. I motor on happily, thinking of the delights to be had at Pie Town, NM. But when I arrive at the Pie-O-Neer restaurant, there is a "closed" sign in the window! On closer inspection, the sign does offer the information that they will open at 11:30, an hour and a half from now. I get out a book and park myself on the table on the porch to





wait. I haven't driven this far to abandon the quest so easily.

By 11:45, I'm sitting at the "Pie Bar" at the "Pie-O-Neer" cafe in Pie Town NM, enjoying the apple cranberry crumb selection, just out of the oven, cut when cool enough to touch. And it was worth the wait and the drive. We are just a short distance from the Continental Divide, over 7,700 feet. There are 4 restaurants here, but nothing else. They each have their different specialties, but this one does only pie. This is 20 miles in either direction from anything resembling civilization, but soon it is filling up. "If you bake it, they will come" The Pie Lady, Kathy Knapp says she makes everything here, with local ingredients. She says it will not pass her lips other-

Now I'm waiting for the "New Mexico Apple", with green chilies and pine nuts. It's still too warm to cut, but the pie lady says "We will slice no pie before its time".

There is a fellow here, with a queue and tie-dye t-shirt who gives me some history of the place, here since 1945, but not open continuously during that time. I can only assume that it was closed when I came through here in 1984. If I thought that I passed it by, I couldn't bear it.

(A group of motorcycles just pulled into the lot, a BMW R1200GS with two Harleys. Only one of these riders is wearing a helmet. They stand around outside for a few minutes and then leave. There's just no understanding some people.)



Pie Lady

The Pie Lady stands in the middle of the restaurant and reads aloud from a recent article from a British newspaper that someone has sent to her, touting the "weirdness" of this place. The British readers are informed that it is on the Continental Divide Trail and gets visitors from all over the world, hiking, biking, horseback, Boy Scouts trekking to get there for the experience.

The New Mexico Apple Pie is wonderful, the chilies adding a touch of spice and heat with the pine nuts giving their own inimitable flavor and some crunch.

The Pie Lady makes her way around the dining area, chatting with the customers, occasionally nipping back to the baking area to check on the latest offerings coming out of the ovens. She has an

wise, describing herself as a "pie snob". I agree with her priorities. I believe I'll have another piece.

exuberant personality, always extolling the virtues of pie, the Zen of pie, the whole life experience of pie. She tells me that this place



used to be a “regular restaurant” but now, after 20 years of developing her niche, it serves only pie. The purity of mission is admirable.

At the next table sits Tucker, a senior gentleman wearing a bowler hat. He's obviously a regular customer here, known by name to all the staff. I ask if I can take his picture and he says, "I don't mind, but after you see it, you might!"

I finally tear myself away, quite full, regretful because I no longer have the capacity for a third piece.

About an hour east of Pie Town, I was becoming powerfully sleepy and began a little internal dialogue in my head, "what you need is a picnic table"



"Yeah, might as well ask for the moon. You haven't seen a picnic table since Oregon"

"Well, while I'm asking, I'd like for it to be in the shade as well"

"Good luck with that, fella, you'll never....What is That!?"

And there it was, just as soon as I said that to myself, it appeared on the right. I grabbed all the brakes and slid to a stop right in front of the concrete, blue-painted picnic table,

nestled in the shade of a Bristlecone pine tree. I was still chuckling in my helmet as I hoisted myself on to the table for a wonderful 15 minute snooze.

I awoke, marvelously refreshed and re-mounted the rig. The skies were perfectly blue, only a few wispy clouds for perspective and the wind had temporarily abated. I cruised along for another hour to Socorro in a state of motorcycling bliss.

What	Where	When
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



"BEEMERS IN THE BLUEGRASS" CAME AND WENT,
BUT WHERE, IT REMAINS A MYSTERY,
ALL THAT STUFF IN OUR FUTURE,
SOON BECOMES NOTHING BUT HISTORY...



Here is the group for today:

- 1). Pete Galskis (first back quadruple bypass surgery)
- 2). Chester Martin
- 3). Hubert Beerton
- 4). Tom Sutherland
- 5). David Sparkman
- 6). Boone Sutherland
- 7). Phillip Baugh
- 8). Greg Quinn & "Snow"
- * 9). Randy Scott → * free breakfast (3.25)
- 10). Bill Voss & Jessie
- 11). Gary Huffman
- 12). Darlene Huffman

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



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
Revolutionary Ride By Lois Pryce
How to Drive a Sidecar Rig by David Hough