

August 2018

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Photo courtesy of Ray Brooks

# I'm still here

By Jeff Crabb

No, you haven't fallen off the mailing list. I just didn't get any articles for the Apex between the April edition and this edition, and I have been busy with other obligations. I did have a plan, though. I went to Mid-Ohio at the beginning of July for Vintage Days and if no articles had arrived, I was just going to do pictures. Who doesn't like looking at pictures of motorcycles? Over the next few months, I'll be throwing those photos in here.

This month, we have articles from Benoit Lepage and John Rice. I threw in a couple of photos of a Flying Squirrel. Heck, I think I would own this bike just on the name alone.

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



## 1984 R80ST For Sale

Just over 35k miles

The tank has a dent on the right side  
Bike was restored in 2011, but has only been ridden a few hundred miles since.

More pictures and information are posted on our website under bikes for sale.

Asking \$5200 or best reasonable offer  
Contact Jeff at 859-252-5497 or at the email listed below

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.  
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

**Jeff Crabb, Editor [jdcraab@hotmail.com](mailto:jdcraab@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**





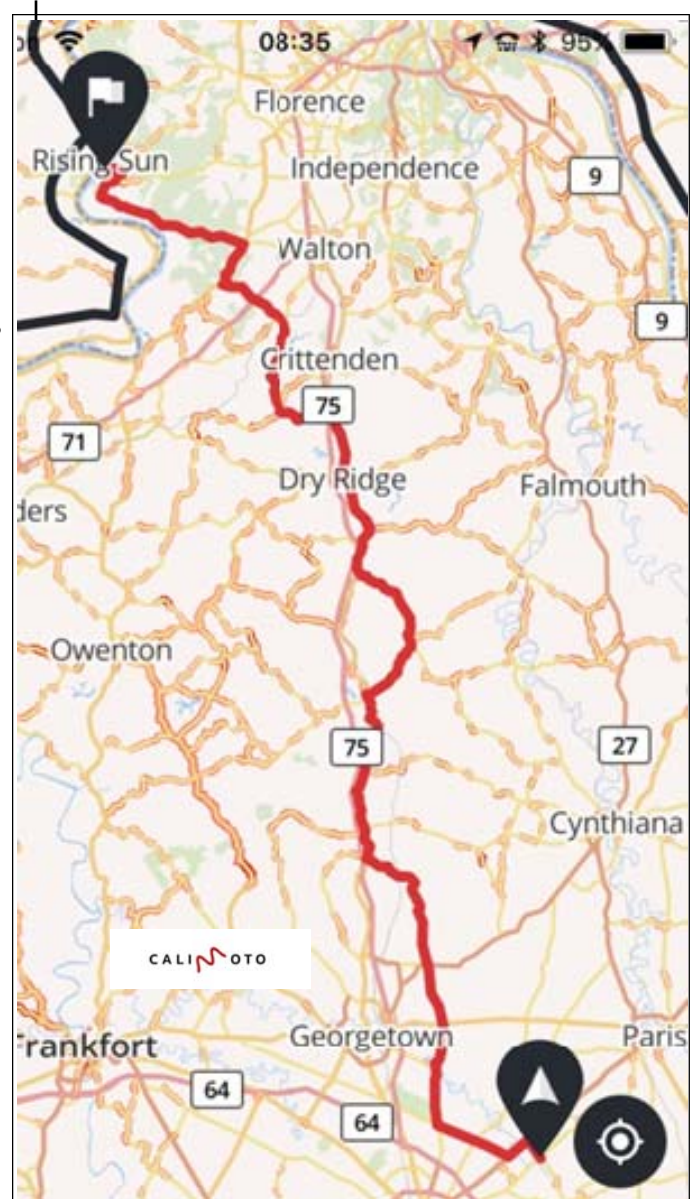
# Rising Sun 2018

By Benoit Lepage

June 2018, the United Sidecars Association (USCA) decided to hold its National rally in Rising Sun, Indiana. I told Lucie “We should go” because it is riding distance, sidecar adepts are great people and my beemer friend John Rice is presenting.

It was not the perfect riding conditions (90°F) but the newly purchased cooling vests made a big difference. Using the excellent GPS Apps Calimoto, we left around noon with a planned stop at Rabbit Hash, KY. You know that historic place on the south shore of Ohio River which elected a dog for mayor. [https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rabbit\\_Hash,\\_Kentucky](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rabbit_Hash,_Kentucky)

The idea was to use the new ferry to Rising Sun but it was not there yet. In fact, talking to locals, it is not welcome. Regardless, we have been there, done that and met “Biscuit” a retired welder who rides an Electra Glide HD and promote the beauty of the area. Bis-



cuit offered to take a picture of us in front of the newly rebuild General Store (*fire 2017*) and then asked: “Would you like to take a picture of me?” of course, we replied...

Without a ferry, we had one more hour ride to Rising Sun.

Rising Sun is a charming little town est.



**RABBIT HASH, Ky.** — Rabbit Hash has a new dog mayor.

sweet couple from Japan who landed in California, rented a bike and sadly broke down on in transit to Indiana. But it takes more than that to stop real adventurers. They ended up renting a car and here they were, smiling with a strong accent, just like me!

At 11am, our iconic John Rice is giving a presentation about “The Art of Blogging”. I would not miss it. It’s already pretty hot but the breeze under the canopy makes it bearable. John gave an informal presentation which turned into a discussion. Among all the precious state-



circa 1810. In 1996, they build a resort adjacent to a casino boat and we stayed at the lodge only 3 miles away from the USCA rally site. While Lucie finish her beauty sleep (*she doesn't really need it*), I pay a first visit to the Little Farm on the River RV campground hosting 178 registered participants. The early morning coffee is already an opportunity to meet great peoples. We all have the same 2 wheels passion (*Opps... 3 wheels in this case*) coming from all around the nation, including a

ments, I recollect 2 milestones:

- Stop to take notes & pictures. Otherwise you might not remember the details when you sit down to blog.
- Do not be like that guy who narrates “Turn by Turn” voyage.

Then we met Will & Joan Short *USCA President*). They pulled their rig on a trailer





Sunday morning, 6am I jump on my bike to explore downtown Rising Sun which is screaming history of this early 1800 settlement. The small veteran operated restaurant just opened and I was the first patron. The sign at the entrance was a nice reminder. After breakfast, I gathered a coffee to go and walked to the river. The Empire Hotel (est. 1816) is still operating and will be our camp for next visit (maybe

from South Dakota. I think it is a smart choice to concentrate the ride at destination. Many tough core riders dislike pulling the bike but it is for me a good solution to reach remote areas, especially while 2ride. Will is a retired math teacher. When I asked if he taught High School or College, he answered "yes" meaning both... I mentioned earlier that I wanted to attend USCA rally to meet nice people and they delivered.



At closing dinner, they had the usual recognition and raffles. One woman won more than 10 prizes... I hope she finished the evening at the Casino to top her lucky day!

this fall). At 7:15am, the front door was locked but the sign said open 24/7 so I called and the owner lady came up front and convinced me about next stay. Then I went back to the lodge to pickup my steady girlfriend (34 years) for breakfast. The obvious choice was the little downtown restaurant.

Motorcycle rallies are such great opportunities to meet great people and visit places. We'll be back Rising Sun!





### 1949 Scott Flying Squirrel

Scott motorcycles were produced from 1909 to 1950 in West Yorkshire, England

The Scott Squirrel won the Isle of Man TT race in 1912 and 1913.

It is a water-cooled two-stroke 600cc.

The first model was called a Squirrel, the next a Super Squirrel, and then the last a Flying Squirrel.

The advertising slogan was; "Lively as a Squirrel and never drops a nut".

The bike was completely restored in 2012 and is owned by Butch Foley—Florence, KY



# On Writing

By John Rice

(I was asked to give a brief talk at the recent Sidecar Rally on the subject of writing articles. I prepared a handout for the audience, which turned out to be six people. Just so it doesn't go to waste, here is the handout.)

- Take notes on your ride. Pull over occasionally to document your thoughts. Use your phone recorder, take a tablet or other device, use a pencil, whatever works. You think you'll remember the thing you saw or the thought you had.... and you might, but it will be after you've sent in the article. Don't ask how I know that.
- Take pictures. Not all of them have to have your bike in them. Tell the reader what is in them and why they were important enough for you to get out your camera...not just a location.
- Remember that the reader wasn't there and doesn't know what you know. Give them the details so that they can see what you saw.
- Look up some information on the places in your story and tell the reader about it. Nearly every town or attraction has a website or some sort of information site. Give the reader a reason to want to go there.
- Add a little humor here and there, if you can. It can be at your own expense. It makes the reader a bit more able to identify with you and your travel. Most of us who have been riding for a few years have had common experiences on the road, based in decisions that "seemed like a good idea at the time".
- Put background in the photos and tell the reader about it
- Less routing. We've all got maps and some of you (not me) even know how to use a GPS, and anyway, getting lost is fun. Don't be that guy you've met at a rally who gives you his two week trip, turn by turn in real time.
- Have a theme, or make a point of not having one. There is the notion of Coddwomple: "To travel in a purposeful manner toward a vague destination"
- Vary your adjectives. Try not to use the same one twice in a paragraph if you can avoid it.
- Access a thesaurus.
- When you read an article, ask yourself what's missing. What did you want to know that wasn't there? Then add it to yours.
- Edit your drafts. The fine line is between editing too much and not enough.
- Don't let the perfect be the enemy of the good. It doesn't have to be great literature to be published and enjoyed by others. I will never be Peter Egan, but I can't let that stop me from scribbling down my thoughts.
- Proofread twice. You'll still miss something.

# MID ATLANTIC BACKROAD DISCOVERY ROUTE (or “Geezers Into the Breach”)

By John Rice

“Seven, not three” I was saying in my helmet as we paddled knee deep across what turned out to be the last water crossing on the Mid-Atlantic Backroad Discovery Route. The DVD we had viewed before leaving said there were only three and showed riders happily splashing across what was no more than a wet spot in the trail, only a tiny spray from the tires visible for the camera. My boots were full of water.

This started on June 19th, as Jay and I left Winchester on our XT250's for Damascus, Virginia where the first Backroad Discovery Route (“BDR”) in the eastern US would begin. We had ordered the paper map, DVD, and the GPS tracks earlier in the year, though true to our usual “causal navigation” style, we hadn't really studied them. On the morning of the 20th, we attached Jay's GPS to my handlebars and turned it on for the directions to the first leg of dirt roads and trail. “Acquiring satellites“, is all it told us for the next three hours. Using old school maps and dead reckoning, we found our way along the first bits of the trail high up into the mountains of Tennessee. At one point we stopped near a cabin where a woman was cleaning a deck. Seeing us poring over the map, she asked if we were “following that trail”. “We see you fellows up here all the time”, she said with a smile, confirming that we were on the route and pointing us to the next turn. Lots of wildlife up here, deer, rabbits, groundhogs and one black bear, curious about these strangely dressed critters invading their space, but we were worth only a

moment of their time before they went back to the business of survival.

Late in the morning, the GPS awoke and reported for work, but only would give us directions back to our starting point at Damascus, no matter what exhortations and threats we threw its way. We carried on with maps, finding the Wyrick Trail, a rough gravel and dirt track that took us high onto a ridge overlooking a wide green valley. Though we could see from the maps that there were towns nearby, from the ridge top there was no sign out there that civilization ever had intruded on these woods.

Nearing the end of the day, we came out onto pavement and found a gas station near what the map showed as a turn back up into the woods. The numbers on the map and the road sign didn't match, so we asked a local who was getting in his pickup about the discrepancy. He was perfect, as if Central Casting had received the order for “Old Farmer in Overalls, with Heavy Southern Accent” and supplied him for this scene where he encounters the lost protagonists.

He scratched his head through his feed cap, looked us over carefully, and then opined that he couldn't see why in the world we would want to go up that “road”, even though it did, he admitted, go to the destination we had inquired about. He stared at his shoes, shook his head, and then told us which turn to take, and slowly got into his truck from which he watched us wheel around and head for the trail. I'd like to hear what he told his buds down at the store about us.



After a few miles of standing on the pegs on the steadily rising path, we began to doubt our directions and as if on cue, there was wooden board with hand painted wording proclaiming that the “Woods Hole B&B and Hostel” was up a side road. We detoured up to the hodge-podge collection of rough cabins on a hillside where an eclectic mix of what one might describe as aged hippies and societal misfits were gathered on a porch. They confirmed that we were on the right track, but if we couldn’t make it to our destination, they knew of a homeless shelter in Newport where we could stay for the night.

Sixteen dirt and gravel miles later the track ended at Rt. 100, where the map said it continued on the other side, straight across.....but on the other side of 100 was a high solid wall of rock, extending as far as we could see in either direction. We opted to spend the night in the BDR suggested lodging, the Mountain Lake

This lodge was the setting for the movie “Dirty Dancing” back in the 80’s and still has memorabilia displayed for the faithful who return to relive the experience of seeing the film. Since Jay and I are among the twelve people in the world who have not seen the movie (the dozen of us have a meeting every other year to share the experience of not seeing it), much of that was lost on us, but it was a pleasant place to stay. The desk clerk looked us over and gave us a cabin well away from the main building, which was rustic but comfortable. The restaurant was excellent. Supper was trout with roasted Brussels sprouts and hash browns, washed down with a very good local porter, dark and smooth with just a hint of some coffee notes in the finish.

In the morning, we took the road from our cabin around the lake and straight on to the dirt path the BDR prescribed. The GPS, atoning for its recalcitrant behavior the previous



At the Lodge

Lodge in West Virginia a few miles away.

day, was flawless, directing me turn by turn

such that by the end of the day I had no idea where on the map I had been, knowing only that without the device, I never would have found the otherwise unmarked trail branches. I can say that nearly all of it was off pavement, with lots of trees forming a canopy over the trails. From yesterday's rain and the frequent showers today, the surface was mostly mud, but so well mixed with rocks that traction was not much of a problem. Even on the downhill sections, we were able to keep up a second or third gear pace; while I wondered just what a rider on a 600 pound loaded 1200 would be doing right about now. We have yet to see any

big beast back down. The bike and I made it unscathed, but I am sure it wasn't pretty. Now, 20 years of advancing age make that seem like an impossibility.

Our second bear spotting came today, with the furry critter, probably a relatively new edition, running hard from the woods on one side of the trail to the other. From its speed, it is easy to see why they say you can't outrun the bear.

We have encountered numerous turkeys, in flocks by the side of the trail and in one case, a large one who exploded from a tree right beside me, launching itself into the air in front of



Bikes, mud and rain

other bikes on this route, but occasionally spot the telltale tread pattern of 90/10 "Adventure tires" in the dirt. There were several long up-hill sections, steep, rocky, and a bit slippery that would have been challenging on anything much bigger than these bikes. I recall in my 50's taking my then new R100GS/PD up a tall, rutted, (but dry) pipeline hill in Boyd county and being impressed by how it handled the climb. Then I realized that I had to get the

my face, struggling for enough altitude to avoid collision. We, me and the bird, were both grateful for its success. Several deer have wandered across our path, on two occasions accompanied by spotted fawns delicately picking their way exactly in momma's footsteps. Momma kept an eye on us; the fawns looked only at her.

The seventy nine miles of Section two were completed as the steady rain began by mid af-



ternoon in Covington, Virginia. We took a late lunch at Cucci's Italian restaurant where the thoughtful waitress put us in a booth so our sopping rain gear wouldn't create a hazard for other diners.

Section three, the longest one at 193 miles, started just a few blocks away with a narrow blacktop road that quickly became dirt just a mile or two out of town, heading up into the

baths here to treat his rheumatism. If we had known what the next day would bring, we would have soaked in them ourselves.

There was more rain overnight, but we were able to start out in a brief period of dry weather. A short bit of pavement, then back on to the mud pathways leading high into the mountains. This is the kind of thing we came for, endless twisting trails with views of



mountains. I thought how nice it must be for an off road rider to live in a town such as this, where access is so close. The rain, which had thoughtfully paused while we ate lunch, returned and kept us and the trail dampened for the remainder of the day. We managed only a few miles before turning in for the night at the Warm Springs Inn at, no surprise, Warm Springs, Virginia. The Inn is a former Colonial era courthouse, now converted to a lodging and restaurant with the bar in the former Clerk's office, complete with the old vault that once held important records. They tell us that Thomas Jefferson frequented the hot mineral

mountains and valleys at every summit, riding that was technical enough to hold one's attention but still not too challenging for our old bodies to take.

Until we came to the water.

The trail ended, it seemed, rather unceremoniously as we came around a turn to face not mud but a rushing river, complete with white-caps. It was about 60 feet wide and of a depth we couldn't immediately discern. There were rocks, big rocks, on the approach, leading us to believe it wouldn't be any more hospitable

under the water. Still, on the DVD we had viewed, the crossing looked simple and surely it couldn't be THAT deep even with all this

rent to push and pull it out. It took only a minute or two to dry out the spark plug and get the bike going again and then another few



Contemplating  
the crossing

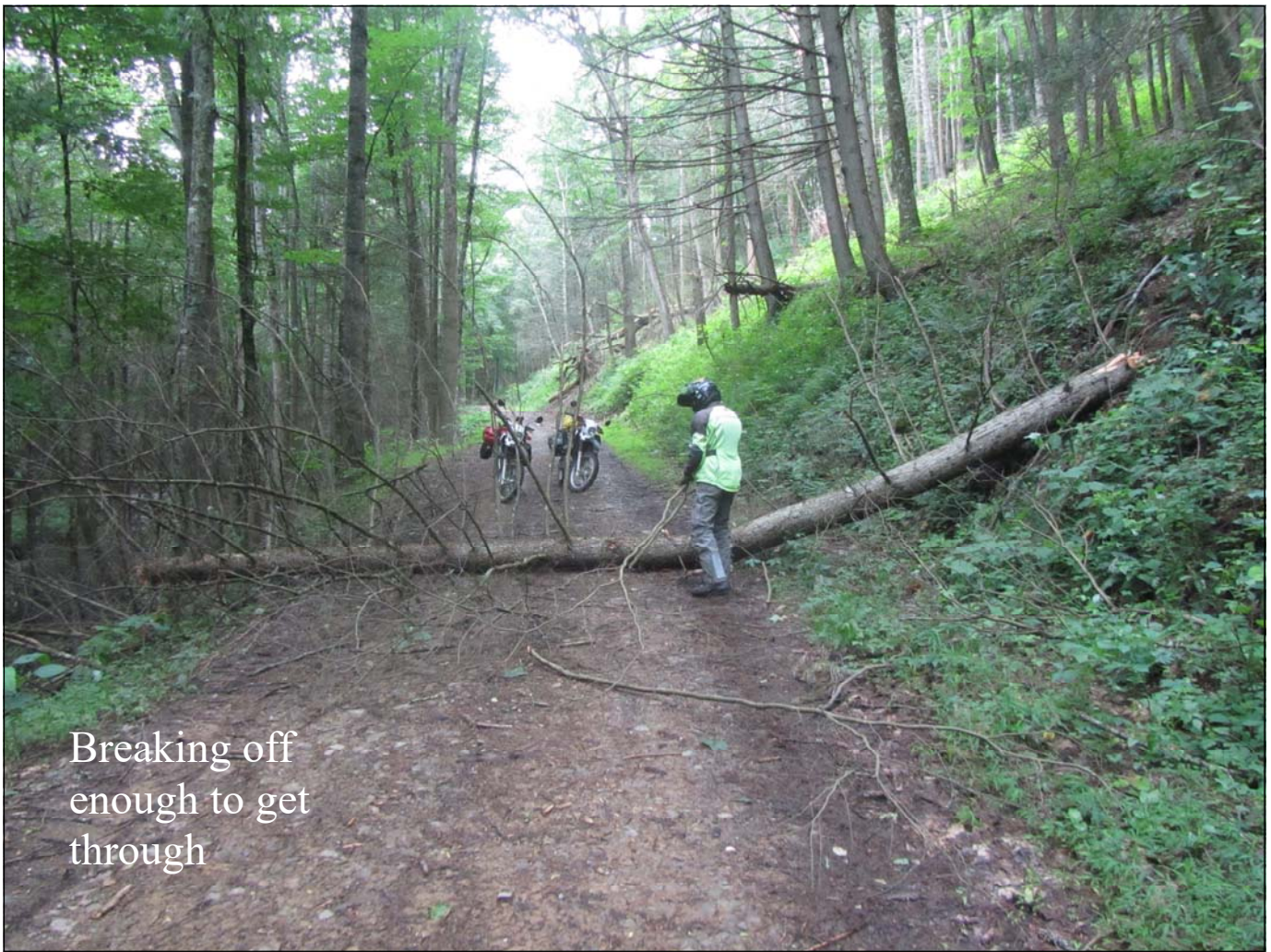
rain, could it? So I went in. The younger me, a lot younger, would have kept feet on the pegs, leaned back and gassed it to splash across. The now me, is much, much more cognizant of what can go wrong and the consequences of old bones hitting rock. Abandoning any hint of style or ego, I put both feet down and went slowly into the current. Within a few feet, the water was well over the tops of my boots, filling them completely, and the engine was up to the bottom of the cylinder. No choice now but to keep on and soon I was on the other side, looking back at Jay who was contemplating which of us was the crazier...me for going in not knowing what I'd find or him for now going in knowing how bad it was. His bike stalled in the current, requiring the two of us to wade through the tor-

for us to convince ourselves that this must be the worst one of the three that were predicted and going back wasn't a good option. The next six crossings told us just how wrong we had been.

I don't have pictures of the worst ones because I just didn't think of it at the time. The "getting across this" took all of my limited attention span.

In between the "water features" there were the fallen trees (three of them in various places) across the trail, some of which required some branch removal to clear a space big enough for the bikes to fit through, long uphill and descents that kept us up on the pegs in our soaked boots and provided plenty of moments to say bad words inside our helmets. It was late afternoon when we emerged





Breaking off  
enough to get  
through



Potomac Bridge



from the woods to what the GPS told us was a numbered road that led to a town. We met a young man going in, riding a BMW 450X, and stopped him to warn of the fallen trees and water. He smiled and pointed to the SUV following him and said they were his support vehicle, complete with winch to remove such inconveniences as trees. We realized that we had utterly failed to consider including such

were beyond tired, weary to the point of near incoherence, soaking wet inside and out. In Petersburg, VA we found an “interesting” motel with a vacancy and the amused proprietor of a nearby Chinese takeout restaurant helped these dripping customers load an amazing amount of food onto two bikes for dinner in our room. Being sophisticated diners, we stopped into a gas station for a bottle of their



Testing the waters

finest red wine for accompaniment.

Things always look better in the morning and a bit of sunshine and blue sky gave us all the optimism we needed. After way too much breakfast in a local restaurant, we filled our tanks and set off on the next route. Sec-

vital things in our trip planning.

The GPS, no doubt in “protection mode” to keep two overmatched old geezers from committing further folly, refused at this point to give us any directions forward on the route, insisting now that we go back to our starting point. We put it in “time out” to consider its disloyalty and used the paper map to set off in the downpour to find lodging for the night. We

tion 4 is shaped like a carpenter’s square and is mostly tiny paved roads in the countryside, working its way perilously close to the Washington DC area. The squiggly black lines on the map were a welcome relief after the previous day’s travails (we still had our wet boots as a reminder) and the 250’s ate up the miles easily, swinging back and forth through the tree lined lanes. We were detoured a time or



two as a result of flooding but managed to find our way back to the route eventually. The GPS again decided that it knew better what we needed and kept taking us to major roads near, but not on the BDR, so again we shut it down and went with the paper.

On this route is the Oldtown Low Water Bridge, one of the very few private toll bridges still operating in the US, requiring a 50 cent fee to cross the Potomac River from West Virginia into Maryland. The wooden

move. Jay had a prior obligation that required him to be home in a few days and we could see that the next few sections would take us high into Pennsylvania and would necessitate taking major roads on a forced march back to Kentucky. Since we were now only a few miles from Front Royal, the beginning of the Skyline Drive (and a motel we knew was across the street from a fine brewpub) we elected to shelve the BDR for later completion and head south.



structure, first erected in 1937, was not much above the fast moving water when we crossed, making our way to the tiny toll shack on the other side. A tin cup on a long handle comes out, the change clinks inside and a voice from the booth says “Thanks! You’ve just made my day!”

By late afternoon we had finished the section in Shepardstown Maryland and stopped at a church to take advantage of their outdoor pavilion to spread out maps and figure our next

(To be continued)



POGGY MILD  
69°F

DAYS WERE SUNNY AND GOLDEN,  
NIGHTS WERE COOL AND CRISP,  
CIRRUS CLOUDS HANG FIVE MILES HIGH,  
LIKE HALF OF A FEATHERY WISP,  
THE PINES FILLED THE AIR WITH FRESHNESS,  
THE MOUNTAIN RAN STRONG AND CLEAN,  
THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO  
WERE LIKE NOTHING WE'D EVER SEEN...

Here's the group for today:



- 1). Ray Roulett (p10)
- 2). Hurlst Burton
- \* 3). Dave McCard
- \* 4). Boone Sutherland
- \* 5). Rahlin Carter
- \* 6). Ryan King (with the kayak look)
- 7). Ron Atkins
- 8). Pete Gleshis
- \* 9). Chris Warner
- \* 10). Jim Brandon
- \* 11). Biff Buckley
- 12). Mary Beard
- \* 13). John Rice (on his Norton atlas)
- \* 14). Mitch Butler
- \* 15). Jeff Gault
- \* 16). Chris Adkins
- \* 17). Steve Bishop
- 18). Phillip Baugh
- 19). Darlene Huffman (p10)
- 20). Gary Huffman (p10)
- 21). Randy Scott (p10)
- \* 22). Mark Renee
- \* 23). Danny Phillips

*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