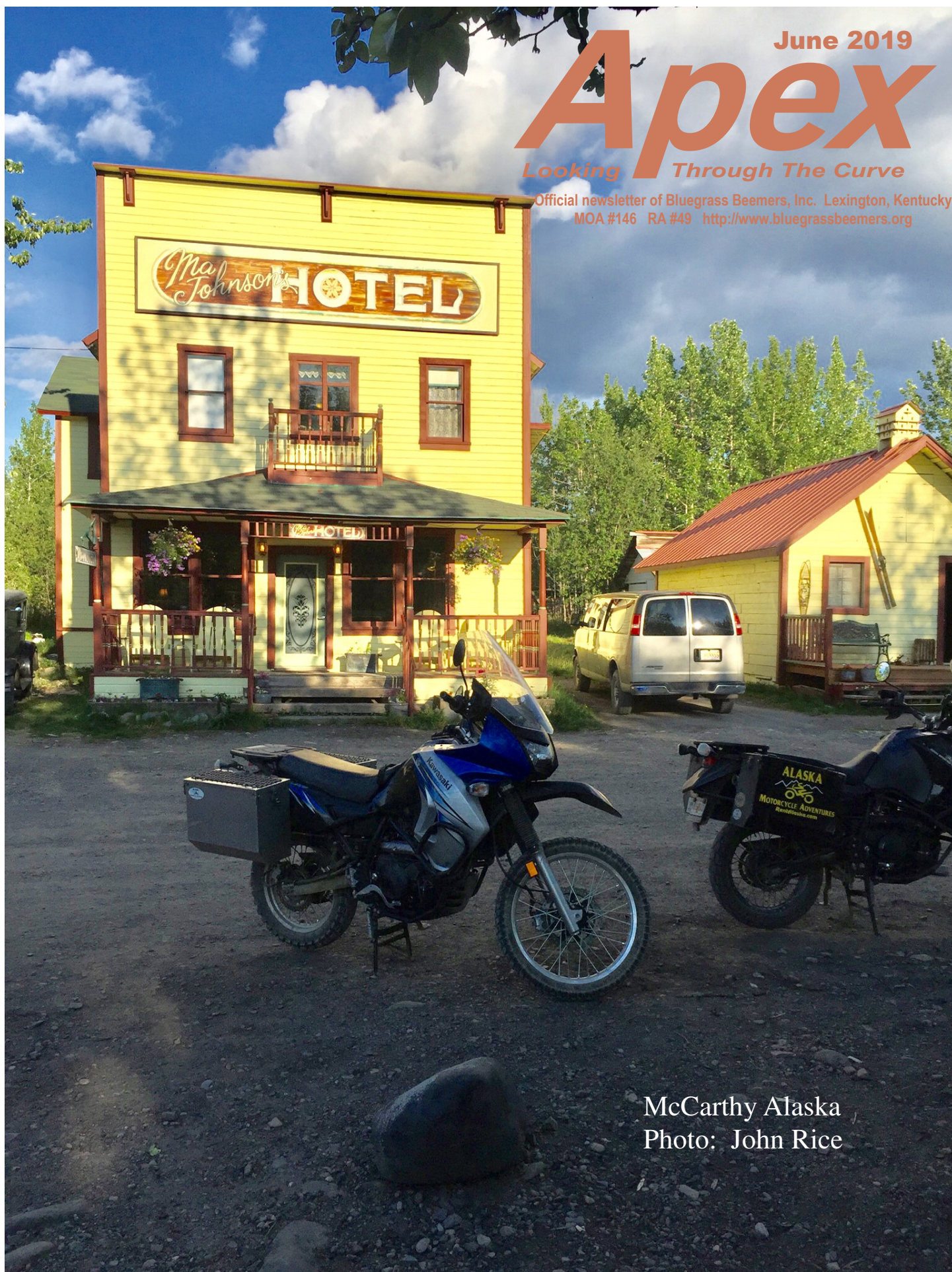


June 2019

# Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



McCarthy Alaska  
Photo: John Rice



# It's almost Rally Time!

By Jeff Crabb

We are just a few days away from this year's BMWMOA National Rally in Lebanon, TN. It's just a short two hundred miles away. Almost too close not to go to.

Congratulations to Kelly Moore! BMWMOA Board elections were announced on May 17th. Kelly collected the most votes out of the six candidates and has earned her spot on the BMWMOA Board.

This month we take a ride with Beniot Lepage and Joe Bark to a war hero's gravesite and ride along with John Rice for a service run to Columbus, Ohio. The cover photo and the photo on page six are courtesy of John Rice, from his recent trip to Alaska.

Please enjoy and remember, this newsletter is made possible by contributions from those that read it. Send all of your contributions to [apex@bluegrassbeemers.org](mailto:apex@bluegrassbeemers.org).



Spotted at the 2005 BMWMOA Rally in Lima, OH

**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**



# Motohio Service Trip

By John Rice



Columbus, Ohio BMW Dealer

Our bikes, the 800cc twins, needed services that Roy doesn't really want to tackle at this point and were out of our comfort zone to attempt, so Jay and I decided to make a run up to the Columbus, Ohio dealer, Motohio.

We set out at 9 in the cool early May morning air, heading up Rt. 60 with its good curves to Morehead on a sort of vague diagonal path to Columbus. This weather is pretty much perfect for riding motorcycles, soft spring sunshine, wispy clouds in the brilliant blue sky, cool wind blowing through our jackets. We must be living right, because the curvy bits are deserted and the pavement is clean. We do encounter a construction site but the, flag guy

waves us through and gives us the "throttle up" pantomime as we pass.

I believe that it is legally required that a motorcyclist must stop for pie at Root-a-Bakers whenever near Morehead, so we comply even though it is 10:30 in the morning. "Root a Baker Pie" (on the theme of Derby) for me, coconut cream for Jay, at the little round table out on the porch.

We find a new route, 377 north, cutting across the hills toward the Ohio River. There are enough curves to be interesting, pleasant green places, few houses. Jay says it reminds him of the Hocking Hills in Ohio. We roll past cattle feed lots, announced far ahead by

their aroma, then the more pleasant freshly cut wood smells of a small lumber mill.

Crossing Kinniconick creek, we skirt past Vanceburg and follow the river. The water is high and the barges that often crowd the Ohio are scarce today. At Portsmouth, we cross over and head north on the old two lane road, now replaced for most folks by the four lane "new 23". (In my teen years I worked for an appliance store in Ashland and once or twice per month made pre-dawn runs up this road driving a truck to pick up new refrigerators, washers, dryers, etc in Dayton. By this point in those days I would have been halfway through my first bag of Nassau cookies and a thermos of coffee. It usually got daylight somewhere around Chillicothe.)

The hills of southern Ohio end quickly where the glaciers stopped all those millennia ago and the land turns to flat, green farms with neatly kept homes, fields and barns, each ready for a photo cover of Farmer's Quarterly. Then the urban sprawl of Columbus takes over, stoplight to stoplight for a few miles until Brice Corner, where the shop is located, comes into view. We check into the motel which is about 50 yards from Motohio's parking lot and take the bikes over to the shop.

Everyone we encounter there seems competent and friendly and the other customers picking up and dropping off the various brands appear to be satisfied. A small sample, admittedly, but so far, encouraging.

On the recommendation of the service manager, we walk over to the La Carteras Mexican restaurant located in an old Ruby Tuesday's building. Much of Brice Corner shopping center seems to be on its way down to the last iteration before the dozer, but the Mexican place is surprisingly good, with excellent

grilled Tilapia for me. Tonight's beer special is a 20 oz Negro Modello on draft. Takes a while to finish, and it is good thing we're walking.

Back at the room, with no transportation and nothing else to occupy ourselves, we finish off the evening over a flask of Hartfield, the first Bourbon made in Bourbon County since, I think, 1919. We manage to solve all of the world's problems with solutions that seem more and more obvious as the flask depletes. Some philosophers have said that the best working government in the real world of human beings is a "benevolent King" and we seem, to ourselves, at this point, fit for the job.

In the morning, breakfast is at Waffle House because "proximity". One would think that a place called "Waffle House" would be the waffle specialist, the place to go for The Waffle. But it isn't. It was sweet, crisp and otherwise utterly unremarkable. The small middle aged woman who takes our order is remarkable however, for her energy and enthusiasm as she whizzes about the place, giving orders to the staff, taking orders from the customers and generally keeping order among the chaos.

Back at the shop, the mechanic was already disassembling my bike. He's a young fellow, whose parents weren't born yet when I started with this motorcycle thing, but he now knows how to do what I don't with regard to this particular one. There is another mechanic on duty, an older fellow working on a modern Triumph. They don't seem to mind that we are in the shop, bantering briefly with them. The young man seems careful and competent as I watch him taking off the various body panels. With these bikes, there is so much work to do before you actually get to the work it needs.



We wander around the dealership for a while, taking in the bikes and various accessory goodies on offer. Ever the Luddite, I am pleased to see that many of the things on display bolt on to a motorcycle rather than plug in. This place is modern, but still close to in its setup and general vibe the old school motorcycle shops I knew in my youth. If it was one fourth the size, dirtier, with fewer bikes and an old dog asleep in a corner, it would be right in the ballpark. On the upper level there are some modern Triumphs, with a couple of the 60's era counterparts for perspective. Some of the current ones are deeply discounted and I can see that they are a couple of years old, either new or very low mileage. I can't help but think that this may be the result of some guys my age, seeing the new Triumphs, how nearly they resemble in concept the originals they knew and deciding to "get back in the game"....then realizing that both they and the motorcycling game have changed considerably in the decades since they last swung a leg over a saddle. The bike then sits in the garage for a while until guilt, a spouse or other circumstances bring it back here for sale like a dog that just didn't fit into the lifestyle the family had imagined when they adopted it as a puppy. Were I blessed with a Jay Leno sized budget and garage space, I would have to give them a home.

On one end is the scooter section with some very nice Piaggio and Vespa offerings. I mount up on a Piaggio 150, with its 14 inch wheels and disc brakes and briefly fantasize about my ultimate two wheeled future when this light nimble thing is all I can handle. I can see some long trips on this...well, long in the relative sense.

For lunch, we walk back over to the Mexican restaurant, opting for that over Waffle House

or the various fast food emporia otherwise available.

Well sated with salt, fat and sauces, we wandered back to the shop to take a place on the couch in the lounge area. There are piles of motorcycle magazines there to keep the waiting customers entertained. Some are the cheap local tabloid style that has photos of barely clad young women draped rapturously over custom bikes and ads for "biker" lawyers looking theatrically mean in sunglasses and jeans, leaning on Harleys. (I know one or two of those guys and I'm pretty sure the ad photo shoot is the most time they've actually spent with a motorcycle.) Others are pure racing publications, keeping the enthusiasts up to date on the latest in the world of folks going unimaginably fast on motorcycles. And there are the ones catering more to our situation these days, the touring mags that do show people more like us, riding bikes like ours in far away spots that we've been to or still want to visit.

The service manager comes over to chat with us. He's a good bit younger than us, but obviously has some seat time behind him and knows his stuff. Among his various bikes is an 800 GS, so he is familiar with our routine service. He tells us that the valve adjustment needs to be checked in the first break-in miles and then after several thousand more, but if it's still ok by then, the chances of it needing any attention are slim. Not that it should be ignored, but his message, I think, is to not be paranoid about it. "BMW makes a good product", he says. "It will stay together." I like that he's not trying to up sell us on services.

Soon our bikes are ready to go and we saddle up in the now hot afternoon sun. Both of us have obligations that preclude another night and day on the road, so it's a slog through the

flat Ohio farmlands, down to Chillicothe where we can pick up Rt. 41 for a few curves on the way home.

Overall, I like this place. It is a bit far away, though our circuitous route made it a lot longer than it needed to be. Service isn't cheap, but that is common at any BMW dealer. I felt like the work was done compe-

tently and in a timely fashion. When the bikes were returned to us, there weren't any missing or left-loose screws (at least not that we've found yet). We were welcomed there by everyone we met and the conversations were about motorcycling in the same space in that world that we inhabit. We will go back.



Typical Alaskan Highway sign.  
Photo: John Rice



# Sunday Ride to Elizaville, KY

By Beniot Lepage & Joe Bark

On June 24, 2018, Joe suggested to start with breakfast at the legendary Biancke's Restaurant in Cynthiana. The sky is promising rain and delivered early on but cleared by the time we gathered. Today, we plan to visit Elizaville's cemetery where Fleming Co. residents reinterred their very own hero Franklin R. Sousley, one of six men who raised the second American flag on Mount Suribachi during the Battle of Iwo Jima. He sadly fell in combat just a few months after the U.S Marines demonstrated the iconic victory.



We struggled a little bit to find the place but being both perseverants, borderline stubborns and mostly prouds, we made it.

The cemetery is quite large for a small village like Elizaville (population 181). We walked to the grave, paid our respects to him and all other braves warriors before continuing our journey southbound on sweepy US32.



Just few miles down the road, we stopped at Cowan Station General Store. The only public bathroom was literally outside, I mean killing the dandelions... Mainly vintage tools including

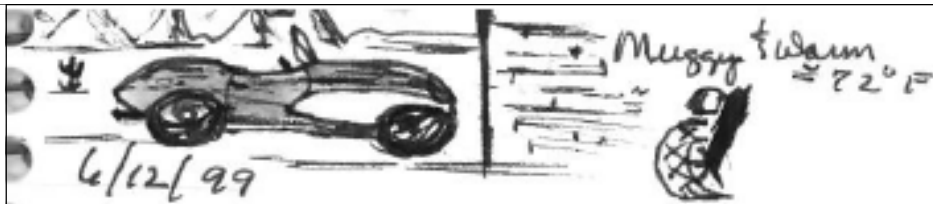


painted blades hack saws decorate the store. The owner proudly dis-

played a claimed to be original version of barb wire.



About noon, it was already time to hit back home. A very nice 100+ miles loop ride from Lexington.



YOU'LL LOSE YOUR CHARM, DOWN ON THE FARM,  
IF YOU TROD WHERE THE COWS HAVE BEEN FEEDING,  
YES, THEY'LL KNOW IT'S YOU BY THE "SCENT"  
OF YOUR SHOE,  
AT THE "QUARTERLY BUSINESS MEETING"...



Here's the group for today:

- \* 1). John Rice
- \* 2). Paul Elwyn (but has been "cycling" for a while)
- \* 3). Boone Sutherland
- \* 4). Chris Warner
- \* 5). Jim Brandon
- \* 6). Chester Martin
- \* 7). Mary Beard
- \* 8). Pete Galski
- \* 9). Phillip Baugh
- \* 10). Ben Pruitt
- \* 11). Joe Bork
- \* 12). Randy Scott
- \* 13). Jeff Crabb
- \* 14). Gary Huffman
- \* 15). Darlene Huffman
- \* 16). Mitch Butler

*Boone*

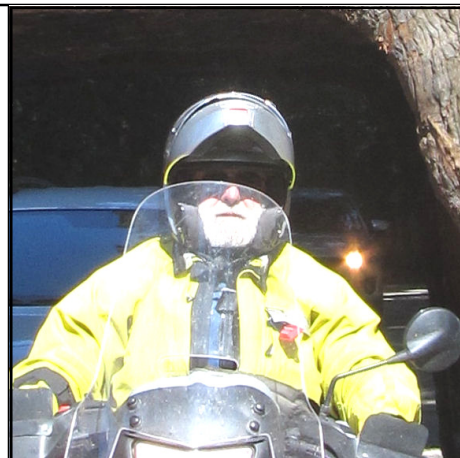


# Books available on loan

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 circum-navigation 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

