



1969 Honda z50 Mini Trail hanging on a pillar, steadied by a keg at the 2019 Garage Brewed Moto Show

# Bike Show

By Jeff Crabb

We had a pretty full van going up to the Rhinegeist Brewery for this year's Garage Brewed Moto Show. (Thanks Jeff Odean for organizing the van.)



This year's weather was cold but dry. We arrived before noon and had to wait a little while before the doors opened. The line to get in was forming before we arrived. They were keeping a pretty close eye on the number of people in the building. Those in line had to wait until others left in order to get in and there was still a line around four when we left. The show ran from noon to midnight.

There were all kinds of bikes in the show, but I only remembering seeing two BMWs. Kelly Moore braved the weather on two wheels which added a third BMW spotted at the show.

This month we have the continuation of John's crash stories and a few pictures from the bike show.

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

Photo by John Rice

**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**







1970 BMW R75/5



Just around the corner  
from the brewery stands  
the old Apex Furniture  
Manufacturing Com-  
pany building.





1937 Indian  
"Sport Four"

Less than 500 of  
these machines  
ever made.

2014 Honda Gold-  
wing  
Valkyrie

A 700lb Brute  
Streetfighter

A few mods;  
LED headlight  
Keyless ignition  
Custom Gas tank  
Custom Seat  
Custom subframe  
Modified exhaust







1973 Ducati 750 GT



1956 Matchless G45

Factory built road race  
motorcycle

Less than 80 built

# Crash Stories, part II

By John Rice

In thinking back on my motorcycling past, usually sparked by one or more of the appendages and joints that complain from long-ago insult and injury, more episodes of my misadventures have come to mind.

On the Blue Ridge Parkway, just past Pisgah, route 276 heads downhill toward Waynesville, twisting and turning its way off the mountain. My brother-in-law Jay and I turned down the steep side road, him on his 1983 RT and me leading on my 93 R100PD, one spring day many years ago. As we left the Parkway's perfect pavement to head downhill, I thought "wow, this road's in a lot worse shape" and then there was the noise, BANG !

Skritttttttccccchh, of crash bars scraping along the pavement, the scene in front of me suddenly jerking up and down as my head bobbed, eyes wide open to a changed perspective as I was suddenly a lot lower, watching my bike ahead of me sliding on its side in a long arc to a bumping stop, nose down in a ditch. I remember having my left hand outstretched, as if I could use the Force to bring the bike back to me. I heard Jay yelling "Don't get up" but before I could process that information I was up and looking around to see if a car was coming as I headed toward the fallen BMW.

We had been going fairly slowly, no more than 25 or 30 mph, being careful. It was a steep downhill left turn, not particularly sharp. From my memory, I had just begun the process of a lean when there was the noise and the "does not compute" sensation that what I in-

tended to happen wasn't and something quite unexpected was.

Reconstructing the scene, we learned that my front tire had hit a fine mix of sand and gravel from the deteriorating blacktop just exactly as I had tipped the bike easily into the turn, losing all traction and tucking the front tire under, putting the bike down immediately. Jay said it looked like someone had pulled on a cable, yanking the bike out from under me. The gravel/sand patch was composed of a fine mix of black pebbles in the shade from the direction we were going, so that it was in effect, invisible, though it could be seen from the other direction, in the bright sun disappearing into the shadow as we stood there looking up the hill. I was looking through the curve, ahead to the apex, and not down at the area right in front of my wheel, so the dark gravel in the shaded area hadn't caught my attention. I know I've been through hundreds, if not thousands of sand and gravel patches on roads in all sorts of places, without more than a twitch at the bars. This one, however, was exactly at the point of turning, just the spot where the tire needed some traction and there was none to be had.

I went down so quickly that I didn't put out a foot or a hand. Jay said I was still seated when the bike hit the ground and it slid away from me, with my body in the position of a man sliding into home base, head up and left hand outstretched. The design of the airhead BMW meant that the first thing that hit the ground was the crash bar, then the saddlebag,

so my leg was not trapped underneath a sliding bike.

The bike fared much better than I expected, and I believe much better than a more modern GS would have done. There was a scraped area on the crash bar, nearly through the wall, but not quite. The left valve cover was scraped, but again, not through the metal. The left saddlebag had a scar on the bottom edge, with no breach of the interior. The bar ends, the mirrors, the fenders, none of these touched down. The front end nosed down into the ditch, but without any observable damage.

As for me, I shredded a perfectly good ventilated Fieldsheer jacket and put some holes in my Aerostitch Darien overpants, got a small abrasion on my left boot, but that's it. Not even a bruise, no scratches, nada, zip, zilch. I was a bit sore and stiff, but in advanced age, that's the way I usually am, so I couldn't really tell any difference. From that point in the trip forward, whenever I saw a rider and/or passenger dressed in tank top, shorts and flip-flops, I wanted to stop them and point to the torn places on my jacket and pants. If I hadn't been wearing all the gear, all the time, I would have spent the rest of my vacation in a skin graft ward of a North Carolina hospital.

We continued on for the next three days, still going at a moderate pace, though I was constantly looking for gravel. From that day to the present, every shaded patch is, in my opinion, a hazard. I am still waiting to get my confidence back so that I can consistently keep my eyes up to the vanishing point and not down in front of my wheel. I tell myself that the odds haven't changed, that the road is no more treacherous than it's always been, that this was just a case of my number coming up. I'm telling myself, but as of yet, years later, I'm not convinced.

Off road, the crashes have been numerous, frequent and fortunately, mostly without long term consequences. There are some that stand out.

In my brief motocross career, there was the one that ended with a broken tooth, a bunch of stitches in my chin and a truly terrifying ride to the hospital with a local constable who fancied himself the reincarnation of Steve McQueen in "Bullitt". I've written about that one before and won't reiterate it here. (If you want the gory details, it's on my blog under the title "Motocross" at <http://www.johngrice.wordpress.com/>)

I had a place in the woods in Boyd County where I could practice my motocross skills, minimal as they were, on a makeshift track of connecting trails. On one such exercise, I got a bit more ambitious than usual and hit a left hand uphill turn faster than I should have. Typically, this turn would give me "air" as it's called now, a sensation I've always enjoyed. But this time the bike and I rose much higher, the front wheel far too light and before I could react, the rear wheel had come between my legs. For an instant I had the vision of the bike, upside down, in silhouette between me and the summer sun just before the grips came out of my hands. I was in the air, weightless, long enough for the thought to form, "this is going to hurt" and to wonder where the bike was going to land with respect to my body. Then I don't recall the actual landing, of me or the bike, but I do recall the jumping up and running to the fallen machine before I checked to see if everything I had was still firmly attached and working. With the resilience of youth and the minimalist nature of dirt bikes of that era, nothing major was damaged on rider or bike and with a bit of bar-banging of the front wheel on the nearest tree, the forks were straight enough to ride home.



Motorcycles built for Observed Trials competition are a completely different animal from motocross or even enduro machines, much like the difference between the nimble capuchin monkeys and a gorilla. A trials motorcycle is light, with nothing on it that does not contribute to its mission of allowing the rider to go over and around any conceivable obstacle without putting a foot on the ground. Its steering rake is steep, sacrificing stability for the ability to make tight turns since high speeds are not usually encountered in the actual competition. The long loop roads connecting the sections can be ridden somewhat quickly if time is getting short.

Early in my trials riding, I briefly acquired the nickname “Superman”, not for any great strength or blue and red underwear, but for my flying abilities.

At a trials event in western KY, I was riding the loop the evening before the event with Pappy McWilliams, the mentor of us all in those days. Though an “old man” in his 40’s,

he could and often did set a fast pace on loop rides and of course, being young, I had to try to match him. We were going across an open area, covered with branches from a recent storm, accelerating wide open in fifth gear which was about 45 mph, give or take a few. I was right beside Pappy and we looked over at each other to smile, acknowledging the wonderful fun we were having....just as a stick flipped up into my spokes, hitting the back of the forks locking my front wheel solidly. In an instant, I was off the bike and in the air. I don’t remember much of it, but as Pappy gleefully recounted to the group at that night’s campfire, I looked “just like Superman” hands outstretched, body horizontal, parallel to the ground for a long time before the inevitable and undignified crash-roll-flop into the earth. It was not my first crash on a trials bike, nor anywhere near my last, but it was the fastest and most memorable. Especially now, when the weather is about to change.

OK, Bluegrass Beemers, your turn!



Woman’s size 16 Fieldsheer mesh jacket. \$30 obo.

John Rice  
riceky@aol.com

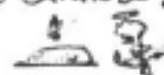


3/27/99



WILL THERE BE ANY TWO LANES IN HEAVEN,  
 ANY TWISTIES TO DRAG OUR "PEGS,"  
 WILL WE STILL HAVE OUR BREAKFAST AT FRIEDS,  
 WILL THEY KNOW HOW ~~WE~~ LIKE OUR EGGS,  
 A NEW RIDING SEASON DRAWS NEARER,  
 ADVENTURES ARE THERE FOR THE TAKING,  
 PLAY YOUR BEST DEFENSE ON THE HIGHWAY,  
 OR THE ADGES, YOUR BREAD COULD BE BAKING...

Here's the group for today:



- \* 1). Joe Bark
- \* 2). Hubert Burton
- \* 3). Paul Elwyn
- \* 4). Jim Brandon
- \* 5). John Rice
- \* 6). Chris Warner
- 7). Ben Pruitt
- 8). Roy Roullett
- 9). Pete Galbraith
- 10). Tom Sutherland
- 11). Mike Gill
- 12). Boone Sutherland
- 13). Wayne Schneideknecht
- \* 14). Bill Voss
- \* 15). Fran Root
- 16). Tim Kouns
- 17). Chester Martin
- 18). Charlie Norton
- 19). Gary Huffman
- 20). Darlene Huffman
- \* 21). Randy Scott
- 22). Danny Phillips (p.l.o.)

*Boone*



Hodaka 125  
Photo by John Rice



Ducati 450  
Photo by John Rice



Todd Fuller—Ready for Battle!!

Todd models his new dual sport helmet at a pit stop on the way back from Cincinnati

Photo by John Rice





2005 RT for Sale  
Just under 36K miles  
\$3,600  
Contact Paul Rice  
(606) 922-7697







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.

Asking \$5200 or best reasonable of-  
fer. Contact Jeff at  
[jdcrabb@hotmail.com](mailto:jdcrabb@hotmail.com)





# 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