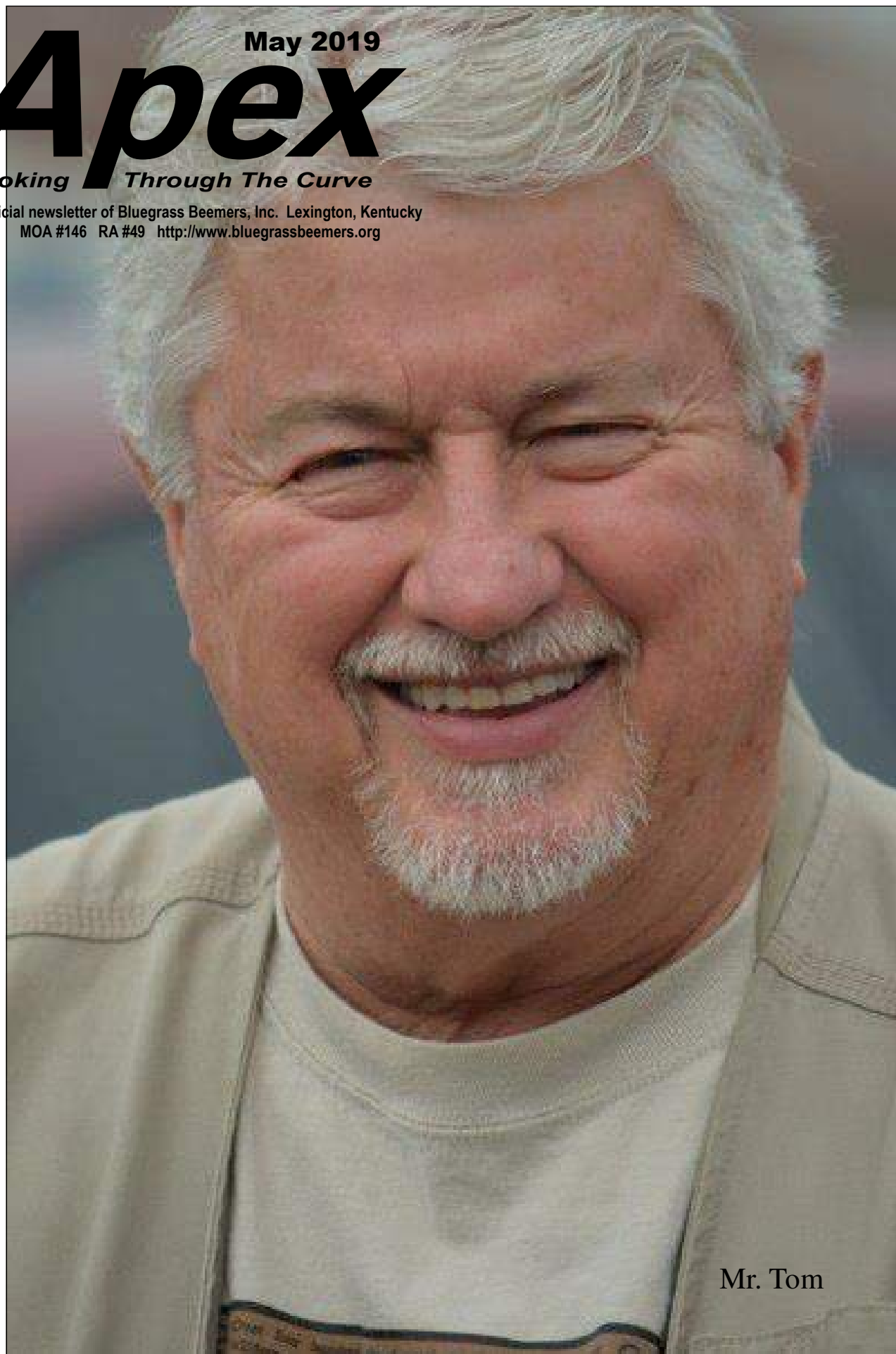


Apex

May 2019

Looking Through The Curve

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



Mr. Tom

Mr. Tom

By Jeff Crabb

The club lost a good friend on April 9th. Tom Rich passed away due to a massive stroke. He went by "Mr. Tom".

When we first met Tom, he was splitting his time between his home in Alabama and his home in Lexington. I believe his wife Terri was working at Gall's and when she left her job, Tom and her left the area.

Tom always had an open invitation to anyone that was to be near his home in Alabama. A few were lucky enough to take him up on his offer. Todd Fuller stayed with him in 2015. Tom took him to dinner and made breakfast the next morning. When Todd asked Tom where he could buy a rain suit, he went to his closet and pulled out a red Aerostich Suit and gave it to him. "He was that kinda guy."

Most of my contact with Tom was at Saturday breakfast. Tom would talk to anyone about anything, but mostly about bikes. I do remember him going on a Café Run a few years ago. The route took us from Winchester to Burgin. We arrived in Burgin just around lunch time. For some reason Tom wasn't hungry for lunch, but wanted a slice of their pie, I

believe it was coconut. He didn't want to eat the pie while the rest of us were waited on and then ate our lunch. So he patiently waited for the time the rest of us would be expected to order pie and he placed his order. The waitress quickly came back and told Tom that they had just served the last slice of the particular pie that he had wanted and could they get him another flavor of pie. He didn't want another type of pie, so he graciously passed on the offer. I remember razzing him over the situation, but he took it in stride. He didn't appear to be upset or mad about it. I'll probably remember that day and his gentlemanly courtesy for a long time.

Ray Brooks was lucky enough to take a few trips with Tom and shared some of his photos on the front and next page.

This month we take a short December ride with John Rice.

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.

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

Jeff Crabb, Editor 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**





Photos courtesy of Ray Brooks

Mr. Tom on the Lap of Kentucky

On their way to Curve Cowboy Reunion in Killington, VT—they stop at Hershey World in PA



A lunch stop on a group ride during the Bluegrass Beemer Rally

Mr. Tom loved old bikes. He purchased a pair of R27's on Craig's List



Just out for a ride in December

By John Rice



Mainz, Germany 1989. Brenda and John take off on Jay's R65 to explore the bike's roots in its homeland

I rode up to Ashland on the F700GS in December, one of those rare days in winter when a major weather change on its way here pushes warm clear air into our area for a single day. Like Brigadoon, a beautiful summer's day suddenly appears out of the gloom and we know it will not be here for more than 24 hours. Well, always there is the wind, but we'll take it anyway.

On my way back from my nephew's house, I detoured off to Boy Scout Road, a winding

blacktop ribbon that descends into a creek valley.

Off to the left, at the bottom of the descent, there is a subdivision of fine homes now, but when I was young there was only a dirt road that crossed the creek and wound up into the hills. I rode motorcycles in those hills nearly every weekend, year round, exploring the paths that now are paved roads and backyards. Usually I was alone, but I recall one cold, wet, winter afternoon when a friend came off his

bike in the mud and launched the Triumph off the side of one of those trails. We watched as it crashed through the tops of pine trees on its way to the valley floor.

In my childhood, there were few homes along Boy Scout Road and the Boy Scout Camp for which it was named sat in the middle of its length. I spent many nights camped there in a canvas tent or on the floor in the rustic cabin that served as its headquarters. Across the road is the field, formed by the creek's overflow through centuries, where formations were held, and in some of my best memories, night games commenced. We

would play Capture the Flag in the field and surrounding woods. I recall vividly running through the woods in the dark, only moonlight for illumination, but feeling no particular limitation. Young eyes take in so much more light.

Just up the road is the sweeping curve where as a teenager in an old yellow MGA, I steered hard to make the aged rattletrap go around and heard a strange "plink, plink, plink" sound, like someone playing the high ends of a vibraphone. It was the spokes of the steering wheel, the ones that attached it to the column, breaking one by one with increasing rapidity



Brenda and I in Plzen Czechoslovakia in 1990. Jay, who took the photo, was stationed in Germany then. We came for a visit, rented a BMW R80 (seen in the background with Jay's R65) and ran around several countries in Western Europe. The Berlin Wall had fallen the previous year and Czechoslovakia (which no longer exists, now split into two countries) had just been opened for western visitors. Plzen was the place where, centuries before, the beer we now know as Pilsner was first crafted, so we decided to see if we could find some there. We didn't, but the visit to a newly reopened "time capsule" of a country that had been isolated for a half century was eye opening nonetheless.

until I was skidding, wheels locked, into the gravel shoulder holding the now separated wheel in my two hands, like some sort of character in a silent film comedy.

Nearby was Rt 168 that connected Ashland and Catlettsburg. All along this road I could see the gas line and power line cuts which used to offer an opening for dirt bikes to go anywhere across several counties. Back then, they were unfenced, open from the road and usually trimmed a couple of times per year so that the utility company employees could get to them in Jeeps or on foot. One was particularly challenging, requiring a rider to descend into a wide, deep ditch and then immediately ascend a steep rough slope to make it to the first leveled off spot where some degree of controlled riding could be attempted. On more than one occasion I had crashed badly enough in the effort to require riding home crookedly, holding bent bars, with my body sitting sideways on the seat to offset the damaged front end. But sometimes I made it and the ride the trail then offered was enough to keep me, like the lab rat that pushes the lever for a food reward, coming back.

There was the apple orchard, Pattons, along the way, a fall stop every year with my parents when I was small. We would get a crate of the red fruit to take home and I would stand watching the ancient wooden screw-type cider press in its brutal work of crushing apples into the brown, unfiltered juice which ran down a worn trough to fill glass gallon jugs. Back home, a drink of the fresh cider with its intense sweet flavor and slightly pulpy texture was close to nirvana, heightened by the smell of the apple pie Mom was baking for later. Dad liked his warm pie with a wedge of cheddar cheese, while I preferred ice cream. In my early teens, I used those glass jugs to siphon gas out of the family car (the inevitable

mouthful of gasoline was not nearly as tasty as the cider) on occasion to refill my moped enough to get it down to the Ashland station at the bottom of Gartrell hill. There, a couple of quarters would provide the necessary fill up for a weekend's riding. The orchard is long gone now, replaced by a group of houses.

Up the road was the place where a work friend of my brother lived. It seemed that whatever device we needed, whatever service such as welding odd things, could always be found there.

The drag strip was near the orchard, a roughly quarter mile straight marked off by a couple of faded paint stripes placed there long before my time by earlier teenagers eager to try their mettle against each other. Friends and I made countless passes down that strip on motorcycles and sometimes in cars, even though the four-wheelers meant that someone was in the wrong lane for the duration. The painted lines are gone now.

Back on Boy Scout Road just before it joined Rt. 60, there was the house where I made the deal to purchase my Montesa motorcycle dealership in the early 1970's. As grand as that sounds in this current time when motorcycle dealers are huge edifices stuffed with dozens or more shiny machines, mine began as a van load of miscellaneous parts in boxes, some parts books and manuals and the exchange of an amount of cash that even then wouldn't have bought much of a used car. The two guys I was buying it from were only a little older than me, though by then much wiser in the ways of going broke in one's passion. Later, I would tell myself it was much better to have done it and failed than to wonder in my old age what would have happened if I tried. I'm in my old age now and I still think that is correct.

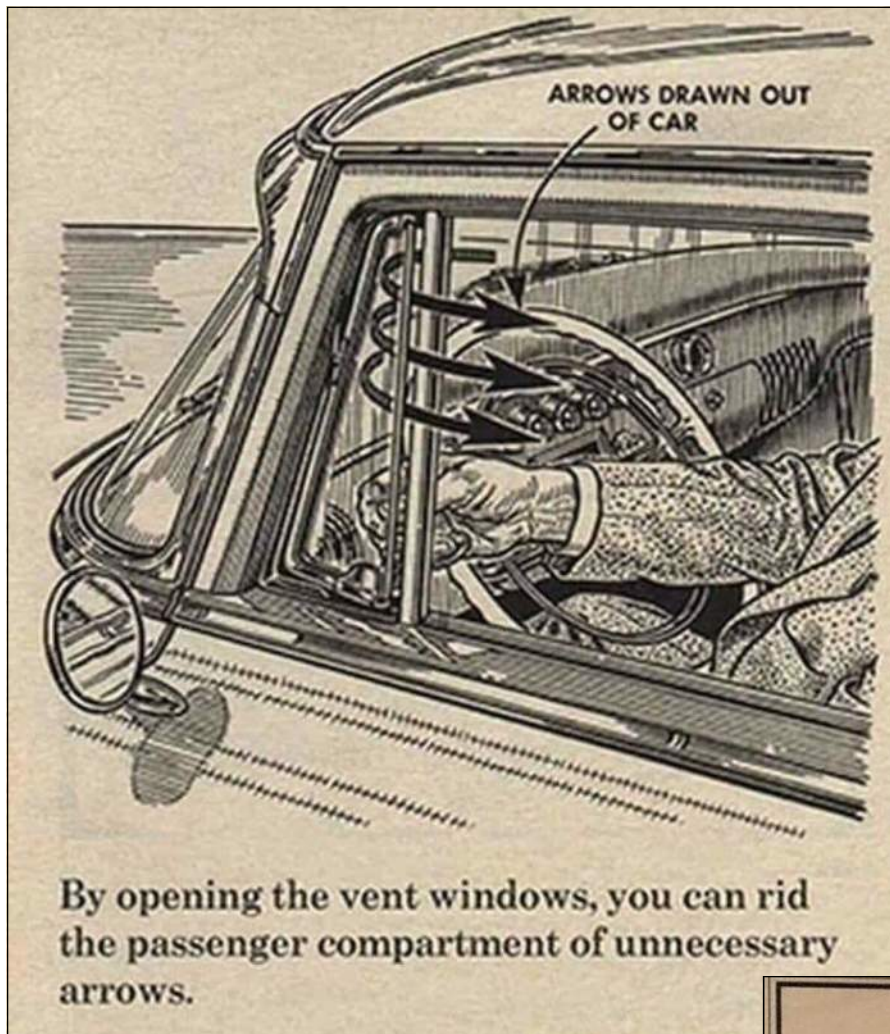


Jay and John at the Beehive restaurant in Augusta.

Photos courtesy of John Rice

Jay on the Augusta Ferry

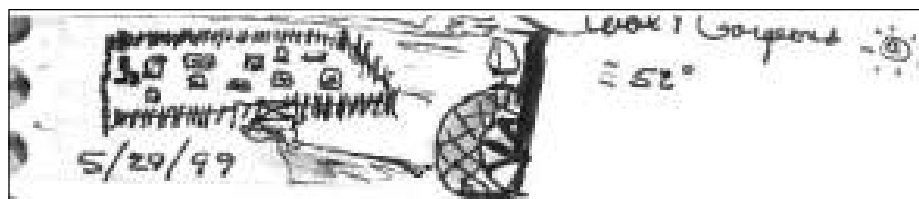




Great innovations in automotive engineering

What the Saturday morning cartoons never showed us: the aftermath.





IT'S A WEEKEND MADE FOR THE LIKES OF US,
FOR THE CLAN OF THE TWO WHEELED STEEDS,
GO BACK TO THAT ROAD YOU FOUND ONE DAY,
JUST GO BACK AND FIND OUT WHERE IT LEADS...



Here's the group for today:

- * 1). Paul Elwyn
- * 2). Chris Warner
- * 3). Tim Brandon
- * 4). Herbert Bersten
- * 5). Chester Martin
- * 6). Bob Riley (on the new K1200RS ! 00004 !)
- * 7). Dave McCord
- * 8). Boone Sutherland
- * 9). James Street
- * 10).
- 11). Pete Galichin
- 12). Mike Gill
- * 13). Mary Beard
- * 14). Phyllis Baugh
- * 15). Jeff Crabb
- * 16). Ron Pruitt
- * 17). Drex Neal
- * 18). Bill Vase
- * 19). Randy Scott
- 20). Wayne Schneidknecht (p1)

Boone

Gear for Sale

Note: These items are being sold by a guy who is 6'1" 205 lbs, wears a 46L suit with a 38" waist and all of these items fit him fine.

Gray touring model **Helite Airbag coat**. Size 3xl This is a model about three years old. I've worn it less than 10 times. Fits me fine. Current online cost is 615.00. My price 300.00

Klim Badlands Pro Hi-Viz Size Xl - I've worn this twice. Bought it over the winter as an experiment to replace my Aerostitch Darien. (All of these were trial runs against the Darien. I just can't part with it.) This jacket is actually a serious piece of body armor. Gortex, modern armor, tons of ventilation and lots of pockets. I am a 35" sleeve length and there was still a few inches of sleeve to go if you need it. Otherwise use the sleeve adjusters to bring it up. Current price is 1,000.00. My price is 650.00 since I have worn it.

Aerostitch Roadcrafter in Hi-Viz. Size 46R. This fits me fine. I suspect it will also fit someone in the 5'10" - 6'0" range. It's a Stitch so its awesome. It's a great one-piece. Current price is 1,300.00. My price is 700.00.

If anyone is interested, please text 606-225-5054.

Lebanon's Scoot Boot'n Boogie Rally

Paul Ruffell reached out looking for volunteers for the MOA Rally in June. Since the rally will require approximately 1,500 volunteers, he is looking for help, suggesting that MOA Charter Clubs might be willing as clubs (or individuals), to lend a hand.

He is hoping that some clubs, might be able to take over a complete shift for various committees. The Beer Garden, the 50/50 Charity, the MOA Gear Store, Security, to name a few, all require a good number of helpers per shift to keep the rally operating. If you have club shirts, or club hats that advertise your club, that would be an excellent way to promote your group.

Although some committees mentioned above require large numbers of volunteers, others often only need two or three people to complete a shift. Every volunteer assignment, no matter the number of volunteers involved, is vital to the success of the MOA Rally.

The Rally also needs a group of volunteers committed in advance to helping, especially on the Thursday. These members could arrive on the Wednesday and register that afternoon. It would be very much appreciated if some of your members would be able to help open the Rally on Thursday.

If you are able to assist at the MOA's Lebanon Rally, please contact the appropriate committee chair found on the following pages.

Volunteer Positions and Volunteer Duties

Besides being the backbone of making the 2019 Lebanon Rally a success, Volunteers have a lot of fun and satisfaction helping other rally goers! Volunteer Committee Chairs may be contacted directly or simply contact me, Paul F. Ruffell - moa2019volunteers@gmail.com

5K Foot Race - Andrea Borella andiroadrunner@hotmail.com

- 6 volunteers, early Saturday a.m., 4 hr shift
- Help setup runners and assist recording results.

50/50 Tickets - Bruce & Miranda Sanders bruceandmiranda@outlook.com

- 10 volunteers per 2 hr shifts, selling 50/50 tickets to rally attendees.

Awards - Don Hamblin - BMWScooter@att.net

- Recording the attendees' mileage, age etc. who enter various riding contests. 2 volunteers per 2 hr shifts

Beer Garden - Jim "Mad Dog" Faucher fauchersj@charter.net

- Volunteers collect money or are serving beer to rally goers.

Bike Wash - Milo Bunda - beemberbunda@sbcglobal.net

- 2 per 3 hr shifts supervising attendees bike washing and showing them the bike washing supplies

Charging Station - Ross/Jean Copas - rcopas@sympatico.ca

- Charging attendees phones, laptops etc. and handing them back.
- 3 volunteers, 3 hr shifts

Coffee - Charlie Parsons 143bmw@att.net

- 2 people serving morning coffee - 4 hr shift

Door Prizes - Perry and Annette Linn plinn01@netscape.net

- Volunteers make sure tickets go in the right bins, they help while people write thank you notes to those contributing Door Prizes, they welcome folks and other duties as assigned (sometimes individuals work on the computer).
- Three hour shifts, 5 people per shift. Door prizes closes at 4:00 p.m. on Saturday. Thursday and Friday, until 6:00 p.m.

Entertainment - Stage Manager Chair Phil Keppelman philkep@comcast.net

- 5 people per shift, assisting bands moving equipment

First Aid - Kelly Hochderffer Bunker7711@aol.com

- 4 people per 4 hr shift with First Aid background, assisting folks with health issues.

Ice Sales - Kent Ringstmeier beemiceman@yahoo.com

- 2 people per 4 hr shift,
- The Ice committee volunteers duties at the rally involve selling ice and supplying ice to the Go-fors Committee. You will be lifting bags of ice in 7 & 22 lb sizes. They will be handling money and making change. This is always done in a shaded or inside location.

MOA Gear Store - Jackie Hughes - galuprider@yahoo.com

- 8 people per 3 hour shift.- sales and assisting folks finding articles, operating cash, etc.
- Volunteers are needed on the Tuesday and Wednesday unpacking and setting up the store items.

Oil Change / Tire Pressure - Milo Bunda - beemberbunda@sbcglobal.net

- Showing folks where the tools and rags are located.
- 2 people per 4 hour shift.

Pin and Patch - Gary and Karen Pothoff glpothoff47@hotmail.com

- 4 people, 3 hour shifts, especially on Wednesday and Thursday to stuff mugs.
- Throughout the rally, handing out stuffed mugs.

Registration - 4 hour shifts - Karolina Francis

- Register rally goers and give them information about the rally.
- To sign up to register, go to the link below and register for a Registration shift

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/2019-bmw-moa-rally-registration-volunteer-tickets-55851144276>

Security - 17 people per 3.5 hr shifts - Reece Mullins

- Checking passes at the gates. One half the shift is on foot, one half in a golf cart.
- Contact Reece: reece.mullins@bmwmoa.org

Sewing Booth - Linda Low lrlow2@gmail.com

- Sewing patches on jackets.
- 5 volunteers, 3 hr shifts

Shuttle Bus - Roc Shannon motoroc@ymail.com

- 2 drivers & 2 conductors per 3 hr. shift,
- 2 air conditioned trucks pulling wagons will be used in Lebanon.

Sign Production - Dan Steele gsaadv1@gmail.com

- 4 computer knowledgeable people per shift **but** mainly manual labour placing the new signs on boards.
- Might require the placement of rally signs around the fairgrounds.

Volunteers - Paul Ruffell moa2019volunteers@gmail.com or volunteers@bmwmoa.org

- 5 volunteers per shift, 3 hour shifts, assisting rally attendees with signing volunteer for shifts to be filled for all committees still in need on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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