

February 2020
Apex
Looking Through The Curve

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



At the Come From Away B&B
Photo: John Rice

Fleeing the Heat, part 2

By John Rice

(We left our three-wheeled travelers being barked at on Prince Edward Island)

On the Central Coastal Drive around the middle part of Prince Edward Island, the roads are gently winding with trees on the coastal side hiding the water most of the time and well-kept farms and houses lining the inland sides. We had expected little villages with quaint shops and tea rooms for pastry and coffee, but found that most of the towns, whose names echo the cities and regions and prominent persons of the British Isles, were more like cross-roads with only a few houses and an occasional post office or gas station. Cavendish had several amusement facilities for tourists, sort of a mini-Gatlinburg, but after a detour through a waterside park, we moved on. At a gas break at small roadside market we got into a discussion of motorcycles and sidecars with the owner. In true “small world” fashion, his sister was a pediatrician in Lexington, Kentucky for 40 years.

At the Anne of Green Gables museum and store, we perused the story-related items and

watched as van loads of tourists came in to tour the house and grounds. Much of this part of PEI seems devoted to connections to the 1908 novel with its tales of the 19th century red-haired girl, whose fictional life still resonates with these acolytes today. In the gift shop, I try on one of the red-pigtailed wigs and instantly see in the mirror why “John of Green Gables” would not have caught on.



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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**



In search of lunch, we pointed the rig into Charlottetown, to the waterfront where an excellent meal was on offer, mussels for Brenda and lobster poutine for me, followed by dessert, sitting out on a pier jutting out into the

bath, upstairs in a home. On the recommendation of the hosts, we walked a few blocks to the Home Plate restaurant where we were served way too much very good food by the owner whose accent is from her native north-

ern England, though leavened with just a bit of a lilt from her Irish husband. Brenda had one of her favorite meals, an Irish Full Cooked Breakfast, and I enjoyed real fish and chips (lacking only being wrapped in yesterday's newspaper to be totally authentically British), with a very, very good apple pie.



bay. Poutine, for those unfamiliar with this Canadian dish, has many forms but the basic building block seems to be what Americans would call French Fries, smothered in some form of thick gravy or sauce topped with whatever else the chef thinks of adding. I'm becoming quite fond of it and interested in exploring its calorie-rich variations while we are up here.

Needing a place to stay the night before our ferry ride to Nova Scotia, we went to the information station near the ferry dock and ended up with a B&B room at "Come From Away" in nearby Murray River. Unlike the typical American B&B "luxury experience", this lodging was similar to what we used to get in England on our motorcycle trips there many years ago, a simple room with a shared



Lobster Poutine



Leaving Charlottestown

the teacher enough fodder for some very entertaining lectures to his students.

On the enormous ferry, over to Nova Scotia, I do strap the rig down as all the two-wheeled bikes are required to do, though the employee supervising the motorcycle loading says I probably don't need to. "It's calm today and anyway, you've got all the wheels!"

Getting off of ferries, anywhere in the world, always seems to follow the same pat-

At breakfast, we sat and talked with the owner of the B&B. She and her husband are from Ontario where she had worked for the government in the casino industry for 19 years, until the casinos were privatized. They liked PEI and the houses here are 1/3 the cost of the same thing in Ontario. They bought this one in the winter, closed the deal in summer and have only been open as a tourist lodging for the past two months, making us some of their first guests.

tern....everyone wants to floor it as soon as they clear the lanes leading from the discharge area, like animals that have been caged for too long. As soon as we can, we get off the crowded four lane and take the old road beside it down to Truro, for lunch at the "Belly Up" Steakhouse where a good salad can be had despite the carnivorous name. They are, however, tragically short of pie. We decide to head toward Halifax with the idea of getting a

After our short ride down to the ferry dock, with cool air blowing through the jackets, sunshine and wispy white clouds in a light blue sky, Brenda struck up a conversation with two men going into the welcome center. The younger man is a political science teacher here in Canada and his father is an indigenous person, a member of the "First Nations". Apparently watching the US current situation from across the border has given



On the Ferry

room somewhere above the town and then go down to the coast in the morning.

Not exactly the little B&B we had in mind,

but the Comfort Inn by the bay above Halifax turned out to be an excellent place to stop. The Esquire Restaurant just up the road looks like a tiny diner from

the outside, but true to the desk clerk's recommendation, the food was quite good and more than plentiful. Our waitress told us that she is American, though she holds dual citizenship now, and has been here more than 40 years. "I'm American when I go across the border that way and Canadian when I come back in!", she laughs. She tries to convince me to try the Seafood Chowder, but I opt for the more creamy Lobster Chowder that the menu says they are famous for. After enjoying my selection, I don't see how the other one could have been any better.

South of Halifax the good motorcycle roads begin and soon we are in the cove district where the curves and speed limits are perfect for the sidecar rig. It swings along these bends, going from sea view to forest and back again, as if this was exactly what it was

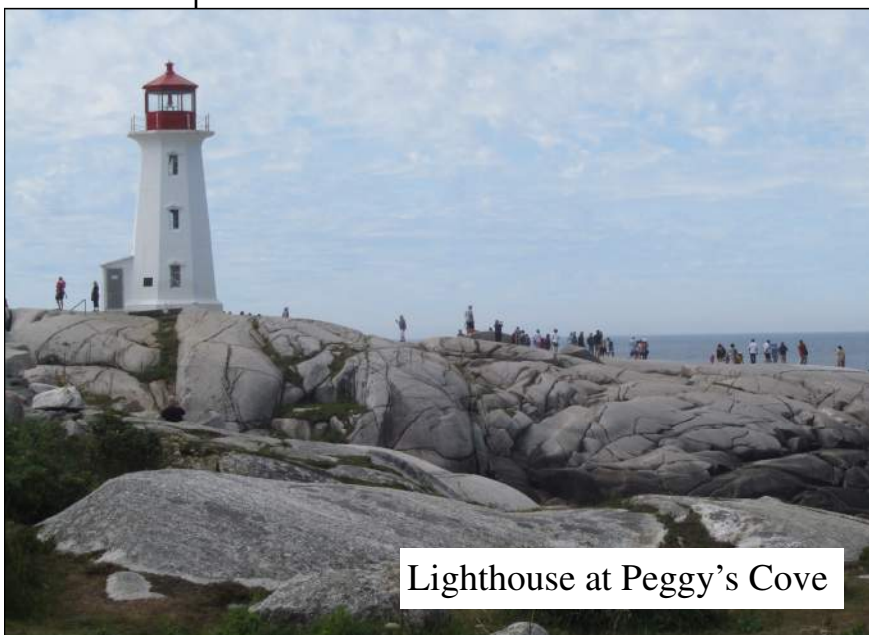
made for. My XT 250 dual sport, resting back home in the garage, would be happy here as well and quite suited to explore all of the dirt roads that lead away from the shore. I enter-



On the way to Peggy's Cove

tain the fantasy of bringing it up here and spending a month just wandering.

Twenty three years ago Brenda and I were up here on the 93 R100PD and circumnavigated all of Nova Scotia, spending a day and night at one of our favorite spots, Peggy's Cove. Back then, in September, the place was largely de-



Lighthouse at Peggy's Cove

serted and we walked the rocks and the little streets unimpeded. Today, in the height of August tourist season, the place is mobbed. There is a huge restaurant/gift shop building on top of the rock near the iconic lighthouse with tour busses and what seems like a mall parking lot full of cars. The shore rocks are crawling with people, speaking a variety of languages but all doing exactly the same pointing and picture taking. Some things are common to us all. In one little shop, down in the “town”, I try a Nainimo Bar and a maple syrup latte, on recommendation of the clerk who tells me that both are “very, very Canadian”. The bar is a sweet concoction including a dark graham cracker type crust with coconut, layered with a rich cream filling and topped by a layer of dark chocolate. I must be Canadian after all, because I love it. The maple syrup latte is exactly what it says it is, and though I might not have ordered it if I’d seen it on a Starbucks menu in the States, here, sitting out on the little deck looking at the water, it is perfect.

We moved on to escape the crowds and found lunch at the “L’Acadie” restaurant a mile or two down the road. There we had Acadian fish cakes, fried

halibut and some vegetables, common in the US but fixed in a manner I’d not had before. All delicious. Our waitress has a strong northern England accent and tells us she is from Sheffield in Yorkshire, but prefers to live here now. A live band is setting up in the small dining room for some sort of afternoon concert, so we make our exit. In the parking lot, we meet a couple from New Zealand who are up here touring, about as far from home as they can get.



Nainimo Bar and maple syrup latte

Our destination for the night is Lunneberg, a small town that is a UNESCO Heritage site, recognized for being preserved in the model of such places in the early settlement times of the 1800's. The harbor is beautiful, with the streets of the town layered above it marching up the hillside like stair steps. We select a room at the Boscowan B&B, a large house built in 1888 as a wedding present for a wealthy businessman's daughter. Not sure how the marriage turned out, but the house is fantastic. On the back is a large deck, over-

looking the harbor and town far below, where one can sit with a libation and contemplate how different the tranquil scene down there would have been back in the industrial days of this town, with tall masted ships coming and going, horse-drawn wagons plying the crowded streets, delivering goods and necessities for the area and taking out the commerce headed elsewhere.

With our gear stowed in the tiny but elegant room, we explore the town, reading the signs

that proclaim the shops and restaurants to have been many other things in their centuries long history here. We find supper out on the wharf at the Old Fish Factory, which was exactly what the name implies: a rough looking industrial place from the 1800's where the day's catch was offloaded, cut up and processed for shipment. It is now cleaner and much less odoriferous than it would have been back in the day and the food; fish of course, is excellent.

Saturday dawned, and became what Brenda said was the best riding day of the trip. We had breakfast at the Boscowan, well presented and delicious, and then walked downtown for a last look around. The fog had rolled in last night, shrouding the harbor (or "Harbour" here) in a heavy gray mist. A



Boscowan B&B, Lunenburg

small boat with two men motored slowly out of the protected space and disappeared into the curtain. People were starting to gather on the dock and in a bit, we heard car horns honking and some decorated vehicles arrived, announcing the beginning of the annual “Dory Races” pitting an American team against a Canadian one rowing the iconic craft. I wondered if both would get lost in the fog, making the race sort of a “wander around” instead. We left town before it finished, so the end will remain a mystery.

As the morning fog cleared, we meandered down the old coastal road, finding lunch at a roadside restaurant and bakery, located in yet another old fish processing factory building, a common venue up here. Typical for this time of year, the place was teeming with others doing the same as us, enjoying the scenic drive. On the porch we talked with a young couple who asked about the sidecar. They had been motorcyclists prior to life and children getting in the way, and now there may be one in their future with enough seats for the little guys. Inside, there are stacks of old magazines, Canada’s equivalent of “Life” giving a glimpse of cultural history, for diners to peruse while waiting for the meal. Some, from 1940, re-

mind me that Canada was in the world war before we Americans.

Not having a strict schedule, we went down the “Lighthouse Route “, a small set of roads that follow the coast in and out of all the little coves. We went through village after village, around endless curves with sea views coming and going like some sort of life-size slide show. A craft market fair beckoned us into one town where Brenda bought a cast iron cat sculpture with a long upward pointing tail that she can use for her knitting. Just the sort of thing that fits well in a sidecar trunk but would be difficult cargo for a two wheeler’s bags.

Nearing the western end of the island, we ventured down a peninsula occupied by various iterations of Pubnico, (West Pubnico, lower West Pubnico, East Pubnico, etc) an Acadian fishing and farming community, dating back to the 1700’s or perhaps a bit earlier. It is still largely Francophone, though most people, we were told, can speak English when required.

Our lodging for the night came in West Pubnico at the Red Cap Inn and Restaurant, an old, single level, outside-doors kind of place



Red Cap Inn and Restaurant

wearing the patina of its years, though clean and pleasant.

In the restaurant for supper, a pair of “older ladies” (meaning even older than us) at an adjoining table seemed to know the young waitress well. As they were joking with her, one of the women said wistfully, “I remember the old days of the Red Cap and the dances held here” and the waitress nodded sagely and replied with a smile, “chasing the boys?” The ladies laughed and nodded their heads. It occurs to me that given their age, the boys she and her companion were chasing probably were going to or had just returned from the war overseas.

I was trying to be good with my eating and ordered a salad with grilled fish on it, expecting some pieces sprinkled here and there. But no, when the large salad arrived, it was flanked by two huge filets of haddock, either one of which could have been a meal by itself. And, to add to my gluttony, I had ordered a piece of apple pie. I did manage to scarf down all of the entree, thinking maybe I would take the pie “to go” and have it in the morning. But the pie was so scrumptious looking when it made its appearance; I ate it on the spot and then ordered another for the morning. It was one of the best restaurant apple pies I can recall.

The Red Cap, for all its other charms, is home to “The World’s Slowest Coffeemaker”, in our room, which strove mightily for over 45 minutes to produce a half pot of lukewarm water the next morning, “The Little Engine That Couldn’t Quite Do It”. With the motel

restaurant closed until 11 on this Sunday, we saddled up and drove down to the Dennis Point Wharf for breakfast. The motel clerk had recommended it, telling us that the food was very good, but it was a working wharf and the place would be “full of loud men”. She was right. Except for the waitress, Brenda was the only female in the place and the conversations at the nearby tables could be heard, I’m sure, in the next town. About half of the dialogue was in English, half in French, sometimes at the same table. I am always envious of those who can switch easily back and forth between two or more languages. I usually struggle in one. As can be reliably expected in such places, breakfast was over large and quite tasty. I ordered the “Hardy Fisherman” (though I meet neither of those criteria) for the chance to have lobster for breakfast.

As we were leaving, several of the men complimented us on the sidecar rig and asked technical questions, as men often do. Outside, a man took pictures of it and offered to take one of Brenda and I together. He told us that



he was a lobster fisherman working out of this wharf, where 99.9% of their lobsters get exported. They specialize in the “soft shell” lobsters as they call the ones who molt in the summer then must wait while the new shells grow, and therefore don’t travel well. To accommodate this, these fishermen work a tough fall-winter-spring season and tie up their boats all summer to rest. They get a better price for

their crustaceans that way and have the summers off.

Leaving full, we took the old road up to Digby, passing through Yarmouth with barely a glance.

(To be continued)



Winter meet up at The Stave in Millville, Ky

BEEMERS BANQUET 2020

APRIL 18 @ 6PM



Not on Facebook - No problem

- Contact John Rice or Benoit Iepage to confirm your plan.

Save the date. New location & New format.

Bring your spouse and/ or your best friend as long as they get along...

Load your phone with motorcycling memories or upcoming projects.

We will set a wireless picture sharing system to Tv screen.

You will learn about the new "Bridge the Road" program for later breakfast enthusiasms.

Please show your pretty face for 30 min. or 3 hours.

We are a wonderful group of riders.



ON NIGHT IN EASTERN MONTANA,
WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN LEFT TO RIDE,
WE QUERIED A COUNTRY STORE COWBOY,
ON WHERE THE "SAFE SMOOKIES" MIGHT HIDE,
HE GRINNED AS HE TOOK OFF HIS STETSON,
THEN HE LAUGHED 'TILL HIS EYES FILLED WITH TEARS,
"WHEREVER THEY HIDE, THEY'RE HIDIN' REAL GOOD,
I AIN'T SEEN ONE IN TWENTY-ODD YEARS"...

Here's the group for today:

- * 1). Paul Elmyr
- * 2). Ryan King
- * 3). Paul Elmyr
- 4). Mike Gull
- 5). Tom Sutherland
- 6). John Rice
- 7). Tim Brandon
- 8). Steve Root
- 9). Roy Rowlett
- 10). Chris Warner
- 11). Hubert Burton
- 12). Fran Root
- 13). Chester Martin
- 14). Pete Galski
- 15). Boone Sutherland
- 16). Tim Kousa
- 17). Darlene Huffman
- 18). Gary 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