

# Apex

March 2020

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Bangor Napping Spot  
Photo: John Rice

## Fleeing the Heat, part 3

By John Rice

*We left our travelers heading up to Digby, Nova Scotia, in search of a ferry and yet more good things to eat.)*

Digby, on the north coast of Nova Scotia, has been romanticized in my mind as a magical place of refuge. In 1996, Brenda and I came up here on a two wheeler, a 93 BMW, to circumnavigate all of Nova Scotia including the Cabot Trail. It was a wonderful trip, right up to the time to leave the island. A hurricane was on its way and by the time we got to the ferry dock in Yarmouth, the big storm was right at the door. We got a motel and I parked the bike in an alcove, tying it down to a rail by the wall. The ferry to Bar Harbor wouldn't run for two days and on the third, it would not take motorcycles due to the high seas. We had to get home for work and two days holed up in a motel wasn't our style, so on the second day when we heard that the Digby ferry over to St. John would run and accept a bike, we headed out. But the hurricane wasn't finished yet. The 60-some miles to Digby were the most intense I've experienced, even with the number of questionable decisions I have made

in 56 years of motorcycling. I don't recall any of the surrounding towns, since I was focused only on the next 100 feet of blacktop, tacking the bike back and forth from white line to shoulder, trying to keep it and us upright in the ferocious wind and rain. At one point I looked to my left and saw a high wall of water, maybe 20 or more feet tall and as brown as mud rolling continuously onto the shore. I had to look up to see the point where the waves were breaking. I have never been so glad to see a town come into view and see a B&B with a "vacancy". The meal we had that night of Digby scallops was a peak experience. It may have been Churchill who opined, "Nothing is quite so exhilarating as being shot at without result."

This time, we were much older, enjoying an extra wheel, and the weather was cooperating, so I wanted to look around and enjoy the scenery. We arrived in Digby about lunchtime and after a quick stroll of the Main Street, selected a restaurant with a dockside deck, featuring wonderful salads with the famous scallops, shrimp and pie for dessert.

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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**



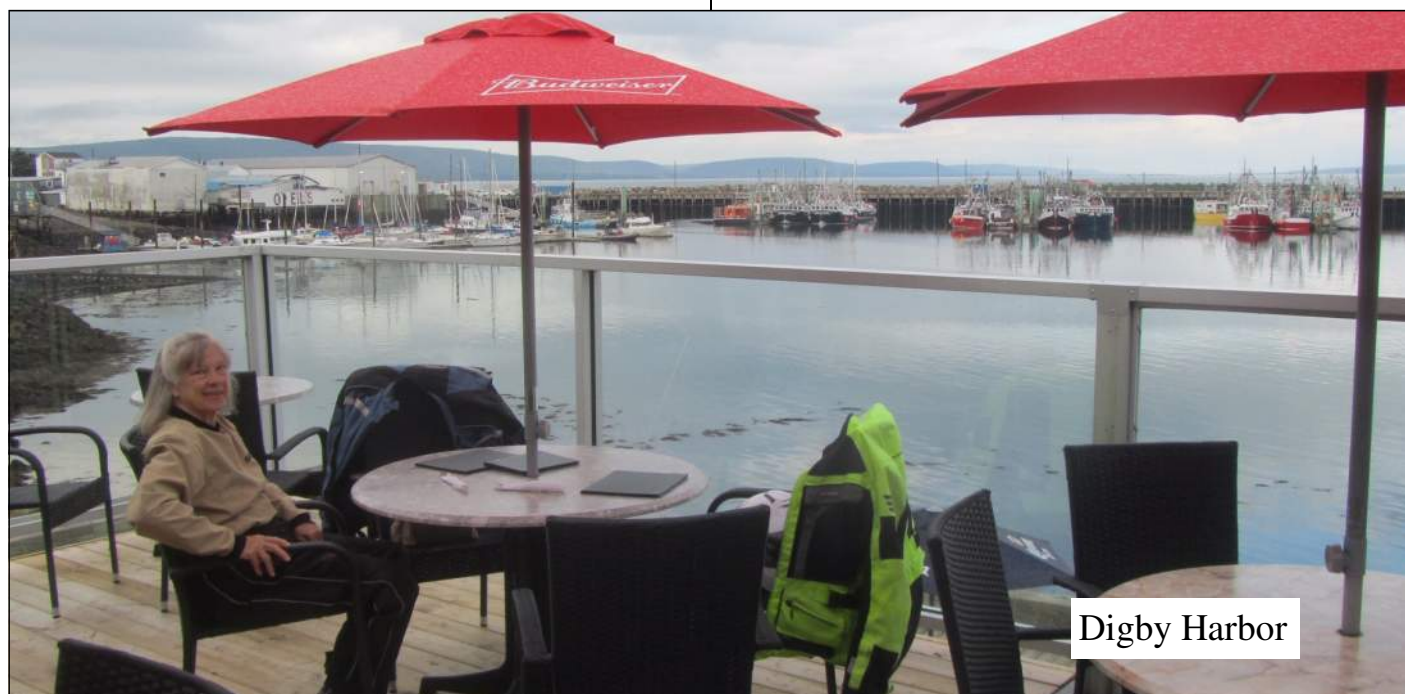




Arriving in Digby

We came back to town that night for supper and selected what I believe to be the restaurant where we had that marvelous meal that first night, though in 23 years a lot, besides us and the weather, had changed. We ate out on a large deck over the wharf, watching the boats come in and the sea birds dive for their supper. The small cormorants suddenly disappear be-

neath the surface and re-emerge yards away, their tiny heads above the water, swiveling around as if re-locate themselves and then poof, they are gone again. I get the impression of someone diving to look for his lost car keys. A small boat was anchored just outside the wharf, the tide keeping it endlessly rotating around and around its tether.



Digby Harbor

Monday, breakfast at the motel offered my last chance for Digby scallops, this time in a too large omelette. The harbor is solidly fogged in, but while we are eating, overlooking the water, suddenly it begins to clear almost as if something unseen was vacuuming up the mist off of the water's surface. In about 30 minutes, before we had finished breakfast, the fog had moved back in, ready for a repeat performance. Waiting to board at the ferry dock we met some other motorcyclists, including Karl, a guy on an BMW R1200RT from Connecticut. He will be 61 this year and hopes he can keep going another 10 years, which would put him in my territory. I don't tell him that there is a huge difference between 61 and 71.

This ferry is a newer ship than the others on this journey. The vehicle decks are just as noisy and dirty, but upstairs it is modern, clean and spacious. The food areas are numerous and well organized featuring "real food" without the long lines these situations often entail. In the lounge area up front there is a young woman fiddle player deftly entertaining the guests.

After the usual mad dash off the ferry in St. John, we made our way into the little town of St. Andrews for a walk through the shops that line the main street. There is a Tilley hat shop there, but when I pick up the orange one to try it on, Brenda gives me the "huh uh" nod that brooks no argument. Further down, at a coffee shop, we meet two women at an outdoor table, accompanied by a young female Miniature Poodle, apricot color and we swap poodle quirk stories. Theirs is remarkably similar in its habits to our pound rescue poodle Simon, suggesting there is something to this "breed characteristics" thing. A hundred or so years of selective breeding have resulted in a perfect

companion dog, well suited to manipulating humans for its needs and wants.

Back on the road to the border crossing at St. Stephens where in answering the pleasant young agent's questions, we learn that Brenda's two oranges which she always carries, are not permitted back into the US from Canada. We have to root through the packed luggage to find them and turn them over. I picture myself sitting in jail, next to a large, menacing cell mate: He growls, conspiratorially, "I'm in for armed robbery. What're you in for?" "Oranges", I reply

Our citrus smuggling career thwarted, we cruise through Calais, Maine. A few generations ago, Brenda's great grandfather was the editor of the small town newspaper here after coming over from Canada for reasons that aren't completely clear. The paper is still here, but he and his subsequent family have all moved on. Tomorrow we will do the same.

When traveling down the Maine coast, a stop in Machias for Helen's Restaurant is required for serious fans of pie. Jeff Crabb tempted me with photos of this place years ago and I am still grateful. As we pull in to the lot, we discover that since my last visit up here in 2013, the original building had burned down the following year and is now rebuilt new. It still looks pretty much the same, though the ambience is of a new place, not an old one. The pie case is smaller, as is the selection, and nearer to the front than before. The book of "fire pictures" on the countertop includes a photo of a completely burned pie, so maybe moving the case forward was so that in the event of another conflagration, the pies could be saved first. One must have priorities. Perhaps it is not exactly the same place as before, but the pie is still exemplary and well worth a pause or detour in any trip up this way.



Helen's Pie Case

In Bucksport we locate what had been Brenda's mother's favorite restaurant and in her memory, eat there out on a deck overlooking the harbor. Brenda had the lobster roll, just like the ones her mom used to get.

We had yet another family visit to make, so found a room at the Colony motel outside of Bangor. Lynn, the owner, tells us that the business has been in her husband's family for nearly 50 years. She is very proud of the place and it shows in the cleanliness and decoration. On her recommendation we seek dinner at the High Tide, out on the deck by the river, very good until the live music guy starts up, too loud for us old folks. Hint: if you are going to cover Billy Joel, at least do it well.

Route 202 takes one through the countryside, headed south from Bangor, along a good side-car road, tree covered in places, leisurely speed limits, but by afternoon another storm had moved in with strong rain, wind and lightning. We found shelter at a motel in Concord,

New Hampshire where during a brief lull we could walk down to "Common Man" for supper, a good if not inspired choice.

In the morning the storm has passed, leaving those clear blue skies that tell you everything is washed clean again. We continued for a bit down 202 and then ventured off on some circuitous "let's see where that goes" roads to get to Windsor, Connecticut for a stop in at Max BMW to put on a new front tire. Apparently the curvy, abrasive roads up here have sanded off the tread on this one in 3,000 miles. Lunch was at a little roadside cafe in a small Massachusetts town where several uniformed high school girls, apparently on the same sports team, were hanging out, together but all staring silently at their phones.

At Max, I took off the wheel in the parking lot and carried it inside, where the mechanic spooned on the tire and I had it back on the rig in less than an hour. The service manager tells





Down to two tires at Max's

horror movie. I could hear a voice in my head saying “Don’t open that door!” We did survive, the most dangerous thing there being the bed, which had seen its best days, I think, during the era of bell bottom jeans.

Breakfast came a few miles up the road at the Travelers Restaurant, which bills itself as “the book and food people” where you get a free book with every meal. We were told that the owner had a large collection of books which just kept growing, out of control, so he hit upon the idea of bringing them to the restaurant and making it a bookstore as well. Sales weren’t sufficiently depleting the stock, (he kept buying more) so he began giving away one with each meal. It is the customer’s choice, from a particular set of

me that Max is “the best employer I’ve ever had”.

Needing to make one more family visit in rural Connecticut, a place not exactly bursting with lodging options, we found a really cheap room at the Ashford Motel. It is down a long dead end road in the woods, and as we approached I considered it to be the perfect setting for a

shelves located near the checkout counter.. I picked a John Updike novel in hardback after a filling up on baked oatmeal and apple-filled pastry. Updike is one of those authors who stops you every few pages with an open



Travelers Restaurant

mouthed “how did he write that?” We all know the same alphabet, the same words, but how does he put them together that way?

We are on the “downhill run” now, heading home but still meandering vaguely in that direction through the New England countryside.

Lunchtime comes at Rhinebeck, New York where the Beekmann Arms Tavern has been in continuous operation since 1766. It is a huge



Brenda at the Beekman Arms Tavern

building of colonial style, with lodging rooms for rent and a fine restaurant that in good weather spreads out onto the patio in front where we take a table. Inside in the back is the old tavern meeting room, now a bar, with the period correct dark heavy wood construction and low ceiling. In the dim light one can still picture the men in their breeches and waistcoats, under the cloud of smoke in the

rafters, gathered at the round tables as they talked over the business of the time. I suspect that some serious conversations about the nature of government, the Crown, and the future of the proposed new country took place within these walls.

To walk off our meal we wandered the streets a bit, poking into the tourist shops to see what’s trendy these days. One has a variety of leather goods, more stylish than practical, but the smell of the place is wonderful. Nearby a pastry shop, which smells a different kind of wonderful, has bite-sized goodies that demand sampling and taking a few for later.

In Pennsylvania, Rt. 209 makes its way through a recreational area of the forest. Tree-lined narrow roads with signs beckoning the fit or want to be fit tourist to take hikes, ride horses kayak and bicycle, though perhaps not all at once.

In a small town, we were stopped suddenly by a badged official standing in the road, seemingly in something of a panic. He told us, as men behind him were hurriedly putting cones across the highway, that he had been ordered to stop all traffic and he didn’t know why. There was mass confusion for a while, with cars stopped in all directions, even side

roads, and the men in vests unable to give any instructions because they had no idea why they were doing what they were doing, each asking the others if they knew what was happening. When one lady from a stopped car came over to press the officer for answers, he shouted “because I’m the guy with the vest and I say you can’t go!” He seemed a bit overmatched by the gravity of his obligation.



We pictured massive road accidents, toxic chemical spills, even heinous crime with a car full of desperate perpetrators, bristling with weaponry, on the loose among the populace.

We turned around and found a hillside road and could see, as we looked down into the town, that the cause of all this kerfuffle was none of those dire straits, but in fact, a parade with a high school marching band and ROTC students in uniform and various other typical small town parade participants all headed toward our puzzled panic-stricken functionaries. I'm pretty sure this event wasn't put together spontaneously an hour before, so why the officials weren't informed, I don't know.

Dinner that night came at the Quentin Tavern in historic Lebanon, Pa, inside another 1766 era building with small rooms repurposed into intimate dining areas and a cozy bar. The waitress, who would have been well cast as the "hilarious aunt" or "funny next door neighbor" in any 80's era sitcom, provided us with good service, excellent meals and dessert. And this place, built long before motorized transport was in consideration, provides designated motorcycle parking!

One of the many joys of sidecar travel on the backroads is passing through small towns, seeing vignettes, of people's lives; a middle aged couple standing in a yard with fists on hips, staring at a job to do, a young man and woman loading up furniture in a pickup truck, changing house, going to a new life across town, kids in yards playing like kids in yards everywhere in the world before the obligations of adulthood interfere. Towns with life happening for people going about the business of living in places

I'd never heard of and they haven't heard of me and mine. There are some things that make you go "Huh?"....Brenda saw a sign tacked to a post, advertising, "Homemade Yarn, Manure"

We called it an early night south of Berkely Springs, West Virginia, which boasts "America's first spa", finding a room at Cacapon State Park. The sign for the park appeared just at the point when my energy was fading, so we turned in to see what was on offer. At the end of the long winding entrance road through woods, there is a nice lodge (though under considerable renovation construction, adding 78 new rooms after more than 50 years in service) featuring a full-service restaurant with a wine and beer selection. In the parking lot, I met a man who told me he was buying an Enfield Himalayan in the Philippines and planned to put a sidecar on it for his wife. I drove the rig over to his car as she was getting out. She, a native of that island nation, looked



Quentin Inn



over the sidecar and said it seemed nice, so I invited her to have a seat and drove her around the parking lot. She was impressed by how safe and comfortable she felt and her husband now considered the purchase to be a done deal. Mission accomplished in spreading the news of “one on the side”.

entrance to town, where on previous trips have stayed in years past, but both are gone now. The whole area has developed, with convenience stores, small shops, etc. A large new Walgreen’s stands on the leveled ground where once the little restaurant had been at the pinnacle of a hill. The motel has been par-



Rhinebeck, NY

Mid 60’s in the mountains next morning, but bright sunshine on and off, with rain on its way, so I changed our route to a more direct one, going down Rt. 50 to Parkersburg. 50 is a fantastic two wheel road, but the constant curves that thrill on a solo bike are a bit of work and somewhat slow on the rig. We stopped for lunch in Grafton at Jerry’s Grille (not the chain, an actual Jerry owns it) just over the “New Bridge” (as in “we haven’t had it very long”). There once was only a small motel and an equally small restaurant at the

tially torn down and what is left is unrecognizable. Ahh, progress.

About 30 years ago I was on my way east, riding my old BMW R90/6 on this road and stopped for the night at the little motel. The next morning when I went across the street in the rain for breakfast, there was a new Honda Goldwing parked there with what appeared to be a very nice suitcase, not of the motorcycle luggage variety, bungi-corded awkwardly to the seat. Inside I met a man in his later 50’s

who told me over our eggs that he was a lawyer in Washington DC and a few weeks ago he had been sitting at his desk, immersed in the legal minutia of his profession when he suddenly realized how much of his life had gone by in just such labor. Though he was not a motorcyclist, he got up, left his office and walked down the street to a Honda dealer and bought the big Gold Wing, rode it home and there to his wife's consternation packed up the suitcase and told her he'd be back "in a while". He had been out west, into the deserts and the mountains, had been wet and cold, overheated and wind burned, and had felt the wind through his jacket. On this morning he was headed back home, presumably to finish the work he had left on his desk. I hope he still rides.

We needed one more night on the road to get home and it occurred to me that Marietta, Ohio was about at the right spot and the historic Lafayette Hotel there might have a room on a Monday night. They did.

We arrived at the Lafayette just as the rain began so went through the unloading dance

quickly. Our room was on the fifth floor, another tiny gem from a bygone era, with the pigeonhole desk and period-correct bathroom fixtures. Nicely done. By 6, we were in the old tavern room downstairs ordering supper. I had good intentions to order just a salad, but the seafood pasta special was too tempting. My last night of wretched excess on the road. We topped it off by sharing a creme brûlée, as much to prolong the evening as for the dessert, though it was delicious.

Tuesday was a "getting home day", spent mostly on 4-lane routes 50 and 32, though I did have to detour off on some two lane in Ohio and again in Kentucky just to keep my sanity. A late lunch at Root-a-Baker's in Morehead put the lie to my "last night of excess" as I scarfed down some fresh coconut cream pie. Home late afternoon with just enough time to go fetch Simon from the sitter. By 7PM we were ensconced in our usual routine, and, as always happens on return from a long trip, wondering if all that really happened.





# BEEMERS BANQUET 2020

## APRIL 18 @ 6PM



Post 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.



DON'T BE AFRAID, DON'T LIVE IN THE SHADE,  
RIDE A "GOOSE", OR A "DUC", OR A BEEMER.

HEY, OUR GROUP WON'T FROWN, IF YOU CHOOSE TO GO DOWN,  
ON A RICE EATING, JAPANESE SCREAMER...

oops!

Here is the group for today:

- \*1). Tom Brandon
- 2). Ray Koroleff
- \*3). Joe Banks
- \*4). James Street
- \*5). Boone Sutherland
- \*6). Danny "Whoo" Phillips
- \*7). Tom Sutherland
- 8). Chester Martin
- 9). Herbert Runtson
- 10). Joe Earwood
- 11). Mike Gill
- 12). Chris ~~Warner~~ Warner (with the new "AMN CHARTER")
- 13). Pete Galskie
- 14). Ben Pruitt
- \*15). Ron Withers
- 16). Jeff Warner
- \*17). Paul Elwyn
- 18). Mitch Butler
- \*19). Mike DeWeese
- \*20). Bob Riley
- \*21). David Sparkman

*Boone*



## For Sale

### 1996 R1100RT

All accessories, 80K+ miles, no known issues

A nice older oil head, asking \$2,500

Contact Kenneth Perry @ 859-608-1856 or [perrykenneth3@gmail.com](mailto:perrykenneth3@gmail.com)

### 1998 R1100RT

86K+ miles, Givi top case, rear running lights, engine guards

Asking \$3,300

Contact Jeff @ 859-252-5497 or [jdcraabb@hotmail.com](mailto:jdcraabb@hotmail.com)



### 1984 R80ST

35K+ miles

Asking \$5,200 or best reasonable offer

See more pictures and information on Bluegrass Beemers [website](http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org)



# 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