

September 2020 *Apex*

Looking Through The Curve

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



Ian on his R6
Photo by Megan Sizemore



2006 in Front Royal, VA—About to embark on the Skyline Drive & Blue Ridge Parkway
Lee Thompson's R1150R and my R1100RT

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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, 8-9:00 a.m.

**BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers**



Notary Ex Machina

By John Rice

Grandsons Ian and Stuart have been riding motorcycles off road since the age of three, encouraged by their old Grandpa (me) on the theory that if they were going to be interested in motorcycles at some point in their lives, I would rather they know what they are doing than have their first encounter with a bike being a 1000cc screamer in a high school parking lot with someone urging them to “try it out”.

A prerequisite for street riding, imposed by me, was for them to take the MSF riding course. Both boys aced the class, #1 and #2 in their scores, separated by one point.

Ian began joining me in the sidecar for a trip to the AMA's Vintage Days when he was 14.

Since acquiring his license at 16, he has been scanning the ads for motorcycles, working and saving his money to purchase something for the street. This has resulted in a few purchases that were more educational than practical, but through them he has learned now, at age 19, what he really wants...a Yamaha R6, 600cc four cylinder sport bike. Readers of a “certain age” will note that he is still young enough to fold himself into the required position for such a machine.



Ian's early foray into motorcycles

Ian located a likely R6, a 2005 edition in the correct color (red) in Bloomfield, Indiana, about a day's sidecar ride from where he lives in central Kentucky and we made quick plans for an overnight trip to inspect and perhaps purchase the sporty machine. As with all things these days, COVID-19 complicated the travel plans, with carrying of masks, sanitizer, etc. One can no longer just stop wherever hunger strikes, but must plan for appropriate places with safety in mind. Even gas stops require vigilance and care.

The trip began at the crack of 9 AM on a Saturday morning from Ian's home, with him in the sidecar, anticipation high.

We skimmed by the Frisch's where our pre-virus motorcycle breakfast group used to meet, but no one was there this time. We took backroads, shaded, historic Old Frankfort pike and others in a circuitous route to Carrollton, Kentucky then followed the Ohio River downstream and crossed the bridge into Madison, Indiana. Ian's father and I used to come here when he was a lad for after-work rides "just to get a hamburger" a couple of hours away from where we lived at the time.

Lunch this time was at the Downtowner restaurant, out on the sidewalk at an open air, socially distanced table with masks on. This little place serves excellent eclectic dishes (black bean ciabatta and Italian cream cake for me, buffalo chicken sandwich and a house-made chocolate chunk cookie for Ian) in a nice location along the historic river town's Main Street. For our entertainment there was a car show in town with restored vehicles from

tured out across the hot, flat plains of Indiana until around 3 we reached Bedford and checked in to our COVID-conscious separate rooms.

We came to Indiana with the knowledge that this state's vehicle titles did not have to be notarized, but that our home state clerks would not accept an out-of-state title in such a condition without a notarized Kentucky application form. We had brought three copies of such a form for convenience. In Kentucky, since many documents and titles do require the official stamp, notaries are plentiful. I'm one myself, but only for transactions within the state.

We had not realized that things could be so different in the Hoosier State. Then began the search for what is apparently the rarest creature on earth, more scarce even than a Facebook user without an opinion, The Indiana Notary. An hour and a half of internet search-



the 40's and 50's cruising up and down past our table.

Bellies full, we headed up the twisty parts of Rt 7, as I often did with his dad on the back of my old motorcycles many years ago, and ven-

ing by two people (one of whom, Ian, is quite proficient at such things), and several phone calls, yielded nothing. Only the UPS store in Bedford which is closed now today and will reopen at noon on Sunday claimed to offer the

service... with the prospect that their notary, being the rare, sought after creature he or she is, will have gone on vacation to the Bahamas for the month.

Next morning, after some texts between Ian and the seller, we had arrived at the plan of meeting the seller at a church on a country road between his home and our motel at 10:00. Once there, imagining the possibilities for us both to be murdered over the price of a 15 year old motorcycle and our bodies stashed in the woods behind the church, we awaited the appearance of the owner and bike and/or the gang members who would dismember us. Fortunately, we heard the approach of very loud bike (apparently R6's with mufflers are as scarce as Hoosier notaries) which arrived

with its owner alone. He turned out to be a very nice young man, not a serial killer, who told us that he had loved this bike for many years, but now approaching 40, he no longer could ride it comfortably. I could see why, looking at the low bars and rear set pegs from my perspective of nearly double his age. Ian handled the inspection and test ride very professionally and told the young man that he would take it if we could get the all-important Kentucky form notarized before cash changed hands.

Thus started the sequence of events that, if I saw it in a TV show or movie, I would have said was sloppy writing, a Deus Ex Machina thrown in to resolve a plot that had backed itself into a corner.



At the Farm

We rode over to Bedford first to seek the bank in Wal-Mart that we had been told would open at 11 and might have a notary on site. It didn't. The owner had said he would go to McAllister's Deli down the street to have breakfast while we went to investigate the bank. When we showed up at the restaurant, Ian and I sat at a separate table to keep social distance and discussed with the owner across the aisle that the UPS store, which was to open in an hour, was our last chance and that we hoped their notary chose to come to work that day. Some women at another table spoke up, saying that they knew the woman who served as Notary at the UPS store and that she was out for two weeks with COVID. Our faces fell, then immediately one of the women added, "but my cousin also works there sometimes and has a notary. She isn't working today, but I'll call her and see if she can meet you there."

She pulled out her phone and the arrangements were made. We met the cousin at the store, got the required signature and the woman refused any additional payment beyond the store's fee, saying that she was "glad to help". Bike deal made, faith in humanity (at least some of it) restored.

We then followed the owner back out to his storage place at his brother's farm where the cash was transferred, we were again not murdered, and some additional items that came with the R6 were loaded into the sidecar. The farm was down a long gravel road, not exactly the best place for Ian to ride a wide-tired, short-barred sport bike back out of, but he managed it admirably. Finally, after 1 PM, we were on our way home, five hours away, in the growing summer heat.

Because of our late start, I set a course that was shorter than our way here, but which

would still take us to Madison, Indiana where Ian could start down Rt. 421 just across the river. 421 is a very nice curvy two-wheeler road, something he was looking forward to on this sport bike after the long straight stretches on the prairie. However it turned out that the Indiana DOT had other ideas. Our road was closed just at the point where we would have headed east to Madison and detoured far, far south, finally taking us close to Louisville and a long way from 421. We crossed the river into Kentucky and, determined to get Ian on at least a few curves, shot north for a few miles on the dreaded I-71 to get us up to a crossover route to Rt. 421. By now it was late in the day, rain clouds were moving in fast and we both were hot and tired. Ian was learning that the sporty position, so pleasing to him for short rides, had its limitations for extended travel.

We found a route over to the desired curvy bits and started toward Frankfort. Ian chose to follow the sidecar rig, but hung back on the good parts to then catch up with some lean angle achieved.

I was going at a moderate pace, enough to keep me alert and interested, but nothing exciting to the onlooker. It has been my experience that trying to make a high clearance "adventure" sidecar rig go fast on a curvy road is like trying to teach a hound dog to sing opera: it is an awful lot of work, it puts a great deal of strain on the dog and the best result you can achieve isn't much of an improvement in performance.

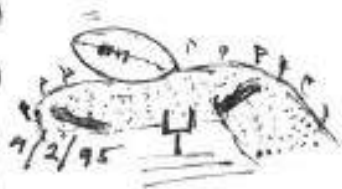
We reached Frankfort with Ian having scuffed the edges of his tires a bit and the rain clouds getting darker in the east, just where we were heading.

Given the oppressive heat, we decided that getting wet was worth not stopping to don rain gear and pressed on, arriving at Ian's home just before the storm hit. I got a bit damp on the half hour last leg to my house, but by then this old guy had set his mind on a dry recliner and a relaxing libation, so a minor inconvenience like rain was of no concern.

Ian and his brother Stuart are skilled cautious riders, young men with good sense, though of course it still scares me to have them piloting motorcycles out among the careless hordes that populate our roads. But anything we do, particularly anything as enjoyable as motorcycling, comes with risk and one cannot wish for loved ones to have a boring risk-free life. Ian is thoroughly enjoying his R6 (with plans to make it much quieter soon) and has called upon me for afternoon rides together. The three of us have plans for more trips as soon as pandemic control may allow. My hope is that they can have as wonderful and as long a two and three wheeled life as I have enjoyed.



Stuart tries out the Yamaha
Photo by Megan Sizemore



Cool and "Delicious"
 $\hat{=}$ 53°F

THE CATS ARE BACK, BUT HOW WOULD YOU KNOW IT,
 WHEN THE KICKOFF WHISTLE BLOWS?,
 WHY, THEY "MEOW" REAL LOUD, THAT'S HOW THEY SHOW IT,
 STRIKING FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF THEIR FOES ...



Here's the group for today:

- * 1). Roy Rowlett
- * 2). Paul Elwyn
- * 3). Mike Gregory
- * 4). Chester Martin
- * 5). Jim Brandon
- * 6). Mike Delicasso
- * 7). Boone Sutherland
- * 8). John Rice
- * 9). Tom Sutherland
- * 10). Hubert Burton
- 11). Phillip Baugh & Jack
- 12). Ron Rithin
- * 13). Danny Phillips
- * 14). Joe Burke
- * 15). Russell Travis
- * 16). James Street
- * 17). Chris Warner
- 18). Pat Galebis
- * 19). Mike Gail
- * 20). Jim Kony
- * 21). Steve Bishop
- * 22). Mitch Butler
- 23). Gary Huffman
- 24). Jeff Crebb
- * 25). Randy Scott
- 26). Bob Goss
- * 27). Bill Voss & "Gilly" (P10)
- * 28). Tom Burklow (P10)
- * 29). Steve Keiner (P10)
- * 30). Chris Robbins (P10)

Boone

For Sale

1998 R1100RT

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

Asking \$3,300

Contact Jeff @ 859-252-5497 or 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