

March 2021

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Photos taken at the Barber  
Museum in 2013





Barber Museum

### Bluegrass Beemers Email List

Yahoo! Groups is no more. If there is a desire for a replacement email list, I can look for one. Just let me know by sending an email to [apex@bluegrassbeemers.org](mailto:apex@bluegrassbeemers.org) Thanks!

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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**





# The Google Maps Tour

By John Rice

Wisely spending some of his COVID restricted time finding gnarly back roads on Google maps, Jay charted out a route for a three day, two night motorcycle trip during a brief period of good fall weather. Though we seldom have this much of a specific routing, this time our progress was to be determined by the most curves and the least traffic, with no particular attention paid to a “logical” course to get anywhere in particular.

We left on September 30th, following Route 974 along a ridge line through southern Clark County down to 89. There were wet leaves on the road, with constant dark and light changes as the sun flashed through the trees making the deep shade all the darker, almost a strobe light effect that often left old eyes a step or two behind the transition.

At Irvine, Route 89 gets more narrow and twists up and down, left and right, through dense forest, often with no shoulder to recover from a misread curve. COVID has closed Opal’s restaurant in McKee, always a reliable pie stop, and after taking Route 290 to her second location in Annville, we can’t go in after seeing the maskless crowd there. Eventually, lunch is at a gas station near Manchester, fried egg sandwiches with milkshakes, sitting on the bench under the awning outside.

We take Route 66, not the iconic western one with handsome guys in a classic Corvette, but the rough, slender thread that snakes through the Redbird Forest over to Pineville where we were to stay at Pine Mountain state park. There are few guests at the lodge now and the masked staff seems glad to see us. Our place for the night is a rustic cabin in the woods, about a quarter mile down the hill from the



Pine Mountain Cabin

main building. We can easily walk back up to dinner at a socially distanced table overlooking the mountains as the sun sets.

After breakfast, Jay's route takes us back to Pineville and up Route 119, detouring off on Route 987 east in a loop back to 119, crossing over and taking 987 on east to 421 and down into Virginia. Hours of perusing maps had yielded detailed directions without which I never would have found these wonderful back roads with little traffic and lots of bends through the trees. These courses were laid

foot who lives in the mountain woods surrounding the town. Like his relative, this creature is hard to spot, shunning the company of the humans who would give him such an unflattering moniker. I probably would do the same. Despite the name, the restaurant was an interesting place, with good food, though dessert left us unimpressed. The signature item, a "Lemonberry Mascarpone Cake" was, I'm sure, popular among Woodboogers everywhere, but we found it not to our liking. Should have gone for the pecan pie.



down generations ago, probably following animal and trade paths, now paved and maintained apparently just for us to ride on since signs of occupancy are few and far between out here.

Mid-afternoon we find lunch at Woodboogers in Norton, VA. Legend has it that the restaurant's namesake is a close cousin of Big-

From there, Jay's research took us up over the mountain on a tiny tangled string of a road, with lots of ascending switch backs requiring more neck-swivel than this old geezer could manage, and then at the top, as adrenalin was beginning to run low, it turned to dirt and mud. As we pulled over to assess the situation, an old man in a mucky pickup came up from the other direction and stopped to warn



us off. "The log trucks have made a big mess down there," he says, shaking his head as he looks at our loaded touring bikes. "You'll not be wanting to go down there on those." Our younger selves might have taken that as a

challenge, but the selves we are now have no interest in the exercise of picking up these bikes from the mud. As we descended, we met an empty log truck coming up, though neither of us can comprehend just how it managed to get around the tight narrow curves. Must have been some "back and fill" and bad language going on.

Recalculating, we go over the adjacent hills to Route 80 south, where we find more switchbacks, more mountain roads to go up and down. By this time in the day, it is exhilarating but exhausting.

From his perusal of satellite views of small towns on Google Maps, Jay had selected the Jackson Park Inn at Pulaski, VA as meeting our trip needs. The Inn is a cavernous old warehouse building, on the railroad line in the middle of town, renovated and repurposed with exposed original wood ceilings, and the former track-side loading dock made into a patio for the restaurant, allowing outside dining. There are bicycle trails branching out from this town, so our fellow guests are mostly two-wheelers of the pedal-powered kind. In the parking lot, our mo-



Jackson Park Inn



The connection between Woodboogers and meandering motorcyclists

torcycles share space with bicycles that rival or exceed their MSRP.

Out on the patio that evening, the service was prompt from the masked staff and the dinner selections well prepared. The beer menu was limited, leading to my experiment with a local fall-inspired “pumpkin ale”. It will not be repeated.

Off at 8 AM, out in the bright sunshine and near freezing morning temperatures to breakfast in nearby Dublin, at Patty’s Restaurant, where we had good eggs and toast served by a waitress with her mask at half-staff. We made sure we were covered when she approached the table. Bellies full and the warmth returning to the day, we wound our way across Virginia and back into the Mountain State near Princeton with the intention of taking a diagonal northwest to get home.

This area has some history for me. When I was a teenager I took my first overnight bike trips down this way to visit acquaintances in Keystone and North Fork, leaving from Ashland in the pre-dawn hours on my ratty Ducati 250cc and riding in the dark (not a problem for young eyes) with actual daylight usually appearing around the little town of Man. Now, at that town, the old road I remembered vanishes into the valley and a new road begins, cut into the hillside above. Four lanes now, hardly a curve in sight. As we whistle along at 60 mph I can see my old path meandering in the valley down below following the river and the railroad. I think I have to go back, maybe on the XT, so that I can again potter slowly along that road,

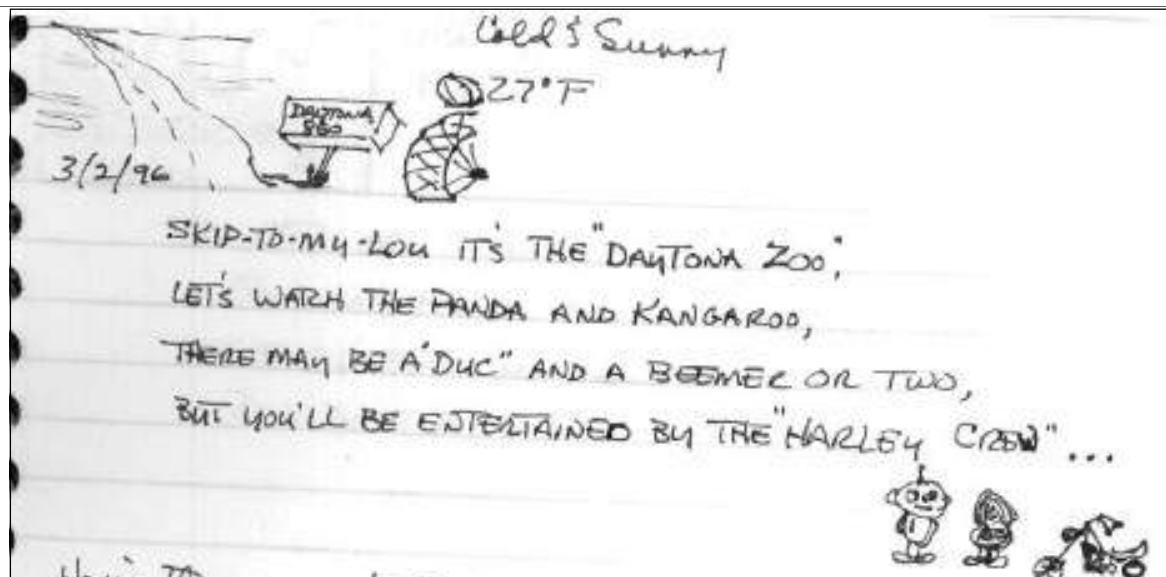
through the tiny villages, on a 250 as I did way back when....but not in the dark this time.

There are no lunch spots available with reasonable COVID-safety so our option becomes getting snack energy bars and bad coffee at a gas station, standing by the bikes out in the lot. At Louisa we picked up Route 32, an excellent bike road, but this late in the afternoon I’m getting weary. Jay took the lead for a while to pick up the pace on the curves. He is very smooth, as always, a pleasure to watch as I do my best to keep up.

By 5:30 PM I’m home, tired, with the daylight beginning to fade. It’s been a long day for this old guy, but I want to do it again. Soon.



Inside the Jackson Park Inn



SKIP-TO-MY-LOU IT'S THE "DAYTONA ZOO",  
LET'S WATCH THE PANDA AND KANGAROO,  
THERE MAY BE A "DUC" AND A BEEMER OR TWO,  
BUT YOU'LL BE ENTERTAINED BY THE "HARLEY CREW"...

Here's the group for today:

- \*1). John Rice
- 2). Joe Bark
- 3). Tom Sutherland
- 4). Mike Gill
- 5). David Sparkman
- 6). Jim Brandon
- 7). Drex Neal
- 8). Gary Griffin
- 9). Pete Galshe
- 10). Boone Sutherland
- 11). Paul Elwyn
- 12). Chester Martin
- 13). Bob Goss
- 14). Tim Bond (Has Motorcycle Shop - Oregon Rd.)
- 15). Ben Pruitt
- 16). Jeff Crabb
- 17). Randy Scott
- \* 18). Pat Patterson
- \* 19). Jeff Sauer
- \* 20). Wayne Griffin
- 21). Bill Voss & Jesse
- 22). Denny Phillips & Blake
- 23). Bob Adkins (guest spreader)

*Boone*

## WIRE WHEELS MOTORCYCLE SERVICE

3455 Oregon Road  
Versailles, KY 40383-9582  
Tim Bond (606) 873-6686  
E-Mail: WireWheels@compuserve.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 circum-navigation 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