

January 2022

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



For a dirt bike, the DR650 makes a pretty good touring machine

Finding 1098

By John Rice

I just couldn't let it rest. Having planned our route for a recent overnight excursion to include joining Rt. 1098 at Rt. 80 in eastern Kentucky, I was frustrated by the four-digit road's failure to appear where the map said it should be.

So I set out on a quest to follow it to its intersection. Family scheduling put off the trip until November 1st, with weather turning colder but at least no rain forecast.

With my larger BMW touring bike now in other hands, I have opted for smaller ones that I do not know yet have the electrical capacity to run much heated gear, so this trip also was to be a test run for some alternative methods of keeping reasonably warm on two wheels through the winter. The Suzuki DR650, now in semi-touring mode with its tubeless 17 inch wheels, would be bike of choice for this run.

Rt. 15 is only a short distance from my house and is on my path for "just going for a ride" afternoons and it is the direct route to 1098's western terminus. I took it down to Campton, where it soon becomes 4 lanes going to Jack-

son. The old route is now 205, so I got over there for nostalgia's sake. Way back when I worked for a living, I was in court in Jackson frequently and knew this stretch of 15 very well. The young Lexington lawyers now zooming down "new 15" on the straight wide highway will never know the thrills of negotiating this curvy stretch in the dark, with spring fog, or on snowy winter mornings headed for an 8 AM appointment. But this morning it is clear, no traffic and quite pretty as it winds along the path nature, not heavy equipment, made for it.

Below Jackson, just before 1098, is Rt. 30 which goes through the village of Quicksand. It's a good bike road both ways from here, down to Salyersville headed east or back west to near London. As I pass by I recall that I once subpoenaed a witness who lived in Quicksand for a deposition. On the day he was to appear, he called me and said he couldn't make it. Over three decades of law practice I have heard a lot of excuses by people who didn't want to make the appearance....but this one took the prize. When I asked why he couldn't appear today, there was a long pause

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Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

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Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

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Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.

in Lexington, Kentucky on any Saturday, 8-9:00 a.m.

**BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers**



and then he told me that he was closing the tool box on his truck and smashed his most private part in the closure. I didn't inquire as to just exactly how that might have occurred. I figured that if it was true, he deserved some sympathy and even if it wasn't true, he deserved credit for making that one up, so I gave him a pass for the day.

I reached 1098 at about 11:20 and intersected with 80 less than an hour later after 30 or so miles of curves. This road follows a creek winding through the hills with a few dodgy

the leaves starting to come down to the pavement so we can enjoy them up close.

Just before it joins 80, 1098 meets up with 1087 and that is the "dominant" road in GPS world, so the turnoff would have showed up as 1087, not the one we were looking for.

I had brought a small pack for an over-nighter, but the intersection of 1098 and 80 was as far as I had actually planned this trip, figuring that there were endless motorcycle roads down here and I would decide where to



Stopped for a tree inspection on 1098

pavement places and one very sharp uphill turn that is easy to miss, sending the rider straight into a dirt road if you do. Still, it is a very nice motorcycle route with barely a straight stretch and today, almost no one to share the road with me. In this late fall season, the trees are in fine color with many of

go when i got here, depending on the weather, how I felt, etc. The skies were clear, cloudless and blue, the temperature up in the low 50's and on the DR I always feel pretty good, so I followed 1098 on across 80 over to 160 to Hindman. If one isn't a fan of pizza, there's no immediately apparent place to eat lunch here, meaning my mid-day repast was a



Intersection of Routes
1098-1087 and 80

chocolate chip cookie Brenda had given me and some coffee from my little thermos, enjoyed on the shoulder of the road across from a cemetery. Perfectly satisfying and in keeping with the ad-hoc nature of the errand.

Refreshed, I wandered around some roads with three digit numbers, paths that seemed to have no design other than to connect up dots on a map, little named places with a few houses and a convenience store, all that remains of what once were independent communities when the isolation of the mountains made it necessary to be self-contained.

From Wheelwright I backtracked a bit on 122 and took it over to Prestonsburg and decided to get a room for the night at Jenny Wiley State Park. It was the only place I could think of in the area where I could be sure of a clean, non-smoking room and available food without having to go back out on the bike in the dark.

For several days prior to this excursion I had been monitoring the weather channel and selected these two days because the rain chances for everywhere I might be going were in the single digits. That was before the Weather Gods, who monitor my travels equally well, figured out where I would end up for the night. I thought if I didn't know, they wouldn't either, but they are more crafty than I gave them credit for. By 4 AM they had my location pinpointed and brought the downpour, a genuine gully-washer that rattled the windows and left sheets of water coursing down the pavement.

In the morning, after a take-to-the-room big breakfast (calories help keep us warm, right?) I dislodged the DR from its inclined parking place knowing that a larger, taller bike probably would have ended up on its side as I backed it tentatively down the slope in the rain. My plans, made during the night, before the deluge, had been to take 404 over to David and then the semi-paved 542 on to one of the

good roads going north. Knowing that 542 now would be mud, I thought I would try the winding Rt 172 from Paintsville up to West Liberty, but that went down the tubes as I negotiated the road around the lake, finding a coating of fallen wet leaves on the asphalt, and more coming down with the rain.

Defeated, I took 114, still a two lane with some bends, but enough traffic to keep the leaves at bay, up to Salyersville and 460 on to West Liberty, hopeful that I was heading to where the radar had shown the rain to be moving through first. The plan worked and by that little town I was dealing only with wet pavement and still the chance of leaves in every blind corner.

519 goes due north from West Liberty to Morehead and I arrived just in time for lunch on the porch at Root-a-Bakers where the coconut cream pie had just come out of the oven. While I was waiting for it to cool enough to be cut, I chowed down on a large sandwich and cup o' soup to make sure my calorie count stayed high enough to stave off the cold.

The temperature this day was down in the mid to high 40's, but the over-cast and dampness made it seem much colder. The 45 watt Aerostitch vest I had plugged in to the DR's charging port worked nicely, with no apparent strain on the bike's systems. In my jacket pocket I had a 12 volt Gerbing battery connected to a "Y" cord running down both sleeves to my

Gerbing heated gloves and there were Hippo Hands covers over the bike's controls. Keeping the wind off is always the best first response to winter riding. With the battery set on the middle position, 2 out of 3, the gloves were enough to keep the cold from seeping into my fingers even though the sensation of actual warmth was lacking. On that setting, the battery is touted to last about 4 hours which was longer than my trip home. I tried jacking it up to 3 for a bit, but that didn't really seem to improve things much. The experiments will continue.

By the time I pulled into my driveway that afternoon, the skies had cleared since the need for the weather gods to soak and freeze me



The DR at
Root-a-Bakers

had passed. The DR, now covered in road grime but otherwise none the worse for the experience, found its spot in the garage and I unplugged all of the various accoutrements the bike and I were wearing to head into the house and think of where to go next.



THE CATS ARE HOT, THEY WIN A LOT,
I THINK RICK'S JOB IS SECURE,
MUMME KNOWS IT, THAT'S WHY HE THROWS IT,
WE HOPE IT'S THE FOOTBALL, AND NOT JUST "MANURE"...



Here's the group for today:

- * 1). Paul Elumpp
- * 2). Chester Martin
- * 3). Jim Brandon
- * 4). Mike Gregory
- * 5). Ryan King
- * 6). Robbie Carter
- * 7). Ron Atkins
- * 8). Hubert Benton
- * 9). Ben Pruitt
- * 10). Boone Sutherland
- * 11). Mike Gill
- * 12). James Street
- * 13). Bob Elyarn
- * 14). Joe Bask
- * 15). Tom Sutherland
- * 16). Danny Phillips
- * 17). Jeff Clark
- * 18). Bill Voss
- * 19). ^{Russell} Travis
- * 20). John Rice
- * 21). Randy Scott

- * 22). Chris Warner
- * 23). Phillip Baugh
- * 24). Gary Huffman
- * 25). Darlene Huffman
- * 26). Bob Gaer

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