

December 2023

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Point Park, Pittsburgh—
James Street

From Monet to Main Street

By James Street

A couple of decades ago Stacey (my wife) and I often toured by motorcycle but found our interest diverted to sailing for a number of years, and a garage full of bikes more or less collected dust. A couple of years ago another yearning took us from boating to RV-ing and a Yamaha dual-sport became auxiliary transportation, trailing behind on a bumper carrier to points west and into Mexico. Now we've entered a new phase, having abandoned the RV for a new, downsized transportation mode: BMW motorcycle and sidecar. Stacey has always found sidecars intriguing and found an ad for this outfit and said we should buy it so, never to pass up encouragement to get another motorcycle, we did!

For our first major outing we rolled north on back roads towards Cleveland and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as our first destination. Up through Paris, Kentucky, into Maysville and then across the Ohio River, riding through southeast Ohio was to insert oneself into a depiction of Americana at its best. Our route took us through multiple small towns with well maintained Victorian frame homes replete with red, white and blue bunting as a vestige of the Fourth of July that were a won-

derfully pleasant departure from the hypnotic monochromatic boredom of interstate travel. After several hours of verdant country scenery we landed in metro Cleveland, we traveled through the tree lined, manicured suburbs into the warehouse and manufacturing area and then into urban downtown where tall buildings supplanted trees and hard concrete replaced soft and sprawling yards. A few blocks before our hotel we pulled up to a traffic light next to a Ural motorcycle and sidecar, not a common occurrence, and the Ural's pilot and I exchanged somewhat incredulous greetings as we were both surprised to find a likeminded motorist. Just a few minutes later as we rolled to a stop at our hotel the valet parking staff were immediately interested in the bike but were also immediate in saying they couldn't park it for me. No problem, as I wasn't keen to have a nineteen-year-old kid careening through a parking garage with the sidecar, so we dismounted and checked in. Afterwards I took the bike around the block to a recommended parking structure. Stowing the bike in a garage for a couple of days was somewhat painful, because I knew I'd get up the next day itching to ride... oh, well.

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.
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**





Rock & Roll Hall of Fame

Our visit to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame was interesting, enjoyable and poignant. Having lived through almost the entirety of the phenomenon of rock and roll and experienced firsthand its societal influences meant that almost the entire museum was relevant to Stacey and me in a way that other museums aren't. Stacey is a history and anthropological buff (and so am I), so we visit a lot of museums and historical sites, and the Rock and Roll Museum is as well curated as any. Research suggests that odors or smells are powerful motivators of memory, but for me music is equally powerful. Songs, bands and concerts shift me to various times and circumstances in my life the way certain odors take me back to my mom's cooking or other places from my youth. So the "Rock Museum" took me backwards as if in a time machine. After a few hours of meandering through the multitude of displays with every few minutes experiencing the increasing claustrophobia of more people crowding through, we finally gave up, escaped and walked the mile or so back to our hotel.

Early the next morning we began negotiating the labyrinth of streets out of downtown Cleveland east to my friend Mark's house. Located in a beautiful and bucolic area just to the east of Cleveland, it was a nice departure from the edginess of downtown. After coffee and conversation, Stacey and I said our good-byes and headed east along the south shore of Lake Erie, a first for me. Happening upon Geneva-on-the-Lake, a quaint town that kisses the lake's shore, we found parking and walked through town seeking a lunch opportunity. Retaining its sixties-era charm with restaurants, arcades and motor courts, Geneva-on-the-Lake was a postcard from another era and a wonderful departure from the rubber-stamped tourism offered by modern resort settings. Stacey and I had crab cake sandwiches for lunch that were passably good and reasonably priced, and after finishing we moved on eastward towards Lockport, New York, just north of Buffalo, where we planned to stay prior to visiting Niagara Falls.

After experiencing the various falls collec-

tively known as Niagara Falls, we decided to venture across the border into Canada which took us across the Rainbow International Bridge and deposited us at Canadian Customs and a fairly short wait to be intercepted by a customs officer. As I've mentioned in scribbles in the past, border crossings make me a

and went through the routine about where we are going, the length of our stay, were we carrying guns, etc., which upon conclusion she stamped our passports and welcomed us to Canada.

I've heard said that the Canadian side of the



Horseshoe Falls

bit anxious even when, to the best of my knowledge, Stacey and I are not doing anything wrong. I should have had no reservations about the crossing because as we rolled up to the kiosk we were greeted by a pretty young lady who was a poster child for the customs corps or Canada in general, as her genuine smile and French braids were as if she were cast for a role as an emissary for Canada in a feature film. We were greeted warmly and with, "I've never seen one of those (sidecars) in person! How cool!" And then we had a five minute question and answer session about traveling by sidecar. Finally she said, "Okay, we better get down to business,"

falls is far more attractive than the American side, and in the area immediately around the river that's true. However, as we motored north away from the tourist area we found ourselves in an industrial area that was reminiscent of the nearby US industrial zone with both sides of the border occupied with manufacturing and warehousing. After a few miles we turned east and then south into what was an Oz after a tornadic extraction from Kansas. Suddenly the world in and around Niagara-on-the-Lake burst from dismal black and white into technicolor with a verdant background covered with multitudes of colorful flowers.



Canterbury Inn, Niagara-on-the-Lake

tel breakfast and wherein I made a wonderful discovery: English crumpets. Resembling the offspring of a pancake and an English muffin, they were delicious.

Friends had told us to not miss the jet boat ride into the class 5 rapids below Niagara Falls, so Stacey booked us a morning ride and we departed our pleasant room at the Canterbury and headed along a winding road overlooking the Niagara River gorge. After signing the requisite waivers and attending an orientation session,

Walking through Niagara on the Lake was a stroll through a Monet painting with the floral bursts of colors more captive of focus than the structures around which they were planted. After ambling along the main tourist area with its sidewalk cafes, ice cream shops, and various retail outlets selling stuff I neither need nor can afford, we strolled to a park at the Battlefield of Fort George where the Niagara River flows into Lake Ontario. Framed by the intersecting waters, a mirage-like skyline of Toronto peeks over from some thirty miles away, a peaceful blue visage belying its status as Canada's largest and one of the world's fastest growing cities. After satisfying our need for a shoreline view and finding our way the few blocks back downtown, again through a neighborhood of exquisite plantings and manicured lawns, we found a gelato shop and enjoyed a half hour of sugary nirvana while people watching from the shop's porch.

After a rest in the pleasant garden of our accommodations at the Canterbury Inn and a quiet night's sleep, we awoke in the morning and traipsed down to the lobby for Canterbury's version of a ho-

we queued up to board the boats: low vessels purposely built for running rapids with fifteen or so metal bench seats with grab bars-like a roller coaster-and a tall wheelhouse at the stern. With seating for, say, thirty, every seat was occupied with folks ranging from twelve to sixty-eight (sadly, I may have been the oldest person aboard). The boat's mate did a good job of entertaining everyone and building excitement and the captain certainly pro-



Sidecar Selfie

vided bang for the buck, as we ran the class five rapids numerous times with the bow of the boat buried in the standing waves of the rapids and walls of water roiling over the passengers. Stacey had donned one of the jet boat company's flimsy film rain parkas, and she was no less soaked and waterlogged as I was without the layer of supposed waterproofing. Every time the boat plunged into the violent water and the wave of water rolled over the boat, everyone on board yelled and laughed. We agreed that it was one of the most fun things we've done in a while.

Our trip back across the border and admission to the States was the usual stern and professional process, although the line was quite long and took about forty minutes to get through. Our Garmin was set to avoid interstate highways, so we were directed through Buffalo and through some less-than-prosperous areas. Dodging potholes and passing a few boarded up storefronts, we rolled down mean streets framed with working girls adorned in skimpy polyester waiting for their customers to pick them up, homeless pushing their filled shopping carts of possessions going from one hang-out to the next, and a few businesses catering to their clientele in a gritty scene out of Bob Seger's tune, "Main Street."

"And the poolhalls, the hustlers, and the losers
Used to watch 'em through the glass..."

Sometimes even now
When I'm feelin' lonely and beat
I drift back in time and I find my feet
Down on mainstreet
Down on mainstreet"

Finding our way out of urban decline and into the beauty of western Pennsylvania was refreshing, as we toured through the rolling green hills of a part of the Appalachian Moun-

tains not denuded by the ravages of mining. After an overnight stop near a ubiquitous interstate exit, we arose the next day and headed towards Pittsburgh to fulfill a desire of mine to see where the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers meet and form the Ohio. As we crossed one of the bridges to get to Point State Park a couple of folks yelled that they like the sidecar, which was a regular occurrence. It seems that a lot of people from all walks of life find the sidecar intriguing and amusing (I do too). Pittsburgh has done a nice job of re-invigorating their downtown area and the park is a great symbol of that effort. With a remarkable fountain shooting a jet of water a hundred feet in the air and walking trails used by locals and tourists alike, the park was a well-utilized monument to the spirit of the area. We walked the perimeter and took the requisite selfie photos and ultimately decided to leave Pittsburgh and head towards home.

Needing an intermediate stop between Pittsburgh and home, we checked into a motel in Marietta, Ohio, after a day of riding the rig through Appalachian West Virginia and Ohio where the curves had given me a workout.

Riding the sidecar is a wonderfully wonky way to get around, but one of the attributes of riding a rig is the effort it takes to turn it. A friend who's been riding a side hack for years—hack, rig, side hack are all terms affectionately used for sidecars—said I could give up my gym membership once I got the sidecar, as it alone would keep my upper body exercised. He was right: the effort to turn it is prodigious and since it's reactive to the incline of the pavement it's traveling over, wanting to go left or right as the road subtly tilts one way or another, I'm almost always pulling or pushing the handlebars one way or another. On rare occasions when the highway is dead flat I can take my hands off the bars, remove my gloves,



Point Park, Pittsburgh

Our last day took us through Portsmouth, Ohio, and back into Kentucky along river roads before turning into the interior of the state. Arriving home is always bittersweet, balancing all of the comforts and familiarity against the thrill of discovery through travel. Our first trip was loads of fun and rewarding in a way that made the sale of the motor home and purchase of the rig a great decision.

More to come...

pick my nose and then put my gloves back on, as it tracks straight and true where the road is level. But that doesn't happen often on the back roads we travel, so I feel like I've been to Planet Fitness at the end of the day.

Marietta is a pretty town situated at the confluence of the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers, and the downtown area retains its charm as an old river town with brick storefronts occupied by an array of vibrant businesses and decorated with hanging pots of colorful flowers-a nice contrast to the urban decay in Buffalo. Interesting tidbit: many of the aluminum historical marker signs found along the highways we traveled on this trip were cast in Marietta. Marietta was our last stop before pointing the rig homeward.



Shaw Cafe

2023 Western Trip

By John Rice

“On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha...” Bob Seger sang about that experience, but he added, “you don’t feel much like ridin’, you just wish the trip was through.” I’ve never had that feeling. In six decades of traveling on motorcycles, I have never wanted a trip to end (there have been some days I was glad to see the finish of, but never the journey). The long stretches of prairie do give a person time to think, to look around and ponder one’s place in the scope of space and time, the vast spaces and the short time we are here to enjoy it.

This trip began at my home in central Kentucky and carried me across the midwestern states once again, to get to the West for what may be my final time. I have crossed these “flyover states” on two wheels several times, three wheels (a couple of sidecar journeys), four wheels, and in airplanes, on northern, middle and southern routes. But now, in my 70’s, I just had to do it once more.

I have two newer bikes in the garage, BMW’s, a 2012 R1200GS mated to a sidecar and a 2021 G310GS, both marvelous touring machines. Instead, on this journey I’m taking the DR650, a 14 year old quasi-dirt bike, modified for duty outside its design envelope. No one my age thinks any longer that life has to make sense.

Going west from eastern Kentucky, the land changes quickly, flattening out, allowing roads that are straight with a direct path to a destination, not dictated by winding around hills.

Getting into Missouri, which once was considered “the west” when people were just making their way across the Appalachians, one can see the beginnings of prairie, the places that folks from back east started to find appealing.

Route 62 west out of Eureka Springs, Arkansas is wonderfully curvy though I soon got behind a string of cars slowly following a tanker truck...or so I thought until a curve allowed me to see in front of the truck where there was another car, all of us following two large cruiser bikes taking the curves at a glacial pace. I pulled over twice to wait them out, only to quickly catch up again.

Later 62 was exchanged for Arkansas 102 which also turned out to be an excellent motorcycle road all the way to the border (except for going through the Wal-Mart hometown of Bentonville) when it turned into OK 20, still another twisting road unexpected in these prairie states. That lasted until about Hominy, where the curves ended and the rain began.

After crossing into Oklahoma, the wind is relentless. The terrain doesn’t change much, and I have a lot of time to look at it. There are endless fields, occasional beautiful homes & barns sitting way back from the road, large expanses of land without a single thing to break the view to the horizon. Flat, but still somehow more interesting than Kansas. I’m whistling past the arroyos, the sagebrush, the scrub pines at 60 or 65 mph in relative comfort on pavement, compared to traveling this way by

horse or wagon as our ancestors once did. (We called them settlers, to those who already lived here they were invaders.) Even if they had once been on a train, the most sophisticated vehicle in the world at the time, they could not have imagined the scenery going by as fast as I am seeing it now.

Like them, I once traveled daylight 'til dark, but now I'm doing well if I'm out by 8 or 9 in the morning, well fed and seek shelter by 4 PM. And a nap after lunch is more of a necessity than luxury. Fortunately, Oklahoma seems to understand that, providing roadside tables at frequent intervals on this east-west mostly two lane highway 64.

There are many abandoned places, houses along the road, "ghost towns" that have faded and gone, leaving husks behind. It makes me wonder what Native Americans think of it, "you ran us off our land, took it away, and then abandoned it as soon as times got hard."

In Jay, Oklahoma my five minute gas stop turned into 30 minutes listening to a man about my age, white hair, huge belly, sitting in his pickup truck with the door open, eating a corn dog and enthusiastically licking the mustard from his fingers. He told me about all of the fast cars he had in his youth and all the motorcycle wrecks he had been in, both very long lists. I didn't have to say a thing other than just nod occasionally, because he never really stopped, not even, it seemed, to take a breath.

A tiny critter, stuffed and inanimate but nonetheless enormously cute, stowed away in my bag (with some assistance from my wife

Brenda). A little possum, looking puzzled but hopeful as its live counterparts often seem to do in my estimation. I am going to call him Pan, short for Pangloss, the mentor of Candide who taught his pupil that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds". It seems to me that possums are optimistic, making the best of whatever comes their way, finding a means of surviving and thriving no matter what humans do to the environment, going about their business of cleaning up the world for us.



I stop for the night in Guymon OK, a town I don't recognize from my time here in 1984. Then I was on my way back home from Albuquerque, after spending the summer as a law clerk at a firm there between my second and third years in law school (where I was a "non-traditional" student, having started on a career change in my mid-30's). I had my old BMW motorcycle in the back of my decrepit Chevy LUV truck, when the truck broke down here.

At that time, my memory is that this was a dusty two lane road through a wide spot called Guymon, more of an outpost than a city it seemed. There was a small mechanic shop, maybe a Chevy dealer I'm not sure, in a building that looked like something from the 1950's and not far away was a tiny, one story motel, maybe 10 units if that. The shop needed to get a part to fix my truck and I got a room at the motel. I don't recall there being anywhere to eat. Now I am on that same road, Rt. 54, but it is a busy 4-lane (still dusty) chock-a-block with chain hotels and fast food eateries and no car repair or dealerships that I can see. A lot changes in 39 years, including me.

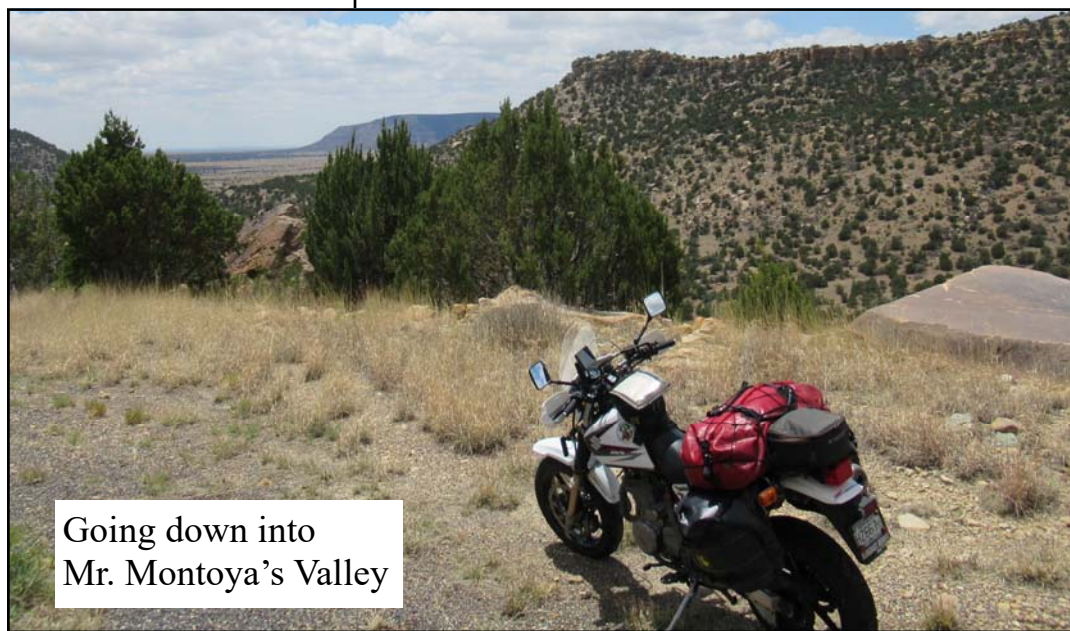
At my motel in the morning there was a group of bicyclists getting breakfast when I came down. It was mostly men, of a certain age starting to show a bit of gray at the temples, that age when it begins to dawn on them that the window for

making grand gestures is beginning to slide shut. Later I talked to the guy driving the luggage truck for them and learned that this is a bicycle excursion from California to Boston, coast to coast under leg power, seated on tiny bits of leather or plastic barely big enough to hold a jelly donut, much less a human backside. These

people are obviously affluent enough to make such a long journey, fully supported with a support truck and driver, pre-booked motel rooms for each night and bicycles that cost probably twice as much as my motorcycle. They were all dressed in proper cycling gear, brightly colored spandex, helmets and special

shoes. Many of the bikes had Garmin GPS devices mounted on the handlebars.

The remainder of Oklahoma was straight and flat, but with perfect blue skies and an excellent temperature. Right at the border with New Mexico, the terrain began to change and a few miles in, I was looking at the kind of sagebrush, ragged hills, mesas and arroyos that I remembered. Later, at a gas stop in Clayton, I was looking for a good route to take through the hills in the eastern half, to arrive by 3-ish at the Blue Swallow in Tucumcari. As I was putting my map back on the tank bag, a guy walked up and asked if he could take a photo of my bike and then started a conversation about where I was headed. I asked if he was a local and would know a good route and he said no, he was visiting a friend here, but, "he works for the New Mexico highway department and knows all the



Going down into
Mr. Montoya's Valley

roads". The friend came over and showed me a good set of roads to take, noting that a particular curve on one would allow me to see his family's land, and then another that would take me along the path of the Montoya Land Grant. It seems that in the early days of settlement, a Mr. Montoya was given a grant from

Spain for “all the land around the bell-shaped mesa that he could circumnavigate with a horse in one day.” Mr. Montoya chose a long day with a good mount and ended up with 640,000 acres.

Following his directions, I went down Route 120, headed south, then suddenly I was in a canyon with the rocky sides rising all around me. The mesas forming the rim looked like an enormous trimmer had flattened them all at the same height. On Route 419, I descended into the valley framing the “Bell-shaped mesa”. Since I had been told about it, I could see the resemblance but if not forewarned, I’m not sure a bell would be first on my list of descriptions.

This road winds through the wind-and-water-created valley floor between high mesas and rocky hillsides showing the effects of a million or so years of erosion. There are ranches here, revealed by gates with names and a mailbox, but the houses are far back behind the twisted hills, out of sight. Like many places out here, they have to be self sufficient since the nearest gallon of milk or extra roll of toilet paper is several hours away by car.

I had ignored some calls and text messages from a number I didn’t recognize, but when I stopped to clean my face shield, I checked to see if I had a voicemail. I did and it was from the owner of the Blue Swallow motel telling me that Tucumcari had a complete town-wide power outage, so there would be no lights, AC, restaurants or gas. At that point, I had no cell service, I was only about an hour away from town and the road I was on didn’t go anywhere else without going through there first. And really, since another stay at the Swallow was on the list of things I wanted to do on this trip, I would go there anyway. I’ve been without power before. I did stop for gas about 30 miles away and had cell service, so I called to check the situation. The owner told me that the power had just returned and all would be well.

Much of Tucumcari seems to have suffered under the two year hiatus enforced by COVID, with more empty buildings than I recalled from previous trips, crumbling sidewalks, a feeling of a general lack of attention. Both Del’s Restaurant and KIX, two reliable staples for excellent meals, had closed during the pandemic and just recently reopened with new folks at the helm. KIX doesn’t even have



The Blue Swallow Motel

a sign in the usual spot, high over the roof, just an empty frame, but an “Open” banner flies by the front door.

At the Blue Swallow, most rooms have a garage and they try to always put motorcyclists in the two rooms adjoining the one with the concrete floor. I’m in #11 and the guy on the other side of our shared two bay garage, is a 65 year old fellow from somewhere on the east coast. He has a new Harley, just got its 5,000 mile service in Albuquerque today, and

Ky (he was amused when he asked where I was from) and then to home. He takes all interstates, using the navigation system and stereo and cruise control on the HD to handle everything but the steering. Not my idea of a good time, but it works for him.

Del’s restaurant, down the street from the Swallow, was in my past visits, a nice comfortable place with surprisingly good, sophisticated food and desserts. Del, folks said, was a long time Tucumcari resident who owned a



Accommodations
at the Swallow

is headed home. He doesn’t have any of the usual indicia of what is often thought of as the cliché HD rider, he’s well spoken, his bike has stock, relatively quiet pipes and he wears a helmet. He and his wife have been touring the west, with a side trip to see their daughter graduate from her masters program in Environmental Science in Colorado. They have a “fly and ride” arrangement where the wife flies out to meet him in the west and then returns by plane while he rides home. His next stop, already booked, is Conway Arkansas, about 600 miles, and then next is Winchester,



Pan at the
Swallow

number of properties along Rt. 66 and was of “the old school” about quality and decorum. Apparently Del died a few years ago and this place closed for a while. The new folks don’t seem to have his vision for the place, but it’s nearby and has food.

I walked back to the motel to sit in the

chairs outside my garage and commune with my fellow Swallow fans. One couple, from Moncton, in eastern Canada but still retaining their native English accents, is touring Rt. 66 in their Mustang convertible. They have been in all 48 lower states with it and its predecessors (all Mustangs) and will continue to travel so, they say.

We all were watching the skies for the severe thunderstorms that our various weather apps were predicting, as if the huge dark clouds settling over us weren't enough evidence. About 7-ish, the storm hit and by 8 there was hail coming down thickly all over the lot, banging off the roof and bouncing everywhere. In the time it took me to open the door and make a 9 second video of the scene, a double handful of stones about mothball size and larger had bounced into my room. Inside the room the cacophony was amazing, much like what I could imagine it would be like inside a steel garbage can while a demented heavy-metal drummer was trying to show off his best skills on the lid. This went on, in waves of greater and lesser intensity, down to just torrential rain, all night.

In the morning, I talk briefly with Rob, the

Swallow co-owner. He is heartsick at the damage wrought by the hailstorm, which in a few hours, took out much of the iconic blue and pink neon tubing that is a signature feature of this motel. He vows to have it up and running again soon, saying it's his obligation to those who come here to see it. He feels the sense of history in this place.

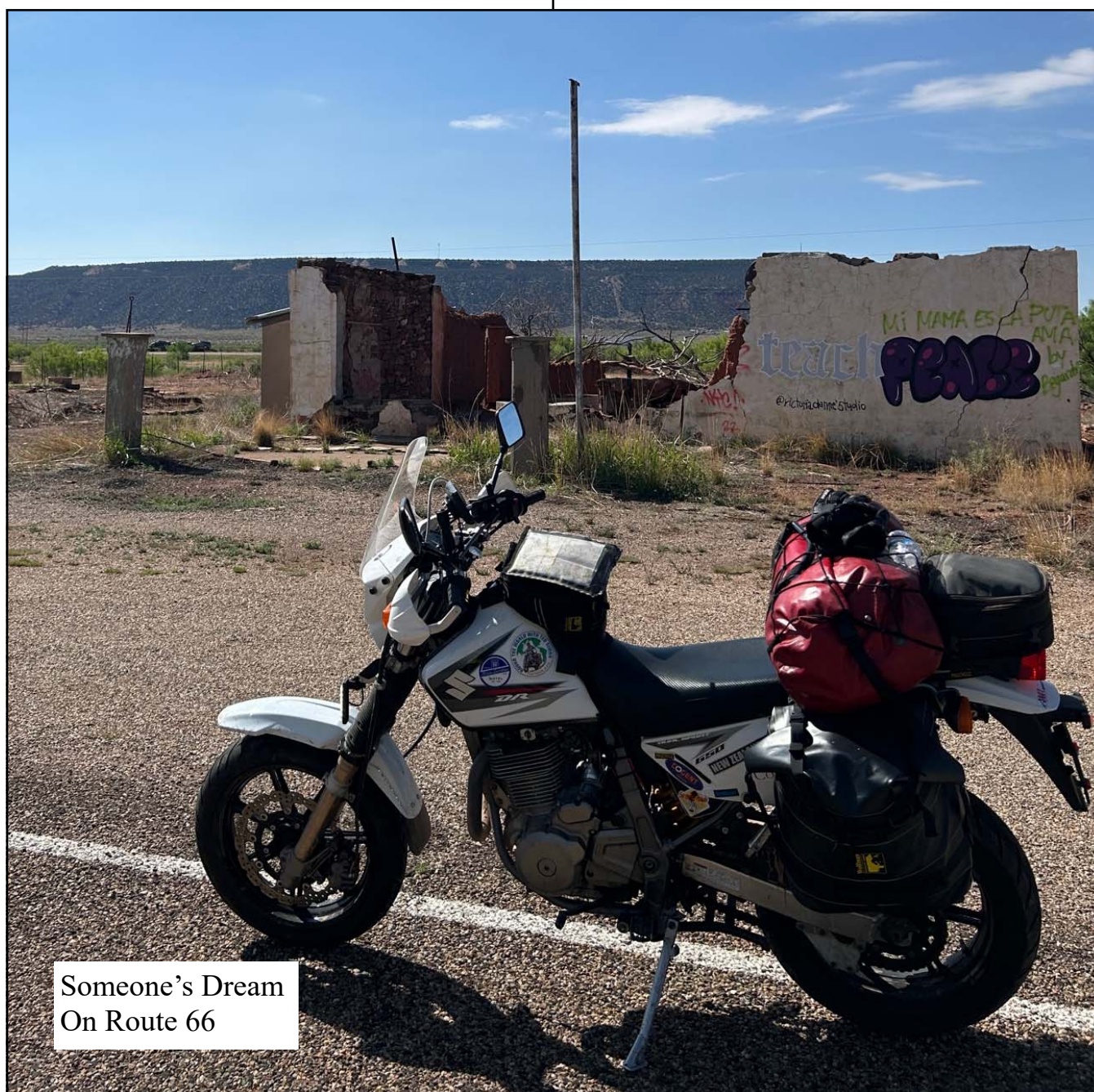
I pack up and leave, headed southwest on a part of old Rt. 66 that parallels I-40. I can see



the remains of buildings that once were thriving businesses catering to the tourists and hopeful immigrants from the dust bowl headed west to the opportunities in California. I stop occasionally and look them over, thinking about the history. At some time in the distant past, this place began with an idea in someone's head, a plan was made, resources, gathered, perhaps people enlisted to help, and at some point a proud person stood in the doorway with their family and welcomed customers to the first day of their new business.

Families were raised on the premises of that business and others' families were supported by the efforts of people working there. Something happened, maybe the interstate came through, maybe the railroad went through a different town, maybe a family patriarch or matriarch died out, and nobody else wanted it. Whatever happened this building was once important in a number of lives.

The low hills in this part remind me of some sort of sewing project with little dark green



Someone's Dream
On Route 66

tassels dotted over the sage-colored surface. There is rain, then bright sun, and the weather app tells me there is hail only a few miles behind me.

I stop for lunch at the newly restored Shaffer hotel in Mountainaire. I told the waitress my story of our 1984 visit when Brenda and I came here and had pie with a man who claimed to be the original “Pop” Shaffer and later the current owner came over to chat with me. It seems that our “Pop” wasn’t the real

guy, who died in 1964, twenty years before our encounter. Probably it was a local who knew him and wanted to tell the stories to outsiders. The current owner, upon hearing the gist of the tales we were told, said they were accurate, just not from the original guy.

I found a room in Socorro, a staging spot for my next planned stop, a return to Pie Town.

(To be continued...)



On the way to Pie Town



Club Christmas Party
December 16, 2023
4pm

Smyles Motorcycle Museum
(Steve Pieratt's Place)
1279 Eastland Drive
Lexington, KY 40505



THERE'S NUTS AND CANDY TO NIBBLE AND MUNCH,

THERE'S A WHITE FROZEN CARPET FOR BOOTS TO CRUNCH,

THERE'S ONE LONESOME BIKE IN THE PARKING LOT,

RON MAY BE CRAZY BUT A WIMP HE IS NOT.



Here's the group for today:

1). Roy Rowlett & Eddie

2). Tom Sutherland

3). Boone Sutherland

4). Daniel Sparkman

5). Shelly Meiers

TIF { 5). John Zibell

* 6). Ron Hampton (are you kidding -3° & he rides! 🚲)

7). Pete Galskis

8). Jim Kouns

9). John Rice

10). Randy Scott

11). Jeff Crabb

12). Charlie Norton & Travis

13). Dallas Anderson

Boone

* Ron gets a well deserved "free breakfast" ??

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

