

February 2009

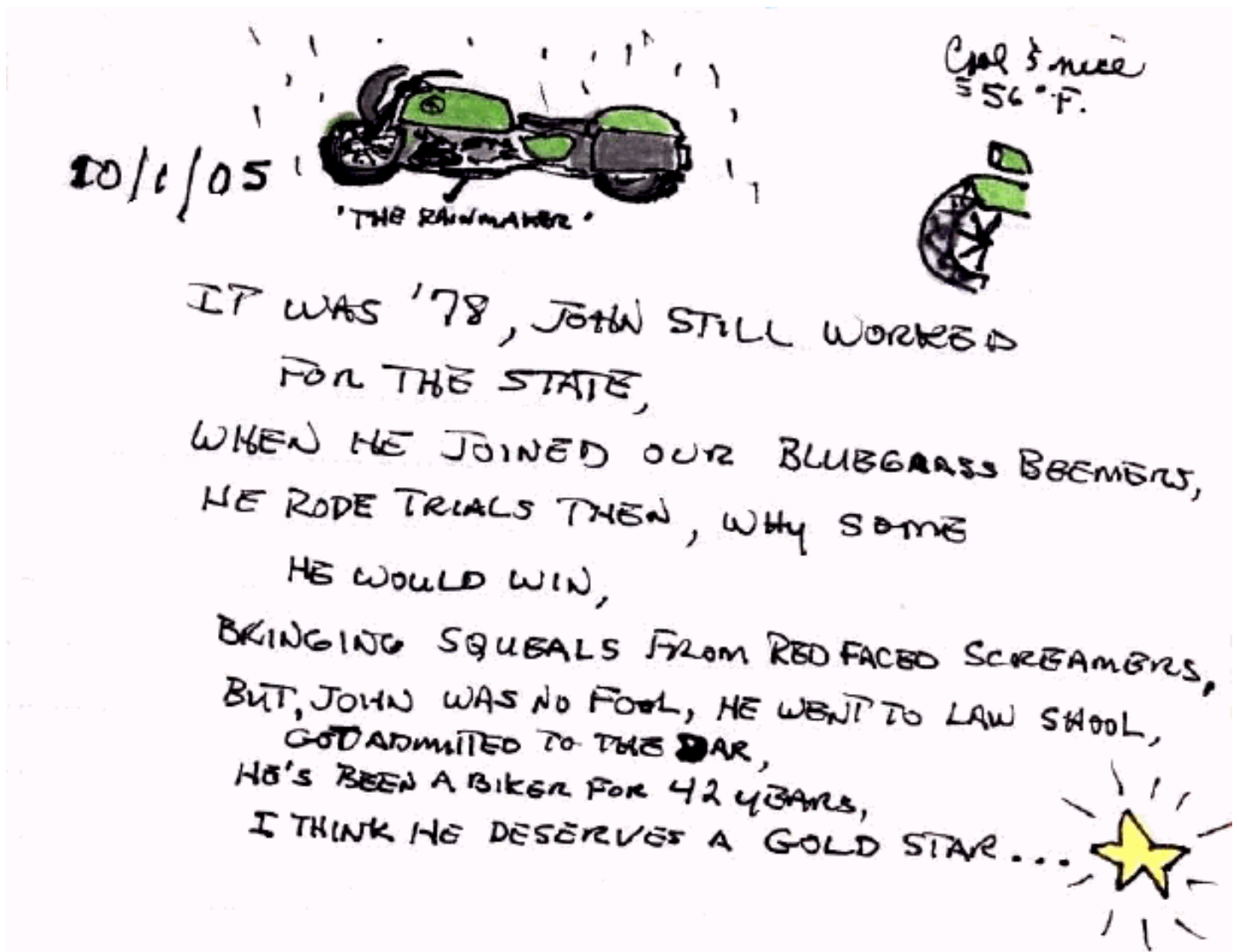
Apex

Looking Through The Curve

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc. Lexington, Kentucky
MOA #146 RA #4-49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>



A special issue to honor the life of Boone Sutherland
April 15, 1940 — December 9, 2008



How does one 'remember' Boone?

How does one "remember" Boone?

He's always been a part of us as long as there's been an "us" at the table on Saturday mornings.

I do recall the early days of my association with this group (as I remember it, there were Mastodons roaming in the parking lot, making it somewhat difficult to park. Gas was hard to get because most of the dinosaurs hadn't died yet.)

I was a skinny young man barely over 30 with a weird looking green BMW. (Now I can claim only one of those characteristics)

When I said one morning that I was quitting my job and going to law school, Boone looked me over for a moment and said I should come with him to Terry Ferguson's nearby dental office after breakfast.

I had a missing tooth, from a motocross misadventure about

10 years earlier (an example of an excess of enthusiasm combined with a minimum of talent). It was on the side and only showed if I smiled very widely, which one often did in Boone's presence.

He had determined that I shouldn't go off to law school with that evidence of my mis-spent youth so prominently displayed.

He and Terry seated me in a chair, and over my protests,

took the impressions for and constructed a "Maryland Bridge" to fill the gap. Finally after my repeated entreaties, they allowed me to pay for the materials, but would accept nothing for their work.

It just seemed to Boone to be the right thing to do and he did it. I still have the bridge....and I thought I'd always have Boone.

—John Rice

What poetry did Boone enjoy?

from **Leaves of Grass**

By Walt Whitman

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab
and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawps over the roofs of the world.

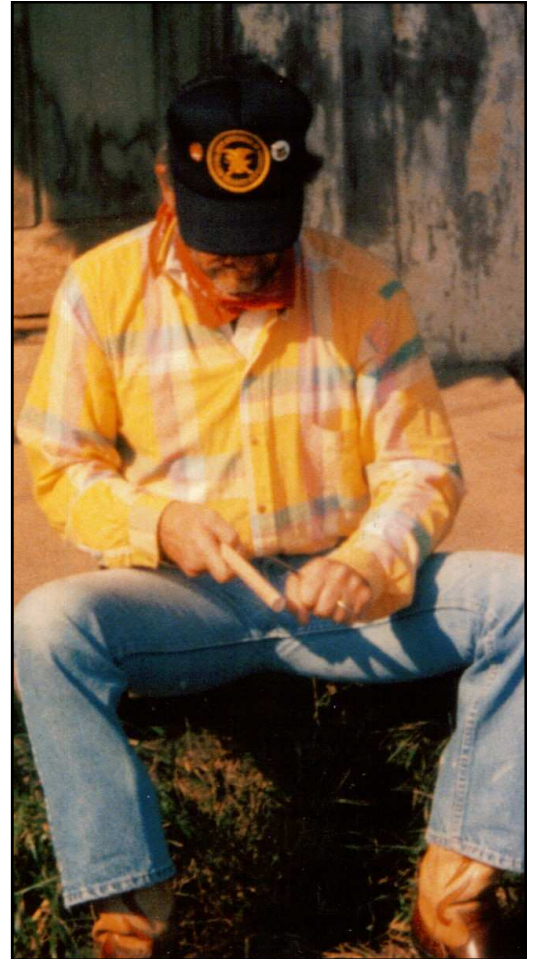
The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.



Road Less Traveled

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth

Then took the other as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet, knowing how way leads onto way
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood
And I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference





Memories of Boone

My first encounter with Boone was in the summer of 1988, otherwise known as the Summer of Drought.

We had moved to Richmond recently from the west coast, and I was very bike poor, only my '86 Concours and '74 Norton Commando resided in the garage at that time.

I had ridden into town one Saturday on the Norton and was just parking in front of Richmond bank when I heard the valve clatter of an airhead Beemer come by (might it have been "The Red Bike"?), the owner craning his neck to look at the old Brit bike I had just dismounted.

He quickly did a u-turn and pulled in next to me, never tak-

ing his eyes off the Commando. After a quick "hey" and a nod, he introduced himself as Boone Sutherland, jumped off his bike, and proceeded to slowly circle and examine the old Brit bike, eyeing every worn panel and every oil weep with a fondness only a fellow owner can produce.

When he saw the California plate on the back, he went into a detailed description of a trip out west he had done on a '75 Norton.

The conversation eventually drifted towards BMWs and when I mentioned my long-lost R90, he began talking up the club and the members, inviting me to breakfast. His enthusiasm for bikes and of riding in gen-

eral was obvious, and I knew right there we would become friends.

Boone was one of the first Bluegrass Beemer members I met, and he introduced me to this group. We shared many great rides together including a few Smokie Mountain and Daytona trips and I would occasionally talk him into letting me do a few touch-and-goes when we were in his Cessna 140.

There were several well-remembered jam sessions at the Sutherland's where he and I and other folks

from the club played guitar and sang until the wee hours.

Some may remember a few "gigs" we did at our BB Rally after the Saturday evening meal.

I will always cherish those great times.



Boonie, you'll be missed!

—Mark Rense



Bluegrass Beemers History, from the Bluegrass Beemers Website

The earliest beginnings of the Bluegrass Beemers dates back to the summer of 1975. A group of three friends began getting together for breakfast at Frisch's to plan a second motorcycle trip after having come back from one to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. At this point, Tom owned a 1967 Norton 750 and Boone had a 1972 Suzuki 550.

In February 1976, Terry, Tom and Boone made two trips to Sport Motors in Cincinnati, purchasing two Norton 850 Commando Roadsters and an Interstate 850. Soon after, they were joined by two more friends at breakfast, meeting to discuss where they were going on their next trip and how they were going to pay for it. Breakfast at Frisch's took a nine month hiatus while the group met at Scottie's in Nicholasville as they worked on building a house to sell for trip monies.

It wasn't until the fall of 1976 that the first BMW was purchased, a 1975 R90/6 by Terry. Tom purchased his first BMW, a 1974 R75/6 in June of 1977 with Boone quickly picking up his first, a 1975 R90/6 in the fall.

Breakfasts continued in the following years with notables such as Randy Scott, Chester Martin, John Rice, Doelan Anderson and Paul Elwyn joining in. On the seventh page of the first record book, on January 27, 1985, the application for the charter of the Bluegrass Beemers was submitted with the following as charter members:

1. Tom Sutherland	(10,725)
2. Chester Martin	(22,286)
3. Bill Bowles	(27,978)
4. Terry Ferguson	(12,076)
5. John Rice	(24,267)
6. Chuck Griffis	(27,007)
7. Joe Berry	(10,771)
8. Doelan Anderson	(31,344)
9. Bob Buckley	
10. Boone Sutherland	(11,265)
11. Ron Day	
12. Paul Elwyn	(31,448)



The first entry in the official Breakfast Log is February 2, 1985, which happened to be Groundhog Day. Boone writes "It was a cold, cold day with a fresh blanket of snow covering everything - about nine inches now on the ground. Lots of folks out for breakfast though, but no riders." It wasn't until February 23rd that the first official rider to breakfast was recorded, when the temperature was a balmy 55 degrees and expected to rise to 70 after several weeks of snow.

The Breakfast Log continues on, recording who comes each morning, what they're riding, general information about the day, where the next rally is and, as always, where the next trip destination will be for the riders.

Many thanks to Boone Sutherland, who has done an unbelievable job at maintaining the records for the club, and all those that dutifully filled in when Boone was absent. We wish we could share the many stories that appear in the notes, along with bits of wisdom, witty poetry, and the fine artistic renderings of the day. The records reflect who purchased what bikes and when, what upgrades (and downgrades) had been made to member motorcycles, who took what trips and where they traveled.

A very real sense of the wonderful people that make up the club can be gained from these records.



For Boone

Tuesday Boone left us
We lost a faithful friend
Boone lost the final battle
To the enemy within

Depression is blackness
Most can't comprehend
Standing at the edge of a deep abyss
Ready to push us in
The enemy within

Don't judge a man's actions
If you haven't walked in his shoes
The hopelessness engulfs you
Everyday you pay your dues
Unrelenting, overwhelming sadness without end
Ravages on, the enemy within

Dark cold days are depression's best friend
Fueling the bleakness of the enemy within
A smile that stops short of the eyes
You can't deceive or hide
From the enemy inside

In the last act of desperation
You pray for absolution
And silence forever
The enemy within

Rest in peace my friend
Boone's struggles are over
His mind and body set free
In the loving arms of Jesus
He will forever be
Forgiven...

Amen.

—Harriette Gill

The Land of the Uncloudy Day

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies
And they tell me of a home far away
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

Oh, the land of cloudless days
Oh, the land of an uncloudy sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone
And they tell me of that land far away
Where the tree of life's in eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance through the uncloudy day

Oh, the land of cloudless days
Oh, the land of an uncloudy sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

Oh, they tell me of a King and His beauty there
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold
Where He sits on a throne that is whiter than snow
In a city that is made of gold

Oh, the land of cloudless days
Oh, the land of an uncloudy sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

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Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

—Gospel hymn

A Tribute to The One and Only, Boone Sutherland

James Boone Sutherland, I knew you a long time.
So in true Boone-fashion to honor you,
I write this little rhyme.

Ever since I was a tyke
You were a guy so easy to like.
With a cool name like Boone
I thought you could have hung the moon.

I grew up watching you sit at the Frisch's Big Boy
You were the historian while men played with their toys.
You drew sketch after sketch and wrote verse after verse
And then we would catch up and leisurely converse.

I'd give you a hug and you'd give me a poke
And then there was always that buzzer noise and a joke.
You knew your role, your purpose, your place.
All of this you'd observe with that smile on your face.

We've all seen that smile
In your typical coolness and style
With the twinkle in your eye
A little boy spirit within an older guy.

I remember when I was a little girl
You all remember when I still liked to skip and twirl.
I remember escaping to my tent intent on dreaming.
I soon was comforted asleep by you and Lynn T. singing.

Never old and always funny,
You raised a brow when I asked for some money.
But after I promised to return it unhurt,
I quickly folded it into an origami shirt.

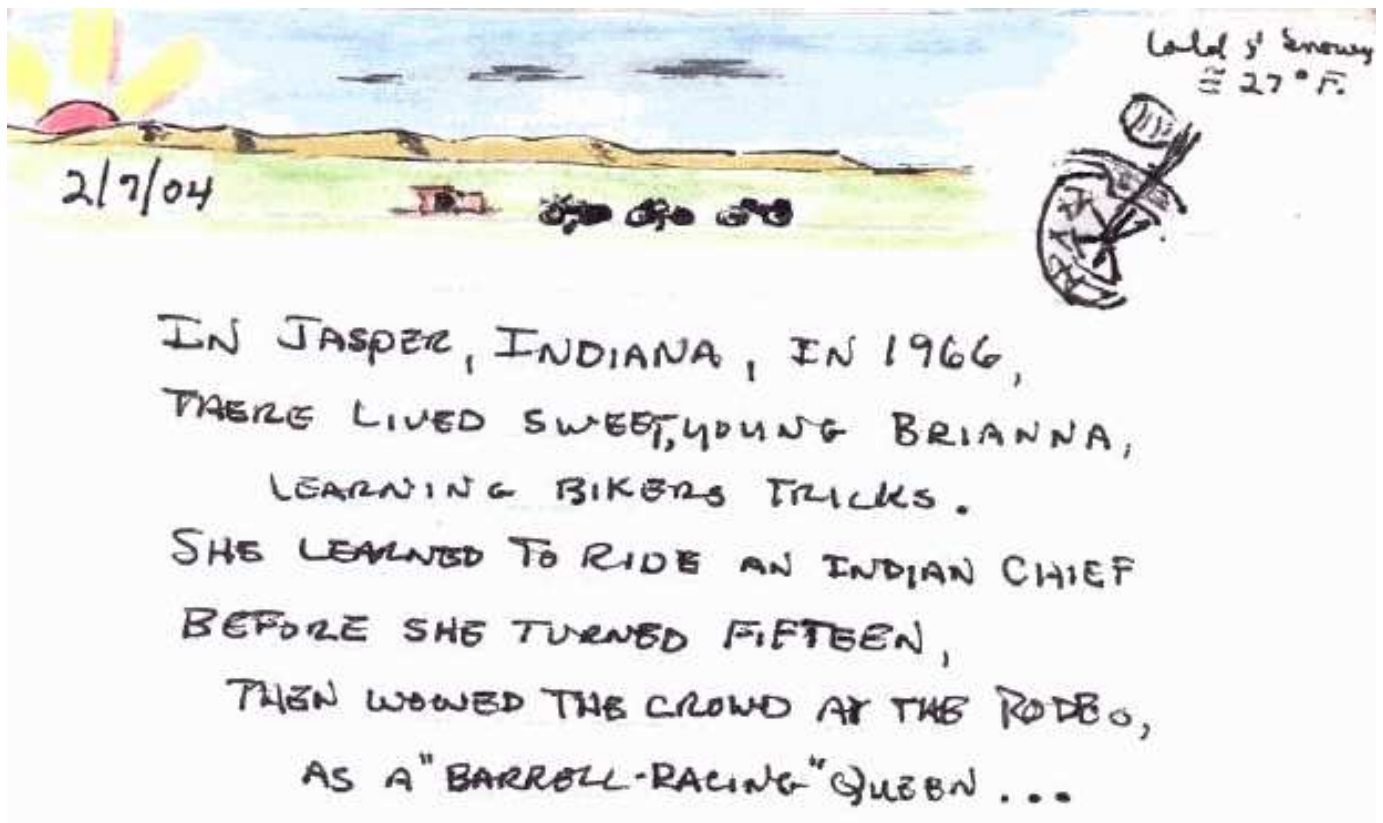
Along with this, every paper crane you kept.
If this were the cost of friendship, I could surely pay this debt.
So compassionate and caring of others
There will definitely never be another.

You were more to people than you'll ever see.
As you can see you've had an impact on me.
But not only me because you had many friends
Who in all of life's detours and crazy bends

Will remember you and remember you well
For it is here in our hearts that you will always dwell.

Loving you and missing you,

—Laura Elwyn





Just Passing Through

These five men from the Lexington, Ky., area found themselves passing through Hiawatha Friday morning, July 1. The men are taking a two to three week motorcycle trip through the western United States. They have, for the past four or five years, taken similar trips to the north and through the East Coast, but this is the first time they have been "out west." They have made specific plans only as far as Denver. They plan to take US-36

highway from Hiawatha to Denver. They said the back roads are much better than the interstate highways for meeting people and really seeing the country. They felt Kansas did not get enough favorable "P.R." They were very impressed with Kansas and Hiawatha in particular. The men, from the left, are Terry Ferguson, Mike True, Tom Sutherland, Mike Gill and Jim Sutherland.—World Photo.

Boone

How Can It Be

*How can it be; we gather so often
and talk of chrome and paint
and of wind and rain
but never our pain.*

*How can it be; we, friends for many years
can share stories and tales
but never our tears.*

*How can it be; we see the rust
on our friends wheels and the scratches on his ride
but never the scars inside.*

*Lord, I pray for your eyes so I can see deeper,
I pray for your arms so I can reach farther,
I pray for your hands so I can hold tighter,
my friends of many years.*

So to never ask again; how can it be.

—Ray Montgomery

Boone,

I really was just getting to know you well since coming to the breakfast regularly for the last two years. After knowing you for 20 years since our children were friends in Woodford High school, our love for motorcycling finally brought us together. I really got to like you and think you are a very special person.

I have enjoyed your personality and appreciate your many talents. Your art work and verse every week entertains us immensely. We can feel your love for us in our conversation and the way you treat those around you, especially the waitresses who serve us every week.

I know you have great empathy for your patients and employees who can feel that concern which is part of your Christian nature.

I now feel your burden and the darkness in which you sometimes walked and wish I could have helped you more.

It saddens me deeply to see you go away. My spirit will always be uplifted when I think of your friendly smile, your stories, and the rapport we have had at our Saturday morning breakfasts.

We will meet again, good friend, when we both rest in peace.

With great respect,

—Doug Searcy

12 November 1989

Boone interview excerpt: 'My biggest thrill'

Editor's Note:

Chris interviewed Boone in preparation for a paper he would write for a folklore class. Chris purchased Boone's 1978 R100RS, "Sundance," and regarded Boone as a mentor.

By Christopher Gibson

Boone: "I think my biggest thrill, I suppose, would be the first trip I made to out West.

Our first real long trip to the Rocky Mountains, I'd never been west of the Mississippi River. It was just such a spectacular thing to see the mountains.

Even to get to the mountains, across the plains was very interesting.

We had several people tell us we might as well just ship our motorcycles to Colorado and fly out there on a plane. Get out there and ride and ride in the mountains.

But I found that the ride across Kansas was really very interesting. The people in Kansas were great. Very nice people.

When we finished the trip, I wrote a little ballad about Kansas because we had heard so many people found it boring.

I found it just the opposite. The niceness of the people, farming country and every-

thing, and I wrote this ballad called "400 Miles of Kansas."

When I got home I sent a copy...of the words to the governor of the state of Kansas.

He sent me back an honorary citizenship to the state of Kansas and a real nice personal letter.

That's just one of the things that happens on motorcycle trips.

One of the ladies in Kansas stopped us. Four or five of us on that trip and she stopped us in this very small town called Hiawatha, Kansas.

She had us all line our motorcycles up. [See newspaper clipping on opposite page.]

She owned the newspaper

there and she called her photographer from across the street and said, "Come out and take a picture of these guys."

It was a real nice small town, and apparently they didn't have too many motorcycle riders come through there.

So, she took our pictures and put us on the front page of the Hiawatha Daily World and sent us all a copy when we got home.

So, it's things like that happen, and you get all those sorts of experiences kind of pile up through the years."



Chris Gibson and Boone taking a break at Penn's Store during the club ride for pancakes at the Forkland Festival in Boyle County, October 1989.

Fall of the Red Bear

By Boone Sutherland

We had breakfast in a truck stop a hundred miles from Dodge, We'd slept there at a rest stop, there were no rooms at the lodge,

Jolly was up front that day and Tom rode second bike, Then came the rest in order, Terry, me, and Mike.

The Kansas sun was beatin' down by one o'clock that day, And we were burnin' Kansas road like the wind through Kansas hay,

The trip was all but over, the best part far behind, Our thoughts had turned to families, Kentucky on our mind.

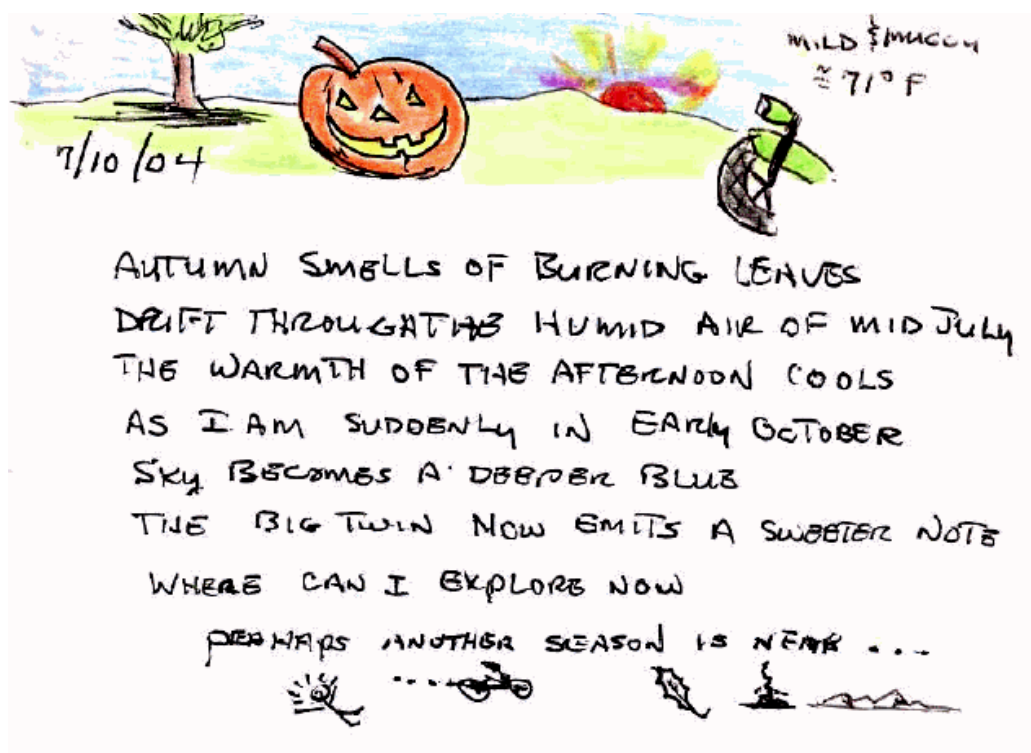
I saw Tom hit the gravel, "oh no, he's lost control," But he held on nearly fifty yards before they hit and rolled.

Down they went together, locked up like fightin' bears, And I thought it was the end for Tom when that bike bounced in the air.

But ol' Tom he was the toughest, that bike just laid and cried, Big Tom was on his feet again before the motor died.

He busted up the fairing and spilled a little gas, But let me tell you one thing sure, Tom whipped that red bear's a—.

But listen to me riders, and listen to me well, Before I'd watch Tom fall again, I'd ride my bike through hell....



Obituary from *The Lexington Herald-Leader*

SUTHERLAND James Boone, DMD, 68, died Tue, Dec 9, 2008, in Richmond, KY.

Born on April 15, 1940 in Middletown, KY, he was the son of the late James Searcy Sutherland and Goldie Bohannon Sutherland.

Boone attended Eastern High School in Jefferson County where he was a highly accomplished student, athlete, and leader. He attended Stetson University and was graduated from Georgetown College and the University of Kentucky Dental School where he was President of his dental class.

Dr. Sutherland was a board certified pediatric dentist with a specialization in the care of special needs children with practices in Lexington, Richmond, and Breathitt County over the course of his long and respected career.

With countless beloved friends and extended family, Boone is survived by his two children, Scott Crawford Sutherland (and Melissa), Franklin

TN, and Rebecca Sutherland Ruschell (and Justin), Los Angeles CA, from his marriage to the late Suzanne Keeling Sutherland; his brother Thomas Sutherland (and Linda), Lexington KY, and their three daughters Sharon, Sarah, and Lara; his three grandchildren Lauren, Hannah, and Will Sutherland and their mother Teresa Robinson, Georgetown KY; his favorite granddog Davis, Los Angeles CA; and his great-granddaughter Hayden, Georgetown KY.

Beyond his beloved family, Boone's passion for motorcycling and flying brought him into the lives of so many cherished friends through the years.

From 1978, he was a "charter member" of the Saturday morning Harrodsburg Road Frisch's motorcycle breakfast group. His dedicated 30 years of poetic chronicles for the Saturday morning breakfasts and cross country trips with BMW and Harley riders are among his

friends' most beloved connections.

Boone's two wheeled travels touched each of the continental United States, but he especially loved the southwestern bloc for its Native American's and its western history.

His love of the "true" country music never was far away and led him into jams on his fiddle and guitar. But it had to be authentic, just like our Boone.

A giving heart and life-long philanthropist, Boone used his life fully and constantly to help others through his friendship, dentistry, strongly supporting Native American causes, the Northwest Haiti Christian Mission where he built schools and provided service; Christian Flights International; the Red Bird Mission Dental Clinic; and numerous other provisions of support and service to those in need in his life personally, professionally, locally, nationally and internationally.

A wonderful father, caring children's dentist and true friend.

"Do not let your grief be measured by his worth, for then your sorrow has no end."

~Shakespeare

Memorial contributions are requested to New Missions, P.O. Box 2727, Orlando, FL 32802-2727 www.newmissions.org; and/or Adopt-A-Native-Elder Program, P.O. Box 3401, Park City, UT 84060, tel: (435) 649-0535; and/or Native American Heritage Association, 1221 Oregon Street, Rapid City, SD 57701, tel: (605) 341-9110.





Bluegrass Beemers members have supported many charities through the years, including the Walk for Wishes in 2008 at Keeneland Racetrack to benefit the Make-A-Wish Foundation.

Boone was such a wonderful person to know. Reading his poems, colored pencil artwork, and reviewing the stats on the weather and riders was a highlight when attending the 7 AM Saturday breakfasts. I enjoyed being "appointed" to president in 2007 when he ensured me that there was absolutely no work involved. We'll miss you buddy.

—Heather Auman

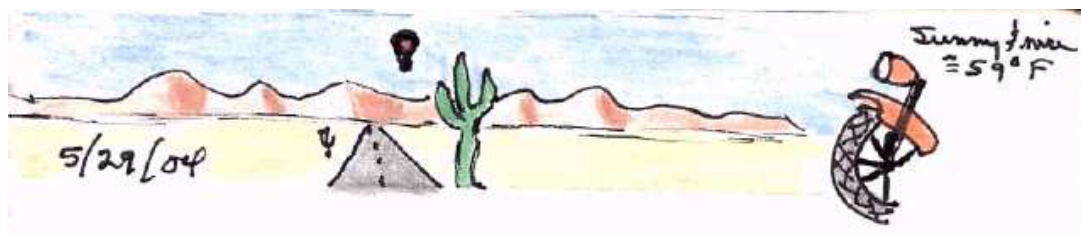
Boone -

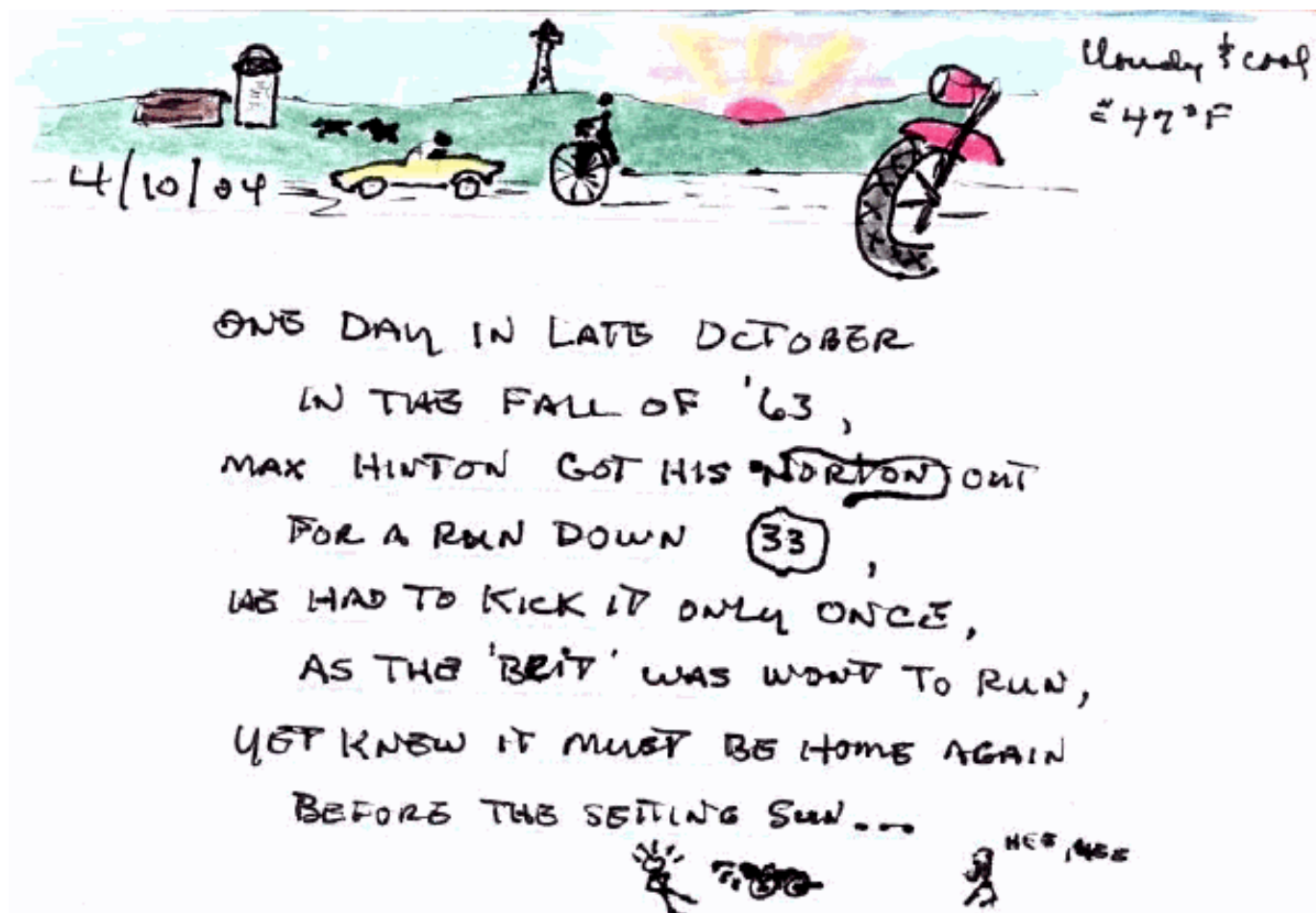
When I think of the man, the part I remember most is that smile.

The way he would be telling a ride tale {or any other of his adventures} and look up at an angle, and smile....

I will miss him.

—Matt Gafney





Boone

I never thought Boone wouldn't be with us since he was always there Saturday mornings being friendly and having interesting stories to tell.

He wrote some great poems in the margins of his Bluegrass Beemer notebook. He was always one person I looked forward to see on Saturday mornings at Frisch's. From the first time I met Boone in 1985 until the last time I saw him in June 2006, he was always inviting and a pleasure to talk to whether it was family, bikes, trips, or the weather; it was all good.

Since I moved to Arizona I always thought Boone would be one person I'd run into out here in Flagstaff or Tucson, since he really loved the southwest.

So here are two photographs of Boone at our morning breakfast back in 2004. I have other photos, but these show Boone in his

black and red jacket doing what he enjoyed the most, hanging out with his friends on a Saturday morning and taking the Bluegrass Beemer notes.

In remembrance, I was always very grateful for how welcoming and nice he was to my family when they joined me for breakfast. Boone really knew how to treat people well, especially children.

So I am sure to be thinking about Boone as I run these southwestern desert and mountain roads that he spoke so fondly of back on Saturday mornings at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.

As long as we remember him and the many good things he did, he will in part always be with us.

—Bill Voss



My Friend, Boone Sutherland

Try as I might, sitting down to write something about my friend, Boone Sutherland, has been very difficult.

Even though I realize that he will not be coming back, and I saw the results of the tragic chain of events, I still can't quite come to grips with never being able to see him again.

He was truly a great friend and a cornerstone of the Bluegrass Beemers Motorcycle Club. Anyone who ever met Boone had nothing but good things to say about him.

Even though I knew Boone for almost 15 years, there was a side of him that I didn't know much about, his humanitarian side.

He gave freely to the charities of his choice but didn't feel the need to say much about it. He knew that just by doing it was good enough. He also gave his unconditional friendship in much the same way. He leaves behind countless friends and acquaintances whose lives were enriched by knowing him, myself included. It was just the way he was.

I have taken hundreds of motorcycle rides with Boone and they were all somewhat special due to the "Booneism" comments that he would make.

Like the ride we took after breakfast on several occasions to Burgin, KY. We would stop at the same little grocery store for their cold Ale 8's as well as their "EAW", easily accessible whizzer.



Or the time that we were riding in North Middletown, KY and the muffler came loose on his 1997 H-D. We found some wire and a medium-sized stone in which to beat the muffler back on, then secure it with the wire. This became the "Emergency Harley Repair Kit" that he later mounted on his garage wall, labeled for all to see.

But most of all, I think I will miss seeing him at breakfast on Saturday mornings. He was a marvelous poet who adorned each page of the log book with a special, motorcycle-related poem complete with artwork and the ever-present stick men.

Some were witty, others were thought provoking, but they were all something that each and every one of us could relate to. That will be impossible to replace. I'm sure that everyone in the club will agree.

I could continue for hours reminiscing about times and adventures I had with Boone, but the real bottom line is that he was a true friend and a marvelous human being whose passing will leave a void in everyone's heart with whom he came in contact.

He was.....and is.....in my thoughts and prayers on a daily basis.

I can close my eyes and still

see the image of him in my rearview mirror giving the "thumbs-up" sign as we peeled off in different directions after one of our rides.....always with a smile on his face.

Ride on Boone ! Rest in peace brother. I hope to see you on the other side.

—Dave McCord



Ride 180 miles to breakfast, win free hats!

Mike Gregory, Chester Martin, Ben Parker, Mike Deweese, and Boone Sutherland hit the road before 4:00 a.m. to ride 220 miles to win hats from the Buckeye Beemers BMW club out of Columbus, Ohio. Hats were given to anyone who would ride over 180 miles to attend the club breakfast which on this morning took place at a truck stop north of Columbus in Worthington, Ohio.

Thanks, Boone.

My first meeting with Bluegrass Beemers in 1984 was a smaller gathering than what we see today, but the atmosphere was the same as today, and Boone was there to record what was going on.

I immediately sensed the special nature of the group that later would become Bluegrass Beemers.

After 13 years of riding (legally), I finally had found a group of motorcyclist kindred souls.

As more people joined the

group on Saturday mornings, the experience for me remained intact, and I never took for granted what we have had through the years.

On November 2, 2004, I attempted as the retiring president to speak to the special nature of Bluegrass Beemers by acknowledging, again, Boone's contributions to the club. I opened the presentation portion of the evening at Café Joseph-Beth with a reading of "Storm at Anton," written by Boone Sutherland and dated August,

1983.

To further set the tone for the evening prior to presentations, we circulated around the room the current log and a scrapbook by Boone featuring artifacts from club life of the late 80's and early 90's.

The scrapbook captures early club business, the first club campout at Natural Bridge and the national BMWMOA rally at Madison, Indiana where we must have had over 40 members present.

Boone, the artist, poet, musi-

cian, pilot, and one of the most personable men I have known, has left quite a legacy for us through his LOG and through his leadership by example of how to treat and respect those around us.

I hope this special issue of *Apex* provides some comfort and affords members one way to express themselves, to say "Thanks, Boone, for the Log, for your welcoming nature and friendship."

—Paul Elwyn

Maggie Valley 1991

