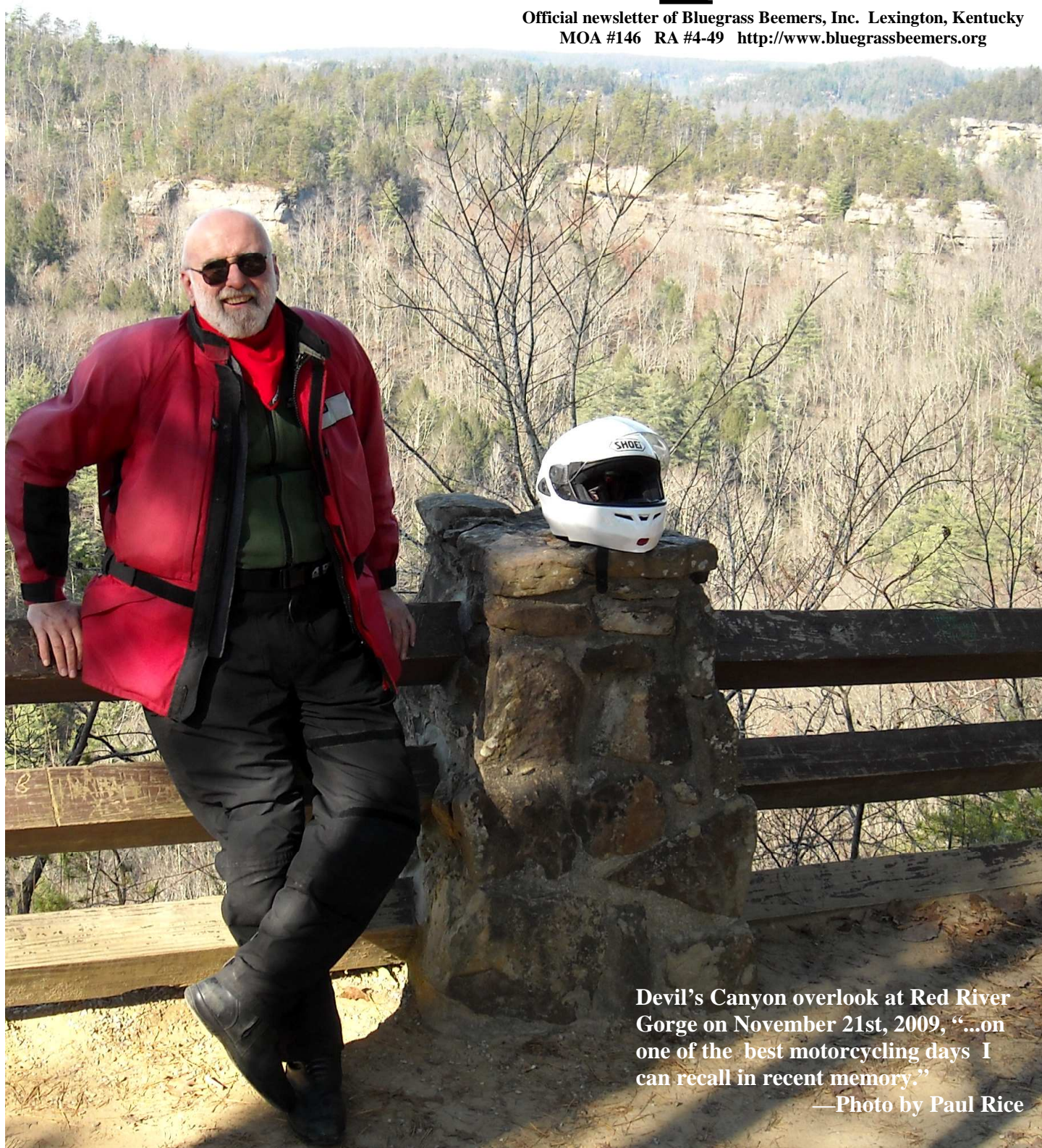


December 2009

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



Devil's Canyon overlook at Red River Gorge on November 21st, 2009, "...on one of the best motorcycling days I can recall in recent memory."

—Photo by Paul Rice



# **Holiday Open House and Moving Sale**

**Saturday • December 12  
10 am to 3 pm**



- **Special savings on bikes, parts and accessories**
- **Refreshments provided**

**Take advantage of BMW incentives on new bikes with cash allowances up to \$2000 and financing as low as 1.9%.**

## **BMW Motorcycles of Louisville**

**116 W. Breckinridge Street  
Downtown between 1st and 2nd  
(502) 568-2311  
[www.bmwloouisville.com](http://www.bmwloouisville.com)**

**BMW Motorrad  
USA**

**Motorcycles  
since 1923**



# Getting the shaft, prior to my BMW awakening

**I**n 1979, five years before my BMW enlightenment, I decided to add electric start to my manual start 1966 Harley.

I had pieced the bike together from odds and ends, mostly Harley parts.

I found the engine, mounted in a mongrel chassis with frame botched in several ways, in Louisville. The seller insisted the engine ran, so we towed him with a truck around his neighborhood on a 22 degree day, watching from the relative comfort of the truck's cab as the seller attempted time after time to engage the engine to prove it would run. Finally, the 74" FL former police engine with low compression fired. The seller let go of the tow rope and thudded around us, his bare face sparkling red in the cold air.

Months later after having completely rebuilt everything with all components replaced save the old police engine, the bike usually would start without too much difficulty, although one day the kickstand broke as I jumped on the starter pedal causing me to fall onto the right side of the bike as it fell to the pavement, destroying the fresh bodywork and paint. I was so enraged that I stomped the right tank to match the smashed left tank, picked the bike up and took it home, emerging two days later with the bodywork again fresh with flawless paint as though nothing had happened. Oh, and the bike had a new kickstand.

One July morning when the bike stalled on me in an intersection in Columbia, South Carolina during rush hour traffic, I became disenchanted with the manual start feature.

After three failed re-start attempts in the middle of the intersection with impatient com-

muters honking and roaring around me, I pushed the bike to the side of the intersection to resume kicking.

I kicked, and kicked, and kicked without even a cough from the old Linkert carburetor.

In frustration, I kicked the right fiberglass saddlebag completely free from its mount onto the pavement. Then, with one final leap in the air, I landed on the starter and the bike spluttered to life. I let it idle until fully warmed up, re-mounted the saddlebag and motored to the closest restaurant where I rushed into the restroom to deal with a gastrinomial emergency, then ate breakfast thinking through what I would need to do to convert the rig over to electric start.

A few weeks later, after returning on one cylinder to Danville from Daytona, Florida and having rebuilt the rear head to install fresh guides and valves, with many used parts from the junk room of Appelton's Harley-Davidson in Lexington, I had all I needed except the proper transmission main shaft to convert to electric start.

Billy at Louisville Harley-Davidson was the most knowledgeable parts person I knew. This was the old shop on Bardstown Road, no longer in business, today, but in 1979 this was both a dealership and a museum, a shrine to Harley's glory days prior to AMF.

I asked Billy for a long main shaft for the electric start conversion. He smiled and returned with a new shaft. I was excited to have the last part needed for the conversion.

Back in my garage, I reassembled the transmission with the longer main shaft, installed the transmission, inner primary cover, and slid the primary drive sprockets, drive chain and clutch shell onto the engine and

transmission shafts.

The transmission sprocket, however, was out of line with the engine sprocket and nothing I tried would allow the clutch end to properly align with the engine sprocket. So I disassembled the transmission and drove back to Louisville to see Billy.

I said something like, "This shaft is too long."

Billy smiled and said something like, "I know. I gave you a longer main shaft as you requested, but there are two, longer main shafts. You didn't tell me which one you wanted."

Dumbfounded, I said, "Please give me the main shaft that is the correct length." Which he did, smiling at me, having a good time.

After 400 miles of driving for the correct part, all went to-

gether well, and from that point forward the '66 had electric start, relieving me, for the most part, of further saddlebag kicking.

I sold that bike in 1980 for \$4000. The new owner later sold it for \$5,800, making more money on the bike than I did, which has been my history on nearly all vehicles I have sold.

Four Harley's later, I bought my first BMW, a 1983 R80RT, with no manual start feature and no devious parts person ready to shaft me.

Suddenly, in 1983, the focus was merely, "Where are we riding, today?"

—Paul Elwyn



**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.  
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #4-49**

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**Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.**

**Back issues of Apex can be accessed at**

**<http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>**

**Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.  
on any Saturday, 7-9:30 a.m.**



# Acceptance

**O**ne month into my 21st century motorcycling experience, I'm impressed.

As long as all the technology keeps working, the R1200GS is nearly perfect. It doesn't need any more power, it handles like the proverbial dream and it carries the two of us, very nearly approaching it's nominal capacity, as if it hasn't even noticed the burden. To the bike we must seem like two children on an elephant's back.

Once underway, the bike's own weight is inconsequential, like a heavyweight boxer who effortlessly dances 250 pounds of muscle as lightly as ballerina (an image I might not expound to his face!).

**If I have anything** I'd change it would be the fuel injection "dead spot," something I recall from my earlier brief foray into modernity in 1998. There is no "surging" as with that former model, but there is the phe-

nomenon where, on rolling off the throttle past a certain point, the bottom drops out and the engine seems to have turned off.

Rolling back on from dead throttle always has that "hit" where it goes from nothing to power with no transition, a digital rather than analog experience. I had the airheads pretty much down pat. I could do upshifts and downshifts seamlessly, not spilling the imaginary beer that Reg Pridmore told me I had on the tank. This fuel injected machine has me drenched in metaphorical Guinness with nearly every transition. I've come to the conclusion that I'm just going to have to get used to it..

**I picked up the TouraTech catalog, a dangerous thing for a new GS owner.** There is something in there to address every possible need (except the fuel injection!) and many needs that hardly seem to be possible. There are beautifully

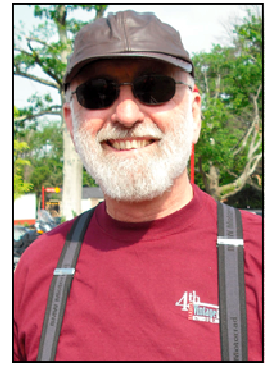
machined guards for every apurtenance on the bike and crash bars that encircle the engine and the bodywork. GPS's and other gadgets I don't even understand will keep one in touch with information out the proverbial wazoo. I believe that with a sufficiently sturdy credit card one could outfit a GS like the Batmobile, encased entirely in armor plate and impervious to anything...including the rider. The bike would be bulletproof and ready to navigate any trackless part of the world, if only it wasn't now too heavy for anyone but a (very tall) weightlifter to get it out of the driveway.

I've seen bikes equipped this way at rallies, some looking as if they've used this stuff in the Gobi Desert and the Amazon basin (on the same trip) and others that don't appear to have been out of the suburbs despite their round-the-world farkles.

**I'm always reminded of the exhibit at the AMA museum several years ago, "Women in Motorcycling"** which included a non-descript looking mid-80's Honda 250 on a pedestal. It was one of the company's early quasi-dual sport looking models, basically a Nighthawk 250 twin with a high mounted front fender.

This bike looked worn, but not abused, something one could imagine finding "for sale" in the front yard of a modest home, suitable for a young person's first bike.

But the plaque on the pedestal told the story, if I recall it accurately, of a middle aged woman who was early-retired when her company merged with another and her position made redundant. She said, per the plaque,



**John Rice**

that she didn't particularly want to go back to work immediately but also didn't want to just do nothing.

So she went for a ride on this Honda.....and ended up in Tierra del Fuego, at the southern tip of South America. She then rode the bike back up the other side of the that continent and finally shipped it back to the US and rode it home. All without GPS or adventure cases or special gizmos or gadgets. She just threw some stuff in a bag, bungied it on the back and went for a ride that didn't stop until she ran out of land. Now THAT'S an "adventure rider" in my book.

**I'm in neither of those camps at the moment.** I've made a lot of trips and covered a lot of ground with not much technological help, but nothing like the anonymous woman on the Honda. But I'm not going to have my bike looking like I magnetized it and rode it through Touratech's warehouse either.

With regard to the FI glitches, I'll try to follow the advice the legendary Oak Okelshon gave to one of our club members (who told the story on himself) when he called the great man too frequently for advice on minor problems with his bike. "Ron," Okelshon said, "Just ride the son-of-a-bitch". Ron took that advice and I think I will too.



## Tech Tip

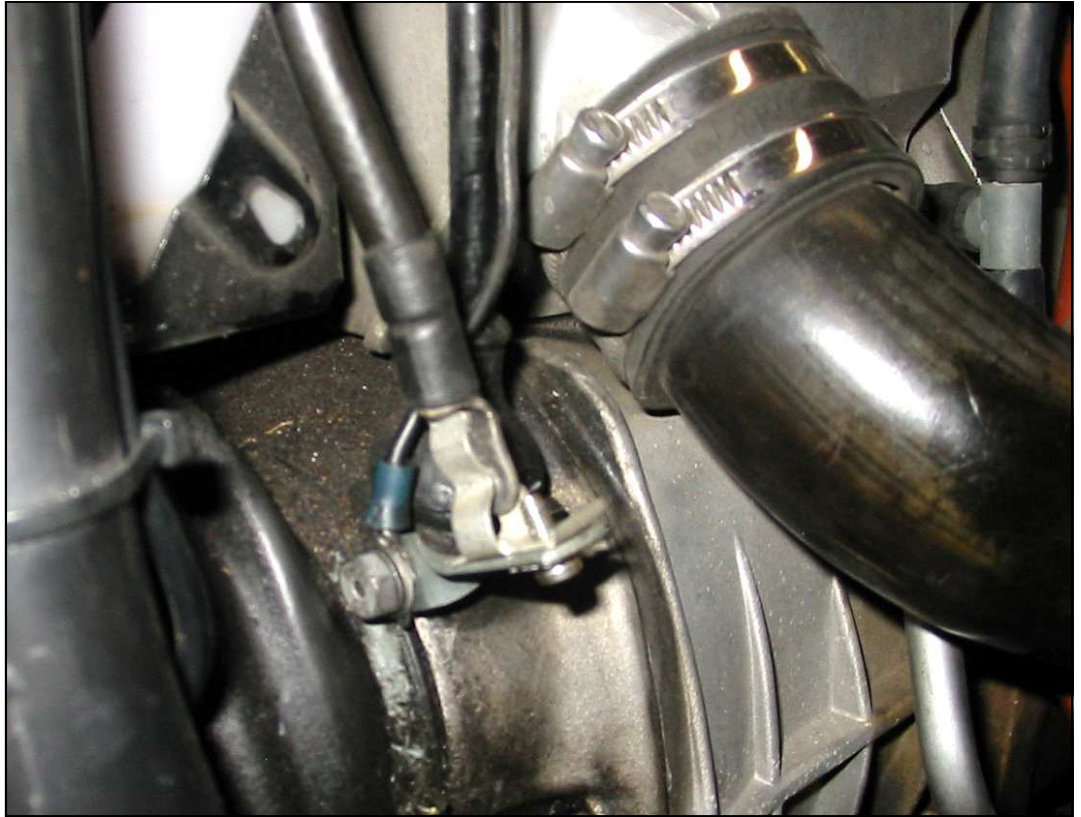
# Quick-release ground strap By Ron Blackburn

**Tired of loosening or removing the 10 mm bolt for the ground strap every time you want to do some electrical work or trouble-shooting on your Airhead?**

I used half of a scrap buss fuse holder, along with a homemade bracket, to simply insert the end of the male portion of the ground cable. You can now remove the ground cable quickly and easy.

The quick release also can be used to disable the bike, or alternately, keep the clock from draining your battery in storage.

I have some more of these fuse holders, so let me know if anyone wants one.



I did this because of a suspected sticky start relay which ran the battery

down once, but, other uses have now come to mind.

Ron Blackburn  
859-234-0096  
rblackburn@kih.net



In the winter I like to teach the old bikes new tricks. Right now I'm teaching the PD to roll over.



# The morning after



By John Rice

**A**cross the breakfast table, my knees looked at me balefully as they slowly stirred the oatmeal, longer than I thought it needed, actually.

"You're not 21 anymore," they muttered. "You haven't been for 40 years." My shoulders, in the opposite chair, grimaced as they reached for the coffee..

"What were you thinking?....Oh, wait, you weren't, were you?"

The neck just sat there, hunched over a slice of toast, then gave a long sigh. A conspiratorial look flashed among them, a

"See what we have to put up with" sort of look, then a collective sigh went round the table.

They made a sound, like the creaking the old house makes in those black and white horror movies on late night TV, and then all looked at me again.

I smiled. It had been fun, spending the day in the woods on an old Bultaco.

## For Sale

From the estate of James Boone Sutherland

1995 Ducati 900SP, 19,300 miles, \$3,000

2003 BMW R1150RS, 24,500 miles, \$6,500

Contact Randolph Scott at [randolph@randolphscottinsurance.com](mailto:randolph@randolphscottinsurance.com)



## ‘One of the best motorcycling days in recent memory’

By John Rice

**P**aul Rice took the photo of me (I'm on the left, not sure who the short wide guy in the helmet is) at the Devil's Canyon overlook in the Red River Gorge 11-21-09 on one of the best motorcycling days I can recall in recent memory.

We took 15 from Winchester, then through the Nada tunnel into the Gorge which was, well, gorgeous.

Although it's a beautiful place any time of the year, I prefer it when the leaves are down so that I can see back up into the

woods where the rock formations are found.

There were hikers and campers everywhere, enjoying nature in ways other than ours.

This is a special place, known around the US as a trekkers and rock-climber's paradise but one we don't visit often enough because it's so close that we take it for granted.

Few people know that it's thanks to the Sierra Club and my former partner Oscar Gerards that the Gorge isn't under water now. The Corps of Engineers had plans back in the 70's to make it into a lake.

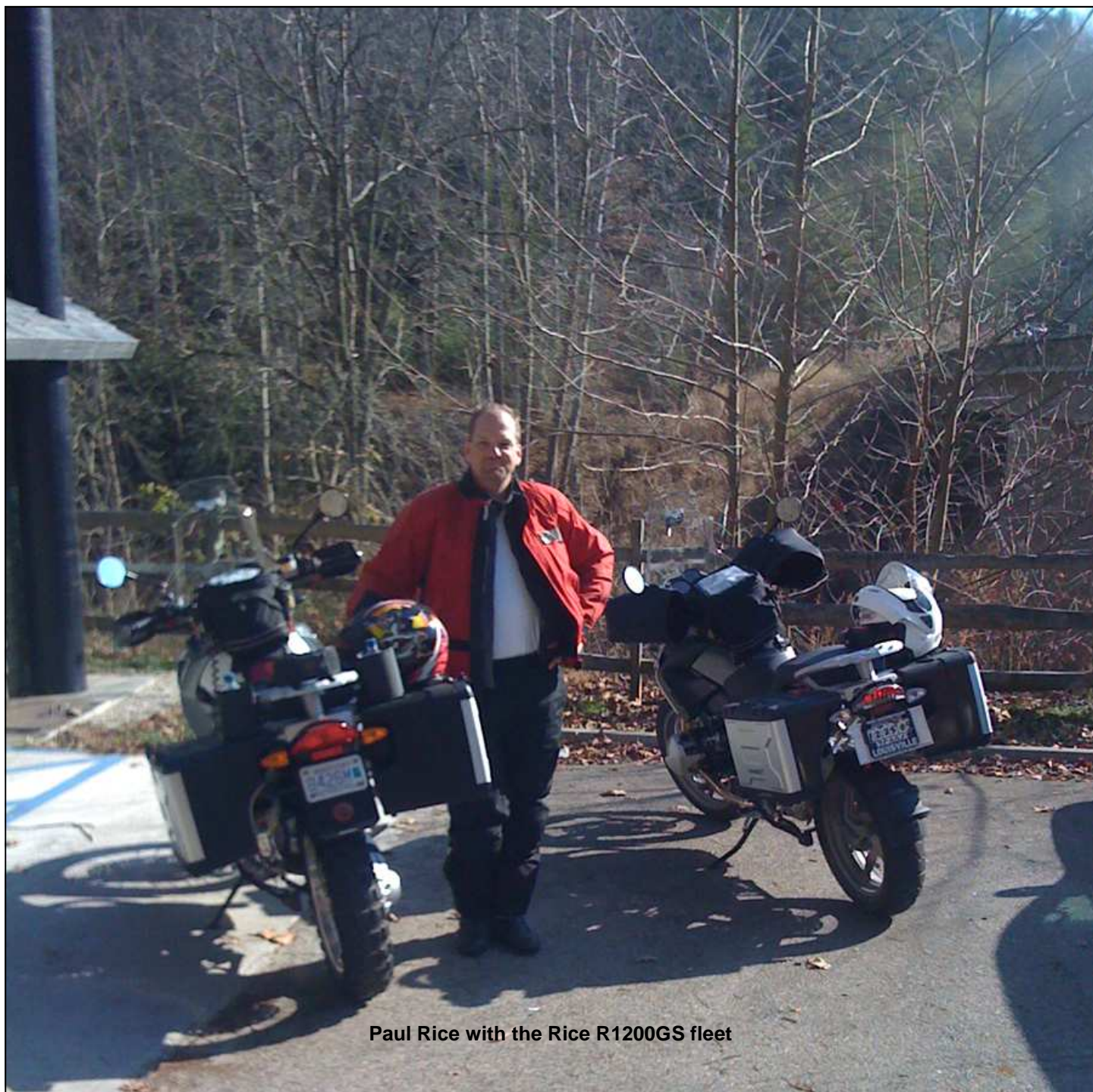
We rode in perfect bike weather, cool enough to be

comfortable in All The Gear but not so chilly as to be worried much about cold tires on the endless curves to be enjoyed in eastern Kentucky.

The new GS makes roads like this so easy that, as Paul says, it's almost like cheating.

At a rest stop, where I took the picture of Paul, a woman who was with her husband walking their dog commented, "We can't be-





Paul Rice with the Rice R1200GS fleet

## ‘One of the best motorcycling days in recent memory’

lieve your bikes are so quiet. It wasn't what we expected from motorcycles."

We went out of the Gorge long enough to have a comfort-food lunch at the Natural Bridge lodge, then retraced

our path back to the Route 77 split off to go towards 460. I hadn't been that way in quite a while and had forgotten how nice the sweeping ridge-top curves on that road could be.

We parted where 77 joined 460 so Paul could head back to Ashland and I could return to Winchester. 460 from there to Mt. Sterling has been "improved" so that it's not nearly as much fun as it used

to be, but even that could not dampen the enthusiasm generated by so perfect a ride.

I hope this day is one of the ones that stays when age begins to erase the tape.

—John Rice



# Saturday at Frisch's



## Lee Thompson buys a 1978 R100

**A** visit with Kelly Ramsey provided the final moment that moved Lee Thompson to sell his R1150R so he could buy an Airhead.

The search ended in Dayton, Ohio, where Lee found this 1978 R100 sporting fresh paint. With dual-plugged engine and sporting Lester wheels, the

boxer provides the perfect platform for Lee to move forward with his vision of a special bike. Plans include an S fairing and much TLC for the Airhead

that obviously has been in the hands of a knowledgeable and caring owner.

Congratulations, Lee!



# Saturday at Frisch's



## Marrea Matthews: Riding two bikes in one trip

**M**arrea Matthews transports bicycles, either her Giant TCR2r road bike or the Gary Fischer Big Sur mountain bike, on her F650GS BMW.

Marrea says, "The bicycle rack is an inexpensive rack used on automobiles. It's the type that is usually strapped to

the trunk and/or bumper. It's adjusted and fixed to the rear mounting rack on the f650gs with four straps.

"I've carried a road bike (17 pounds) and a mountain bike (25 lbs). The wheels are removed and hung on the bars that hold the frame. All is secured w/ three straps and a

small bungee cord. I've transported the bicycles this way for over a year now and as far away as Berea and the Red River Gorge for Bluegrass Cycling Club sponsored rides.

"There is no noticeable effect on the handling of the motorcycle; the wind passes right through, and the additional

weight on the back is negligible.

"The down side is the time (15 min. or so) it takes to prepare the bicycle. This is done while the frame stays on the rack. The up side is getting to ride both bikes in one trip!"



# Saturday at Frisch's

**B**luegrass Beemerphiles always enjoy checking out the latest iron, but John Rice's purchase of a NEW R1200GS makes a beautiful November morning even better.

John's reluctance to embrace BMW motorcycle technology beyond that of the venerable type 247 Airhead for years has been a common understanding among Bluegrass Beemerphiles.

John's purchase of a new BMW motorcycle, then, raises the celebration of a new motorcycle to another level, even recognized by Mother Earth whose favorite activity usually includes soaking John in rain, except on this beautiful morning, November 14th.





# Saturday at Frisch's



Top Left: John Rice, who rides in the coldest, darkest, and soggiest winter weather, has equipped his new GS with serious hand warmers.  
Top Right: Checking out John's new GS.

Bottom Left: The Porsche isn't a motorcycle, but ....  
Middle Right: Lee's having a great morning!  
Bottom Right: Pockets of Bluegrass Beemers all over the place!



# Saturday at Frisch's



Meet Jason Grabham, Technical Director at Kentucky Children's Hospital, with his new F800GS. Jason brings a dual-sport background to his first-time BMW experience and plans to put the GS to the test out West. He's impressed with the F800 performance and comfort, especially since adding a Sargent seat.

Lowell Roark's R1100GS rear view mirror reflects sunlight on the most beautiful Saturday morning in November.





# The Streets in France Part 2

By James Street with photography by James and Stacey Street



**I**n the first installment of this story, we'd picked up the K100LT in Easington on the northeast coast of England and ridden to Dover, then took the ferry to France where we broke down and were rescued by a small bike shop in Neufchatel. We'd received the bill, paid and now...

Back on the road again, but the weather deteriorated and it was late in the evening with reservations in Chenonceaux to make.

I'd guess that we were about 220 or so miles from our desti-

nation and rode through a continual downpour in sparse traffic.

We passed electrical wind farms, grain fields and bridges with wind socks and warnings about windy conditions but unfortunately the weather didn't promote enjoyment of the sights. Stopped late to get something to eat at a motorway rest stop and, thinking I only have a few miles to go, didn't get gas.

Remember the earlier observation that things close at 7 in rural France? I didn't. We get back on the road and the fuel light goes on and I begin looking for an "essence" (the French have to have their own word for everything) station but to no avail. We got off the motorway and continued to look for a service station and didn't

find one. We ended up in Amboise, a fairly large city along our route, and couldn't find anything open. After driving through Amboise one way and back another we ran into two early middle aged guys and a woman walking out of a restaurant, and after a moment or two it was clearly evident that they were marginally aware of what country they were in due to their apparent over-indulgence in the products of the local vineyards.

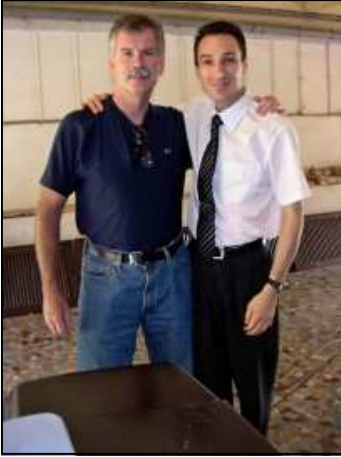
They gave us directions to a service station, and I was sure they were leading us astray, but in fact there was a station at the terminus of their directions. I pulled in thinking I'd been saved once again.

Guess what? It was an unmanned auto-serve station that didn't take credit cards without a "chip" in them, and we had no such card.

It's pretty humiliating pushing a motorcycle in a foreign country from pump to pump and draining the residual gas from each hose into one's tank, but that's what I did. Desperate men do desperate things, especially when one's wife is not amused by such careless frivolity. At least anyone seeing me would have thought that we were British instead of American because of the license plate, so you can go to bed tonight



## The Streets in France Part 2



James with rescuer  
Monsieur Laurent



Chenonceaux

with the reassurance that I didn't embarrass my countrymen.

Back on the bike and back through town, and we find a guy who speaks English and directs us to the other end of Amboise and assures us that there's a service station that's open.

We follow directions and there is a "Super Marche" store with the same unmanned auto-serve station that requires the same "chip" credit card.

Once again I denigrate myself by going from pump to pump and collect the residual gas from the hose, but this time Stacey's had enough, and I mean really had enough—we weren't communicating on a congenial level at that point—and she calls our hotel, where we have reservations that night, and gets the owner's wife on the phone.

After the owner's wife admonishes Stacey that we shouldn't have run out of gas, and at which time I could tell that Stacey was on the verge of using language normally reserved for the navy and construction trades, the phone is taken by the owner, Monsieur Laurent, who says he has folks in the dining room but if they leave pretty soon he'll call back and come and try to help.

And for the second time in the same day a stranger in a strange land, Monsieur Laurent, rescued us.

About 20 minutes later he rolls in and gives me his credit card and says "fill it up." I do without complaint and then go into a series of apologies for being such an idiot, and that results in him positioning his thumb and forefinger like a pistol and imaginarily shooting me several times.

He says, "OK, now you're punished," which was a very clever way of recognizing my mistake, allowing me an appropriate level of contrition, getting it behind us and allowing

us to get onto the business at hand: getting to his hotel.

He pulled out with me in tow, and then I raced to keep up with him driving this weird little delivery van that looks like a 1940 Chevrolet panel truck that's been left in the sun too long and shrunk to about 2/3 scale in which he absolutely flew.

We got back to his hotel, a lovely place that's worth a story of its own, and bedded down for a very much appreciated night's sleep.

All of the travel recommendations will tell you that the continental breakfast that hotels offer is a rip off, but I recommend going ahead and paying the 8 or 9 Euros they charge because of the convenience and because it's good to spend money with people who are willing to save you from yourself.

Monsieur Laurent and Sophie, Ms. Laurent, set up a fine table of various cheeses, bread, croissants and coffee. Once again, it was very good with varying textures: the croissants melted in your mouth and the baguettes had the requisite hard crust and soft innards.

Stacey is a great fan of middle age and renaissance archi-

tecture and history, so the Chateau at Chenonceaux was a must-see for her.

Chenonceaux, as you can see from the pictures, has the unique feature of spanning the river with a great hall supported by arches and its multi-staged construction spanned the middle ages and renaissance.

I'll have to go back to my history books to get which king's mistress Chenonceaux belonged to in its heyday, but it must have been good to have been good in bed with the king at that point in France's storied past, as it is an opulent place.

I've always wondered how palimony lawsuits can work in such favor of a person with no apparent contractual connection to another person's wealth, but I now understand that the precedent was established long ago.

We walked through the gardens and then were caught in a deluge which forced us to huddle in the lee side of a huge tree that offered some protection from the elements.

Once the rain subsided, we went to the Hotel Roy in downtown Chenonceaux and ordered a light lunch of quiche to be washed down with local wine.



Stacey Street seated near Chenonceaux's great hall supported by arches, a multi-staged construction spanning the middle ages and renaissance.



## The Streets in France Part 2

Nothing spectacular occurred here although there were other Americans in the restaurant that I didn't particularly care to get to know, and our waitress tried to stiff us on the check by double charging for a glass of wine. She feigned making a mistake adding the tab, but I suspect her shtick was to do this to foreign travelers as the opportunity presented itself.

I always remind my children that there are thieves in every city for whom taking advantage of travelers is a cottage industry, but it is always a surprise when it actually happens.

Our erstwhile thief straightened out the tab so there was no harm, and it provided us a lesson in being careful.

After lunch we went to the hotel, donned riding togs, collected the motorcycle, and rode through the countryside to another of Stacey's list of chateaus that were "must see's" in the Loire Valley: Chiverney.

Although the sun had actually illuminated the way there, the French tourism bureau must have arranged for the heavens to open up a deluge just as we purchased tickets to go on the grounds.

We'd worn our waterproof motorcycle jackets in, so we merely plopped our helmet on our heads and walked the quarter mile or so to the chateau and arrived relatively dry.

The locals must have thought they'd been invaded by helmet-wearing aliens, which I guess we were, but it served the purpose.

Once in full view of the outside of Chiverney and then again on the inside, I was reminded me of the excesses of the French upper class that resulted in violent revolution. It would have been really hard to have lived on iron rations tilling the ground and living on potatoes while one's neighbor lived in such overstated opulence and



Chiverney in the Loire Valley



Chiverney from the back side

**I always remind my children that there are thieves in every city for whom taking advantage of travelers is a cottage industry, but it is always a surprise when it actually happens.**

wealth. Sort of like watching a Goldman Sachs executive getting \$250 million in bonuses for taking my tax dollars and bailing himself out of a mess totally created by him, but I digress.

Chiverney was a bit over the top with ornate millwork, finials, arched roofs, and more architectural excess incorporated into the exterior.

Inside just went one step further with silk hand painted wallpaper (isn't that contradictory?), exotic hardwoods, finely detailed furniture, and one of the most interesting "grandfather" clocks that I've seen.

It was ornately carved and had virtually no planes or straight lines in it and sort of organically flowed from bottom to top with painted enamel and gold leaf floral designs.

Anyway, for all of the excess in wealth and architecture we found the same rubber lizard store you'd expect in Gatlinburg parked out back in which one could buy a representation of their moment of splendor fashioned from plastic or tin and made in China.

On our way off the grounds there was a "feeding of the hounds" where a whole pack of fox hounds-they still hunt there -were incited into a feeding



## The Streets in France Part 2



frenzy by throwing raw meat to them. I noticed that the atavistic emotional response took over, because the entire crowd just couldn't pass up an opportunity to witness potential carnage even if only involved dogs.

In contrast to Chenonceaux, I didn't like Chiverney because it lacked reserved dignity in its

youth and remained lacking for the last few hundred years. On the return ride I became concerned about the low level of oil in the K100 (having almost forgotten the proclivity of these beasts to consume oil), so we went in search of a store with semi-synthetic lubricant. Once again we followed directions to the "Super Marche" and in the process passed some sort of automobile that looked like a pedal car on steroids. I've since looked through lists of French subcompact cars to find what brand and model it may have been, but there are dozens of makes and models that fit in that category and so far I've had no luck finding which one it was.

However, noting that it makes a Smart Car look like a stretch limousine puts it in some perspective. Anyway, we passed it and zipped on to the Super Marche and found the requisite semi-syn oil and I topped up the crankcase. While putting the oil away the previously passed very small car pulled into the parking lot at which time it became apparent that it was propelled by a single cylinder engine, and after it was parked and the occupant got out I learned another lesson: never judge the size of a person by the car they drive.

The fellow driving the tiny car took what seemed to be

several minutes to emerge as he unfolded himself to about six feet four inches.

The sun finally escaped from the clouds on the way home, and we motored back the same way we'd gone to Chiverney and we passed through several villages into one with a large cathedral on a hill overlooking the town. Tried to find our way to the cathedral but got lost in a series of one-way narrow streets and gave up to pursue something to satisfy our increasing hunger.

We continued back to Chenonceaux and made way to our room for showers and to dress appropriately for dinner where we had reservations at La Roserie that night.

A word about dressing for dinner: Dinner wear is somewhat limited when one is packing for two weeks in one saddlebag of an old BMW, but I did manage to throw in a travel jacket. So dressing for dinner for me was a travel jacket over an Under Armor tee shirt with jeans and polished riding boots. If anyone noticed my attire, they didn't do so in any way that I could detect.

Dinner at La Rosarie was splendid. Monsieur Laurent recommended pork cheek for Stacey in response to her question about what he preferred, and I had lamb. Stacey's first course was a fish touréne, and I stuck with a good standby that turned out to be far better than I ever imagined, and I'm exposing my complete lack of imagination: French onion soup.

The fish touréne's presentation was a geometric and colorimetric wonder, and the soup was unbelievable. Once again, it is probably a surprise only to me that the French do their eponymous soup so well. The onions had been perfectly reduced and caramelized to a thick, thick gravy consistency and they were topped with local cheese... wonderful!





## The Streets in France Part 2

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After dinner we staggered through town giggling and took pictures of the street scenes and then argued over whose were the most out of focus.

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Stacey's pork cheek exceeded expectations in every way: it was presented in a way that made you think an architect laid out every snibbet of food on the plate, and the work done by the chef prior to getting it to the dining room was very well done.

Did I mention the wine? Stacey had a local white that was recommended by Monsieur Laurent that she photographed so we could find it upon our return, and I had a

local red that was similarly great.

Stacey's desert was another one of Monsieur Laurent's recommendations and it consisted of plums in what Stacey labelled a "river of alcohol," which consisted of a simple sugar blended with brandy. Again, it was great.

After dinner we staggered through town giggling and took pictures of the street scenes and then argued over whose were the most out of focus. Even though I waged a fairly convincing argument in which I failed to convince her that my photos were better, the fact was that hers were more in focus. However, her camera is of much higher quality than mine and I've now come to recognize that all of the differences in photo quality where hers are better are simply the result of her having a better camera; any photos that I took that were better are the result of my photographic brilliance.

Never let it be said that I'm not the master of brilliant excuses.

After another morning of the usual breakfast fare, it was time to leave La Rosarie. Monsieur Laurent came out to wish us well and he showed me his motorcycle which was a fairly new K-RS of some undetermined engine size. He wished us well, pointed us in the general direction of Chinon, and off we went.

**Next month:** Chinon, the River Cher, another Chateaux, and a living room full of classic motorcycles.







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Hours:

Tuesday – Friday 10 – 6 / Saturday 9 – 3

Closed Sunday & Monday