

June 2009

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

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



**Looking out from San Gimignano, a small  
medieval hill town in the province  
of Siena, Tuscany. Heather Auman shares  
her riding experience in Italy**

**Photo by Heather Auman**

# Motorcycle gatherings allow us to sort through more than motorcycles



In 1971 I bought this 1967 Thunderbolt for \$350 in this tortured state with 6" slugs screwed into the front forks, solid rear struts with shock springs for decoration, only, and sawed off header pipes with no mufflers.

I'm showing off my first paint job, including hand lettering of the BSA logo on the tank. The engine rested on our kitchen table for a month while one bedroom in our second-floor apartment became a paint booth and then an assembly room. I later removed the fork slugs but for lack of money continued to ride with no rear suspension.

I introduced Maureen to motorcycling on this bike, and we were young enough to have a great time on the gravel back roads in Illinois, bouncing along, oil streaks up our backs. I sold this bike for \$650 and moved on to a 1951 Harley, which Maureen sensibly wanted nothing to do with.

This image captures a time when as a new college graduate I knew everything... and nothing.

Two weeks ago I attended a wedding in Illinois to maintain peace among family members, and today I write prior to leaving once again for Illinois, this time to attend the 90th birthday party of my step-grandmother, a much more palatable occasion, but one that leaves me taking time here to pause and reflect.

We tend to focus merely on what is immediately confronting us or that which is in need

of confrontation, when, in fact, we should confront where we are and want to be.

Last Saturday offered another pleasant gathering of Bluegrass Beemers at Frisch's, and the weather forecast for this Saturday looks encouraging, hopefully drawing another large group to Frisch's.

I will be thinking about that likely event as I steer my family toward Illinois on I-64 with wife pleasantly talking by my

side and daughter asleep in the back seat.

At first blush, I don't want to drive, again, to Illinois, a place we chose to leave in 1975. Although I would not characterize my family as dysfunctional, we are a real family with a wide range of life challenges, and several members have had more than their share of hardship.

So, as I initially resent another family obligation, I review the life stories within the family and conclude that the least I can do is be there for the birthday of a woman who during her 90 years has spent more time caring for others than focusing on her own circumstances.

And I should be, and am, grateful to have two people with me in the car. Too many people in this world are alone.

Still, it's in my nature to dwell on what should be, from my perspective, rather than on what is unfolding in my relatively new lifestyle as a retiree.

Five hours into a 12-hour drive to pick up a 2006 Triumph Scrambler my friend accidentally bought on ebay, he asked, again: "How long do you think we can continue to do this?"

"This" means riding motorcycles. As I have said to him before, I see people much older than we are continuing to ride well and enjoy riding, so I think if we take care of ourselves we can continue to do this for quite a while longer.

So I said this to him, again. Then, as we continued along in his truck without talking further for a few moments, I thought about his last accident, I thought about physical issues that are beginning to affect my

riding, and I thought further about riding, retirement, life, and family.

When Doug Searcy emailed to say that he had been ill and had missed attending Bluegrass Beemers breakfasts, and when at the May 30th Saturday gathering he reflected in the parking lot on being grateful to be back on a motorcycle and among riders, I listened well, as did John Rice and Dave McCord. The four of us added our thoughts to the effect that we don't ride as hard as we once did, and we increasingly take into account where we are in life and reflect on how we're doing.

I was surprised when Doug said he was 72 years old. I would have guessed him to be younger, closer to my 60 years.

I was thinking about Boone, again, and wishing he were with us, and wondered if the others were also thinking of Boone.

I impulsively took a photo of Doug as he talked, and I really like what I see. Here's a man with an impressive life story, and he's continuing to make the most of what he has, as I hope we all are.

So, as I brace to meet family responsibility, I carry a little more balance than I could muster in 1975, one of the outcomes of having lived another 34 years.

Hopefully, following the birthday party car trip, I'll be able to join John's Café Run in Winchester June 13th, an event I hope all Bluegrass Beemers will attend.

In these gatherings with motorcycles, after all, we sort through more than motorcycles.

—Paul Elwyn





Route taken (Italian names): Firenze, Montespertoli, Gambassi, S. Gimignano, Poggibonsi, Tararnelle, S. Casciano, Certosa, Impruneta, Firenze. Makes me hungry- sounds like Italian dishes.

# Tuscan Day Tour

**Story and Photography  
By Heather Auman**

**We agreed on a  
½ day tour with  
Riccardo as my  
guide and having  
lunch at San  
Gimignano.**

Florence, Italy  
March 2009

**T**he second week of my trip to Italy in March, I decided to do what I really wanted, a small tour by motorcycle.

You could rent a Vespa about anywhere, but there was one place in Florence that rented motorcycles, including BMW's.

After searching for two hours on foot for STRADANOVA, I was greeted by a thin Italian man with grey/black hair and a shaggy goatee, with a few hoops in his left ear.

I inquired with many questions about renting a motorcycle, and after 20 minutes got the nerve to ask what the fee would be for a personal tour guide.

I felt a bit uncomfortable

driving on my own and not being able to understand road signs, with GPS unavailable. I know how unsafe it is to be looking down constantly without being able to fully enjoy the Tuscan scenery.

It was a beautiful 60 degree F day with no clouds that particular morning, and I think the gentleman was hoping to get out of the shop.

He called the general manager, Erika Mugnai, who, incidentally, happens to be the 2008 Motorcycle Rally Italian

champion with her F800GS. She has numerous accomplishments showing on her website, and it was truly an honor to meet her. <http://www.stradanova.com/index2.html>

My initial plan was to take a pleasant ride on the interstate to Pisa and Lucca, but Riccardo Vismara, speaking with his charming Italian accent, and with descriptive hand motions, remarked, "Oh nooooo, you must not take straight roads here. There are many beautiful paths to take winding through olive and grape farms..."

I was sold! We agreed on a ½ day tour with Riccardo as my guide and having lunch at San Gimignano, a small medieval hill town in the province of Siena, Tuscany. It's mainly famous for its medieval architecture, especially the towers.

The store was about 6' wide and 40' long, barely enough for two bikes parked side-by-side, and a little walking space between the old stone walls. He pulled out a 2005 BMW 1200GS for himself, and for me a 2008 BMW F650GS, but with



Riccardo Vismara at Stradanova, Florence, Italy



the F800 engine, similar to my bike at home. It was even the same color as mine - Titan blue. I don't know why this was so important, but it added to the excitement factor. A huge bonus was that I was fitted with very nice riding boots (the best in Italy, he boasts), gloves, and a flip-up helmet.

I was quite nervous riding a new bike, driving on unfamiliar roads, deciphering signs in a language I didn't understand, and getting out of the city. We exchanged hand signals and a few words of caution regarding numerous hidden speed cameras.

Riding out of the city was terrifying on the slippery old cobblestone roads, and I fished a few times, braking to avoid cars.

We stopped after 20 minutes when we were finally out of the city, (white knuckles) and he decided to take a longer leg to enjoy a stunning view of the Tuscan Valley.

He gave me a "feel good" comment, remarking that I ride very well. Later, he told some stories of Americans "knowing how to ride," but then crashing their Vespas and motorcycles. Nearly all the damaged bikes in Stradanova's history are due to American renters.

He led me through the val-

leys, hilltops, and small towns-spectacular! A few times we stopped and chatted about the history of places famous for their olive oil, Chianti, and fine ceramics.

The scenery was amazing (difficult to insert sufficient

Tuscan homes dotting the countryside.

My guide stated that he conducts tours one or two times a month, being a native of Milan, is very proud of his business. He was very patient, and used hand signals and turn signals



View of the Ponte (Italian for "Old Bridge"), a Medieval bridge over the Arno River in Florence, Italy, noted for still having shops built along it.

adjective here); silver-green leafed olive farms, followed by rolling grape fields and old

early and often.

There were a few hairpin turns through which I had to use extreme caution, while he zipped through with ease.

On the roadway there were many cameras to catch speeders; but by taking a guide, I was able to avoid all police tickets! Approaching San Gimignano, we could see the towers from a good distance.

At the height of San Gimignano's wealth and power, more than 70 towers loomed over the city. The towers were built to defend the town against attacks; they provided shelter and were perfect for pouring boiling oil on enemies. They

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**On the roadway there were many cameras to catch speeders; but by taking a guide, I was able to avoid all police tickets!**

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**At the height of San Gimignano's wealth and power, more than 70 towers loomed over the city. The towers were built to defend the town against Attacks.**

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were also used by competing families to intimidate each other and as a symbol of wealth and power.

While in San Gimignano, do as the locals do and enjoy a Tuscan lunch topped off with the famous local wine, Vernaccia.

The Tuscan specialties are simple and hearty, and include pasta with truffles, meats such

as wild boar roasted with rosemary, sage and thyme, and cannellini - beans simmered in olive oil and herbs until creamy.

Tuscans make their bread without salt - a practice dating back to when salt was a heavily taxed item.

We walked around for 15 minutes through very steep walkways and gawked at the many varieties of stonework. It was impressive to imagine how the arcs in brick ceilings were constructed, and how they have been able to withstand the test of time.

By the early afternoon, my tour should have been over, but it continued on the long way back to Florence, making my trip a total of 6.5 hours of pure enjoyment (when not driving in the city)! It was truly an unforgettable day!



These small cars with square license plates are not officially "cars" but are registered as motorcycles. Owners are either 16-17 years old or people who have lost their driving privi-



Olive farm with San Gimignano in background.



# Think'n in the rain

By John Rice

I rode the black R100R to northern Kentucky on a recent Thursday for a continuing legal education seminar.

It was a lovely ride up, despite threatening skies, swinging the bends on Rt. 36 from Cynthiana to Williamstown and then on up 25 to the Airport hotel where the class was being held.

By Friday evening, as the class was ending, the threats had become real and there was a serious storm lashing the area with buckets of rain and gusty winds.

Several of my colleagues, who had seen my helmet under my chair, expressed concern and offered to give me a ride back to central Kentucky.

They were puzzled when I refused, giving me that look one gives someone who is obviously too dim to understand the predicament they are in.

I was amused by the irony. Lawyers, who are stereotyped by the public with an image that is so far from the reality of our profession's world were now stereotyping me as a motorcyclist. They formed an impression of what I was about to do from almost no actual information, using only what they assumed must be the case. ....just as is often done to them (well, "us", since I'm one of them too.)

I left the hotel in a downpour and headed out into the 5 o'clock traffic (can it really be "traffic" if it isn't going anywhere?) on the highway.

After a few miles of stop and go, the road opened up a bit and I could cruise at a decent pace. I watched people in cars pointing at me, some shaking

their heads, as I have seen for nearly half a century now. If I was in my car, I thought, I'd be bored, changing radio stations or the CD, just marking time until I got home. I'd be dry and warm, but uninterested in my own progress, just wanting it to be over.

On the bike, hands lightly on the grips, toes on the pegs, I was scanning everything in front of me, checking the mirrors, with all senses alert. I thought of Burt Munro's quote, something to the effect that "You can live more in 60 seconds on a fast motorcycle than most people do in their lifetime." I was going considerably slower than Burt, but surely there's some points for wind and rain.

Unlike the dire predictions of

the people at the seminar, I felt no excess of danger, no particular vulnerability. I was in a familiar, if somewhat precarious situation, but I had a pretty good idea of the risks I was taking and what to do to control them to a reasonable degree. Much like when I step in front of a jury to present a case, a circumstance well known to the people I'd left but uncharted territory to most not in the profession.

Kenny Roberts once said that he wasn't afraid of anything he could see. His performance on a race bike was phenomenal, cool confidence in the face of, to the rest of us, unimaginable danger. But King Kenny admitted that scuba diving scared him silly.

Something enjoyed by people



from all walks of life, in various stages of age and fitness, terrified a man for whom 180 mph with his knee scraping the asphalt was just another day at the office.

I am by no means saying that I'm in his league in anything I do, but the analogy is there.

What the uninitiated think is impossibly dangerous and/or foolish, those who actually do it find to be fun.



Grandson Ian Rice may not yet be tall enough to ride John's R100R, but he probably anticipates the day when he will be. "Ian's the one we have to call in when it's getting dark in the field," notes John.

# Saturday in San Diego's best motorcycle shops

**By Bill Voss**

Morning in San Diego, CA is always near perfect to perfect weather wise, but this morning I didn't have a business seminar to attend for a change. My wife,

Jenny, was stuck at a business seminar on this occasion. I was free to finally see some of the local motorcycle shops that have eluded me on my many previous visits.

The first place I put into the

GPS was GP Motorcycles currently at 1606 G Street in San Diego, but they have since moved to a new location. Now they are at 3617 B. India Street in San Diego.

They advertize themselves as a "European" motorcycle shop and they sell Ducati, Aprilia, Moto Guzzi, Husqvarna, and MV.

When I arrived at their shop, there was a row of used motorcycles outside and a mix of new motorcycles inside. There was a 50's vintage blue Triumph Speed Twin sitting in one corner and a Senna edition F4 MV that a customer was selling on consignment by the far wall.

I was pleasantly greeted by one of their staff and encouraged to look around. After noticing my interest in the old Triumph, the salesman took me into their shop area to meet the owner who was working on a Ducati along with four other mechanics working on Ducatis and one very old single cylinder Moto Guzzi.

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**GP Motorcycles  
at 3617 B.  
India Street  
San Diego, CA,  
specializes in  
Ducati, Aprilia,  
Moto Guzzi,  
Husqvarna, and  
MV.**

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The owner has been a vintage racer for many years and one of his vintage racers, a BSA Triple from the early seventies, was sitting against the wall .

He has a blur Triumph gas tank for it, since Triumph and BSA used the same three cylinder engine.

He said that the economy here is slow like everywhere else, but their business was doing fine. They were looking forward to moving to their new location. They were expecting new 2009 MVs to arrive in the next couple of months. Plus, they have a Albert "Gus" Gustafson vintage ride scheduled for June 14th for pre 1980 vintage bikes.

Before I left they recommended that I visit a shop that specializes in vintage motorcycles called Trophy Motorcycles off El Cajun Blvd. They kindly gave me directions and I was off to see more rare vintage bikes.





## Saturday in San Diego's best motorcycle shops

When I arrived at Trophy Motorcycles there were two beautiful British bikes from the seventies for sale out front. Then there were about fifteen vintage bikes from better than new condition to needing restoration throughout the shop.

One of the owners' own Triumph TR6C (Green/white gas tank in photo) was on display only, but a perfect example.

While I was there a number of vintage bikes, mainly British, and a few Ducati classics came and went. They have a very well set-up shop and per-

television because they like having people stop by who enjoy vintage bikes to stay awhile.

The owners of Trophy Motorcycles had high praise for their friends at GP Motorcycles and at one time use to work for them. They decided a little over a year ago to strike out on their own and specialize in vintage to late model service and repair. Their business is doing very well, and their shop is filled with vintage bikes, parts, and posters. Then one of the owners, Isaac Heinrich, said I really

These photographs are from Trophy Motorcycles and are a few of the Nortons, Triumphs, and BSAs they currently offer for sale.

I looked around in amazement at the rarity and variety of different motorcycles and parts packed into this building and then I met Sonny Angle.



form all sorts of service and repairs on "British, European, and Japanese vintage to late model motorcycles.

There shop has couches and a

needed to visit Sonny Angel's shop just south of here in National City. I got my directions and I was off to another rare vintage motorcycle shop.

I made short work in my Tundra down to National City and found Sonny Angle Motorcycles at 34 E. 18th Street.

At first, I didn't know what to make of his shop. It was a mixture of old and new, from completely rough to new Moto Guzzi and a variety of vintage bikes. He had bikes stuffed away in corners and up in the rafters. Many of these bikes were absolutely incredible to absolute rough and well used.

In short, Sonny is a legendary figure in motorcycle racing and a visitor to the Bonneville Salt Flats every year. He knew Burt Munroe and helped him on several occasions, but was a record holder in his own right.

In 1955 Sonny took his 1947 Vincent (photo above left) to a top speed of 144.69 mph at Bonneville.

He began motorcycle racing in the 1947, mainly road racing at places like Willow Glen,



## Saturday in San Diego's best motorcycle shops



Sonny Angle rode this 1947 Vincent to 144.69 mph at Bonneville.

Riverside, and the Isle of Man. Sonny, like many of the motorcycle enthusiast I met on this morning were entirely gracious people and complimentary of one another. So I was invited to have some pizza and join Sonny and his friends in some long discussions of motorcycles.

Then we started to move some of them around just to get a better look at them, including a Norton Manx, many old and new Moto Guzzi (he was a dealer up to a few years ago) and other European vintage exotica.

Sonny's shop has a lot of old lathes, mills, and other machinery in it, since he is a skilled craftsman.

The above two photographs are of a blue Norton four cylinder motorcycle Sonny made back in the early 70s. Just one of the many amazing things Sonny did and made work on his own.

Sonny is in his early 80s and still goes to Bonneville every year. I rummaged around as much as I could, but his shop was packed with new Moto Guzzi Lemans, Quattro, and Brevas from 2000-03.

Up in the rafters were a number of older 850 Lemans and a number of other Sonny Angle projects and race bikes.

Just when I was about to leave Sonny's shop, about ten riders on an assortment of vintage British bikes pull up in



The above two photographs are of a Norton four cylinder motorcycle Sonny made back in the early 70s.

front of his shop. Most of these not only sound and run perfect; they never looked so good before either. Nortons, BSAs, and Triumphs all were sounding better than they did back in the

day. Everyone had a big smile on their face as they went in to see Sonny and talk about bikes. It was all good.

I know whenever I go to San Diego in the future that there





## Saturday in San Diego's best motorcycle shops



are three perfect motorcycle shops there to stop by and visit.

If you want more information on these shops, their web sites are:

[www.gpmotorcycles.com](http://www.gpmotorcycles.com)

[www.trophymotorcycles.com](http://www.trophymotorcycles.com)

Sonny Angle doesn't have a

web site, but his shop has been there since 1953.

I'll be at the World Superbike races this coming weekend and you can see some of my photos on my sometimes maintained web site [GoVossPhoto.com](http://GoVossPhoto.com) which is part of the

[webshots.com](http://webshots.com) photographer sites. I will post photos from trackside onto the site during the races.

Best regards,  
Bill & Jenny Voss





## Meet some more riders who have joined us at Frisch's on Saturday

**Jim Neal** of Burgin has ridden his 1973 BMW R75 over 100,000 miles since 1989. The bike was purchased new by Dewitt Sims. "It's been a jewel," said Jim. Jim also plays with Harleys in his shop located in Burgin.

**Jamie Morgan**, also from Burgin, rode his 1969 BSA Firebird Scrambler which he has owned for three years. Jamie also owns a 1971 BMW R60 that he bought in Kansas City. The slick, red paintwork on the BSA was applied by Jim Neal.

**Jonathan Kurtz**, a law student who assists John Rice, has attended several breakfasts.

**Amanda Frank** rode in with Jonathan to the May 30th breakfast.



Jamie Morgan



Jim Neal



Jonathan Kurtz,  
Amanda Frank



A question we all ask ourselves from time to time:

## When do I give up motorcycling, a sport I love?

**By Douglas Searcy** especially now in retirement when you ride free



**R**ecently I have reflected on the sport of motorcycling and how far into this life I can continue to ride.

This question has been on my mind for the last year, and a recent spell of illness caused some serious consideration for this 72 year old. Giving up a riding career that started in college would be a loss

from other responsibilities with a clear mind eager to absorb the spirit of the road, the sights, sounds, camaraderie, and weather. It is a very personal decision whereby one balances the pleasures of the adventure against the increasing risks of riding because of diminished mental and physical abilities.

What do you mean

“diminished” mental and physical abilities? Not me. I am going on forever.

Yea! Or at least until you are 65 or 70 or maybe a little longer. I attended the BMW rally in Wisconsin recently and the oldest rider there was 88, a lucky guy. How do you know when things are changing with you?

For me it is a matter of confidence, that general feeling about my ability to handle a situation. As I get older the adjectives describing my ability are changing; raging, strong, moderate, and slight. I hope it never gets to none.

Things that might change your confidence level include:

1. Loss of strength in your upper body, shoulders, arms, hands.
2. Less leg strength and joint soreness, knees, hips.
3. Trouble maneuvering an 800 lb Gold Wing around the gas pump.
4. Dropping the 800 lb Gold Wing around the gas pump.
5. Taking off with the kick stand down.
6. Changing the oil by first loosening the oil

filter and spending an hour cleaning up the mess.

7. Jump starting the bike using improper polarity and ruining a battery and blowing the master fuse.
8. Taking off from a stop in 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> gear.
9. Others too numerous to mention.

These are some of the adjustments I have considered as I have felt my confidence waning a bit.

1. Take less risk for yourself and others. My daughter called recently and wanted me to ride us two up to Pikeville, KY, where she will run in the Hatfield and McCoy marathon. We are going in the car since I do not feel confident riding two up any more and do not want to subject her to what I feel in the increased risk.
2. Considered buying a lighter bike at some point. The old 1200 GL is great, but I will not be taking long trips any more. However, if you ever see me on a scooter you will know the end is near.



***Continued from Page 9***

## **When do I give up motorcycling, a sport I love?**

- |  |   |  |   |
|--|---|--|---|
| 3. Ride a little slower, especially on curves. You may not pick up that perfect line as rapidly as you once did. | of what kind of curve lies ahead.   | to go, turning, and clutch throttle brake manipulation. I need time and so do you. | hope to be like the soldier in the old military ballad. I paraphrase by saying, "May this old motorcyclist never die but slowly fade away." |
| 4. Cross check your speedometer more and pay attention to road sign posted speeds until you get a good idea      | 5. Come to a complete stop at intersections no matter what. A lot happens here on a motorcycle. You are stopping, turn signals, changing gears, feet down, looking for traffic, clearing yourself | 6. Many others. Think about it. You know what they are.                            | May I add, "Very slowly, please."   |
- I hope you have enjoyed this piece and picked up a tip or two. As I get older I
- Douglas P. Searcy,  
Active Cyclist

## **What did Doug Searcy do prior to retirement?**

I graduated from UK in 1960 with a BS in Agricultural Engineering and a commission in the Army from ROTC. I entered active duty and went to basic officer school in the Transportation Branch, to Army fixed wing flight school at Ft. Rucker, AL, and then back to the Transportation School where I was on the staff and faculty teaching aircraft maintenance until my release from active duty in December, 1963. I was flying fixed wing during this time but as a secondary duty.

I returned to Lexington and entered UK graduate school to get an MBA. At this time I joined the KY Army National Guard as a unit officer and aviator.

I got the MBA in May, 1965, and worked for General Telephone in Lexington in management.

In 1968 I became a New York Life agent and worked at this for 10 years achieving a CLU designation.

In 1978 I became a contractor, built a few houses, and became a concrete contractor in 1982.

I incorporated the Searcy Construction Co. in 1983 and spent 25 years as a general and subcontractor dealing mainly in concrete construction doing light commercial work, footers, walls, floors, sidewalks, curbs, etc. I worked a lot for the City of Lexington and other cities in the bluegrass. Retired in 2003.

Being an officer in the Na-

tional Guard really required more time than one weekend a month and two weeks in the summer.

I was an aviator in the Army Guard for 25 years flying 2800 hours split equally between single engine airplanes and helicopters, Jet Rangers and Hueys.

Around 1971 I became helicopter qualified and flew them until 1988 when I retired.

I retired as a Lt. Col. After serving in various command and staff positions in various units of the Kentucky Guard.

Although I flew for 25 years in the KY National Guard, my primary duty was in the officer corps helping to manage the various units. I was subject to call as an aviator and main-

tained proficiency as an aviator.

I was called to state active duty several times while flying helicopters to provide flood relief, winter storm relief, and others.

I flew a couple of Kentucky's governors several times. I guess you would say I was in service during a peaceful period in history and never was called to war.

I retired in 1988 but reservists must wait until age 60 to draw military pensions and health benefits. At that point reservists gain the same status as any active duty retired officer.

# Rice to lap Kentucky on his Yamaha XT 250, to relish four days alone on the road

By John Rice

If I recall correctly, the lap is about 1,460 miles, give or take a few. That makes it about 365 miles per day or an average of around 45mph for 8 hours of riding time.

In actual practice, we won't start the first day until after 9am, which will shorten the available hours on that day, and the last day is Sunday when I believe Jeff plans to end it around 5pm.

So I'm figuring that I'll be starting out at daylight and riding until as near dark as I can risk with the need to find a room for the night.

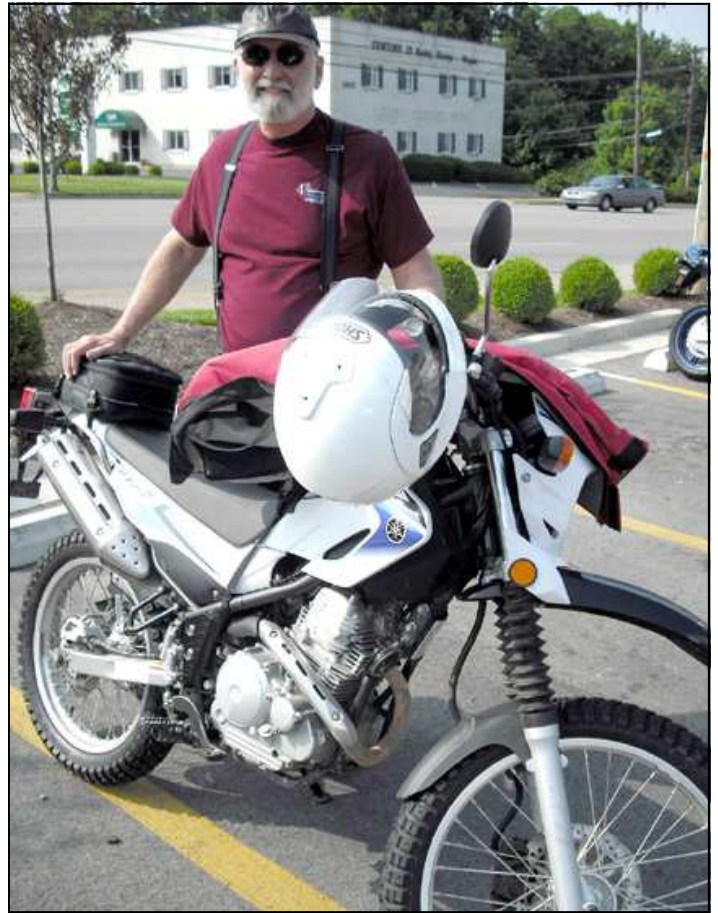
With a realistic top speed of around 60 mph and a cruising

speed about 10 below that, I'd be hard pressed to average 45 mph on back roads and through all the small towns and larger cities those roads connect.

At various points we'll be going right through Paducah, Henderson, Campbellsville, Pikeville, Ashland and Covington where "average speed" is in single digits.

It probably is a fool's errand, but then I've never been accused of having good sense when it comes to bikes.

I think I'm just relishing the idea of four days on the road alone, something that the 250 ensures since no one in their right mind will want to accompany me at that slow pace.



John Rice poses with his Lap of Kentucky mount, a 2008 Yamaha XT 250

The 2009 Lap of Kentucky event is sponsored by BMW Motorcycles of Louisville with proceeds benefiting the Warrior Transition Unit at Fort Knox.

The event is limited to 100 riders. Entry fee is \$50. Entrants receive a souvenir t-shirt. Awards will be given to oldest and youngest riders, oldest and smallest motorcycles.

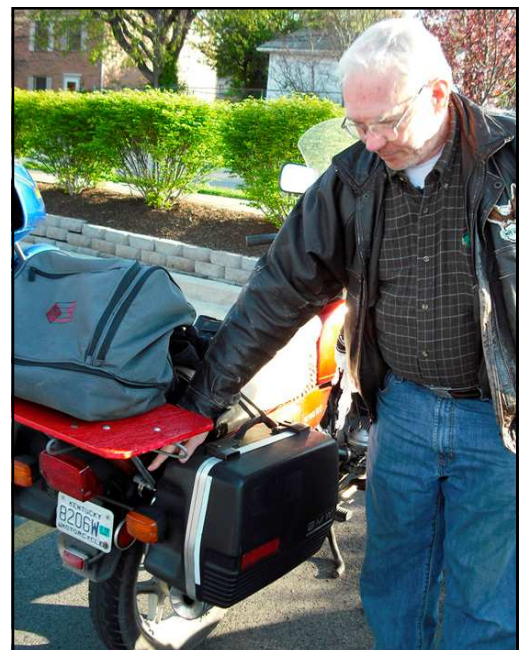
The lap begins at 9:00 a.m. on June 18th and ends at 5:00 p.m. June 21st at BMW Motorcycles of Louisville. For further information visit [www.bmwloouisville.com](http://www.bmwloouisville.com).



Left: Hubert Burton presented Bluegrass Beemers Rally Chairman Roy Rowlett with this mounted cover of the February 2009 issue of *BMW Owner's News*.

The cover features a photograph of the 1941 R12 owned by William Fields of Hazard at the September Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally.

Right: Retired engineer Ron Blackburn points out his fabricated luggage rack on one of his R80RTs. Check it out next time he's on this bike.





**Jessie Vaca's 2007  
F800S features a  
few farkles worth a  
closer look**





## Dr. Joe Bark takes 91-year-old patient for a ride

By Denny Trease, WKYT-TV

Dr. Joseph Bark is a Lexington dermatologist whose work is well known around the state and the nation, but there is a side to the good doctor that very few people know about.

Dr. Bark often talks with his patients about his passion for motorcycles, and if they show some interest, he sometimes even offers them a ride.

He tells 27 NEWSFIRST, "I'm in the Rotary Club, and we've got this saying, "Service over Self", and this does much more for me than it does even for the folks that I take out to ride. I love doing it, and they remember it for the rest of their lives."

His passenger on Friday had never been on a motorcycle before in her lifetime.

Mary Makdad says, "I wanted to do it ever since I was a kid, but my dad said, 'you're a lady. You don't do that.' He's probably rolling over in his grave."

Mary will be 92-years-old in August. With a twinkle in her eye, she says, "I am adventurous. I like to do different things. I don't want to sit and look at books all the time. I like to be out in the countryside, and I really enjoyed the ride. It was wonderful."

Dr. Bark is quick to point out that Mary is not the oldest adventurer he has ever had on his bike. "The first lady I took out was 94 years old, and she talked about it until she died at 101. That event crowned her senior years," he said.

Mary Makdad, meanwhile, was reluctant to turn around and head back Friday when told it was time to bring the ride to an end.



Dr. Bark stands by with patient Mary Makdad, 91, being interviewed by WKYT-TV. She said, "I like to be out in the countryside, and I really enjoyed the ride. It was wonderful."

Photo by John Rice

Joe Bark explains, "Mary and I were both wearing headsets so we could communicate on the bike, and she said, 'I'm sorry we have to go back.' She's a remarkable lady."

Friday's ride ended where it began, at Mary's home, the Morning Pointe Senior Care Residence in Richmond, where she has surely inspired others to stay active and follow their

hearts.

*Editor's note: John Rice provided motorcycle transport for the WKYT-TV camera man.*





## Fourth Annual Ride 'em, Don't Hide 'em Café Run



Not a race, not a rally and definitely not another poker  
run!

Meet us at Bailey's Café, 39 S. Main Street,  
Winchester, Kentucky on Saturday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, 2009  
at 10:00 a.m. for another gathering with riders of  
the Right Stuff.

No entry fee, no prizes - just a reason to ride.  
Destination this year...The Kickstand!



For more information contact:  
John Rice 859-737-5316



[www.johnricelaw.com](http://www.johnricelaw.com)

