

May 2009

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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



Boone Sutherland Memorial Ride visits Boone's resting place in Fairview Cemetery near Simpsonville and raises \$337 for God's Pantry.
Photo by Roy Rowlett

Boone Sutherland Memorial Ride raises \$337 for God's Pantry, celebrates Boone Sutherland

By Paul Elwyn

Beautiful spring weather set the perfect stage for a relaxing ride April 25th to remember Boone Sutherland and raise money for one of his favorite charitable agencies.

Randolph Scott has organized many poker runs to benefit a number of causes, but the Boone Sutherland Memorial Ride was more than simply well organized.

The poker run raised \$337 for God's Pantry and provided participants some time at Boone's grave.

Twenty-five riders participated in the ride. Randy assembled the group and ensured that everyone had route directions over roads that Boone enjoyed following Saturday breakfast.

At around noon, the group assembled at the Fairview Cemetery near Simpsonville where Randolph offered a prayer and a few remarks about Boone. He paused during his



Boone Sutherland Memorial Ride organizer Randolph Scott reads some poetry to poker run riders gathered to honor Boone Sutherland .

remarks as a motorcycle passed on the winding road outside the cemetery, and he noted the good timing of the sound of the bike and the joy Boone derived from riding.

The poker run concluded at 2 p.m. at The Kickstand in Burgin where Ray and Lynn Montgomery provided door prizes for riders who drew tickets.

Freda Rowlett and Lowell

Roark each won a \$25 gas card for having the best hands from the poker run.

Cindy Ferguson and Paul Rice received ball caps for winning the Long Distance Award for riding from Ashland for the event. They rode nearly 500 miles during the day on Paul's R1200 GS.

Riders then shopped at Kickstand and ate a mid-afternoon lunch on the sheltered deck of the Burgin restaurant across the street.

The Memorial Ride celebrated Boone in the best way possible, a relax-

ing ride along less traveled roads among riders who, I sensed, on this day were not taking anything for granted.



Kickstand owner and Bluegrass Beemers member Lynn Montgomery waits on John Rice and Lee Thompson.



Cindy Ferguson and Paul Rice won hats for having ridden the longest distance, 500 miles, to participate in the Boone Memorial Ride.

Appearances are deceiving

What do you see?

An old Airhead with imperfect paint ready for another run? Bags likely packed with essentials? An exotic exhaust system tucked away on the left, an unusual induction system? Interesting setup behind the seat.

Closer scrutiny reveals an exposed tool tray behind the seat, NO induction system and NO exhaust system.

Closer, still, and you see NO front brakes and NO handlebar controls, cables, or much of anything else that might get this rig down the road.

But for a few moments, I felt better after placing on the frame the nearly-ready-for-paint gas tank, lovingly shaped with bondo over 90% of its surface area. Thin bondo sports a third round of red spot putty on top of a fourth round of primer in this photo. But the still-beautiful Muth-designed gas tank rests close to fresh paint, and mounting the seat and a saddlebag further provided the illusion of a complete bike.

Appearances *are* deceiving. This bike is nothing more than garage furniture until the boat arrives from MotoBins.

Speaking of deceiving appearances, how about that totally rusty, greasy, oil-dripping-exhaust-rotted-aluminum-oxidized R80G/S (yes, G/S as in early 1980 model GS) resting on side stand at Burkesville last year? You know, the one that appeared to be on it's last leg waiting to expire with a rally crowd observing its final moments.

That bike was ridden, with enthusiasm I was told, by a middle-aged woman keeping up



with her husband on his late-model K-bike...or Oil-head...whatever, doesn't matter.

The point is that that G/S wasn't anywhere near expiring.

You've seen others out there, also. They looked used up, but I bet you would have been hard pressed to get around them on the road.

Old Airheads tend to weep and drip, rattle and clatter, worn timing chains flopping, worn lifters and pushrods clattering, but they always seem to fire on a two-step turnover of the starter motor and rattle into a clacking, slow idle, shuffling and rocking from side to side, awaiting the rider who is answering another question about his bike prior to mounting and clunking into gear.

So, I stand back and squint my eyes at the old R100RT, naked without its fairing, sporting bare-metal chassis repaint, newly-acquired headlight mounts, turn signal stalks, hacksawed Mystic handlebar, a resealed engine, fresh clutch, rear drive, transmission, and refurbished right Krauser/BMW sidecase.

If you squint your eyes while

looking at the photo, you will see what I was seeing, a dignified Airhead that has earned a special place among the two-wheeled beasts of burden, a child of wild Disco days, witness to the dawn of ECU engine management, a former top-of-the-line-everything-they-knew-to-build boxer from the firm that was first to build a motorcycle anyone, regardless of mechanical aptitude, could trust to provide transport to exotic places beyond the everyday slog of punch-the-clock living.

Here rests another survivor undergoing a little Tender Loving Care, not that "survivor" carries any special meaning among BMW brethren in that any Airhead not obliterated by collision was destined to be a survivor, and so all we see are, survivors, their fate sealed by engineering DNA by the company that conceived function above form, that provided beautiful tool kits including flat tire repair kits and comprehensive Owner's Manuals with step-by-step service instructions for the owner's path to self-reliance while in the field among the

less able.

So, if you stare wide-eyed at this photo, processing that which is missing, that which is unfinished, that which says "Old" or "Obsolete" or "Slow" or "Stodgy," then you simply need to blink and process what truly is deceiving regarding this motorcycle:

Here rests an Airhead, incomplete at the moment, but from good breeding, the last of the high-compression, heavy-flywheeled boxers that turned the tide for BMW with the celebrated R90S shocker that forced riders to reconsider BMW's place among the rising mechanical children of the modern industrial age.

Yes, this is the workhorse version of the 70's German superbike, the not-so-sexy-but-solidly-engineered 70 hp. tourer.

Here rests legend, in for a "refreshening" prior to setting off on another few hundred thousand miles.

So the romantic optimist in me hopes.

With more parts expected soon, work will gain momentum until hopefully for the next installment, this ride will actually be closer to reality than deception, a good thing, unless reality is a rude awakening.

— Paul Elwyn

Airheads have a way of feeling good underway, even if they look awful, especially if the operator wears good ear plugs and points his nose into rushing air.

Roy's Super Cub 50 one of 60 million built

Anyone who suggests Bluegrass Beemers is an uppity club for BMW snobs is mistaken, as evidenced by Roy Rowlett's Honda Super Cub 50 among the group's fleet of vehicles.

Roy's Super Cub is a pristine example of the best selling vehicle of all time. Sixty million Cubs had been built at the time of the 50th Anniversary of the model in August of 2008.

Honda Motor Company was only ten years old when it introduced the Cub in 1958. The Cub came to the U.S. in 1959 and was the focus of the "You

meet the nicest people on a Honda" advertising campaign that changed not only the perception of Honda but of motorcycling in the U.S. where British and American large displacement motorcycles dominated.

With 4.5 horsepower and 3.5 ft.lbs. of torque, the Super Cub was super in a new context, offering affordable, lightweight (170 pounds) utility with its built-in splash guard and two-up capability.

Two-up? We all have seen more than two people and six-foot-high loads mounted on the

Cub in daily commute in Vietnam and other markets.

The Cub 50 manages up to 35 miles per hour while yielding 150 miles per gallon from its 1.1-gallon fuel tank.

(I wonder if a BMW GS Adventure tank on the Cub would offer the possibility of 1,500 miles on a tank of fuel?)

The Honda Super Cub through the years has been offered with leading link front fork as Roy's version sports and also with telescopic fork along with several enlarged engines, improved brakes and electronic ignition since the 1980's to retain its popularity around the world. Through the many variations, however, Honda has remained faithful to the basic 1958 design.

The Super Cub today is built in 16 plants in 15 countries.

Okay, others in the club have classic and late-model scooters,

but the Cub is THE Japanese scooter that played a significant role in expanding interest in two-wheeling in the U.S.

I can recall in high school admiring the Cubs running around town.

And then Tommy Thornton would role out his red 1967 BSA Lightning, or Ron Mazander would ride by on his blue 1965 Sportster, and I would jump in my 1959 348 c.i. Chevy Impala with 3-speed Hurst floor shifter and run down to the Texaco station and borrow Chuck Keeling's 305 Super Hawk hoping Dad wouldn't see me.

What was I saying?

Oh, yeh. The next time you see Roy, thank him for doing his part to defy the BMW motorcycle stereotype.

—Paul Elwyn



Here's the very image of Super Cub ownership satisfaction that has sustained Honda since 1958.



Roy demonstrates the challenging starting procedure of pushing a button.

BMWRA Rally Adventure Rider Clinic, July 23-26, Canaan Valley, WV

Thinking about adventure touring this summer? Then, you might want to consider some training.

The MotoMark1 Adventure Rider Clinic provides four hours of seminar and off-road motorcycle riding instruction on a closed course that has been groomed for beginners, yet has challenging areas for more advanced riders to hone their skills.

The course enables riders to transition from the basics of off-roading to the more complex techniques needed for multi-day trips on dual-sport machines. This course combines the skill-building of the basic off-road course with advanced techniques for single track and

obstacles.

You'll learn skills that enable you to transition from asphalt to double track, single track, and fire trails. The fundamentals of straight lines, turning, body posture, and braking are combined to handle obstacles, stream crossings, and tight single track.

We'll teach you the fundamentals and demonstrate real-world challenges so that riders can assess terrain and risk, then make good choices using skills practiced here. It's a course that builds confidence and breaks down barriers without destroying you and your gear.

There will be four classes offered during the rally including one on Thursday afternoon,



two on Friday, and one on Saturday morning. Morning classes will begin at 8:00am and run till 12:00 noon. The afternoon class will begin at 1:00pm and run till 4:00pm.

Classes will be assigned on a first come, first served basis, so register now to confirm a spot in your preferred class!

Fortunately for the RA, Mark has agreed to teach several four-hour adventure riding clinics designed around his eight-hour MSF-certified class.

If you have aspirations of taking your GS to Baja, Copper Canyon or even on a local fire road, consider Mark's clinic as an investment in your future. Regardless of your skill level – beginner or advanced – Mark and his instructors work with each rider to help them identify and improve any shortcomings.

This is accomplished by working on a number of essential and fundamental off-road skills that include, but are not limited to, posture/riding position, turning, riding over obstacles, climbing, traversing and descending hills, and proper braking techniques. Each exercise is also designed to build confidence and foster a positive mental attitude, which, in the end, facilitates learning. As a result, everyone improves.

MotoMark1 Adventure Rider Clinic

Sgt. Mark Brown, aka MotoMark1, has been a North Carolina State Highway Patrolman for over 18 years and is the training coordinator within the Special Operations Motor Unit. He is also the lead police motor instructor for North Carolina State Highway Patrol and when not on his R1200RTP, Mark can often be found helping "civilian" students understand the finer points of off-road riding.

Disclaimer

The Apex editorial staff does not endorse this information. If any Bluegrass Beemer member participates in this clinic and does not feel that he/she/it has learned anything, he/she/it should direct his/her/its displeasure toward MotoMark1 and then write a detailed account to inform the members of Bluegrass Beemers. The editorial staff then will also publish a disclaimer to the effect that the opinions expressed in this publication do not necessarily represent the opinions of the staff or of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.

BMW RA Rally Adventure Rider Clinic

Details Length: 4 hours (½ day)

Age: 6 years old - Adult.

Class Sizes: maximum of 10 students.

Motorcycle: bring your own.

Minimums: Safe off-road or dual-sport motorcycle with appropriate tires for dirt riding and fuel for four hours of riding, spare spark plug and basic tool kit (plug wrench, etc), DOT helmet, jacket, sturdy pants, gloves, eye protection, over-the-ankle boots. Hydration packs (CamelBak, canteens, etc) are recommended for all seasons. Long sleeves recommended for summer.

Location: BMW RA National Rally in Canaan Valley, WV

Price: \$75

To register, or for more information, please visit www.motomark1.com.

Largest breakfast turnout April 25th with 42 riders



Photo by John Rice

A record crowd of 42 riders turned out for breakfast on Saturday, April 25. John Rice attempted to capture the entire group but was able to include only those in this picture. The Boone Sutherland Memorial Ride poker run drew a few extra people to the breakfast table, and the weather was nearly ideal with mid-80's temperatures by the afternoon, although a bit breezy with 20-25 mph gusting winds that tugged at us as we wound our way along back roads from Simpsonville to Burgin. The new parking lot that Frisch's built for us easily handled the 42 motorcycles. If you missed us on April 25, catch us next time. Some of us are here every Saturday, 7:00-9:30 a.m., at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Road.

My Love Affair

I like old British motorcycles...a lot

By James Street

I was at a lecture recently where the presenter, Ted Simon, talked about riding his Triumph T-100 around the world, and at the end of the presentation he was asked whether the motorcycle was reliable and the question was delivered in the tone of an attorney who's asking a question for which he knows the answer.

The answer was supposed to be "it was a piece of junk and maligned me horribly."

Instead Ted said, "It was very reliable and served me well," and then went on to explain that English motorcycles, when cared for, are reliable transportation.

He also made a comment about how we Americans used bikes for fun whereas elsewhere in the world they were employed for more utilitarian purposes, and perhaps our zest for speed and play had something to do with the reputation British stuff has with us.

Cycle World ran an article by Peter Jones last year about what crap British motorcycles are,

and in it he talks about how unreliable Nortons are, and then went on a tirade about how miserable Triumphs are to work on because one has to remove one of the exhaust headers to remove a foot peg.

Anyway, he draws a not-so-well researched rocket scientist conclusion that based on a couple of random observations all British stuff is crap.

At the time I read the Peter Jones article, "The English Experience," over and over and just couldn't let it go. My wife told me it was written tongue in cheek and maybe it was, but it still struck too close to home (sorry about mixing metaphors).

I love old British iron. I have a couple of English bikes, a '68 BSA Victor 441 Shooting Star and a '72 T-150 Trident, and a late sixties MGB. All of them have lived in my household for over a quarter century and I love them all. And all of them have a "personality" of unique starting and running attributes that defines each with a distinct character.

"Character" in the way one assigns the term to one's kids. Like the way you say they tore up the mold when little Johnny's second grade teacher calls home and says that he's gone on a rampage and pulled the fire alarm, and then Johnny let loose a stream of unprintable expletives when accosted about it. Little Johnny probably ain't going to medical school, but he has "character."

My English motorcycles won't win a race against a modern Japanese McBike, but they definitely have character.

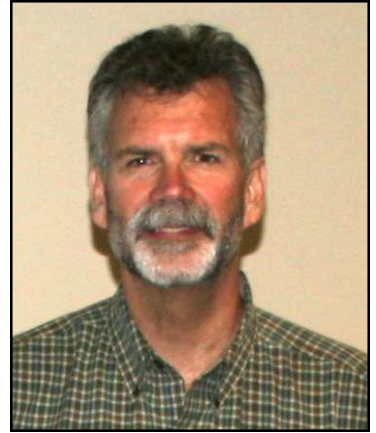
So back to the Jones article. I feel like I have to step in and defend the honor of the genre as anyone who has stepped in for a good friend who is attacked and unable to defend themselves.

What gives English stuff character? Some of it's ethereal. Take the lines of the gas tank on the T-150. Either from above or the side there's a curve from the front of the tank into the seat that is evocative of a female form that I find simply beautiful.

Look beneath the tank and the hand working of all of the engine cases gives them a patina that is a relic of a time when human hands actually were involved in the manufacturing process. I like that.

Other character assigning aspects are in the operation: The vagaries of English post-war tooling gave every complex mechanical product produced during that era in Great Britain varying and inconsistent attributes.

An Amal carburetor produced on a milling machine with a couple of thousandths run-out on the business end more than likely will not function exactly like one made ten units later. That means that each product does not have the modern appliance-like replication we've come to expect. We want our fries and coffee exactly the same in Atlanta or L.A., and British bikes simply do not have the level of consistency found at your local McDonalds. I'm okay with that. If you're not, don't buy an old British motorcycle (or car, or God forbid, a Supermarine Spitfire).



James Street

After building my BSA Victor (Victim for those who remember it from "the day") it took me a couple of months to get the starting routine down: Turn on the cock, trickle the carb until fuel just runs down the bowl, pull the compression release and kick it through two times with key off, release the compression lever and lightly kick it through until the compression of getting close to TDC is felt, pull the compression release again and ease the piston just past TDC, let off the release, turn on the key, and kick the daylights out of it without cracking the throttle, and it's a rare occasion when it doesn't start on first or second



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kick.

Failure to follow this routine is an invitation to work up a sweat that's the envy of Tony Little or a trip to the orthopedist to get a bone reset... the kick backs are violent. I never take the key out of it because no one but me knows the routine, although if this is published I'll have to reconsider.

I simply do not understand Jones' diatribe about the exhaust. At all. Bitching about having to take the exhaust off to remove a foot peg in a rant about how bad British was in comparison to modern bikes makes no sense, particularly when virtually any disassembly on a modern sport bike requires removal of gas tanks, plastic panels and any number of other components to get to the most simple maintenance items like spark plugs, carburetors or injection assemblies.

Jones also goes on about how he can't figure out how the exhaust flange holds the header on the engine. Carping about not understanding how the Triumph's exhaust flange works is to deny knowledge of the most

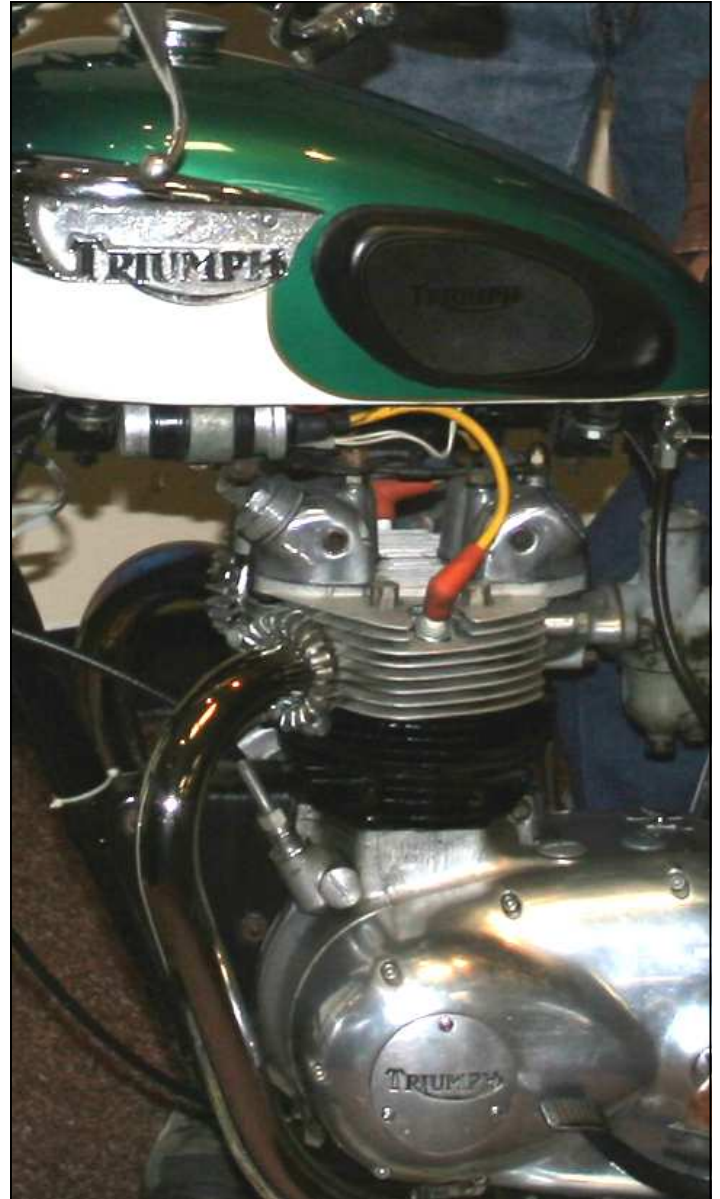
basic theory of mechanical attachment and thermodynamics. The system works, and I've never had an exhaust header come off of a British bike in contrast to some of my friends with the modern classic built on this side of the pond.

And then there's the "950 kit" on the Norton in the article. Jones rankles about how hard his Norton was to start after adding a 950 cc displacement kit.

Consider this: Why anyone would take an engine that was designed originally in a much smaller displacement with a crank shaft about as flexible as a bent up spaghetti noodle install a 950 kit that's about half again the original displacement and then wonder why the starting system doesn't work is beyond me.

I can't imagine the histrionics if Jones got it running enough to inevitably trash the bottom end. Norton motorcycles are beautiful conglomerations of varying engineering vintages that take to modifications the way wines go with dinners; some work, some don't. Guess which category the "950 kit" falls in. Anyone is certainly free to do whatever they want to their own motorcycle, but don't blame the bike's manufacturer when things go awry after so-called upgrades whether that manufacturer is British, Japanese or some other nationality.

I have to say it again, British bikes are like errant children that you love for all of their misgivings. One difference between the two is that, unlike the child, bikes come with an owner's manual. You may be at a loss to explain why little



Johnny pulled the fire alarm, but when your Triumph drops a valve because you didn't set it for ten thousand miles you can go back to the manual and figure out that it should have been adjusted at least a couple of times since you last did it.

English products require not only that you keep up with their adjustments, but you also have to adjust your approach to

riding each time you swing a leg over the seat.

Like motorcycling in general, a love affair with a British motorcycle is something that you are simply passionate about, or you just don't get it.



6 Twins worth a second look

By Paul Elwyn



We all have seen bikes at rallies or parked somewhere that make us take a second look. More often than not, the bike causing a double-take isn't exotic, but something about it stands out.

Take this 1983 R100, for instance, sited at Burkesville. Years ago very few people would have noticed it. It's simply a stock, well-maintained boxer. But in 2006 when I noticed this bike, it was a standout, even more of a standout, today.

A plain-jane R100, recognized by its stock bare aluminum-finished rocker boxes and lower fork legs, was the least expensive 1000cc boxer in '83, sporting the Simplex rear drum brake and the 8.2:1 engine with factory light flywheel (starter ring carrier) that was common to all R100 models that year.

But here it is in 2006, still doing rally service with a period Multivario and BMW side cases. Clean, classic, and functional.

At the 2007 Barber Motorsports Vintage Festival this R75 took my breath away. I must have spent an hour studying the many details of this tasteful café boxer. Flawless red chassis paint against the custom alloy fuel tank first draw one's attention.

Then, you notice the handlebar Brembo/BMW brake master cylinder conversion with a single ATE caliper, rearsets with beautiful linkage, and a fiberglass tail with solo seat that perfectly complements the alloy tank.

Bobbed, chrome fenders, the rear unit a modified front fender replacing the stock plastic unit, fit the minimalist theme. The engine starter cover is modified, artfully exposing the works. Do you see the battery?

This flawless execution of a classic café style on a vintage boxer makes one want to either go to work or ask, "How much?"



Okay, hear me out. I saw this unit parked in front of a business here in Danville. I've known the business owner, and as it turns out, the owner of this bike, since he was a wild thing drag racing a heavily-modified 1150E Suzuki back in the early '80's. Today, he owns several Harleys, including this rebuilt Shovelhead in a custom rigid frame, rolling on stock H-D cast alloy tubeless wheels painted red to coordinate with the other red bits. How about those red grips and whitewall tires, Dude?

He said, "Paul, you wouldn't believe how little I have in this thing." On closer inspection, you see a cost-effective, extended Sportster front end, H-D stock brakes, a \$25 rear fender, and, of course, the least expensive exhaust system available, in flat black. Cheap, loud, relatively light, and...fairly quick = **FUN!**

6 Twins worth a second look



As a young man with a brand new Bachelor's degree, no clue about tomorrow and an entry-level job as a reporter at a daily newspaper, I spent my Saturdays hanging out at the local Norton dealership. The dark shop in downtown Belleville, Illinois, featured a small showroom stuffed with new Nortons. The shop owner never bothered me, and he didn't laugh out loud at me when I, at 165 pounds, couldn't shove the starter through while wearing my black lowboy Converse sneakers. I don't think Sidi Combat boots would have helped.

These bikes were far removed from my six-year-old BSA Thunderbolt purchased for \$325. I believe Norton's MSRP in '71 was \$1895.

I never bought one of those Nortons, or any Norton, for that matter, and every time I'm around one, I remember those bikes that were new when I was barely broken in. Some day, maybe I'll have my very own Norton? Now, I weigh enough to start one.



This modified Moto Guzzi Quota was rebuilt to this state following an accident. Note the homemade subframe. What you cannot see is the custom metal work up front around the tank where the fairing used to be. The dual headlights are from Wal-Mart. Alloy 17" front wheel is the only major departure from the otherwise stock chassis. I sighted this bike at the Guzzis in the Blue Ridge Rally in Cruso, N.C. Lots of voice, here, with a look that says *Get outada way!* Cheap and fun.

Seen every year at Vintage Days, this (I believe) is the Hourglass Racing Team Harley XR750TT #87 ridden by Keith Campbell that, according to their website, usually places first in class wherever it runs. The three XR750 bikes run by Hourglass are assembled and setup by Joe Brown of Vintage Memories Inc. in Xenia, Ohio.

With about 104 hp at 7,000 rpm, this would be a great Saturday morning breakfast bike, don't you think?

Many regard this bike to be one of the most beautiful road racers ever built. Let's get one!



Bluegrass Beemers do business at Burkesville



Four of our members were doing their part to enhance the European Riders Rally at Burkesville this year.

Ray and Lynn Montgomery of The Kickstand provided a wide range of motorcycle gadgets, gear and nitrogen service to rally goers out of their recently renovated van sporting new graphics featuring enlarged photographs on the sidewalls of the van. One side depicts cruisers and a dog (pictured above) while the other side depicts vintage European bikes and racers. Both sides include a large photo of the Burgin business with bikes of all marques in front of the shop.

Freda and Roy Rowlett also were vending, Roy moving some bike parts and Freda selling jewelry that she creates. In this picture, Freda is setting up after having been closed during another rain episode.

