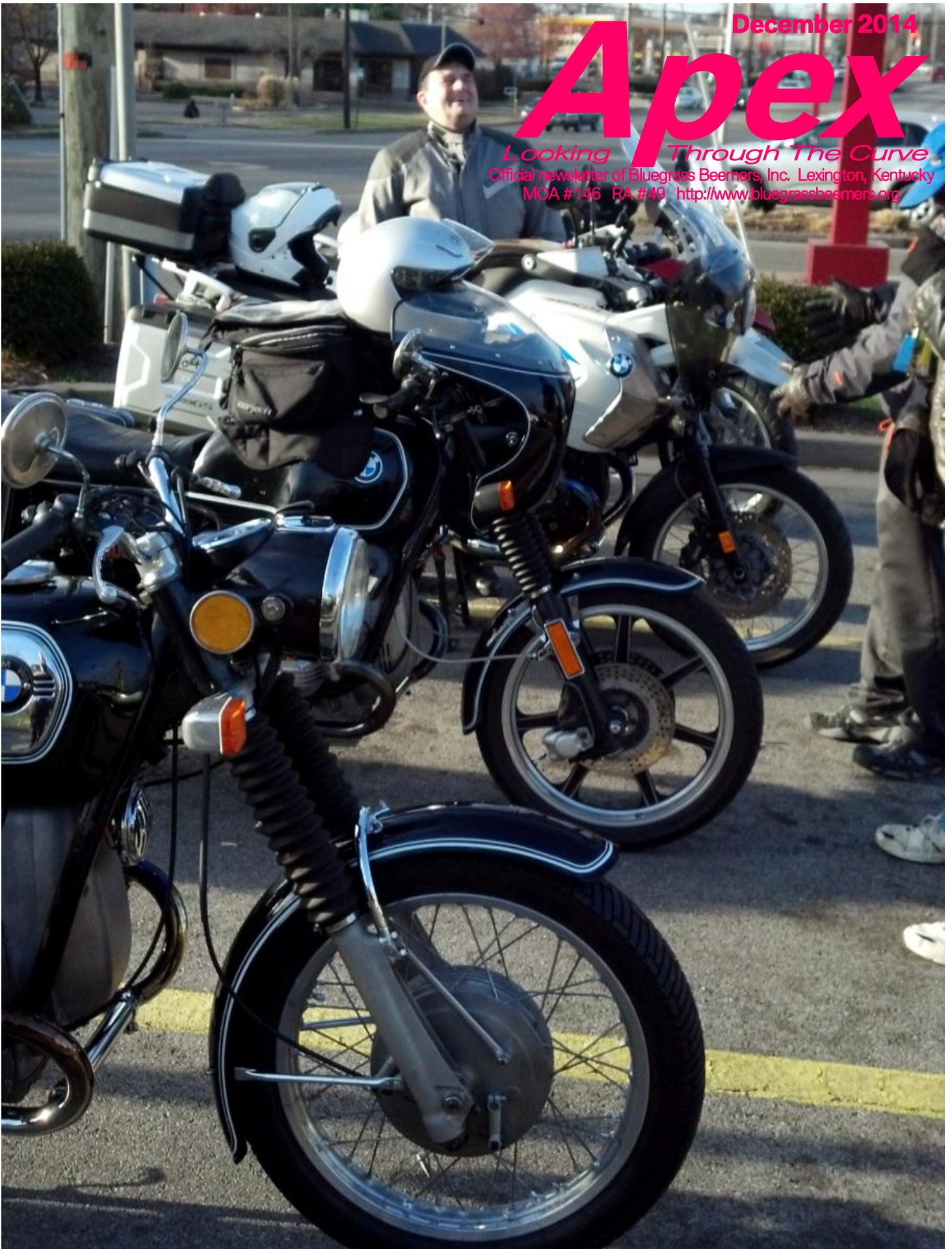


December 2014

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

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





Old riders pose with old motorcycle

It's fitting that four old riders would want to stand with one of the rarest motorcycles in the world, a Traub, found in this condition in 1967 (minus the tires) sealed up inside an apartment building wall in Chicago. With a 1917 plate, curators believe this machine with many technical features far in advance of other motorcycles of the day, possibly was built in 1916, but by whom and how is unknown as there exists no known history. Steve McQueen's friend and stuntman Bud Ekins bought the bike in the 1970's. Dale Walksler of the Wheels Through Time museum in Maggie Valley, NC, bought the bike in 1990 and regularly rides it. Standing with the Traub are Paul Elwyn, Lynn Tucker, Bill Moore, and Clyde Austin who stopped by following lunch in Hot Springs, NC.

Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.

Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49

Paul Elwyn, *Editor* paul.elwyn@gmail.com

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.

in Lexington, Kentucky on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.

BMW Club
Bluegrass Beemers



Just another day in the woods

By John Rice



Preparing to cross the creek

Grandson Ian texted me to ask "are we going dirt riding this weekend?", a question for which the default answer has to be "of course".

We decided on the S-Tree trail area in Jackson County, since Ian hadn't been there before and the only other option,

the White Sulphur Trail near Morehead, had been extensively graveled the last time we'd tried there.

Jay volunteered to go as well, making it easy to swing by and pick up Ian, then head on down into the depths of Eastern Ky.

Ian elected to take his TTR 125 because it's lighter and a bit easier to handle on tricky trails

(and for me, much easier to get in the truck backwards).

We unloaded the bikes at the campground and immediately noticed that one of the usual trails had been closed, presumably for re-growth, requiring that we scout for another way into the woods.

The first path we found took us down into the valley where we learned that the recent rains

had found their resting place in mudhole after mudhole, a few large enough to have names and their own zip code, along the valley floor. Some we surfed through, some we went around as best we could and in some we just skipped over the helmets and handlebars of the bikes and riders still in the bottom. If you know someone who went trail riding at S-Tree

Just another day in the woods By John Rice



Jay takes the plunge.

and didn't return, we can point you at a few likely places they may be.

Ian, rapidly growing into the teenage years, wanted to return to the gravel road to "go fast". We zipped past the campground and on down the long straightaway, getting up to the low 40's, a more than respectable speed for a 125 dirt bike. I was impressed at Ian's control and comfort level on the skittery surface, some born out of a long-time muscle memory of riding since he was three, and

some because he has not yet crashed a motorcycle on gravel.

The road ended at a cul-de-sac with a trail leading off the far end, headed down. With Ian still in the lead, we started down the increasingly rocky path which kept getting steeper and more challenging as we went. At one point I stopped him and noted that one of the prime rules of trail riding is not to go down an unknown path if you aren't positive you can climb back up it. This one was looking increasingly like a one-

way hill. I was both proud of Ian and concerned for us all when he said he still wanted to keep going, "just to see where it goes".

Where it went was to an idyllic valley floor, with a creek, a green meadow and several folks with horses. They told us the best way out was the trail that crossed the creek and headed toward the road that would eventually lead us back to the S-Tree campground. What we failed to ask was, just

how far that "eventually" might go.

For the next hour or so, we kept the creek on our left and sloshed through mudholes, around downed trees, across rocks and through brush. I began having visions of old movies with men in pith helmets, endlessly slashing their way through the jungle, in search of the Lost Treasure. (Usually in those movies, there is also the Plucky Woman Adventurer, who is wearing a tightly fitted khaki shirt and a pair of cargo

Just another day in the woods By John Rice



This is what success looks like.

shorts that are much much shorter than those of her male companions...and none of her outfit ever looks dirty or mussed, no matter what hell they go through. She, inexplicably, wasn't along on our safari.) I crashed at least three times, but fortunately, mud is soft and the XT nearly indestructible, so no real harm done.

Just when I was beginning to think we might have to take up residence down here in this valley, and wondering where to put up the mailbox, I emerged

from the latest swamp-hole to find a man standing in the middle of the trail. He was an older fellow, probably late 60's or so, dressed in baggy brown pants and a flannel shirt, with a well-worn feed-store cap perched a bit crookedly on his head. He had his hands in his pockets and looked around, bemused, as if he had suddenly materialized here in the woods and was wondering why he was no longer in the barn where he had just been standing a moment before. I

asked him if this road came out near the S-Tree campground. He mumbled to himself for a second or so, probably deciding that why ever he was here, he may as well help this fellow out, and then replied that after another few miles or maybe more, the third branch off to the left would take us to Dry Fork Road and back to where we needed to be.

We thanked him and rode on, looking back to see him still standing in the trail, waiting to

be beamed back up from whence he came.

When trail branches began appearing within the next 100 yards, we started to doubt our guide's veracity. We opted to stick to the lower branches on the theory that a road, if one was to be found, would more likely be along the creek than up in the dense woods. Before long we were back in the thick of it, on single-track that seemed unrelated to any sort of general-transport roadway.

Just another day in the woods By John Rice



Ian, somewhere in the depths of the S-Tree woods

Through all of this Ian seemed to be having a great time, with no worries about having to spend his teenage and young adult years wandering the forest. He was a young man, on a well-running motorcycle in the woods. What else does one need for happiness?

Late in the afternoon, a house became visible up on a high ridge across the creek. A house

means a road was there at one point to bring in material and if someone lives there, they have to get in and out of here somehow. We crossed the creek to investigate. Ian was a bit cautious about a water-crossing of this magnitude, where he couldn't really see the bottom and it was about 40 feet from dry to dry. Nonetheless, he was game. He offered me his cell



Back at the truck, victorious

phone to hold, in the manner of a soldier giving up for safe-keeping the photo of the girl back home before going into the breach. I went on across and stood on the other side, watching him as he came down the steep bank into the water and I could see the growing grin inside his helmet as it became increasingly obvious to him that he'd not only make it, but do so in fine style. OK, this is why we do this.

Once all of us were on the "civilized" side of the creek we found the dirt road that serviced the house and opted for the direction that seemed most worn. It took us to another creek crossing, but this one had been modified with bolsters in the bottom, suggesting regular traffic. On the other side, a sort of graveled road snaked up to the left, sort of consistent with the directions Mystery Man had given us. This road got better and better, becoming a real gravel road instead of a somewhat graveled trail and before long we were sailing along, ascending into familiar territory as the campground,

with my red truck waiting, hove into view.

Ian was ready to go around again, but the two oldsters in the group realized that we didn't have much more to give and anyway, we were running out of daylight and still had a 90 minute drive to get home. The bikes were loaded (seemingly having become a lot heavier than they were when we did that this morning), final snacks devoured and off we went, back to the real world.

Jay and I knew that getting out of bed in the morning would involve for us a lot of creaking and groaning, and that Ian probably wouldn't notice any difference. Ah, the wonders of youth.

The bikes would get washed, stripping away the layers of mud and revealing the scratches and dents, but nothing would remove the confidence Ian had gained in challenging himself (and his companions) with the unknown and the as-yet undone. And we will do this again.

—JR

Battered GS begins new lease on life

The demo ride in Louisville was an eye opener.

Here was a 2005 R1200GS that had truly been used as a dual sport during its 39,000 miles, and it felt GREAT, better than the new Road King even with its police air-ride seat.

Dented Vario cases and fuel tank trim panels, scratched

prizes for the Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally, but following our talk, I noticed the GS sitting out front and the bug hit.

New bikes are fun, but laying hands on a used bike to improve how it works and looks can be nearly as entertaining as riding a new bike and watching the new become used. I've always been a sucker for a ma-

pension. In addition to the mechanical good news, the flat and firm stock seat felt familiar, much the same as the seat on the Yamaha FJR1300 that worked perfectly for over 6,000 miles in one week during 2010. That was a great bike, which I sold to fund a Porsche project, but the GS weighs 100 pounds less than the FJR. Less weight always is good!

So I was comfortable, and the bike felt good and happy. I didn't look back as I pulled out of the lot for Danville with the Road King Police remaining at the dealership. The cash portion of the trade would allow me to search for another motorcycle project, and as I merged onto I-65 and comfortably settled in at 75 mph, I knew I had a ride that would work well for me. Well, after some time cleaning, painting, repairing, and sorting.

With a rebuilt final drive, metal fuel couplers installed, welded and repainted frame, paint touch-ups, missing rear mud guards bought used from Rubber Side Down, head guards bought from Paul Rice, replaced tail and turn signal lenses, and side case travel stickers removed, the GS is good to go.

On October 27-28 Danville riders Lynn Tucker, Bill Moore, and Clyde Austin joined me for a ride to Hot Springs, NC to have lunch at the new restaurant. We then rode "the Rattlesnake" NC 209 to Maggie Valley to visit Dale's Wheels Through Time Museum, and then on to Cherokee to camp for the night at the KOA.

We managed to catch two perfect riding days featuring high 60's and low 70's temperatures, providing one last comfortable ride before the

dark season descended upon our return to Danville.

On November 18th with the ambient temperature hovering near 20 degrees but with plenty of sunshine at 9:00 a.m., I rode one of my one-hour loops to see what kind of winter bike the GS will be. I was pleased to find that I was comfortable. The black plastic pieces attached to the fuel tank provide just enough wind management to keep the tops of my legs warm as I wore the same silk under leather that I wear in the heat of summer. The hand guard/heated grip combination kept my hands comfy, and the small touring shield offered just enough wind protection so that I didn't detect any neck or cheek discomfort, so the GS appears to be a fine winter bike, ready for a new lease on life.

I look forward to a few more cosmetic issues to fiddle with to ensure the GS feels loved. I might spring for a set of wire tubeless wheels and a set of Heidenau K60 tires, although the cast wheels and fairly new Tourance tires are fine. Maybe I can catch a good deal on an Adventure fuel tank!

Working on a bike is satisfying, but it's a means to an end.

Winter be damned, let's ride!

—PE



The 2005 R1200GS on the first ride after the trade
Photo by John Rice

paint, gouged fork legs, rusty fittings and mud-baked engine, the GS with its Alaska stickers and missing parts likely could tell many stories of its nine years on...and off the road.

After 8,000 miles on the new Road King Police with its wonderful solo air-ride seat but harsh suspension, I was ready for a change.

I had stopped by the Louisville BMW/H-D dealership to talk with Doug about door

chine that needs TLC, and this GS certainly was calling my name.

A previous owner thought well enough of the GS to replace worn OEM shocks with Ohlins units, an excellent choice for me as I sought a more comfortable ride than that offered by the Harley.

The demo ride revealed a smooth and responsive engine and slick-shifting gearbox along with the wonderful sus-

A visit to Wheels Through Time Museum offers stroll down memory lane



Wheels Through Time Museum owner Dale Walksler (left) shares photos with Bill Moore and Clyde Austin. Dale frequently receives unsolicited photos and vintage motorcycle documents. Located in Maggie Valley, NC, Wheels Through Time features over 300 American vintage motorcycles, nearly all in running condition.



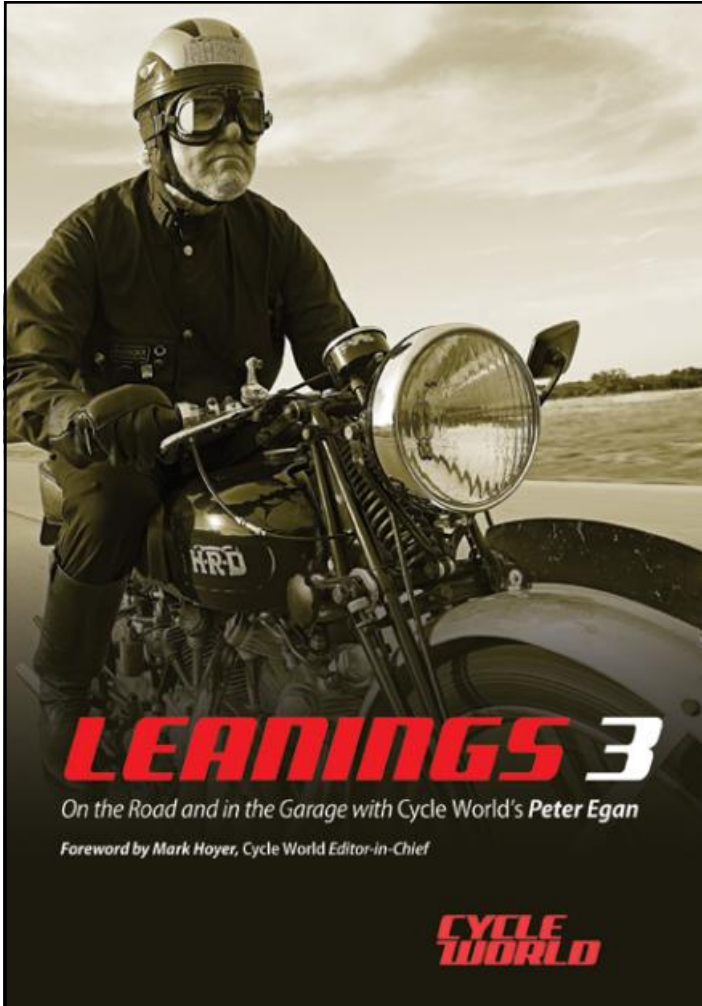
A visit to Wheels Through Time Museum offers stroll down memory lane



LEANINGS 3

On the Road and in the Garage with Cycle World's Peter Egan

Club Discount
available for
Bluegrass Beemers



Many of us have been reading Peter Egan for years, possibly both in *Road & Track* as well as in *Cycle World*, so the latest collection, **LEANINGS 3**, brings another familiar mix of columns and features, this time originally published from January 2005 through October 2013.

For those who have not experienced Peter's writing, this volume will serve well as an introduction to what I consider

to be the best moto-journalism available.

Egan blends a broad knowledge of motorcycles and motorcycling experience from trail to street and to track, with nuances about places, music, and people, about the inner philosophical sense that riders often understand but until reading Egan, have not been able to put into words. His insights and humor prompt us to say, "That's what I understand. I know that feeling."

When I was an English

teacher, I used Egan's work as a model for student writers. He begins every writing with an effective hook that engages the reader, and then he follows through with vivid details and humor to a conclusion that further reveals the lead, making us smile and nod, "That's perfect."

One must not be a motorcyclist to enjoy Peter's writing, but anyone who rides will appreciate the many nuggets of motorcycling truths and love this volume.

One of the many perks of Bluegrass Beemers club membership is that you can buy this book at half the cover price.

Check out the details below. You need to add this book to your library.

—Paul Elwyn

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Motorbooks offers motorcycle clubs a discount on our books! The order needs to come from one person, be paid for by one person and be shipped to one person, so it requires a little coordination on your end. Many clubs have found our books to be a good fundraising tool for their club coffer or a local charity!

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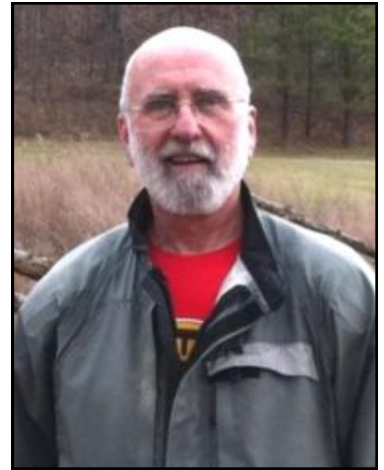
Order will be held until the \$75 minimum is met.

Books available on loan

The following books are available on loan. Email me when you want to borrow one, and I will bring it to breakfast (or whatever other arrangements need to be made...I can deliver within reason) and I'll put your name beside it on my list.

I don't mind if people keep them a while (it takes me forever to read a book now....I keep falling asleep and then have to re-read the last 10 pages or so) but I don't want to give them away for good. At least not yet.

John Rice
Rickey@aol.com



Bahnstormer By LJK Setwright
Streetwise By Malcolm Newell
The Bart Markel Story By Joe Scalzo
Mann of his Time By Ed Youngblood
Yesterday's Motorcycles By Karolevitz
The Scottish By Tommy Sandham
This Old Harley By Michael Dregni
Racer: the story of Gary Nixon By Joe Scalzo
All But My Life: Bio of Stirling Moss By Ken Purdy (OK, not a motorcycle book, but who doesn't like and respect Stirling Moss?)
Investment Biker By Jim Rogers
Obsessions Die Hard By Ed Culbertson
BMW Twins & Singles By Roy Bacon
Bitten by the Bullet By Steve Krzystyniak & Karen Goa
Cafe Racers of the 1960's By Mick Walker
More Proficient Motorcycling By David Hough
Tales of Triumph Motorcycles & the Meriden Factory:
By Hancox
Sport Riding Techniques By Nick Ienatasch
Total Control By Lee Parks

Smooth Riding By Reg Pridmore.
A Twist of The Wrist (Vol 1 & 2) By Keith Code
Triumph Tiger 100 and Daytona By J. R. Nelson
This Old Harley (anthology) By Dregni
Side Glances By Peter Egan
Mondo Enduro By Austin Vince
Big Sid's Vincati By Matthew Bieberman
101 Road Tales By Clement Salvadori
Riding with Rilke By Ted Bishop
Legendary Motorcycles By Luigi Corbetta
Lois on the Loose By Lois Pryce
Red Tape and White Knuckles By Lois Pryce
A Man Called Mike By Hilton (bio of Mike Hailwood)
The Perfect Vehicle By Melissa Pierson
One Man Caravan By Robert Fulton (first known circumnavigation of the world by motorcycle)
Monkey Butt By Rick Sieman
Ariel: The postwar models By Roy Bacon
Short Way Up By Steve Wilson
Endless Horizon By Dan Walsh
Leanings (1 & 2) By Peter Egan
Into the Heart of Africa By Jerry Smith
The Last Hurrah By Des Molloy
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Whatever Happened to the British Motorcycle Industry
By Bert Hopwood
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Motorcycling Excellence
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For Sale



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- Cream color, blue seat hard bags
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good now, but it still runs.)

John Rice
Riceky@AOL.com
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1999 Honda Ace Tourer
23,000 miles

Fine condition with Corbin leather seat with driver
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and back, driving lights, fresh tires, windshield,
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\$4000 OBO

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TIRES ARE GOOD, 41,929 MILES

GARAGE KEPT, ALL FUNCTIONS WORK

AUX FLASHERS ON REAR BRAKE

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- Tires have less than 1000 miles on them.
- Bike is in immaculate condition, always kept inside.

\$10,000 or reasonable offer

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For Sale: 2009 R1200GS ESA.
Approx 16,000 miles, heated grips, vario topcase
Contact Saloman Levy
at salomon.levy@gmail.com
or phone 786-218-7071.

For Sale: R1100RT 1996
Contact John Harter at 859-684-8217

For Sale



- Brembo ABS brakes
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- stock clip-ons and LSL superbike bar conversion
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- stock and touring shields
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- 50% left on Metzlers

1999 R1100 S

65,362 miles

\$4,750 obo

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For Sale



2002 BMW R1150RT

Titan Silver
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garage kept

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- Black BMW top box
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- 0 miles on rear tire



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to all and
to all a
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Ray, Lynn & Maggie



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