



THE BEEMER BEAT

Newsletter of the
BMW Riders of Oregon



August, 2018

Volume 42, Issue #8

Founded 1976 - Charter #83, BMW Motorcycle Owners of America



Edson Creek at the Sixes Campout July 27-29, 2018

photo by Forest McGregor

Beating a Path to Pacific City

from David Peterson
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The Aging Rider - Who Me?

from Bob Metzter,
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Epic Trip to Florida from Oregon 26 days: Part II

from Clarence Story
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BMWRO

Coming Events



Club Sanctioned Events

- Event:** **Walton Lake Campout and Quarterly Meeting**
- Date/Time:** Friday, Sept. 7th at 2 pm
to Sunday Sept. 9th 1 pm
Registration ends September 4, 2018.
- Place:** Walton Lake Campground Large Group Site
Ochoco National Forest
- Description:** Primitive camping with fun paved and GS routes in the area. Nearest gas and supplies are 30 miles away in Prineville. Club will provide dinner on Saturday. All other meals are on your own. Quarterly Club Meeting will be held Saturday afternoon. We have the Large Group Campsite, which has more flat space for tents and is closer to the water supply than our last campout at Walton in 2016. See [campground website](#) for detailed directions to the site and for description of campground.
USFS places a limit on space for RV's and cars, so if you are planning to bring an RV or car, please contact Alice LeBarron prior to registering.
- Cost:** For members:\$5.00
For associate members:\$5.00
For non-members:\$10.00
It is preferred that you register on-line. If you have a problem paying, on-line, contact Alice LeBarron to make other arrangements.
Contact: Alice LeBarron **541-647-7194**
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com
- Event:** **Women Riders Campout**
- Date/Time:** Friday Sept, 14th at 2 pm
to Sunday Sept. 16th at 1 pm
Registration ends September 10, 2018.
- Place:** Cape Perpetua Campground Group Site
- Description:** Primitive camping (no showers, but there is running water). Nearest gas and supplies are three miles away in Yachats. See [campground website](#) for detailed directions to the site and for description of campground. The group campsite has a large covered shelter, a fire pit, and a large grassy area for tents. There are nice hiking trails from the campground as well as good riding in the area. The Women Riders Campouts are typically low-key events with plenty of shared stories and ideas, as well as opportunities to learn from one another in a supportive environment. Food is typically shared or on your own. Due to limited parking, there will not be room to accommodate cars or RVs.

Cost:

Motorcycles & Spyders only, please.

For members:\$5.00
For associate members:\$5.00
For non-members:\$10.00

It is preferred that you register on-line. If you have a problem paying on-line, contact Alice LeBarron to make other arrangements.

Contact: Alice LeBarron **541-647-7194**
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com
Jalene Case **541-272-2337**
jalenecase@gmail.com

Recurring Events

- Event:** **Central Oregon 2nd Saturday**
- Date/Time:** Second Saturday of each month
- Location:** Various ride and lunch locations in the Central Oregon Region.
- Contact:** Alice LeBarron **541-647-7194**
alicelebarron@hotmail.com
Gary Stead **541-593-7461**
garystead67@gmail.com
- Event:** **Central Western Region 1st Saturday Ride**
- Date/Time:** Various dates and times. See the event calendar on the web site for more information.
- Location:** European Motorcycles of Western Oregon
- Description:** Various routes.
- Contact:** TBD
- Event:** **Southern Oregon 1st Saturday**
- Date/Time:** First Saturday of each month
- Location:** Various lunch/breakfast and ride locations for southern Oregon members.
- Contact:** Dan Hall, dnehall@frontier.com
Mark Collier **541-499-1395**
mcollier5895@gmail.com
- Event:** **NW Oregon 1st Saturday Ride**
- Date/Time:** First Saturday of each month
- Location:** Various breakfast and ride locations in the Northwest Oregon Region.
- Description:** Finding the twisties and connecting with our membership for grins and food sharing.
- Contact:** David Peterson **503-327-5592**
dwpeterson01@yahoo.com
Mike Ripley **503-789-2966**
gobeezer@live.com

Event: **Doc Wong Riding Clinic**
Date/Time: Second Saturday of each Month, 9:00 am
Location: Mr. Ed's Moto: 414 Queen Avenue, Albany
Contact: Don Weber **541-791-5142**
don@mredsmoto.com

Heard-On-The-Road

Event: **Idaho BMW Riders Stanley Stomp**

Date/Time: Thursday, August 9, 2018, 8:00 AM until Sunday, August 12, 2018, 5:00 PM

Place: Sawtooth Lodge. 27 miles north of Lowman, Idaho. Go to www.idahobmwriders.com for more information

Event: **Bee Cee Beemers Nakusp Hot Springs Rally**

Date/Time: Thursday, August 16, 2018, 8:00 AM until Sunday, August 19, 2018, 5:00 PM

Place: Nakusp Municipal Campgrounds
4th Street and 10th Avenue NW,
Nakusp, B.C. Canada

Description: The Nakusp Hotsprings Rally has become a tradition - one that has BMW riders from all over North America returning to year after year

Contact: www.beeceebeemers.com

Event: **20th Annual Beartooth Rendezvous**

Date/Time: Thursday, August 16, 2018, 10:00 AM until Sunday, August 19, 2018, 12:00 PM

Place: Lions Beartooth Mountain Youth Camp
Hwy 212 (10 miles south of Red Lodge)
Red Lodge, MT

Description: Ample space for tent camping; plus 13 cabins with 8 bunks in each; hot showers and toilets in bath houses. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday dinners provided with registration. Our dinners are of the meat and potato variety. A great band.

Cost: Registration before July 20 \$80.00
Registration after July 21 100.00

More details: Visit the BMWRO.org website and visit the Event Calendar in the month of July for more information.

Call for Candidates for BMWRO Executive Committee Positions

In October, we will be holding elections for the positions of **President** and **Secretary** for BMWRO. We're now calling for candidates to volunteer for these positions before the next General Membership Meeting to be held the afternoon of Saturday, September 8th at the Walton Lake Campout. Nominations will close at that time. The positions are for two-year terms, starting January 1, 2019.

If you have questions about either of these two positions, please contact either Bob Metzger at bmwro.pres@gmail.com or Alice LeBarron at bmwro.secretary@gmail.com.

To be a successful club, BMWRO depends on the work of volunteers. As a member of the executive committee, you would have the opportunity to influence the direction of the club and drive its continuous improvement. Please consider this opportunity to use your own personal talents, experience, and love of motorcycling to help BMWRO continue to be a great club.

If you wish to announce your candidacy for one of these offices, please contact Alice LeBarron at bmwro.secretary@gmail.com.



BMWRO President's Message

by Bob Metzger



The Aging Rider - Who Me?

I believe it was the actress May West who said, "Getting old isn't for sissies!" Truer words were never spoken. There is nothing special about getting older. It requires no special talent. It just happens and the best advice I have to give is, "Try to do it as gracefully as possible." Bon Jovi has a great anthem song called Just Older. Give a listen to the lyrics someday. They capture the feelings many of us now entertain.

"In the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years."
- Abraham Lincoln.

As we age, motorcycle mental skills and physical abilities, such as balance and coordination, begin to diminish. Our strength and endurance aren't what they used to be either. So what can be

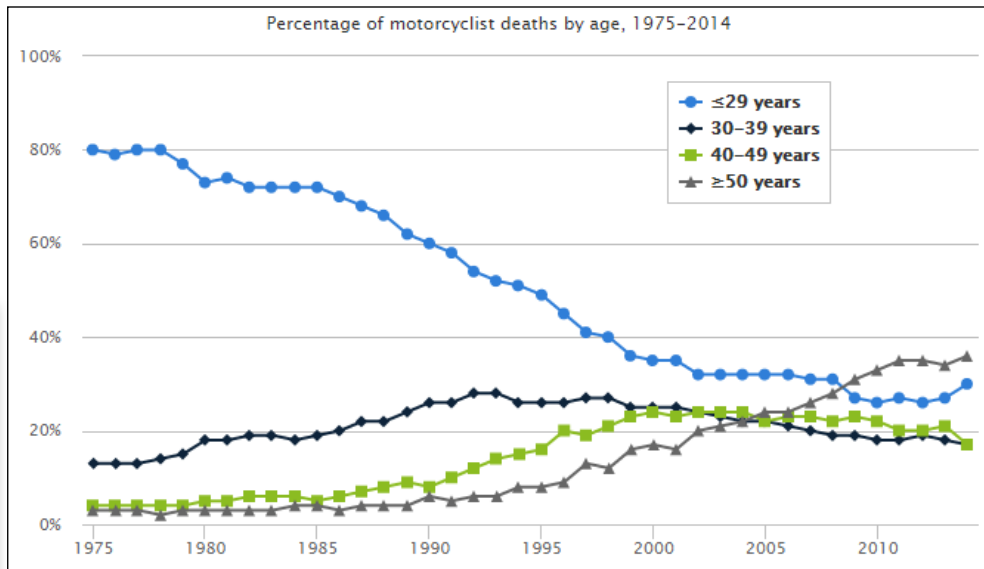
done about these age occurring motorcycle riding deficiencies? Actually, more than you might expect!

Aging Riders And Crash Data

According to a study in the *Journal of Injury Prevention*, the percentage of older motorcyclists on the road is quickly rising. Between 1990 and 2003, the number of motorcyclists over the age of 50 rose from about 10% to 25% of riders currently on the road. Simultaneously, the average age of riders involved in motorcycle crashes has also risen. The injury rate for riders 65 and older jumped 145% between 2000 and 2006. Admittedly, these data are now a bit old, but I have no reason to believe they are not still valid.

According to *The Motley Fool* (May, 2017 Rich Dupery) the median age of a motorcycle owner is now 47 years of age, up from 32 in 1990 and 40 in 2009.

"None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm."
- Henry David Thoreau



A graph published but the *Insurance Institute for Highway Safety* in 2016 sums up the entire story when it comes to fatality versus age data. Notice the greater than 50 years (black triangles) group fatality rate begins to climb steeply in 1995. That slope change has been correlated to post WW II Baby Boomers returning to the highways and byways of America. The age 50+ riders have a greater fatality rate than all other age groups.

Tips For Aging Riders - Keep 'em Rolling

Tip #1 - Ride Smarter

Choose a speed that always allows you to ride within your limits and the limitations of your motorcycle. Making errors while riding a motorcycle comes with much greater consequences. Our endurance to put long hours in the saddle diminishes as we age. Take frequent breaks and forget about sun up to sun down riding! These days, at age 66, 400 miles in a day is my absolute limit.

Tip #2 - Change Your Attitude

Refuse to get frustrated or angry with other drivers. If you've left yourself a nice gap (space cushion) between you and

the vehicle in front of you and another driver immediately fills that space, just slow and readjust. Anger has no place in the saddle of a motorcycle. Road rage and motorcycles don't mix well. Remember it is about the ride, not about competition. If you wish to compete, take it to the track.

Tip #3 - Stay In Shape

When we age, muscle mass disappears. Bone density decreases. However, all is not lost. Develop a regular regimen of exercise. Go to the gym at least three times a week and spend at least one-half hour of sustained exercise. Even exercise with modest weights and high repetitions pays great dividends. Make an appointment with a professional trainer and listen to their advise. Don't forget that stretching and yoga also provide good returns. Remember, to get your heart into your age appropriate target heart range to build your stamina.

Lose weight. All diets work if you stick with them. You will feel better! The only way to manage weight is through a commitment to life style and dietary change.

Give up harmful habits!
Enough said. It's up to you.
- Robert Metzger

Tip #4 - Sharpen Your Skills

Nothing, nothing, will improve your riding more than practice to maintain your mental and physical skills necessary for safe motorcycling. If you wait to practice maximum inline braking until a car violates your path of travel - it's too late. Remember, motorcycle riding skills are perishable. Practice often, and get professional training. Only perfect practice, yields perfect results.

Yes, it costs a few bucks to take a motorcycle skills practice course but, have you been to the emergency room lately?

"Today is the oldest and the youngest you will ever be."
- Eleanor Roosevelt

Bob

Just Older, by Bon Jovi

Hey, man, it's been a while
Do you remember me?
When I hit the streets I was 17

A little wild, a little green

I've been up and down and in between

After all these years

Can you believe I'm still chasing that dream

But I ain't looking over my shoulder

I like the bed I'm sleeping in

It's just like me, it's broken in

It's not old—just older

Like a favorite pair of torn blue jeans

This skin I'm in it's alright with me

It's not old—just older

It's good to see your face

You ain't no worse for wear

Breathing that California air

When we took on the world

When we were young and brave

We got secrets that we'll take to the grave

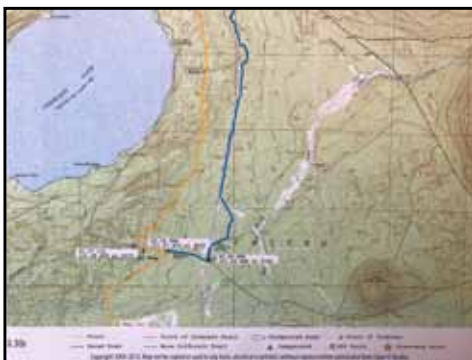
And we're standing here shoulder to shoulder

I'm not old enough to sing the blues
But I...

Oregon Back Country Discovery Maps Available

from Bob Metzger

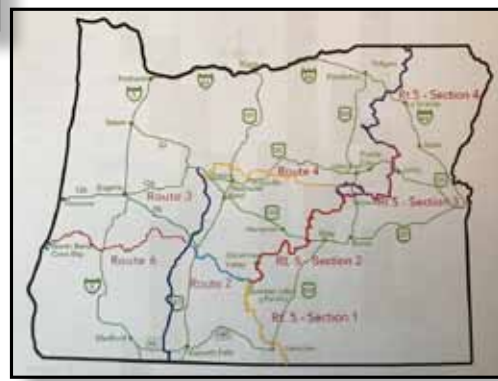
Last year, Milt (Butch) Farrand donated—to the BMW Riders of Oregon club—the entire series of the **Oregon Back Country Discovery** topographic route maps. **Thank you Butch!**



Since our membership is spread across 98,466 square miles—known as the State of Oregon, and beyond—it is hard to find a central location where everyone can access these map volumes. Therefore, I am the default custodian. If you wish to borrow them, I will happily loan them to you via USPS.

Simply contact me, I will give you my PayPal account number and you can drop the round trip postage into my account. If you don't have a PayPal account, you can still contact me and we can work out a hand-off at a mutually agreeable time and place.

Journey on!



NEW MEMBERS

Motorcycle

Richard King, Philomath, OR. 2004 BMW R1150GSA

Michael Kinsey, Redmond, OR. 2005 BMW RT



Bylaws, Policies & Guidelines

If you are interested in any of the above, just visit our website and download. www.bmwro.org

FIND THE BMWRO NEW MEMBER APPLICATION FORM ONLINE:

[HTTP://BMWRO.ORG](http://BMWRO.ORG)

BMWRO Club Officials

President:

Robert Metzger, (608-642-1186)
bmwro.pres@gmail.com

Vice President:

Chris Henry, (541-915-4616)
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

Secretary:

Alice LeBarron, (541-647-7194)
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com

Treasurer:

Nate Levin, (503-931-9789)
bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com

BEEMER BEAT Editor:

Forest McGregor, (541-761-2320)
bmwro.newsletter@gmail.com

Webmaster:

Volunteer needed
bmwro.web@gmail.com

Club Liaison

Volunteer needed
bmwro.news@gmail.com

Activities

Chris Henry, (541-915-4616)
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

Ambassador Program Welcomes New Members

Ambassadors for the Four Regions are:

Central Western Region

(South of Salem, including Eugene & Oakland from the coast to the Cascades).

Ambassador Volunteer Requested—

Central & Northeast Region

(East of The Dalles, including I-84 to Ontario, south of Columbia River to US 20, Baker City & including US 20 to LaPine. Includes Camp Sherman/Bend/Redmond/Sisters & Prineville area).

Alice LeBarron—541-647-7194
alicelebarron@hotmail.com

Gary Stead —541-647-0135
garystead67@gmail.com

Southern Region

(Oakland, OR into California. The coast through Klamath Falls).

Dan Hall—541-862-7411
dnehall@frontier.com

Mark Collier—541-499-1395
mcollier5895@gmail.com

Northwest Region

(from Longview, WA south through Salem, OR, the coast to the Cascades, including The Dalles).

David W. Peterson—503-327-5592
dwpeterson01@yahoo.com & www.wfodave.smugmug.com

Michael Ripley—503-648-0578
gobeezer@live.com

Please call or email your regional Ambassador for club outings and rally information.
We can assist you with learning more about BMWRO

Epic Trip to Florida from Oregon

26 days Part II

from Clarence Story

Day 11

Bill and Tom took back roads to Jacksonville, FL as I took 90 east. I was in a hurry, as there were a couple of stamps that I needed to attend to in Jacksonville and this afternoon was my time to get them. Near the Atlantic Ocean on Fort George Island is Kingsley Plantation and Timucuan National Preserve. The Kingsley Plantation reminded me of George Washington's "Mt. Vernon on the Potomac." That evening I ate at Denny's next to my motel. Tom does subway sandwiches: morning, noon and night.

Day 12

Bus tour today and our destination is the Naval Submarine Base, Kings Bay, Georgia. I had to leave my small Swiss Army knife on the bus as no weapons are allowed. The tour was okay, but I was amazed at the size of our nuclear subs—just enormous compared to WWII. I was hoping for some top secret stuff, but they kept their secrets there in Kings Bay, Georgia. Toured the PX and didn't buy anything as the merchandise was spendy.

Day 13

Did the St. Augustine bus tour—the oldest city in the USA—founded in 1565. My neck and back were hurting, so got a 20 minute massage in old town. That evening at the dinner, one of the captains of the USS GRAYLING (a nuclear attack sub), who skippered the boat in the early 80's, was the guest speaker. He's now a retired three-star admiral. He shook everyone's



hand and talked about the cold war and some interesting events of that period. Tom did not attend the dinner as he rode south to spend a few days with friends.

Day 14

Bill and I headed north into Georgia to Cumberland Islands National Seashore and then toured Fort Frederica National Monument on St. Simons Island. All of these parks take you on great back roads for riding. We toured less traveled roads all day and found ourselves in Hampton, South Carolina for the evening.

Day 15

We rode scenic roads up the west side of S.C., as we made our way to Chesnee S.C. and Cowpens National Battlefield. This national park had the best little six minute film about the war and victory over the British regulars and how important it was to the American Revolution.

Day 16

We continued east into North Carolina and back into S.C. to Kings Mtn, National Military Park. This was another pivotal war where our forces routed the British Loyalists in the Revolutionary War. We then rode north to the Blue Ridge Parkway—a beautiful road minus commercial traffic—a national park where we spent the night in Asheville, N.C.

Day 17

More back roads as we ride into Tennessee and Bill went to Jacksboro, Tenn to the Bushtec factory to have his trailer checked out. I rode on north to Big South Fork NRR in Oneida, another stamp. Bill and his trailer did not take long at the factory and he met me in Wartburg, Tenn at Obed Wild & Scenic River. Saw the 17-minute film and did not have time to do any hikes. After lunch we rode south to Oak Ridge, Tenn to the Manhattan Project NHP. Toured the museum and got my one third of a stamp. Tod and I were in Los Alamos, N.M. few years ago and got the other third of the stamp. The other third is at Hanford, WA. We spent the night in Lenoir, Tenn.

Day 18

Bill and I rode east through Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg and then south through the Great Smoky Mountains. Back on the Blue Ridge Parkway, then east to Maggie Valley for the tour, "Wheels Through Time" at the motorcycle museum. This place is a top two or three for your bucket list as will take you back in time and there is so much to look at. I didn't get a stamp there, but there was a Subway sandwich shop just down the street. Later that afternoon, traveling west on Hwy 19, clouds were swirling around with some light rain and as we rounded a

curve, a gust of wind picked up both bikes and moved us about three feet toward oncoming traffic. It was a surreal event—I thought I was going down. Then the wind picked both bikes up again and moved us over some more. Then the sky just opened up! Boy, can it rain! It rained HARD! We pulled into a storage shed facility and leaned the bikes up against the shed to get out of the rain. This storm just literally came around the corner and met us—it was severe. We were both shaken over this and rode into Bryson City, NC and found a room for the night.

Day 19

After breakfast we rode in the fog to Deal's Gap, NC—the beginning, for us, of “The Tail of the Dragon.” I have read about this piece of road (318 curves / 11 miles) in every motorcycle magazine. We spent some time browsing the store and the most interesting aspect was there was only one type of gasoline for sale,—no low octane or mid-grade—the good stuff. The sun was coming out and we took off. Besides lots of turns, was great scenery and the curves are cambered correctly. I wanted to enjoy the experience and feel the curves of the road: no knee scraping with a BMW LT. We worked our way west and south the rest of day and spent the night in Fayetteville, TN. Had dinner at the Las Torres and there must have been over 200 patrons in the place.

Day 20

I knew Bill and Tom had been sick early in the trip and thought Bill was doing okay. He had indicated he was getting tired in the afternoons. This morning (*I'm always cheerful*) “How are you doing?” “Not good buddy, I think you should go on.” I ask “what is the matter?” Bill replies “my sides hurt when I cough and now I have



Getting ready to ride The Dragon

a sore throat; think I want to lay up for a couple of days and rest.” Wow, now I've lost two riding buddies! He's not feeling good, should I stay and tend to him? He says “No, you go on—no need hanging around.” So, I head out due west wondering if I made the right decision. An hour after leaving Fayetteville is Shiloh National Military Park. Then down into Mississippi to Corinth Nat'l Cemetery, Brices Cross Roads National Battlefield, Natchez Trace National Scenic Trail and into Tupelo to the ranger station. After talking to the rangers, I headed west on Hwy 6 and late that afternoon crossed over the Mississippi River into West Helena, Arkansas. For dinner, went out and bought myself a small pizza, just for me. I really don't mind riding by myself. That evening, Bill texts me and he had gone to Urgent Care: Dr. thought he had allergies—got a shot of steroids and some rest.

Day 21

I headed west on back roads to Little Rock, looking for “Little Rock Central High School.” In 1957, nine high school students forced the nation to enforce civil rights. Spent some time reading the info and talking to the ranger, then headed west to “Hot Springs

National Park.” I didn't have time for the therapeutic baths that have been around for over 200 years. I had to hurry as today is Mothers Day and I have a cousin (on my mom's side) in Mt. Ida that is having a fish fry. My Google Maps took me the long way around to her house. Had crappie for fried fish and was excellent. Took the short route back to Mt. Ida and spent the night. Got a text from Bill that he and Tom reconnected.



Golf-ball sized hail did this damage.

Day 22

Pulled out of Mt. Ida at 6:20 and headed west to Oklahoma. Sometimes things just happen. I stopped at a McDonalds for their pancakes, sausage and orange juice. As I'm taking off my helmet and gloves, a bus pulls up and 44 passengers disembark at the front door. I carry Fig Newtons and, with some water, made that breakfast. Later that morning stopped at Chickasaw NRA in Sulphur, OK—a recreation area—and after getting my stamp, got my field glasses out and found a Tufted Titmouse. A good friend and his wife moved from my home town to Duncan, OK, last year, so had dinner with them and spent the night.

Day 23

Up early and we looked at the radar screens on the computer as storms were moving through Oklahoma and I managed to avoided the storms most of the day. Worked my way northwest to Washita Battlefield in Cheyenne, OK. The ranger had a 26 minute movie that he really thought that I should see. Black clouds everywhere I looked. He was still insisting as I was heading to the door. Back on the bike and south to I-40 and west to Alibates Flint Quarries and Lake Meredith NRA in Fritch, TX. Sun was out and rode through part of Lake Meredith National Park. The Flint Quarries—boy did I wish I'd had more time—as this park look was very interesting. Back south to I-40 and headed west. As I approached Tucumcari, N.M. directly ahead was a huge black cloud. Pulled into a Subway for a drink and sandwich. When I parted with Bill, we downloaded two apps: MyRadar and NOAA Weather Radar. I had learned storms coming out of the Gulf of Mexico turn clockwise. While eating my late lunch, the radar apps showed this storm to



be past I-40 and away from me. Maybe a chance of a little rain, but after that, sunny due west. I started up the grade and it started raining, then some small hail, then sheets of hail, then golf ball size. I'm seriously scared that the bike may go down, no overpasses, but two semi's are pulled over and I pull up behind the closest one. I jump off the bike and lean up against the back of the semi. The bike is taking a pounding. Then the truck just pulls away leaving me exposed. About then a pickup pulls up behind my bike and motions me to jump in. I run and jump in as his wife climbs into the back seat. I look out at my bike and notice that his windshield is shattered. Two golf ball pieces of hail took his windshield out. Things settle down and it's time for me to get back on the bike. I'm pretty shaken up, upset—with the apps showing the storm had passed and I get myself into this nasty situation. I pull into a rest area to check things out and find the black fake leather around the back of the trunk has several golf ball size indentations. The fiber glass paneling that shrouds the LT, the hail didn't bother. Rode on to Moriarty, N.M. and spent the night.

Day 24

Left Moriarty and headed west on I-40. Early morning temp is mid 40's and I had everything on for warmth. Was windy most of

the way and not fun. Stopped in Kingman, AZ, for the night. Was going to take three days to get home, but the wife was not going to be home—birthday party for oldest granddaughter in Portland.

Day 25

Left Kingman and had a nice ride over to Needles, CA. Then came the terrible ride to Barstow as the wind just cracked like a whip off my helmet and pushed the bike all over. If this was what riding was like every day, would sell the bike. Had breakfast in Barstow and on to Bakersfield, CA. Kept pushing all day and back to my cousin's house in Gridley, CA, then back to where I started 25 days ago—a 668 mile day.

Day 26

Up at 4:30 and out the driveway at 5:00 am. Two hours later had breakfast in Weed, CA and rolled into Eugene just after lunch. Took a nap and then took the car to Portland where my three daughters and granddaughter still thought I was still two states away—they were pretty excited to see me.

A great 8,762 mile trip, just a couple of storms that I should have paid more attention to.



Edson Creek/Sixes River Campout: July 27-29, 2018



Sixes host, Keith Matteson, draws names from a sac in awarding “door prizes” — provided by Roger Paquette (who sits left-most in this photo with a look of shame). Next to him is Bill Paulson, Dan Russell and Joe Kaney—a drop-in guest who Keith put the squeeze on for \$10 and a pitch to join the club.

Center foreground is Linnea Alvord, Cameron Rust, Phyllis Webb, and Karen Rust. Steve Sincerny is standing behind Keith in this photo.



Left to right:
Jay Bennett, Chris Henry, Jalene Case, Dan Hall and Dave Prybylowski (seated). Chris Henry has just said something that made us all laugh.

Members who attended:

Dave Prybylowski, Chris Henry, Phillis Webb, Bill Paulson, Jay Bennett, Larry Cagle, Forest McGreggor, Roger Paquette, Dan Hall, Carl Boulden, Mark Collier,



(continued from above)

Jim von Stein, Linnea Alvord, Steve Sincerny, Doug Courtney, Cameron & Karen Rust (with Annabell their dog), Doug Tewksbury, Dan Russell and Joe Kaney.

Sixes hostess, Jalene Chase (right), had final words of farewell with Carl Bolden (left) and Doug Tewksbury (center) as they prepared to leave before the dinner hour on Saturday. As you can see in this photo, Doug is about to be “beemed” up by transporter.

Beating a Path to Pacific City NW Ambassadors Ride Report – July 2018

David Peterson #90113

Weatherwise, we've had a pretty good run over the past year. Only two real rain rides, with a couple of mixed days in between. But July's a pretty good bet for warm weather and when it's warm, there's only one place to head – the beach!

July's also vacation month and so we weren't certain how many riders would show up. But show up they did – 17 smiling faces on only 12 bikes. A real couples ride!

There wasn't much benchracing to start; time was a wastin' and it was Sunday and the shop was closed. **Neal Malagamba** jumped to the front of the line and the thread quickly filled behind him. Like I said, it was a bit of a couples ride; it was nice to see **Louie** and **Karen Robida** and **Tom** and **Melinda Jackson** queue up along with **Karl**

and **Ramona Perlich** (haven't seen them together since last August!) and regulars **Kim Dorsing** and **Janice Mathern**. **David** and **Diane Peterson** brought up the rear, with **Andrew Peake** (first sighting since October 2015!), **Bill Hedges**, **Larry Kline**, **Cam Rust**, **Chuck Mileur** and his buddy, **Keith Picone**, filling in the gaps in the middle.

South we zipped, along I-5 through Wilsonville (you gotta love Sunday morning traffic!). After crossing the river, it was off the interstate and into farm

country. I'm not sure when hops are harvested, but it's got to be any day now, as the hop trellises that cover the Champoege vicinity were sagging under the abundance. We had planned to trace the Willamette along Riverside Drive, but road construction forced us down OR-219 instead. No matter; it was a beautiful morning along a road lined now with squash—the big orange bounty plainly visible among the broad-leafed fields.

As I've said many times before, every ride is a fun ride, but a ferry crossing makes it perfect. So it was that we found ourselves at the Wheatland ferry queued up with gigantic field threshers. Not a car to be found on this particular crossing.

We beat the threshers off the ferry. Now it was off to the races. Lafayette Highway crosses farm country with several straight stretches punctuated by property corners. There was plenty of rolling valley to be covered. But first, we wanted to find some twisties. Eola Hills Road fit the bill. It climbs about 800 feet and allows for 360° views around the valley. You have to be careful; the road is narrow and curvy, and with vegetation growing to road's edge, seeing



I call this one "Racing threshers off a ferry."

Photo by Diane Peterson

through transitions is difficult. After six miles, the descent reverses and the valley ride resumes. It's often a surprise even to long-time local riders, a twisty treat that many have ridden around, oblivious, for years.

South of Amity, we entered Polk County. Here, there are many crossroads, but really, only one that's paved between Amity and OR-22, fourteen miles away. Many start out promising like Perrydale Road (west), paved for a mile or so, but most are like Beck Road, gravel stretches that connect to more gravel, or Sunnyside Road, a gravel run to nowhere. Great GS roads all; not so much fun on a bunch of shiny street bikes.

It was Bellevue/Broadmead/Perrydale Road (south) for us, a lovely ribbon through open fields, that is the only paved option in the box bounded by OR-18/US-99/OR-22 and Red Prairie Road. It's a blissful stretch that comes to a screeching halt when Perrydale intersects OR-22.

OR-22 was our first serious traffic since I-5. It serves as Salem's beach access, and it's a rude awakening after an hour or



“Uh, Neal, I left my chainsaw on the other bike. You?”

Photo by Diane Peterson

so of sparse roads. It feeds into OR-18 near Grand Ronde, making the remaining 40 miles to the coast a scenic, but crowded, slog. Fortunately, there are a couple short sections of delightful distraction; Yamhill River Road parallels OR-18 for three miles before merging is inevitable. Twenty miles west, North Fork Road provides an early escape from the traffic, especially if your final destination is north along US-101.

We stopped at Spirit Mountain for fuel and a break. Here the group started to break down. Tom Jackson, usually up for anything, wasn't feeling well and decided to call it an early day. Minutes earlier, Andrew Peake, low on fuel and forgetting we were about to gas up, peeled off, never to be seen again. He later emailed me that he continued to follow the route, and while he never found us, he still had a splendid time.

The next pictures tell a tale of two rides, two weeks apart. Shortly before we arrived on the pre-ride, two 100-foot-tall trees crashed across our path. The Fire Department and Portland General were soon on the scene, but it was going to take several hours before the road would be cleared. We took our time assessing the situation and talking to a local bicyclist who had recently moved to the area. Just when it looked like we would have to backtrack the scenic but exceedingly pock-marked old Highway 101, a Portland General worker with a chain saw worked the property south of the fall. He'd gotten there somehow; could he open a gate for us? Sure



Two weeks later, gathering around the stump.

Photo by Diane Peterson

enough—an open driveway led to a garden gate on the other side of the fall. It took some finesse to get through the second gate, but soon we were on our way, fallen trees in our mirrors. Diane’s fillings would remain affixed for another ride (she takes a beating on some of these broken back roads).

On this ride, the road was pristine as we passed through the fall area. The exposed tree rot told us all we needed to know about the cause of the fall.

Another twenty minutes and we were seated for lunch. Lucky break, too. Meal reservations are nowhere to be found in Pacific City and our group naturally wanted to be seated together. Fortunately, we arrived just between crowd surges at **Pelican Brewing**. The place is vast and we were seated in their back annex. The annex looks like it alone could handle 200 patrons, and the temperature suggested it also serves as cold storage. Try it if you haven’t been there; the

building is right on the beach and spectacular. The food wasn’t bad, although it’s expensive. The beer? Some other time.

We lingered over lunch; it was 3:00 pm when we finally saddled up. Mt. Hebo was to be our next destination, but the late hour and low cloud ceiling convinced us to postpone our ascent. The route home was a variant on an old favorite—the Nestucca River byway. A construction project has the unpaved section closed for the season (it will be paved when the byway reopens in October). Instead, we meandered south on Bible Creek Access Road, then turned northeast, following the detour along Bald Mountain Access Road. It’s narrow and twisty with one pothole or frost heave after another. But if you’re paying attention, it’s one of the best detours you’ll find anywhere. When finished, the byway will be completely paved and if I read the press release correctly, Bible Creek

and Bald Mountain Access Roads will also be improved, creating one of the best back country byways in the state. All of us can hardly wait.

Along the way, riders began to peel off; Larry Kline to Salem, Bill Hedges to McMinnville. We made one last stop in Carlton for a last picture and to say our farewells. All agreed: there’s nothing like a ride to the beach in the summer.

Check out photos from past First Saturday rides [here](#). And if you have photos of your own you want to share, don’t hesitate to forward them to David at dwpeterson01@yahoo.com.

Total miles, July Ride: 247
Total First Saturday miles – 2018: 1,747

Pelican Brewing
33180 Cape Kiwanda, Drive,
Pacific City, OR
(503) 965-7007

See final photo on last page.



Editor’s Appreciation

from Forest McGregor

I want to thank several more members of the club for the their individual contributions to my personal growth.

To **Jim von Stein**, for introducing me to the BMWRO club, sort of by accident.

To **Ross Carrol**, for asking me to take over the roll of **BEEMER BEAT** editor while he went through cancer treatment—and then dodging taking back the roll by saying that I was doing such a good job. Thanks, Ross.

To **Doug Tewksbury** for forgiving me my transgressions when first we met—which was through email. He truly is a generous man-spirit.

To **Clarence Story**, for being an all around great Dude to flirt with in a safe environment—in spite of what I know about him.

To **Tod Roy**, for schooling me on what a sociopath looks like, only to discover that I am one!

To **Carl Boulden**, for being the first member of the club to befriend me.

To **Katrina Nielsen** for being my favorite friend in the club. Miss you, girl. We must party more, together.

To **Jalene Case**, for being so genuinely awesome in her warmth and for her embracing personality.

To **Karen Olsen**, for telling me that she was the first—the *very first*—newsletter editor for the club and that she had to create all the content and type it out the old fashion way: on a typewriter. I am so blessed to have received this responsibility in the age of computers!

To all the members of the club that have embraced me as if I also were a member instead of a lousy vendor providing a service. It’s been fun. It’s been real.



A long day of riding ends in Carlton.

photo by David Peterson



BEEMER BEAT Editor
289 Pine Dell Lane
Grants Pass, OR 97526



SUMMER

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