



THE BEEMER BEAT

Newsletter of the
BMW Riders of Oregon



December, 2016

Volume 40, Issue #12

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



Bob Metzger at Carhenge in Nebraska

photo by Lindy Metzger

National Park Adventure

by Clarence Story.
See pages 6-9.

Another Great Ride Report

by David Peterson, see
pages 10-12

January Beach Bash & Meeting

Details on page 3.

BMWRO President's Message

by Jay Bennett

Changing Gear Again

Well it's been two years as president and this column will be my last. Honestly the job has been fun and challenging. I've done my best and was rewarded with others that did a super job. **Gordon Taylor** and **Linda Tewksbury** have been terrific Treasurers, handling the financial well being of the club and keeping the rewards of our rally (and dues) in order and used for the optimum results. **Alice LeBarron**, our club Secretary, has been a quiet, strong and positive force in the club. This job is important and so underrated—as the record keeper, voting czar and ExComm advisor—but Alice has shined. **Scot Lamper** has been my right-hand man with advice, helping to fill gaps and just generally run the club. In those roles, these people have made some incredible contributions and put in a lot of time in making smart decisions for managing the club. Not officers, but other very high contributors to the club, are **Doug Tewksbury** in running the nerve center of the club—the website. The website has become so much more than just a “website”, it has become the way to communicate and connect with people and manage the club. **Forest McGreggor** is the newsletter editor—and perhaps even more importantly—manages the contributors to the newsletter (no small task). I also want to mention **Clarence Story** and **Lynne Clark** in running the rally for us. I appreciate them all and you should too. Tell them thanks.

The club has done a lot in the last several years. We've put on one of the best and most resilient rallies. Our rally is considered the best rally in the NW, and we should continue to work on protecting that status. If we lose that honor, it will be very difficult (maybe even impossible) to get that back. We continued our charitable donations at a time when the charities have needed it the most (last year in the fire in John Day we contributed \$2,000 and later to local John Day charities another \$1,200).



Our club finances and treasury are in the best shape I have seen during my nine years of being a club officer; much of our prosperity is due the rally. We had many good club events such as meals, meetings and campouts, thanks to the hosts of those events. The members are also to be thanked. We would not be able to do anything without your continued efforts and support. This is shown in your volunteerism to host an event or provide your valuable time to facilitate a rally volunteer position.

Like the other past presidents, I plan to be around at functions and do my part as a member. Turning over the reins to our President-elect—**Bob Metzger**—is very easy as he seems to be quite capable and wise as we work together to make a smooth transition. As an extremely motivated individual, I have seen Bob shine and excel as an ambassador, as a motorcycle-topic presenter, and as a Team Oregon Instructor. I think he'll continue to show leadership and very good interpersonal skills in the new role.

Thanks for the opportunity you've given me over the last couple of years. So with a bit of mixed emotions, I wish the club a prosperous and fun 2017. See you out there on the rides.

*Now get out there,
Jay*





BMWRO

Coming Events



Club Sanctioned Events

Event: **January 2017 Beach Bash**
Date/Time: January 20–22, 2017
Place: Driftwood Shores Resort, Florence, OR 88416 1st Avenue **(541-997-8263)**

Description: The annual January meeting and banquet, will be held at Driftwood Shores Resort. Driftwood Shores Resort is located along the beach with easy access to the shoreline. For those wishing to spend either one night or two at the hotel, there has been a block of rooms set aside for the event at a discounted group rate at individuals own expense. The resorts amenities include an indoor swimming pool, hot tub and on-site restaurant. All rooms face the ocean for beautiful views and may be reserved until January 9, 2017 as follows;
Single Queen with microwave, refrigerator and coffee maker for \$95 per night plus tax or
Double Queen 2-bedroom suite with full kitchen; sleeps 4 at rate of \$135 per night +tax
 The club has reserved a suite with a full kitchen and a fireplace for a social time prior to the event. Social Time in Hospitality Suite: January 21, 2017 starting at 4:30 PM and following the banquet and meeting.

Banquet: January 21, 2017 starting at 6:30 PM in the Conference Room

Menu: Fresh mixed greens with Chef's choice of dressing. Maple glazed wild caught salmon with alder smoked salt, Oregon chardonnay chicken with gruyere cheese and caramelized onions, pepper flat iron steak with Rogue Creamery smokey blue cheese butter. Served with Yukon gold mashed potatoes, garlic roasted vegetables, herbed and seeded rolls with butter.

Meeting: Following the dinner, the first club meeting for 2017 will be held, introducing the new club officers. Golden Rider Award will be announced.

Cost: **Member and Associate Member Cost:** \$15 per person (the club subsidizes the other half of the meal cost).
Non-member cost: \$30 per person
 Registration for the event closes January 13, 2017
 Hotel reservations at group rate ends January 9, 2017.

Contact: Linda Tewksbury, bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com

Non Sactioned Events

Event: **Dessert Social**
Date/Time: Sunday, December 11, 2016 at 4:00 PM
Place: Linda Tewksbury's Home: 3043 Dalewood Street Eugene, OR
Description: Dessert and coffee time to celebrate the holidays and welcome the club's new president
Contact: Linda Tewksbury, bmwro.treasurer@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

Event: **Central Western Friday Lunch**
Date/Time: Every Friday around noon-ish
Place: Various places around Eugene. Check the events calendar [onLine](#) for locations.

Event: **Central Western Region 1st Saturday Ambassador 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: Jim Breen, **541-912-4500** or jpbior@aol.com or
 Bob Metzger **608-642-1186**
bobmetzger51@gmail.com

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

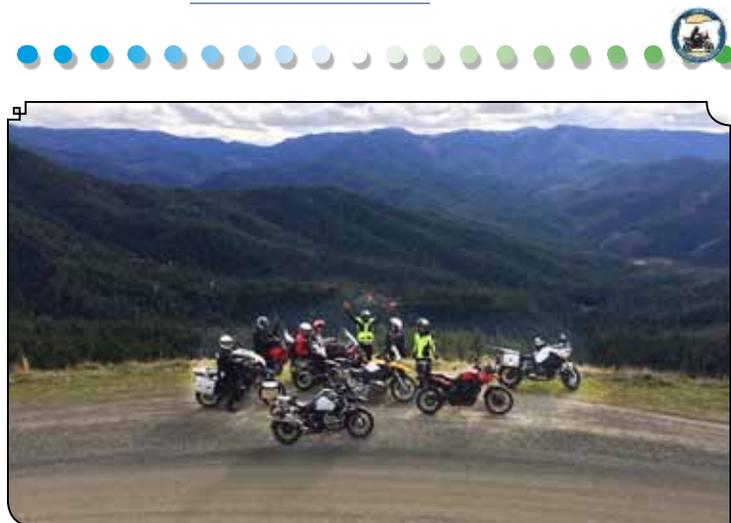
Event: Doc Wong Riding Clinic
Date/Time: Second Saturday of each Month, 9:00 am
Location: Mr. Ed's Moto: 414 Queen Avenue, Albany
Contact: Don Weber **541-791-5142**
don@mredsmoto.com

Ambassador Ride Report—November 2016

by Dan Hall

November rides in Southern Oregon are usually short, wet and cool, but not this year. Our new co-ambassador and ride leader, Mark Collier was able to lead us on three great rides with sunshine and temps in the 50-70's. After breakfast on the first November weekend we decided to ride to Applegate Lake on some gravel back roads that we had tried a few years ago. I forgot to bring my paper map and we took a wrong turn and ended up going 4-5 miles the wrong way and getting somewhat lost. We had three bikes with GPS's but since we are all getting older, no one seemed to know for sure how to figure out where we were. After back tracking we found a road that I remembered and we made it to the highway and to the lake. We then took Carberry gravel road back to the Applegate store. Most of us then stopped at the Red Lily winery for a great lunch and enjoyed the 70 degree weather. It doesn't get much better than this in November.

The next weekend we decided to try the Wagner-Anderson Ridge which are the mountains that form the ridge just south of Medford and Ashland. During lunch at Jacksonville we realized that Mel was picking up his new to him 2015 1200GS, so we stopped at Hansen's BMW on the way to check out his new bike. When we pulled up Mel looked confused, he couldn't figure out how to start his new bike since there was no place to insert the key. Of course Mason showed him how the new style key worked along with all the other electronics. That thing looks like the Apollo command center when it lights up. Naturally Mel wasn't going to ride with us since we were going to be doing about 25 miles of gravel and he certainly wasn't going to get his new bike dirty. We took gravel roads just south of Talent to the top of the 4000+ foot ridge and then rode west along the ridge with spectacular views of California to the south and the Rogue Valley to the



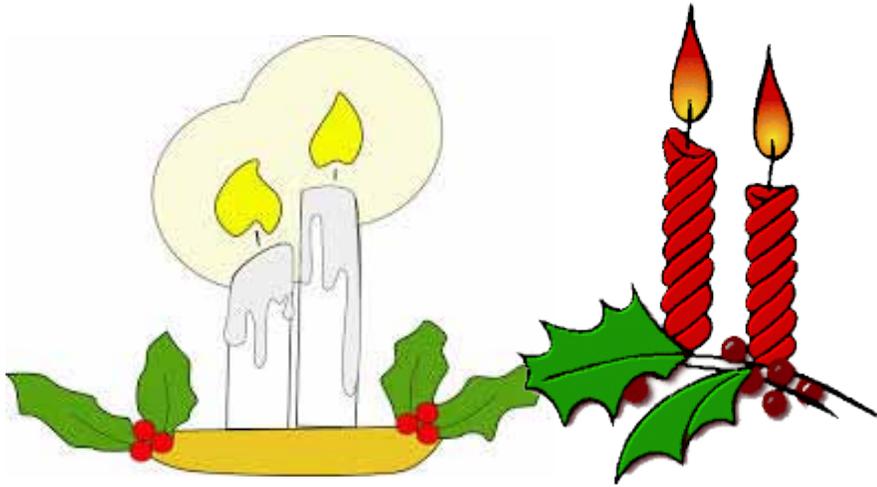
north. After coming off the ridge we took back roads to Buncom, the old ghost town and then had lunch in Ruch. Again the weather was perfect and we sat outside on the deck which was about 20 feet from the highway. About half way through lunch we suddenly hear a loud explosion on the highway which sounded like a gun shot. Turns out it was an old camper van passing by with an exploding tire, he managed to pull into the parking lot with no apparent damage.

The third weekend was cooler but still clear so after lunch we decided to take a shorter ride out to Sam's Valley and then follow the Evans Creek Rd. to Wimer and Rogue River, all paved roads this week. Its a beautiful ride through the valley past lots of ranches, farms and a few of the new "fenced in grows" popping up all over the valley. Along the way we spotted a few odd things I've not seen before. The first was a large multi-color blow up dragon in a field, maybe left over from Halloween. Next there was an older large motorhome with a popup style tent trailer on its roof and a large ladder for access to the 2nd story, the family must be growing. Lastly there was a large group of elk grazing in a field, pretty rare here. Overall a nice short ride with us getting home just as the rains started. Hopefully Mark can get us some nice weather in Dec for our last 2016 ride. We have about 25 local BMWRO members, but always seem to get the same 5-7 riders showing up for our rides. Hopefully next year we can get some of our other members on some of our rides. We've had some great rides this year and discovered some new areas and our new leader is keeping us busy.

NEW MEMBERS

Motorcycle

Chad Rosenberg, Medford, OR BMW R1200GS
William Sell, Portland, OR unknown



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)

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bmwro.pres@gmail.com

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Scot Lamper, (503-706-1601)
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

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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).

Jim Breen—541-912-4500

jpbinor@aol.com

Bob Metzger—608-642-1186

bobmetzger51@gmail.com

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

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

Top of the Rockies BMW Rally, 2016

by Clarence Story

I love going to a different rally every year and the rally this last summer that got my attention was in Paonia, Colorado. Bruce Moses and I were talking last winter about where we wanted to go this summer. Before CJR was over, I knew that Bruce, Don and Deb Webber, Al Schibi of Sound Devices, and Jim Osher would be there. Bruce had offered to bring his bike trailer and we would ride in air conditioned comfort. The more I thought about it, I wanted to ride. Bruce and Jim Osher teamed up and they towed the bikes to Colorado, mainly to beat the heat. By the time I got back through Arizona, I wished that I was sitting in front of an air conditioned vehicle. I left Eugene early on a Tuesday and rode to John Day where I had lunch with the fairgrounds personnel. After lunch, heading east on Hwy 26, I got sleepy. On the east side of the Malheur National Forest are several camp grounds. Being alert on a motorcycle is paramount. I pulled into a campground where all the sites were empty. I found a picnic table that was in the shade, used my summer time riding coat for a pillow and an hour later awoke. Felt much better and alert. Rode on to Boise, Idaho and it never ceases to amaze me crossing over into Idaho to see the folks coming down the freeway at 80 mph and no helmets, just their hair flowing in the wind. Pulled into my sister-in-law's place to spend the night and had a nice visit with Sharon and her husband, Scott.

Wednesday morning used my GPS and located "Happy Trails" products. Tim and Sherry Bernard have been such huge supporters of the CJR. I got a quick tour as Tim was out on business and I headed on to Twin Falls and had lunch with a former co-worker of mine. He met me with his Corvette and the air conditioning was nice. After lunch, I was back on the freeway (84) and had a plan of going around Salt Lake City.

In Utah, pulled into a rest area and a couple from Indiana pulled in riding on a new 103 cubic inch H & D. We were in the shade and got to talking, I asked him how the 103 c.i. performed. He said up to about 70, plenty of power and gas mileage wasn't bad. But, from 70 on up, with the freeways having a speed limit of 80 and folks running even faster, his Harley could do the 80 mph, but the gas mileage just went out the window as he was getting in the high 20's. The other fact I found interesting, his cruise control was always 5 mph under on every hill and 5 mph over going downhill. I had just bought a 2012 K1600GTL and was on my first long, maiden trip. This bike is not off one mph uphill or down. I stayed on 84 east, out of Ogden and down to Heber City, looking for a motel. Well, there was an Austin Mini Cooper rally (convention) and every nice motel in town was booked. I had spotted "The Motel M" and for under \$60 got a room, no ice and a cigarette hole in the top sheet, but otherwise clean sheets.

The week after CJR, wife and I flew to Puerto Rico for a 7 day cruise. While in P.R. we signed up for a kayak trip to see the *Pyrodinium bahamense*, a microscopic plankton capable of



producing natural light at the touch of your hand! This bioluminescent bay was a mile and a quarter from the ocean at the end of a canal. Rowing the kayak into the night—and with the tide—was easy. After splashing the water to see the little critters, the work started. Had to row against the current and tide, and as we came into the bay, the wind and three foot waves pounded us from the port side. I became quite fatigued rowing against the wind, strained my lower and upper back. Getting out of the kayak with the swells and boat bouncing around, strained the right knee.

What does this have to do with riding in Colorado? By the time I got to Colorado, my lower back had gone out and I could barely walk. When I got to the motel room in Paonia, I could barely get around. After icing my back, I walked the six blocks to the park and found the Oregon contingent of riders. Friday and Saturday everyone went riding, but me. I went out for breakfast and then back to the room for rest and more icing of the back. Found a masseuse at the rally and she helped my back with 15 minutes on Friday and 30 minutes on Saturday. The park has trees "EVERYWHERE". There is not a bad place to put your tent. Had 500 for attendance. They



charge the same as our rally, but the big difference is: no food on Friday night, you have to get your own. They bring in a different band on Friday and Saturday. A local brewery was on site for the libations and I'm old school. I don't like to see their shirts with four letter words preening for everyone to see. It's like, it is "okay" to have the F bomb on the front of the shirt? Has our society changed, evolved or just going downhill to where this kind of behavior is acceptable? The Paonia location is great, the roads are great, and they start feeding dinner at 4:30 with two lines to eat. There were several vendors and local groups in early to provide breakfast.

Saturday night for the awards—pretty much goes the way ours does—they have a bike contest for who can ride the slowest, with person on the back throwing an object into a basket type of game. This I thought was over the top. The person who came up and presented the awards for the bike games, he was up there forever. Like, this was the only event at the rally—people were getting up and leaving as he dragged this one event out and raved about how good some of these guys can ride.

Sunday morning, everyone of the Oregon contingent thought that I should rent a truck and haul the bike back to Oregon—that, I probably shouldn't be riding. Well, I had two days to rest up and let my back relax. I hadn't come this far just to turn around and go home. **Tod Roy** met me in front of my motel as I was packed and ready to go. We backtracked from Paonia



to Hotchkiss for gas and then took 92 south to Elk Creek—92 South is one of the Colorado motorcycle roads that has all the technical corners; and I have to admit—coming to the end of this road—I was getting tired. As most of you know, I chase National Park Passport Stamps. I had been to Curecanti National Recreation area with **Carolyn** years ago for the main stamp; or what I call a #1. But, if you dig deeper, there are other stamps. Other stamps can consist of NATIONAL HERITAGE AREA STAMP or NATIONAL TRAIL STAMPS. A stop at Elk Creek ranger station and—man oh man—did we hit the jackpot for stamps.

When I was very little, my folks drove from Oregon to the top of Slumgullion Pass, Colorado to meet my mother's sister and family from Arkansas. This pass is 11,361 feet in elevation and has been on my bucket list. Tod and I took 149 S. out of

Curecanti Nat'l Rec. area and the ranger lady at Elk Creek told us of a great restaurant in Lake City, CO. Weather was great and the riding couldn't have been better. We pulled into the restaurant and I walked on past the older gentlemen sitting at the front. All the tables were empty and then a commotion started behind me. The man out front was asking Tod to leave, that we did not have reservations. By then, Tod was going off on the old man and it was getting nasty. I didn't know if it really was reservations or Tod's long hair.

Anyway we exited and found a restaurant that had a couple of young gals from Russia that were waiting tables. Both gals were in law school in their parent country and over for the summer to work. After lunch, we headed higher and higher up the pass. I really wanted to stop at the top of Slumgullion Pass, but, it was hailing, raining and just wasn't a good place to stop. We rode onto South Fork, CO for gasoline as thunderstorms danced around the mountain tops. After filling up our tanks, rode east on 160 to Alamosa, CO. Found a room and then back on the bikes riding downtown to a Mexican restaurant. Never ceases to amaze me: most of the Mexican restaurants have the same style of tile floors and walls with ceramic parrots hanging about and the Mexican music in the background.

Next morning, a Monday, we rode on east for a few miles, looking for a sign that would take us north into the Great Sand Dunes Nat'l Park and Preserve. These natural occurring dunes rise 700 feet and Tod was quite



taken by them. I can see dunes out of Florence that go a couple of hundred feet and honestly, was one of the National Parks; got my stamp and was ready to go. Back out to the main road and east to Hwy 159 going south into New Mexico. Weather was great and not a lot of traffic. Tod, as usual, found a quaint place for some morning refreshment in a little town of Questa. We sat outside under an umbrella and watched the traffic go by; it was very nice. We headed east on 38 toward Eagle Nest and then on to Cimarron for a late lunch. The roads and scenery were excellent—the kind of scenery that you dream about for riding. As we were having our lunch at The Kit restaurant, the clouds that had been threatening us, moved on in. The next two hours was the worst thunderstorm that I have ever seen. Sleet, hail and heavy, **heavy** rain assailed the town. There was 4" of water around our bikes and a river had formed—moving dirt and sediment—down the main street. All of the side roads had rivers flowing onto the main road. The lights kept flickering, the owners and cook came to the front window as we watched in awe of nature's power. This kind of fury unnerved us as we could see black skies in all directions, leading us to look for a place to stay. Couple of blocks back was the Cimarron Inn, which had one room left. I think the price was \$62 for two beds and we were elated. Watched TV till dinner time, then rode up the hill to the St. James Hotel. This was the nice place in town and dinner was excellent. The steak was superb as we sat underneath a mounted Texas Long Horn. Back at the Cimarron Inn, my back was giving me fits and Tod took the bed in the corner. I could



tell that Tod's bed was the worst bed ever—broken down and it just sagged no matter where Tod tried to get for comfort.

Tuesday rolled around and we headed east on Hwy 58 to the main freeway—#25 in this part of the world—and headed south towards Santa Fe. South of Cornudo Hills is Ft. Union Nat'l Mont—and another #1 stamp. This Fort is a few miles off the main road and was the main installation in this territory during the 1800's, as everything went through this fort after the U.S. Mexican war.

We left Ft. Union and proceeded south and east to Pecos Nat'l History Park. This park preserves 12,000 years of history, including the ancient pueblo of Pecos, two Spanish Colonial Missions, Santa Fe Trail sites and the site of the Civil War Battle of Glorieta Pass. As our education increased we acquire another stamp.

Riding into Santa Fe, we did some circuitous riding, backtracking and finally found a Santa Fe Trail stamp that I knew was there. Road construction

took us off the main roads and then we were on the wrong side of the freeway and just spent an inordinate amount of time chasing down a #2 trail stamp. After lunch, on the road for a couple of #1 stamps: first, *the* Manhattan Project NHP at Los Alamos. My immediate family had spent time at Los Alamos many years ago, up close and personal with Fat Man and Little Boy, atomic weapons. So, Tod and I got our stamps, looked the visitor center over and were off to Bandelier, New Mexico which protects over 33,000 acres of rugged and beautiful canyon and mesa country; as well as, evidence of a human presence going back over 11,000 years. Sun was down by now and we had checked out the visitor center. To see the rest of the park was all hiking. We spent the night at the Hampton Inn and Suites in White Rock.

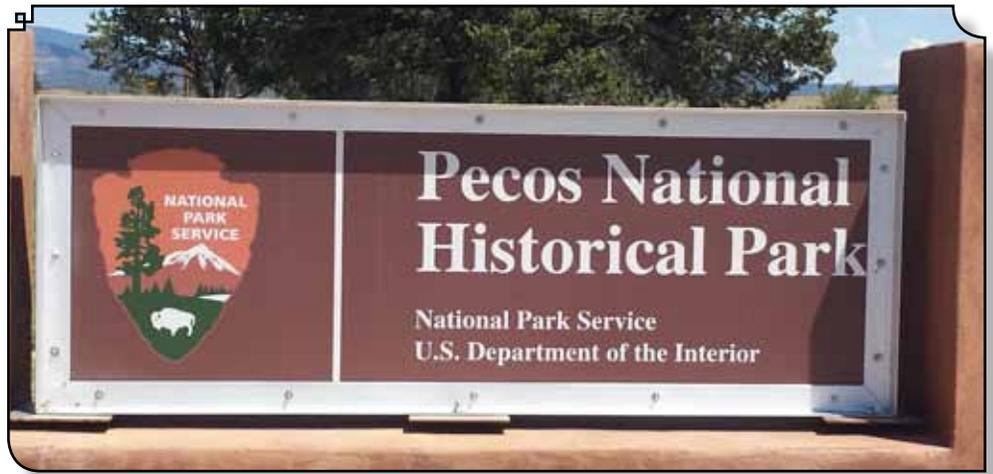
Wednesday, up early and headed east to Santa Fe and then south on 25 to 40 headed west. Destination was Flagstaff and putting the miles on is what the BMW's can do. Early afternoon and we hit road construction. I was on my 2012 K1600 GTL and it does *not* like the heat. Fan was on, but the heat sensor must be very sensitive as pretty soon the temp gauge pegged out and then I had all kinds of red lights flashing at me. Down to single lane, no place to get off, feet down and feet up riding at 104 degrees. Would not have done any good to pull over and let the bike cool down, as the bike would just reheat in a couple of minutes. I was irritated at the bike and just rode it. Needed to get out of the construction zone and get some air moving into the radiator. After several minutes of red lights flashing at me, the construction zone



was over and as we picked up speed, the temperature gauge started to show normal. I have spent some time on the K1600 website and apparently these 6-cylinder bikes are heat sensitive. My 2002 K1200LT has twin fans for cooling and been in much hotter situations and temp gauge never got close to red.

Tod had a motel picked out in Flagstaff in the old part of town and it was nice to get a room, get out of the heat and have a shower. Dinner that evening was at a train station that had been refurbished into a beer brewery and pub. Food was excellent. Just love these old train stations with ceilings that go on forever.

Thursday morning both of us were up very early as Tod would head south to his new home in the southern mountains of Phoenix, Arizona. I headed north towards Page and some breakfast. Roads are great in southern Utah. On to Kanab and then north to Panguitch and over to Beaver, UT for lunch. I don't mind riding in the desert: as you ride along, the myriad of cloud formations keep your mind working overtime on the different formations. Pulled into Ely, Nevada for gas and a snack and used the cell phone to make a motel reservation in Eureka, NV at the Sundown Lodge. Couple of hours



later pulled in and—after unpacking the bike—walked up and down highway 50 for awhile to stretch the legs. For dinner, across the street to the Casino Restaurant, this place is not as nice as it sounds.

Friday morning, hit the road at day break and took Hwy 278 north to Carlin, NV. Like to ride new roads and this part of Nevada I had never seen. Found a breakfast burrito in Carlin and then up on the freeway, 80 going west to Winnemucca. Topped the gas tank off and turned north on Hwy 95 and then west on Hwy 140 to Denio. Had been running behind an SUV at and near 80 mph, a nice speed. The SUV pulled into Denio looking for gas,

I took the left turn and back to 80 mph. Saw in the mirror that the SUV came right out and was gaining on me. Pretty soon I let him by and just before crossing into Oregon is a wayside with shade. Good time to pull over and have a snack. After stretching, kept on riding to Paisley, OR and spent the night with my cousin, Karilyn who is almost 80. We walked up to the Homestead restaurant for dinner as she knows everyone in town and claimed that I'm her latest boyfriend.

Saturday morning, after having some of cousin Karilyn's elk steak with gravy, some 240 miles later pulled into my home in Eugene. A great trip on the bike to just get out and ride! Over all the weather was pretty good. Total trip 3500 miles.



The Golden Rider Award

It's time, once again, to pass the Golden Rider Award to a fellow member who has done something goofy while riding his/her bike. Traditionally this Award is presented at the Florence Beach Bash in January—but if the nominee who wins is not present, this questionable trophy will find its way to that person—as a club, we watch out for one another, don't 'cha know.

Perhaps you have a story to share about another member—or even about yourself—that would be Trophy-worthy. Submit it to the BMWRO Club Vice President, Scot Lamper bmwro.vp@gmail.com before January 20, 2017 and then attend the January Beach Bash at the Driftwood Shores in Florence, Oregon, on January 21 where we will choose the “winner”.



NW Ambassadors Ride Report- November 2016

David Peterson #90113

Michael Ripley #191665

After months of rides in what we remember as generally beautiful weather, **David** actually took a look at the ride log he keeps. Turns out that since April, every other ride has been wet. Real soakers, actually.

As it was again as we gathered on November 5th. But a little rain didn't deter our small but determined group of ride regulars. At the appointed hour, seven riders on five bikes headed north to explore the wonders of Clark County, Washington. Three merit special mention: **Chris Henry** motored all the way from Eugene just to spend a few more hours in the rain with us. And **Kim Dorsing** and **Janice Mathern** insisted on meeting us in Tigard, instead of waiting for us to pass by barely a mile from their home in Vancouver. After all, when you're having a good time, you want to enjoy all of it, from start to finish.

David and **Diane** led as the group headed north through the Vista Tunnel and over the Fremont



Rain or shine, life is good on a motorcycle

Photo by Diane Peterson

Bridge. **Colin Luther** was the lone additional rider before **Mike** brought up the rear. The rain intensified as we crossed the Columbia, but the small group was nimble enough to stay together as we headed north on I-5. Our first chance to find back roads came at exit 4. As fast as suburbia is expanding across the river, it's still possible to quickly find country roads if you know where to look. Our route took us west of I-5 toward Ridgefield, back across I-5 on Carty Road, then north through La Center. Once we accessed the east

side of I-5, parcels became larger and the roads less crowded. Here it feels like the transition from hills to houses might still be measured in years instead of weeks or months the closer you are to Vancouver.

Northern Clark County is a cross hatch of farm-to-market roads that give way to wilderness the further east you travel. Our route continued north on Pacific Highway to the foot of Woodland, then east on Hayes/Cedar Creek Road toward Amboy and Yacolt. It's a thrilling road to zip along when the pavement's dry—and a lovely route to meander when the tarmac is wet, with fallen leaves in every corner. The slower pace allowed us to take in the sights—and wonder about the history. D.B. Cooper is said to have escaped by parachute from his hijacked 727 in these parts back in 1971. He had commandeered the plane and then forced it to land in Seattle, where he demanded \$200,000 and a parachute. After releasing the passengers, he instructed the pilot to fly to Mexico. Over Clark County, he insisted the pilot slow to near stall speed. From the rear stairs, he leapt with the money, wearing the parachute. Years later, the stair guide and some of the ransom money were



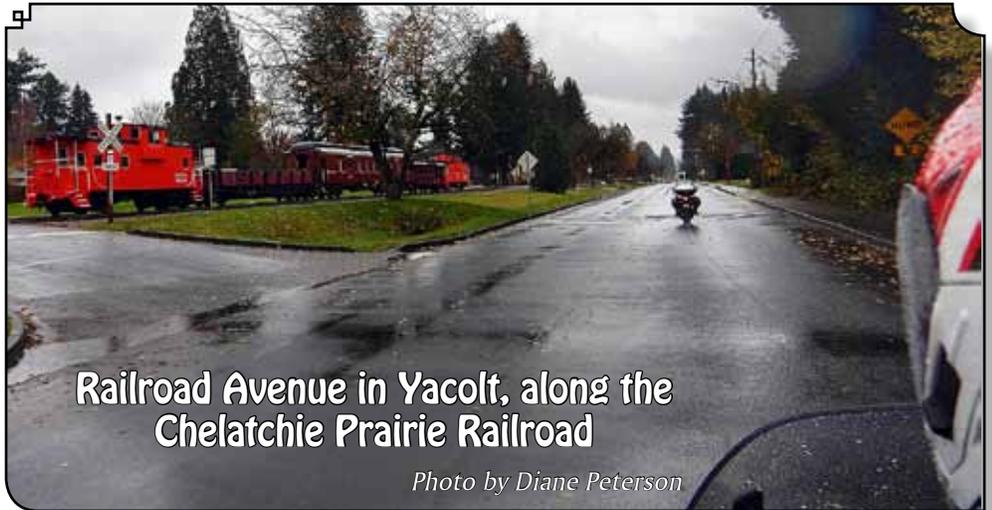
Map by David Peterson

Photo by Diane Peterson

found, slightly north of our route. But Cooper was never seen again. It remains the only unsolved hijacking in U.S. history.

Two hours zipped by without a stop. The group had hung closely together and despite the rain, everyone seemed to be riding comfortably. Country road gave way to town grid, and we found ourselves in Yacolt, home of the Chelatchie Prairie Railroad. Today it's an all-volunteer, non-profit, running excursion train rides with support from the county. One hundred thirty years ago it was founded to link Vancouver with Yakima. When that didn't pan out it became an important link in the logging history of the east county. *(Note to self: Along with the Cedar Creek Grist Mill—which we passed along the way,—a train ride would make for a terrific summer motorcycle outing. We'll be back!)*

Across from the train depot is the **Whistle Stop Family Restaurant**. The current version has been run by lifelong restaurateur **Cathy Carr** and friends and family for about 18 months. It's the friendliest staff you will find anywhere, especially when you consider the mess seven soaking wet motorcyclists and gear left in their wake. The food was terrific and they take particular pride in their



Railroad Avenue in Yacolt, along the Chelatchie Prairie Railroad

Photo by Diane Peterson

house-roasted prime rib, served at 5PM every Saturday. We didn't partake, but it sounds like it would be a perfect topper to our grist mill/railroad summer ride.

The rain pounded outside, but all seemed unfazed. In fact, the urge to finish lunch and get back on the road was palpable. Once rain-sealed and mounted, we headed south toward the east fork of the Lewis River and Lucia Falls. Running full, the river was gorgeous as it accompanied us south. After a quick gas stop in Hockinson, where we communed with goats in a truck, we continued south. Not wanting to wallow again in suburbia, we ducked east onto Davis Road and made our way to the Washougal River. Rain or shine, Washougal River Road has to be one

of the best unheralded rides in the greater Portland area. Only twenty miles long, it follows the river from downtown Washougal before giving way to the forest roads of Skamania County. Turning south on Canyon Creek Road, riders with an extra few minutes should enjoy the river ride as an alternative to the scenic, but well-travelled section of WA-14. Check it out the next time you're heading east from Vancouver or Camas.

All good things must end. We made one last stop at the Cape Horn trailhead, where we reveled in the ride just finished and mused about the rides to come. It was a small group on a very wet day. But everyone had a great time. Proving once again, it's not the weather that makes the ride. It's the journey.

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,
November Ride: 180**
**Total First
Saturday miles – 2016: 2,856**

[The Whistle Stop Family Restaurant](#),
206 North Railroad Avenue, Yacolt, WA
(360) 686-0938

Group Ride photo on back/next page. →



Kim mind melds with local goats

Photo by David Peterson

Soaked but giddy – another ride in the books

photo by David Peterson



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