



# THE BEEMER BEAT

Newsletter of the  
BMW Riders of Oregon



September, 2014

Volume 38, Issue 9

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



## 2nd Annual BMWRO Women's Camp Out

The Women's Group who went into breakfast in Paisley before heading our separate ways Sunday morning. Alice LeBarron, Lynn Clark, Jalene Case, Connie Cammack, Joy Cesafsky, Kim Muggoch

photo by Name

### 2nd Annual Women's Camp Out.

Alice LeBarron has written an account of the camp out—see page 6 of this issue.

### Impending Elections

Nominations for club officers is due on **September 6**.

Details on page 4 of this issue.

### Central Western Ambassador Ride—Sept. 13

Jim Breen will lead riders from Eugene to Canyonville to hook up with southern Oregon riders for the Cow Creek Road Ride—More details on Page 4 of this issue.

# BMWRO President's Message



by Lane Weinberg

“at the meeting place” in the Frankfurt airport to take us to Stefan Knopf tours in Heidelberg to pick up the motorcycle. Leaving the concourse we anticipated going through customs. Instead we were through the doors and out in the airport lobby and everything is in German. We circled around the lobby a couple of times and decided to sit tight with a cup of coffee. Half an hour later the driver, sensing something was not right, walked through the area with the sign “Herr Weinberg”. After looking at the sign twice I raised my hand and stood up. The driver was not happy. He admonished us saying he had three trips to make today and we had set him back valuable time and “Welcome to Frankfurt. This is your first time here, yes?” Small talk was not going to help so, we sat in silence watching the scenery whiz by.

Arriving in Heidelberg, we checked into the B&B. I checked out the bike. First time seeing the bike up close. I bought the bike from a fellow who had it shipped from the states, didn't like it and didn't want to ship it back. It was in storage for two years. The battery was exhausted so it didn't run. The B&B is also the location for Knopf Tours in Heidelberg and the locations for the bike storage. With the new battery installed I rode out to get a fresh tank of gas. Filled up, I decided to ride around the neighborhood to get familiar with the bike. In the blink of an eye I was lost. No working phone, no map, no GPS and not a clue what the road signs indicate. They are all in German.

After wandering around aimlessly for two hours I got my bearings. Here is a river. This is North. I must be north of town. All the signs are pointing to Mannheim. Luck would have it I had a business card for where we were staying but I did not know where I was so direction from nowhere wouldn't work. Had to get to a known location. Then a sign saying “Entering Heidelberg”. I got back into town then stopped at a gas station

listen, we arrived in Europe totally unprepared. We were given instructions to meet the shuttle driver

to ask for directions. I was trying to get to the city center, where we were earlier in the day. We had taken the trolley down town to do a walk around. At the service station a young man who did not speak English relayed the directions to the attendant who dictated them to me as I wrote them down. RIGHT, UNDER THE BRIDGE, RIGHT, THEN LEFT AT THE CHURCH THEN, LEFT AT THE LIGHT THEN STRAIGHT.

You can guess how far I got with that. Up to the church and OOPS MISSED THE TURN. I circled around a couple of times looking for a sign pointing to city center “Zentrum”. An hour later I am parked in a motorcycle parking zone behind the shopping center and right across from the transit center in the center of Heidelberg. Now it is three plus hours and dark, but I know where I am.

Now to find the rest of the way. I approached a young man, showed him the business card and asked for directions. As more people congregated around this curiosity, the English got better. But, no directions. “Kerchem, yea I know the place but do not know how to get there. You should take a trolley.” Smart phones came out to no avail. Ah, I asked one fellow to call Stefan. He did and I spoke to Stefan on the borrowed phone. This was almost as bad. Stefan said to just follow the number 26 trolley. He repeated the directions a couple of times then said see you in half an hour or in the morning, laughed and hung up. By this time Nancy was thinking she might have to accompany my mortal remains back home when Stefan let her know my status and she should see me in a few minutes. Hearing the motorcycle approach she greeted me at the gate, shaking her head and looking relieved as I drove in.

Next morning the whole place knew of my adventure and at breakfast we all had a good laugh about it. It gave a whole new meaning to “be prepared”. Needless to say, I now have maps in the tank bag.

Ride safe. Ride often.

Lane

## \*ELECTIONS\*

September is the time to think about club officer elections. Please take some time to read the article in this issue of the BB then, think about nominations at the Steens camp out. Contact the club officers if you have any questions. Not me, though, as Nancy and I are currently touring Europe on our K75.

## \*THE LESSON LIST\*

Sometimes life lessons are hard and unyielding. Sometimes they are soft as a summer's breath on the back of your neck. As we travel we are making note of some of the lessons:

- If you open up to the community of people, no matter where you are, you are welcome.
- Recognize then graciously accept the gifts you are given.
- Give the gift of friendship. Priceless. Timeless.
- Let your eyes be opened to the wonder that surrounds you.
- Be in the moment. The past does not exist. The future, unknown.
- An American motorcyclist in Europe is hard to blend in.
- Know when you are lost. Stop immediately. Ask for help then accept the help and hospitality offered.
- Be aware of people and places that may harm you. Trust your instincts, they have gotten you this far.

After months of scouring the internet, pouring over maps, reading travel guides and talking about the trip plans with anyone who would







# BMWRO

## Coming Events



### Club Sanctioned Events

**Event:** **Steens Mountain Campout**  
**Date/Time:** September 5–7, 2014  
**Location:** The Narrows Campground and RV Park, OR  
**Description:** A Saturday and Sunday morning continental breakfast and a Saturday night meal of **PRIME RIB** and green salad, plus more. All this for only \$15.00 for Club members. (Non-members pay \$30.00).  
**Directions:** The Narrows RV Park is 26 miles south of Burns on Hwy #205, on the way to Frenchglen and Fields. General Meeting to be held Saturday afternoon.  
Please **RSVP no later than 8/29/14** with Jay & Janet Bennett at [jlbenett60@gmail.com](mailto:jlbenett60@gmail.com) or **541-760-0823** to reserve a space in the tent area and/or for dinner. An accurate head-count is needed, for the Saturday night meal. RV hookups at your own expense: call **(541-495-2006)** to make reservations for RV camp spots or visit: [www.narrowsrvpark.com](http://www.narrowsrvpark.com). Also checkout: <http://www.blm.gov/or/districts/burns/recreation/steens-mtn.php>  
**Contact:** Jay & Janet Bennett—**541-760-0823**

**Event:** **Fall Ride to Eat, Eat to Ride**  
**Date/Time:** October 11, 2014, time: 9:00 am–11:00 am  
**Place:** Pacific Crossing Clubhouse, 1070 Goff Road, Forest Grove, Oregon  
**Description:** Ride to Forest Grove, Saturday October 11, 2014. October offers brisk mornings and gorgeous afternoons. Fall colors and seasonal rhythms reward our senses. David Hill and other wineries nearby. Join your hosts Scot and Carol Lamper. Who promise good coffee, yummy casseroles, and healthy side treats. Drop by for buffet. Meal is anytime between 10:00 am to 1:00 pm. Come with a small group, by yourself, or two up. Plenty of street parking. Rain or shine.  
**Contact:** Carol Lamper: [Carol.Lamper@gmail.com](mailto:Carol.Lamper@gmail.com),



**Event:** **Fall Hardy Souls Campout**  
**Date/Time:** (scheduled between deer and elk season) Oct 17–19 likely  
**Location:** Seneca/John Day area  
**Description:** The coldest location in Oregon is selected for this event which is not intended for the meek, the mild or for very thin members who may not have enough meat on their bodies to survive the Fall Hardy Souls Campout. Although, propane heaters are acceptable it may be frowned upon by those that did not bring theirs.  
**Contact:** TBD: a host for this event would be nice. Anyone?

**Event:** **Winter Celebration and Quarterly Meeting**  
**Date/Time:** November 1st, 2014  
**Location:** Oregon Garden Resort, Silverton, OR  
**Description:** Join BMWRO club members for our Annual Winter Celebration to be held at the Oregon Gardens Resort in Silverton, Oregon. Dinner for club members is \$15 per person; Associate or Non members \$30 per person.  
There will be a meet and greet at 5:30 p.m. in the lounge, dinner starts at 6:30 followed by a short club meeting. Make it a weekend by booking a room at the resort. The resort is holding rooms for both Friday and Saturday night; guest rooms are **\$89.00 plus tax** (1–to–2 people per room). **Room Rate** includes breakfast in the morning and **Garden** admission. Rooms with pet allowances are available—call the Resort for further information regarding pets. Participants can book online or call the reservation department at the **Oregon Garden Resort 503-874-2500** and reference “BMWRO”. If you would like to book online, just follow this link:  
<https://reservations.moonstonehotels.com/irmnet/login.aspx?resort=15>  
PASSWORD: BMWVRO  
**Contact:** Janet Bennett, [jlbenett60@gmail.com](mailto:jlbenett60@gmail.com)

### Recurring Events

**Event:** **Central Oregon 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday**  
**Date/Time:** First Saturday of each month  
**Location:** Various breakfast and ride locations in Central Oregon area.  
**Contact:** John Beeson **541-420-3275**  
Steve Miller **541-977-6787**

**Event: Central Western Region  
1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Ambassador Ride**

**Date/Time:** September 13 (otherwise, First Saturday of each month), Meet at 8:30 a.m., will leave parking lot at 9:00 a.m.

**Location:** European Motorcycles of Western Oregon  
**Cow Creek Ride:** Lunch at **Ken's Sidewalk Cafe** in Canyonville. Southern Oregon riders are welcome to meet up with us for lunch.

**Description:** Join the Central/Western Region riders as we travel south to ride Cow Creek Road. Meet up with Southern Oregon Riders in Canyonville.  
**More details on this page.**

**Contact:** Jim Breen, **541-912-4500** or  
[jpbior@aol.com](mailto:jpbior@aol.com)

**Event: Southern Oregon 1<sup>st</sup> 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](mailto:dnehall@frontier.com)

**Event: NW Oregon 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Ride**

**Date/Time:** First Saturday of each month

**Location:** Various breakfast and ride locations in Central Oregon area.

**Description:** Finding the twisties and connecting with our membership for grins and food sharing.

**Contact:** David Peterson **503-327-5592**  
[dwpeterson01@yahoo.com](mailto:dwpeterson01@yahoo.com)  
Susan Ortiz-Renteria **503-779-7842**  
[dirtsquirt816@gmail.com](mailto:dirtsquirt816@gmail.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](mailto:don@mredsmoto.com)

**Event: Eugene 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Coffee**

**Date/Time:** First Saturday of each month 9 to 11am.

**Location:** Eugene BMW store, 2891 W. 11th Ave

**Contact:** Jim Breen (new Ambassador) **(541) 912-4500**,  
[jpbior@aol.com](mailto:jpbior@aol.com)

**Event: Tigard 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Coffee**

**Date/Time:** First Saturday, each month, starting at 10am.

**Location:** Tigard BMW store, 12010 SW Garden Place

**Contact:** Susan Ortiz-Renteria **503-779-7842**,  
[dirtsquirt816@gmail.com](mailto:dirtsquirt816@gmail.com)



## Call for Nominations

It is that time of year for the call for officer nominations for the BMW Riders of Oregon again. This year, being that the new officers will serve in 2015, an odd year, we will be electing the President and Secretary for a 1-year term and the Vice-President and Treasurer for a 2-year term. Nominations will also be taken at the general meeting at Steens Mountain campout the week after Labor Day. The meeting will be Saturday afternoon, September 6, 2014. Elections will be prior to the November general meeting. Ballots will be mailed as a page in the **BEEMER BEAT**.

The officer slate will consist of:

President ..... 1 year  
Vice-President ..... 2 year  
Secretary ..... 1 year  
Treasurer ..... 2 year

Please send nominations for officers to:

Ed Foltyn, Secretary BMWRO

13225 SW Iris Ct

Beaverton, OR 97008

Or: [BMWRO.Secretary@gmail.com](mailto:BMWRO.Secretary@gmail.com)

## Central Western Ambassador Ride meets southern Oregon Ambassador Ride

**When:** Saturday Sept 13th  
Meet at 8:30 AM  
Leave at 9:00 AM  
(Southern Riders meet at 12 noon in Canyonville)

**Where:** Meet at European Motorcycles of Western Oregon  
2891 W. 11th Avenue, Eugene

Southern riders meet at Ken's Sidewalk Café  
100 South Main Street, Canyonville

### Description:

Join the Central/Western Region riders as we travel south to ride Cow Creek Road. We will take secondary roads as we travel to meet up with riders from the Southern region for lunch at **Ken's Sidewalk Cafe** in Canyonville. Cow Creek road is described as second to none, with great curves and river and canyon scenery. It is classified as medium difficulty due to some unmarked decreasing radius curves. After our Cow Creek adventure, we will head home but not before stopping for refreshment in Oakland. Oakland has a great museum and several antique stores and, of course, Tolly's Restaurant with its soda fountain.

**Contact:** Jim Breen: [JPBinOR@aol.com](mailto:JPBinOR@aol.com)  
**541-912-4500**

## NEW MEMBERS

### Motorcycle

Neal Malagamba, Lake Oswego, OR ..... F800GT  
Chris & Tomalynn Silva, Washougal, WA ..... K1200LT  
John & Kathy Rasberry, Sherwood, OR ..... Unknown

## BMWRO Club Officials

### President:

Lane Weinberg, (503-522-1067)  
[bmwro.pres@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.pres@gmail.com)

### Vice President:

Jay Bennett, (541-760-0675)  
[bmwro.vp@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.vp@gmail.com)

### Secretary:

Ed Foltyn,  
[bmwro.secretary@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.secretary@gmail.com)

### Treasurer:

Gordon Taylor (802) 356-4954  
[bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com)

### BEEMER BEAT Editor:

Forest McGregor, (541) 761-2320  
[bmwro.newsletter@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.newsletter@gmail.com)

### Webmaster:

Doug Tewksbury (interim)  
[bmwro.web@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.web@gmail.com)

### Club Liaison

Doug Tewksbury,  
[bmwro.news@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.news@gmail.com)

### Activities

Jay Bennett, (541) 760-0675  
[bmwro.vp@gmail.com](mailto:bmwro.vp@gmail.com)

## FIND THE BMWRO NEW MEMBER APPLICATION FORM ONLINE:

[HTTP://BMWRO.ORG/JOIN-US.HTML](http://BMWRO.ORG/JOIN-US.HTML)

## Bylaws, Policies & Guidelines

If you are interested in any of the above, just visit our website  
and download. [www.bmwro.org](http://www.bmwro.org)

## Ambassador Program Welcomes New Members

Ambassadors for the Four Regions are:

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

Dan Hall – 541-862-7411,  
[dnehall@frontier.com](mailto:dnehall@frontier.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).

John Beeson – 541-420-3275,  
[beeson@bendbroadband.com](mailto:beeson@bendbroadband.com)

Steve Miller – 541-977-6787,  
[shuntermiller@gmail.com](mailto:shuntermiller@gmail.com)

**Central Western Region**

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

Jim Breen—541-912-4500  
[jpbior@aol.com](mailto:jpbior@aol.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](mailto:dwpeterson01@yahoo.com)  
[www.wfodave.smugmug.com](http://www.wfodave.smugmug.com)

Susan Ortiz-Renteria – 503-779-7842,  
[dirtsquirt816@gmail.com](mailto:dirtsquirt816@gmail.com)

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



# Women's Campout, August 2014

by Alice LeBarron

When we held the first BMW Women Riders Campout last year in August, the weekend started and ended with rain. But we had such a good time together that we wanted to do it again! This year August 21-24, the weather was perfect for our campout with blue sky days, warm daytime temps, and clear starry nights. The nights did get a bit chilly but in the morning we were quickly warmed by coffee and a fire.

Joy Cesafsky joined me in riding from Bend down to the Fremont National Forest SW of Paisley. Shortly after our arrival at Dairy Point Group Campground, we cheered the arrival of Lynn Clark as she rode in from the south. As more women riders showed up later Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, each one was greeted with cheers welcoming them in to camp! What fun! Nine women riders and one dog attended the campout this year and we had a great time sharing stories, talking about gear, learning from each other, and forming community. The riders at this campout were **Connie Cammack, Holly Melzer Verhoeven, Jalene Case, Joy Cesafsky, Kim Muggoch, Lynn Clark, Phyllis Webb, Susan Ortiz**, and her dog **Minnie**, and myself. The winding roads took us through beautiful scenery with sparkling rivers & creeks, lodgepole pines, rabbitbrush in bloom, the hint of fall in the yellow light as



**the women are looking over a map and route planning.  
Phyllis Webb, Connie Cammack, Joy Cesafsky, Kim Muggoch,  
Lynn Clark, and Susan Ortiz**

we looked out over gorgeous long distance views.

We had pleasant encounters with motorcyclists each time we stopped in Lakeview or Paisley. While we were in camp, we were passed on two occasions by groups of GS riders who then stopped and turned around to come back and find out what was going on. We had a fun time talking with four men riding KTMs who had trailered their bikes from Tacoma to Roseburg, where they started their Oregon Outback Adventure, intending to end at Walla Walla. As Jalene Case said: "We stood a little taller after seeing the looks on their faces when they realized we were all women, on BMWs, camping in a rather remote place as they continued on to their hotel for the night." They seemed to have a hard time comprehending the fact that we were not only able to

ride, but could camp and have a fire! Jalene did mention that we could all pick up our own bikes if need be! Oh! The look on their faces! They were great guys and we enjoyed talking bikes with them. You can read about our encounter along with a group photo on [their blog](#)—check it out! The next group of riders who passed by and then decided to turn around and come back turned out to be Madeline Russell with Scott and Kendrick (from BMW Motorcycles of Oregon). They were nearing the end of their month long TransAmerican Trail journey. Of course, that meant more telling stories and talking gear! You can find their blog at [3gsriders.wordpress.com](#)

After laughing and telling stories around the campfire each night, we'd crawl into our sleeping bags and fall asleep to the songs of the coyotes. By morning, we'd be awakened by the gently insistent Moo-ing of "wild" cows. Sunday morning, after coffee and breaking camp, Susan and Phyllis each headed off in their own directions, and six of us rode into Paisley for breakfast at the Homestead Cafe, where we met more moto-riders of another persuasion (hint: HD) and another photo op!

Thanks to all the women riders who attended and helped make this a fun and memorable campout! We are already eagerly making plans for next year's BMW Women Riders Campout!



**Photo Op with four guys that stopped by the women's camp.**



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**EUROPEAN  
MOTORCYCLES  
OF WESTERN OREGON**



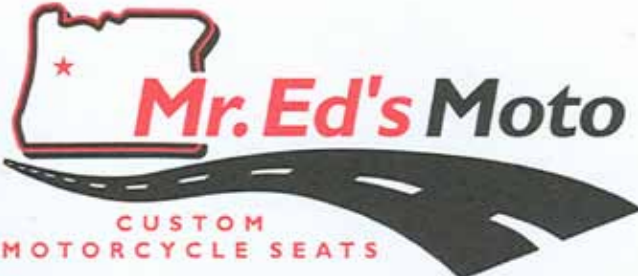
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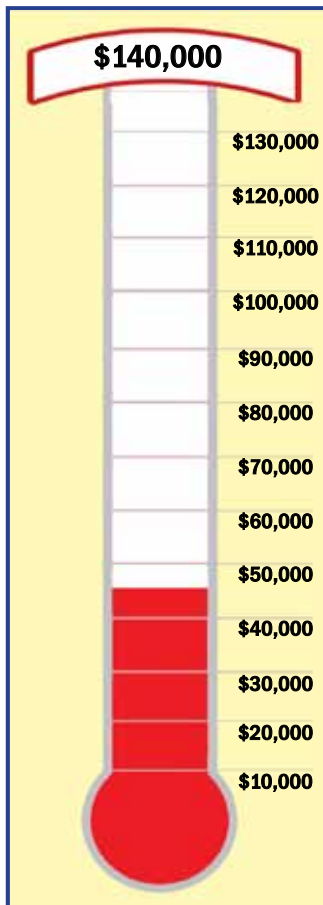




# Northwest Vintage Car and Motorcycle Museum

Fundraising has begun for the "Final Phase" of the Museum Display Building. \$140,000 matching funds are needed to secure a Foundation Grant.

The new section will have dealership display, multi purpose meeting room, a library, gift shop and bathrooms.



#### Information/Contact:

Doug Nelson: 503-399-0647

Tom Ruttan: 503-638-1746

Mike Bostwick: 503-245-5444

#### Web site:

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

#### Send your checks to:

NWVCM Building Fund

PO Box 15

Salem, OR 97308-0015



## Help is needed to meet our Fundraising Goal

There are several ways to help, the first and most ambitious is a scrap metal drive. Old car parts & scrap metal around the house, farm or business can add up to dollars when donated to the Museum.

Collection sites will be available to bring your scrap metal donation to locations around the Portland Metro & Willamette Valley. Call contacts for sites or to arrange for pickup of your scrap metal donations.

#### Others ways to help us meet the fundraising goal:

- Cash Donations
- Donate a Vehicle
- Become a Museum Member
- Purchase a Paver Stone

The NWVC&M Museum is a 501(c)(3) non-profit.

All donations are tax deductible.



# Scrap Metal Fundraiser



## Northwest Ambassador Ride, August 2014

The Little Crater Lake riders all stayed for the picture. From left to right, Phil Murray, Carol Lamper, Scot Lamper, Kris Paul, Janice Mathern, Ed LaPlante, Colin Luther, Kim Dorsing, Bob Ingersoll, Susan Ortiz-Renteria, David Peterson, Diane Peterson, Neal Malagamba, Willy Paul, Louise Noble, Dan Noble, and Andrew Peake.

Next ride is Saturday, 6th of September, will be a ride to the coast. Clutches out 9:45 AM. Details to follow in separate email.

Don't hesitate to contact me if you have questions:  
David Peterson, **503-327-5592**.



*photo by David Peterson  
using a delayed timer*

## First “Get-a-way cycle trip”

*by Brenda Hubbard*

I planned on over-nighting it at Lake Diaz, CA, after the HOG picnic. I didn't follow through. There was a Canadian storm coming down—which I thought would be okay,—but as the wind picked up I remembered how I hate sleeping in the wind—my hair waving back and forth across my face—and knowing I would get no sleep thus, creating a potentially dangerous riding-the-bike-back-home-disaster scenario the following morning. There was also some mention/rumor of a heavy raccoon populace in the area—for which I personally felt uncomfortable since I planned on sleeping on the ground with no tent.

So after all the other riders I'd joined on this trip left, I took a short walk and—in the process—made the decision not to stay the night. My odometer showed I had traveled 67 miles to get here and I thought I could make it back to Inyokern on the remaining fuel in the tank. As I road the Harley Davidson, I got blown around quite a lot and when I reached the 90 mile mark on the odometer, a



**Brenda's Yellow Beauty**

gas station appeared. I filled up the tank and found that the extra gasoline weight of two gallons made a world of difference on the road. I think I also found a “zone” of balance between speed, wind, and confidence.

My mother is making my riding difficult since she is saddened with the thought of me being maimed in an accident. I need to get a DNR card or something on me so I can die properly.

On my stop at the gas station, a bus load of travelers from France stopped. Two of the passengers came over to look at my yellow beauty. They spoke no English, so there was a lot of hand jesters, and common sounds like “varoom”. One gentleman was trying to indicate that another gentleman rode a BMV bike—but I think he was saying BMW. So, naturally, I thought about my sister and our cycle connection.



# One Dog-Gone Day

by Forest McGreggor

As I sat by the side of the road, waiting for help to arrive, I reflected on the sequences of the day. I have determined that any Sunday-the-twenty-seventh is a bad luck day—kind of like Friday-the-thirteenth. Perhaps it is only my personal bad-luck day. “Adversity makes for a better story,” I kept telling myself as I sat on a blanket in front of my truck on Hyw 101. My dog **Ragnar** was with me. He was very patient, but his anxiety level was nearly as high as my own.

I considered taking one of my anti-anxiety meds to help me get through this stressful event, but they, too, were locked inside the cab of the truck. As good luck would have it, most of my camping gear from the **Edison Creek Campout** were readily available in the back of the pick-up—we had water, a dish to put water into for Ragnar, his back-pack with food and a first-aid kit. Best of all, we had an ice chest with chicken thighs and corn on the cob (*thanks to camp hosts, Keith Matteson, Jalene Case, and others*)—on rapidly decaying ice. I should have stopped to buy ice; but at this point, I wasn’t going anywhere and ice would be miles away.

I had remembered to bring my brain—*translate: smart-phone*—with me when I locked the cab and took Ragnar on a walk so he could do his business. It was good luck that I did not accidentally lock Ragnar in the cab of the truck. *Sheesh!* Just thinking about it gives me the *willies*. If that had happened, a rock-like instrument would have to have been implemented.

The best thing about the smart-phone was that I could call for help. I had already contacted my partner, **Jim von Stein**, and asked him to use the internet to find a lock-smith in



## Forest & Ragnar on the Kokopelli Quilt at the Edison Creek/Sixes Campout

Photo by Keith Matteson

Brookings—as it was the closest city to my location on Hwy 101. Jim called back to say that, after making several calls, he could not find anyone working on a Sunday. Jim said he already had his riding suit on, a spare key for my truck in his pocket, and would arrive within two hours. We all know he needed an excuse for a bike ride; and rescuing the fair maiden was just a bonus. He was grinning when he arrived.

Knowing that I would have to wait a couple of hours until he arrived, I pulled out Ragnar’s blanket—the rainbow-Kokopelli quilt—and laid it down on the gravel, in the shade, (*on top of an ant hill*) where Ragnar and I both sat down and water was dispensed for the dog. I pulled a cob of corn out of the cooler and made waste of it. And, with a bit of luck, I was able to find some floss for my teeth from the bed of the truck—from *a bag in the bed of the truck, not the truck bed itself*—and it wasn’t a previously used piece of floss, neither.

Using the smart/brain/phone, I contacted **Dr. Tod Roy** and his

lovely wife, **Sally**, who put together a rescue package and brought it to me. That was awesome. They brought ice for the cooler (to save the meat), a couple of beers—one of which I opened immediately and proceeded to consume—and a chocolate-chip cookie: *A BIG one*. With immense regret, I turned down the offer of the cookie. I’m trying to give them up. It’s cool that they brought chocolate, because it’s a true sign of love to offer chocolate.

Before setting up Ragnar’s blanket on the side of the road, I had walk around the woods near the Winchuck River, and let the stress flow. I wanted to cry, but my box of Kleenex™ was locked in the cab of the truck. I really didn’t want to have to blow my nose with a paper towel. A friend sent me a text to remind me it was lucky I wasn’t on the side of I-5 in triple digit heat. I was grateful for that. As well as for the people who came to my rescue. It is such a gratifying feeling to receive help when requesting it.

So being stranded on the side of the road in semi-ideal conditions may seem like no-big-deal. Truly, it was the last event in a string of



events that began that morning. First I burned my mouth and tongue when I took that first sip of tea from my insulated coffee-cup; then I cut my index finger removing a tent-stake from the ground. “Okay,” I thought. “*I can cope with this.*”

Then I was on the road, following the directions given to me by my smart-phone—which took me on a pretty drive on a pretty crappy road. The road was slumping and threatening to slide down the hillside in places; along other sections of the road, the up-hill-side was a cascade of rocks coming down. Yet the scenery was good and if the road had been in better condition, it would be one of the finest twisty bits in the country. I didn’t exceed 35 mph except in the residential sections near Hwy 101—those straight-aways I sped through.

Twenty miles into the fifty miles—of which, my smart-phone told me to *stay on course*—the pavement ended and the road went to gravel. *Sheesh!* This road was evil enough where it *was* paved. I decided to turn around and go back to Hwy 101 and head south for Port Orford. “*Still coping—this was just a little side adventure and a time delay. No big deal.*”

Somewhere between Port Orford and Gold Beach, we—*Ragnar’s still in the story*—passed over a stream (*using a bridge, of course*) and there was an evil gust of wind. Something in the rear-view mirror caught my attention and I looked up in time to see the lid of my plastic tote go air-born and disappear into the distance. I pulled over and made a U-Turn on Hwy 101. Another moment of good luck: there was no traffic from either direction. It was more like a Y-Turn than a U-Turn. That part kind of freaked me out.

There was no shoulder on which to park. The nearest “wide

spot” was on either sides of the road nearest to the bridge I had just passed over—maybe 300 feet from where I think I lost the plastic lid. I must *really* have liked that lid to get out of the car, put Ragnar on a leash and walk back and forth along the road—which had a very narrow shoulder, did I not already mention?—and look for that lost lid. It would have been littering to just go on without trying to find it. Since I had forgotten to latch the lid down when I packed the truck, I felt I had a responsibility.

Where cars had previously been utterly absent—when I made that Y-Turn—there was suddenly a lot of traffic. It made me *and* Ragnar both uncomfortable to be this close to the on-coming traffic—it was moving fast. Though Ragnar was on a short-leash, I could feel both our anxiety rising. It was about that time I began to realize that I was not coping so well. Ragnar and I continued to search along both sides of the road, up one and down the other, always facing the on-coming traffic. I was wearing my hat with the chin-strap secured beneath my chin and still nearly lost it in the wind. By the time I returned to the truck, I had decided that the lid was not so precious; and, after all, I *had* made an effort to retrieve it—when I caught a glimpse of that lid in the creek below the bridge floating on top of the water and away from me. Now my guilt increased just a bit—*that thing is going to end up on the beach, in the ocean, and probably, ultimately, in the belly of a whale!*

But I also resolved that *that* lid was gone and I wasn’t ever going to see it again. I made another turn-around and proceeded south on Hwy 101 to Gold Beach where I stopped at a fast food place for a rest room and a burrito. The line for the women’s room was non-existent; the line for ordering food was quite long. I went with the short line. After washing my hands

and leaving the wash room, I found that the line for ordering food was still long and I was impatient. Besides, Ragnar was in the cab of the truck—windows open; but it’s just *wrong* to leave an animal in a car on a warm day. I could have gone into the Fred Meyer’s to get ice for the cooler; but again, it would mean leaving Ragnar in the truck in a sunny parking lot. I was uncomfortable with that idea and was feeling like a horse returning to the barn—I just wanted to get home. So I skipped the fast food and pressed on. Ragnar let me know that he did not get to relieve himself at the fast food place (*as I had*) and asked if we might make a stop. The Winchuck River Bridge and Chrissy Field Visitor center at the California/Oregon border was a perfect place to stop and take the dog to do his business. I decided not to drive into the visitor center and, instead, parked off the shoulder, just past the Winchuck River Bridge on Hwy 101.

Not much later, I would regret wearing yoga pants on the drive home. The smart-brain/phone I wear on a belt. There are no pockets in yoga pants and no place to put a car key. I instinctively tucked it into my purse and left the purse in the cab of the truck so I wouldn’t have to carry it. Only a second key or a lock-smith was going to get the cab door open—*don’t ask me how I know this.*

So it was that I found myself laying on a blanket—with Ragnar—by the side of the road, watching clouds overhead while listening—in my head—to a Joni Mitchell song about clouds, reflecting on the sequences of the day and feeling grateful for all who helped me while wondering what else was likely to go wrong.

Thank goodness for a good dog: **Ragnar**—you’re the best.



# Indian Mary Camp out August 15–16, 2014

by forest McGregor

Dan and Elie Hall facilitated this (*for me*) close-to-home camp out. This author did not—to my disappointment—pitch a tent. Living just ten minutes from the Indian Mary campground—and for other reasons—my domestic partner, **Jim von Stein**, and I decided to camp out in our bedroom after hanging out with the *real* campers around a camp fire, swapping stories. Those that did pitch a tent were Dan—and on one of the two nights, Elie stayed in the tent—Hall, **Janet and Jay Bennett**—in their RV and traveling with two dogs, **Alice LeBarron**, **Jalene Case** and her partner, **Keith Matteson**, **Jim Stewart**, **Andrew Peake** and **Jan Messersmith**. **Rich Williams** stopped by Friday night for a couple of hours on the way home from work. There was a great dinner on Friday night at the Galice Resort with Jay, Janet, Alice, Jan, Elie & Dan Hall. Saturday night, Dan barbecued up some fine, spicy brats with a fruit salad (not BBQ'd). Cookies—oatmeal with nuts and fruit—were a desert that lasted till breakfast where even I munched up a few to hold off hunger before breakfast at The Riffle restaurant in Merlin. *I know, I know: I'm trying to give them up!*

New things were learned about those who attended: I did not realize that Elie had been a motorcycle rider and quad rider. Janet shared stories about near misses and accidents from which there was recovery before getting back on the horse—mechanical horse, that is. Alice had encountered a bear a few weeks earlier on the ride around Mt. Hood. She said it was one of those moments when she was not sure whether to slow down or not—trying to guess which way that bear was going to move. Or would it just sit there in the middle of the road? She didn't want to hit the bear; didn't want to stop in the road and have a chat with it, neither.

The Bennett's two dogs—Cavalier King Charles Spaniels—had recently been in a close encounter with a pit bull who did not play well with others. There was much scratching and biting and blood, but after a trip to the hospital and some antibiotics, the owners of the pit bull are expected to survive the ordeal. When I arrived with two large dogs: **Ragnar** (*a dobberman mix*) and **Keona Kioni** (*a shepherd-husky mix*), the Spaniels experienced some PTSD (*post traumatic syndrome disorder*). The smaller of my two dogs—Keona Kioni—was the more threatening towards the two CKC-Spaniels, **Ginger & Stella**. Ragnar doesn't want to eat small dogs, just their kibble. Lacking that, he took a peanut from Keith's hand while he was distracted in conversation. Always the opportunist, Ragnar thought that the snack-treats on top of the cooler was for anyone to help themselves. Sadly, not all are pre-approved for helping themselves to the snack-treats. There was no corporeal punishment, but shame alone is an effective discouragement. Shame is so humiliating. Needless to say, Ragnar—ever self-sacrificing and loyal to a fault—joined me in boycotting the treats.



“Well that doesn't look right”  
Elie & Dan Hall inspect the brats on the grill.



Bikes in the foreground, Campers in the background

The brats served on Saturday night were just perfectly yummy delicious—even Ragnar agreed. I decided that if Ragnar got to have a brat, so did I. Ragnar didn't want his fruit salad so he let me eat it; though, he did snuffle it a bit—picking out the choice chunks—before rejecting it.

Dan lead a ride on Saturday with Alice, Jan and Jim that took Forest Service roads up Deer Creek Road near Selma and over the Mountains to Cedar Flat Road and Williams. It was a little smoky on top, but still a new area for Alice and Jan (Messersmith).

More camp photos available at the BMWRO [Dropbox](#) online.







Keith Matteson (with Keona Kioni), Jan Messersmith, Jim von Stein & Ragnar



Jim Stewart, Elie & Dan Hall, Alice LeBarron



"The thing was this big!"  
Jan Messersmith



"Naw, it was only this big!"  
Jim Stewart & Jay Bennett

## Items For Sale

### Parts for Sale

Metzeler Z6 Interact 180/55zr17 .....	\$100.00
Metzeler Z6 Interact 160/60zr18 .....	100.00
AVON Mark II 3.50 x 19" .....	75.00
AVON triple duty side car 3.50 x19" .....	75.00

Tom Young, 503-320-2475

### Sold the R1200 GS

Have several like-new parts  
that club members may like:

Sargent LOW seat .....	\$295
Rear wheel hugger .....	\$75
Throttle lock .....	\$50
Side stand lift .....	\$50
Brake peddle ext .....	\$40
Radio, radar, ga dr opener mount .....	\$45
Ohlins LOW shocks .....	\$1195
Remus titaniu m exhaust for K1200S .....	\$395
Stock shocks for K1200S .....	\$295

Roger and Carol Meyer,  
*long time members*  
503-591-1055



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## Indian Mary Camp Out

*photo by Dan Hall*

