



THE BEEMER BEAT

Newsletter of the
BMW Riders of Oregon



January, 2018

Volume 42, Issue #1

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



Puerto Penasco, Sonora, Mexico

photo by Clarence Story

2018

Three Flags 42nd Run

from Clarence Story,
see pages 8-10.

♪Riders in the Rain...♪

from David Peterson,
see pages 12-14.

Winter Tour Show

presented by Mr. Ed's Moto,
see page 6 of this issue for the
poster and full details.



BMWRO

Coming Events



Club Sanctioned Events

- Event:** **First Quarterly Meeting of the Membership**
- Date/Time:** January 27th, 2018 from 11:30 am to 3:30 pm
- Place:** **Cascade Grill**, 110 Opal Street NE, Albany, OR
- Description:** Club bylaws require the club to meet four times per calendar year. This will be the first meeting of the membership for 2018. Please join us for a hosted brunch. **RSVP by January 15, 2018 to reserve a plate.**
- Contact:** Deborah Hughes-Habel; dharm91@msn.com
- Event:** **Mr. Ed's Moto 14th Annual Winter Tour Show**
- Date/Time:** Saturday, Feb. 24, 2018: **Save the Date!**
Doors Open at 6:00 pm
Show Starts at 6:30 pm
- Place:** Premier Motogear, 414 Queen Ave SW, Albany, OR
- Description:** Jalene Case and Keith Matteson left their home in Newport, Oregon on August 10, 2015 and rode their motorcycles to Ushuaia, Argentina—the southernmost city in the world. By the time they moved back into their Newport home, it was July 2017 and they had ridden 42,000 miles. Jalene will share about how her experiences have led her to taking an “open your heart, open your throttle” approach to living. Keith will take you along on the ride through video, photos, and stories of their epic adventure. Learn more about their trip here:
www.southonabike.com
- Note:** This is a free event, but space is limited. Refreshments will be served. **Space is limited - Please RSVP to Deb Weber**
- Contact:** Deb Weber, **541-926-2107** or email: premiermotogear@comcast.net

Heard-On-The-Road

- Event:** **Bob Marley's Birthday Celebration**
- Date/Time:** February 4, 2018, 11:45 a.m.
- Place:** Fort Hoskins Park, Hoskins, OR
- Description:** See page 3 for full details and directions
- Contact:** Roger Paquette mrgsa02@hotmail.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 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



January 2018 Regular Business Meeting

Bill Habel and Deborah Hughes-Habel have stepped-up to host the January BMWRO club meeting. No details yet, so stay tuned in. Mark your calendars for January 27 between 11:30 and 3:30 at the Cascade Grill in Albany. Thank you so much Bill and Deborah for supporting your club. More information will be forthcoming. Plug in the Gerbings and ride!

Bob Marley's Birthday Celebration February 04, 2018

Bob Marley 02/06/1945

Need a Sunday Ride Destination?

Sunday February 04, 2018 @ 11:45 AM. Gather and Celebrate Bob Marley's Birthday @ Ft Hoskins Park, Hoskins OR.

This is Year FOURTEEN! It's a lot of fun!

This is a NO HOST EVENT. [That means, NO HOST, No Rules, No Formal Invitation. You assume ALL personal RISK]!!!!

Riders bring their own food, drink, utensils, plates, cup, garbage bag and music to participate.



On Site: Covered Pavilion, picnic tables, charcoal grill to prepare your celebratory dinner. If you want to share, bring something everyone will enjoy!

Directions: Head west from Corvallis on HWY 20. Go through Philomath and stay right onto Hwy 20 for few miles. Turn North onto Hwy 223 @ Wren, OR. Hwy 223 goes to Kings Valley and Dallas OR. Go NORTH SIX [6] miles. Turn Left to Hoskins. There is Fire Station opposite the turn. Fort Hoskins Sign is about a 1/4 mile after the turn. Go about a mile to Park Entrance on the Right. Use first gear at Park Entrance! It's paved but steep with a sharp RH turn almost immediately. Once past that, you'll come to a car park at hill top. You'll see the revelers and Pavilion. GPS 44.675397 123.4542703

This is a newer Benton County Park. Ft Hoskins was sited there from 1856 to 1866.

Hope to see you there!

Disclaimer: NO HOST, NO RULES. By Attending, you participate voluntarily and assume all personal risk.

Chief Joseph Rally (CJR) Survey / Coordinator Sign-Up

As many of you have already noticed, the Chief Joseph Rally (CJR) is set for June 29, 30 and July 1 at the Grant County Fairgrounds in John Day. Previously, numerous requests for a Rally Master were made, but no member was willing to volunteer to fill the position.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee in November, it was decided that we would go ahead with the CJR but with some important differences in 2018. I have become the 'lead coordinator' for the rally rather than a Rally Master. We need additional rally coordinators. Your CJR has always been made possible because of volunteers present **AT** the rally. This year we are asking that you visit the online survey and sign up for individual to coordinate items **BEFORE** the rally. (We will still need *boots-on-the-ground* volunteers at the CJR!)

What does this mean? It means there will be the basics at the 2018 CJR. There will be camping, craft beer, delicious food, and the Oregon Rocks Ride under beautiful Oregon skies. There will be commemorative rally pin, and the opportunity to preorder T-shirts. However, if people don't step up for the tasks listed in the survey, those activities will **NOT** happen. No volunteers to coordinate group rides – no scheduled group rides. No volunteers to coordinate vendors or door prizes – no vendors or door prizes. No volunteers to coordinate speakers / presenters – no speakers. You get the idea.

Here is a list of coordinators still requested:

Web Site Rally Event Coordinator
Rally Registration Coordinator
Vendor Solicitation Coordinator
Speaker Solicitation Coordinator
Rider Awards Coordinator
Rally Pamphlet Publication Coordinator
Group Rides Coordinator
How Do I Volunteer?

Navigate to the BMWRO.org website. Click on Survey in the left column. Finally, click on CJR Rally Opportunities. Deadline to complete the sign-up is January 31st. Remember BMWRO is a volunteer driven organization, and we need members to take on the planning and responsibility for a few specific rally items. Note your area of expertise / interest on the Rally Survey and I will promptly contact you to help get you started.

from Bob Metzger



BMWRO President's Message

by Bob Metzger



Give Me A "Brake" Part I - Fluids!

There are some things I have to know. One of those "things" I want to know more about is the braking system components on my motorcycle. Two things on my motorcycle I am adamant about are: 1) good tires and 2) good brakes. Some might say I'm a bit over cautious when it comes to brakes and tires. I suppose they would be correct. However, I depend upon them to support and protect me every time I place my leg over the saddle.

Braking systems have come a long way since most of us began motorcycling. Hydraulic brakes only existed on vehicles with four wheels. Nothing self adjusted, and disc brakes were something out of a Buck Rogers film. Let's be honest. The vast majority of riders pay little or no attention to brakes until they begin to protest and give us trouble. The lovely thing about modern brakes is that they continuously work, dependably behind the scenes mile-after-mile.



I like doing as much of my motorcycle maintenance as possible. My father used to proclaim I was, "a jack of all trades, and master of none". He was right. In the closing scene of *Magnum Force*, Dirty Harry said, "a man's got to know his limitations. Good advice Harry. So let's spend a bit of time expanding our limitations with knowledge, when it comes to basic brake maintenance on your motorcycle.

Brake Fluids – Alphabet Soup

Brake fluids come in a variety of "flavors". Remember, this stuff is toxic. You have undoubtedly heard nomenclature such as DOT 3, DOT 4, DOT 5, and DOT 5.1 brake fluids. DOT simply means the fluid standards set by the U.S. Department of Transportation. Not all brake fluids are created equal. The first thing we need to understand is that all the brake fluids listed above, with the exception of DOT 5 (silicone based fluid), could potentially be used in your motorcycle. DOT 3, DOT 4, and DOT 5.1 fluids are all glycol-ether based fluids. **Do NOT use DOT 5 fluid in your motorcycle.**

DOT 4 and DOT 5.1 fluids have borate ester added to increase their upper limit operating temperature. This is also known as the *dry boiling point*. Glycol is a polar molecule, meaning it has an electrically positive and negative end. Water is also a polar molecule. This is what makes brake fluid *hygroscopic*, meaning brake fluid loves to acquire water to balance its charge whenever and whenever it can. Less than 4% water in brake fluid significantly lowers the *wet boiling point* temperature of brake fluid. Water is absorbed into the brake fluid over time through seals, gaskets, and brake lines.

So what's the big deal with a little bit of water in brake fluid. When you apply the brakes, a great deal of heat is generated as kinetic energy is converted to friction to slow your forward momentum. Heat is quickly transferred from the rotors and pads through the pistons to the brake fluid in the caliper. If there is any water in the brake fluid, it will lower the boiling point of the brake fluid. Liquids are not compressible, but vapor (gas) is. If your brake fluid boils during braking, a vapor phase is

instantaneously created and the brakes will begin to fade and feel “spongy”. Brake function becomes much less effective.

DOT 5.1 fluids have a very high boiling point, but are also very hygroscopic. They are also very expensive. DOT 5.1 fluids are aimed at the racing market where fluids are frequently changed and extreme temperatures are experienced.

DOT 4 and DOT 3 fluids basically only vary from each other based upon their operating temperature ranges for their respective dry and wet boiling points. For most motorcycles, manufactures recommend DOT 4 fluid. Many manufactures add components to their high-end brake fluids, such as corrosion and oxidation inhibitors. If you are unsure what fluid to use, check your owner's manual or look at the top of your brake fluid reservoir. The type of fluid you should use will be posted on the lid of the brake fluid reservoir.

Let's take a look at the graph, it explains a great deal. Note,

regardless of fluid type, the steep decline in wet boiling points after only a 1-to-2 years of brake fluid usage. This is why manufactures recommend changing brake fluid on a regular basis. As you can see, across the water content range (x axis), DOT 4 fluid has a significantly higher boiling point than DOT 3 fluid. Now, follow the red DOT 3 curve to the end of the graph – 8% water content. Observe that at 8% water content DOT 3 fluid has a boiling point just a few degrees from the boiling point of water (100° C). Remember, if your brake fluid boils, it instantly creates a compressible vapor phase and your brakes will begin to fade and become much less effective.

Changing Brake Fluid (a.k.a. Bleeding The Brakes)

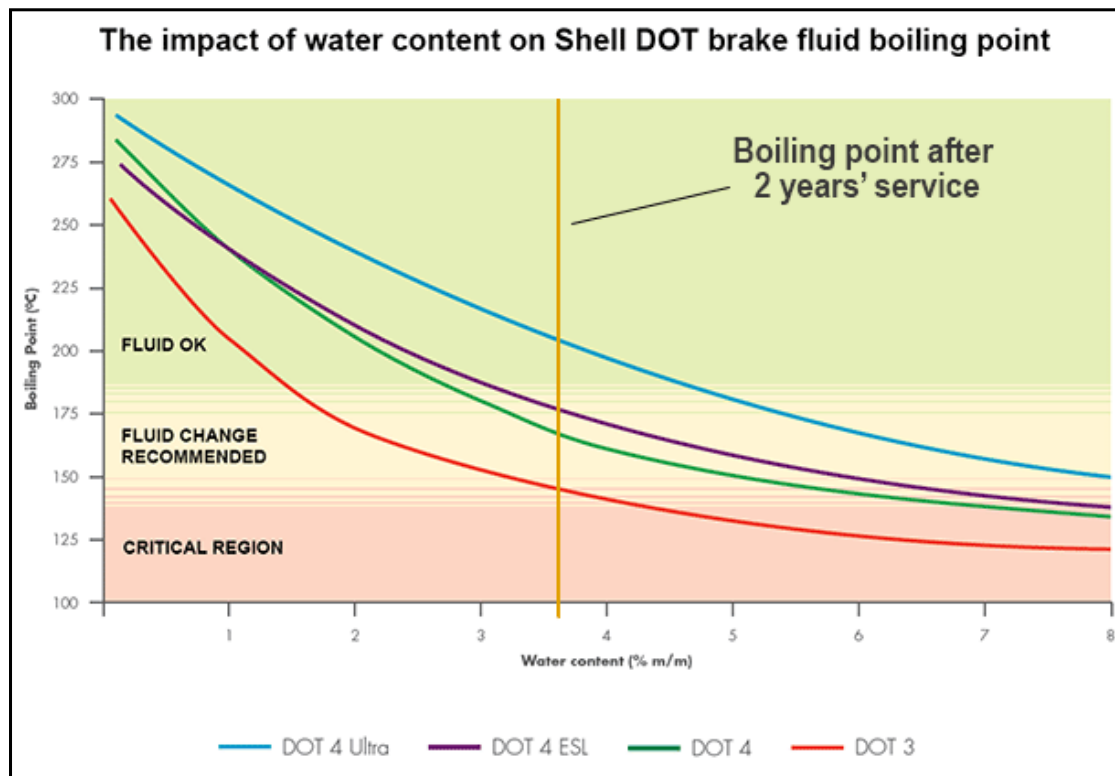
Can you bleed your own brakes? Of course you can. It just takes a bit of preparation. Arm yourself with knowledge. Read, watch, and get assistance from trusted sources. Once you've done the job, you'll gain the satisfaction of having done it yourself.

A few words of caution are in order. Brake fluid loves to attack painted surfaces. Make certain you completely isolate any painted surfaces with plastic sheeting and shop towels. Go slowly. Don't make a mess of the job. Only use fresh brake fluid from factory sealed containers. Discard any unused fluid after bleeding your brakes in an environmentally sound manner. You can't save unused brake fluid until next time. On the shelf, once the manufacturers seal is broken, the fluid will continue to absorb water. Therefore, buy your brake fluid in small containers.

There are some really “nifty” products on the market that make bleeding brakes much easier. My favorite is Speed Bleeders. These clever little aftermarket bleed valves have built in back-flow check valves. As you purge old brake fluid out of the reservoir, lines and calipers, the check valve does not allow old fluid or air bubbles to return to the caliper. Check them out. And, they are cheap!

Next month, brake pads—are we having fun yet?

Bob



NEW MEMBERS

Motorcycle

Steve Neet, Eugene, OR 2013 BMW R1200R



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

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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

jpbior@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

BMW Riders of Oregon and Mr. Ed's Moto **present:**

THE 14TH ANNUAL WINTER TOUR SHOW

Jalene Case and Keith Matteson left their home in Newport, Oregon on August 10, 2015 and rode their motorcycles to Ushuaia, Argentina—the southernmost city in the world. By the time they moved back into their Newport home, it was July 2017 and they had ridden 42,000 miles. Jalene will share how her experiences have led her to taking an “open your heart, open your throttle” approach to living. Keith will take you along on the ride through video, photos, and stories of their epic adventure. Learn more about their trip here: www.southonabike.com

Doors Open at 6 PM

Show Starts at 6:30pm

Refreshments will be served.

This is a **free** event, but space is limited, so mark it on your calendar and **RSVP to:**

Deb Weber: **541-926-2107** or email premiermotogear@comcast.net to reserve a seat.



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 2018

Location

Please RSVP!

Premier Motogear, 414 Queen Ave SW, Albany, Oregon
<http://www.mredsmoto.com/map.htm>

Three Flags and BMWMOA Mini Rally at Sedona, AZ—2017

from Clarence Story

Sitting on the back porch in late August, my cell phone goes off and a voice, Joy, who I haven't heard from in ages, "Clarence, will you do the Three Flags with me, as I have an extra ticket?" I'm thinking, "wow, I did the run in 2006 and 2009—not on my bucket list anymore!" Also, I'm working with doctors, as I have prostate cancer, and start radiation in the next few weeks.

But, my brother lives in Mesa, AZ and the BMWMOA has a mini rally in Sedona the following weekend. I could make this work! Made a phone call to the MD the next morning and my radiation doesn't start till Oct. Wife says "If you want to go, GO!" Called Joy and said "Let's do it."

Needed a new back tire, so rode up to Don and Deb's, Premiere Motor Gear, for a tire and balance. Then a new battery and new rear brake lines. It can be a chore getting brake lines bled on a K1200 LT with ABS and servo braking. But know—it—all, Mr. Google, on bleeding brake lines, one little spot of wisdom saved me a ton of time messing with bleeding the brakes. A bubble can hang up in one of the 90 degree piping turns and a "tap" will move the bubble along. Then I noticed the right front wheel (sealed bearing) was starting to leak. Bought new bearings and what a chore heating



Third day check-in, Kanab, Ut.

Left to right, Bob, Clarence and Joy.

Joy is the toughest rider that I know. She is an Iron Butt Association, Bun Burner GOLD – 1,500 miles in 24 hours.

up the hub to drive the bearings out. Then reheating the hub and chilling the bearings before driving both bearings back in.

The Three Flags run this year was from Abbotsford BC, Canada to Puerto Penasco, Sonora, Mexico—the 42nd Annual Classic run sponsored by the Southern California Motorcycle Association. The Three Flags hasn't crossed the Mexican border since 2009—the last time I ran it. Puerto Penasco is on the Sea of Cortez, 63 miles into Mexico. The title to this year's run is "Return to Mexico!"

Tuesday morning connected with the group from California in Albany, OR, at Denny's. This group only eats at Denny's. We took I-5 north into Washington and on to Olympia, where 101 splits off to the west. Arrived late afternoon in Bremerton for our

first night out and stayed with an old friend who is a redneck bachelor. I got the couch and his refrigerator had only soft drinks and beer—no fresh food—and the freezer was all TV-dinners.

Wednesday morning, rode to Port Townsend for a ferry ride across to Coupeville. I always enjoy the ferry boat rides: park the bike, walk up a couple of flights of stairs and sit by a window to watch the sea flow by. Deception Pass always calls for a stop to look over the bridge; and am just amazed at the amount water flowing under the bridge. We continued through the northwest part of Washington to Sumas: the border crossing, which took over an hour of waiting, starting and stopping the bikes, to get into Canada—to Abbotsford, BC—about 10 miles into Canada.

The next day, Thursday, was getting processed through the Three Flags check-in procedure and receiving our Passport with picture, along with our route and manned checkpoints. The next four days—of about 500 miles a day—is something to think about. That night, had a group dinner of approximately 200 riders. The Three Flags management went over the rules, and heat—this trip was going to be hot—and precautions to take. The ride this year is the first time back into Mexico since 2009. Just across the border would



Abbotsford border crossing into Canada

be Mexican guides to assist us, if we wanted them; that leave at 9:00 am, 12:00 pm, 3:00 pm and 6:00 pm, to escort you onto Puerto Penasco. Also, first-time-riders (for this event) had a mandatory meeting.

Early Friday morning—we could have left at midnight—but, for us, a 5:30 am gentlemanly start. Took 30 minutes to get through the border crossing and back into the USA. Stayed on the back roads to avoid I-5, which was foggy and 47°F. Stopped in Sultan, WA for breakfast and then Hwy 2 over the pass and into eastern, WA. Fires with smoke were everywhere, but we persevered. Out of Ellensburg, took the back road along the Yakima River and into Yakima. The Three Flags route had us taking Hwy 12 (west) back across the Cascade mountains and into more smoke. Had great views of Mt. Rainier; and then, riding on the backside of Mt. St. Helens and south to the Columbia River, we took the toll bridge (75 cents) into Hood River. As this bridge has open grating, don't we just love how the front tire hunts its way across the bridge. Hood River was our first check point; and we could pull a card for a poker hand. Rode on to The Dalles, OR—Denny's for dinner—and spent the night.

Saturday morning on the bike before 5:00 am and headed east on 84—very nice riding along the Columbia River with the stars

Crossing at Abbotsford, back into the states



overhead. At Arlington, turned south on Hwy 19, then Hwy 26 to John Day, then south on Hwy 395 to Burns. Jack rabbits in the early morning are constantly crossing the road. One tried to get across to the other side of the road as my LT—weighs 835 lbs—and I with gear—another 250 lbs—hit the brakes, but, was the bunny took a thump.

Stopped in Burns, OR. (Ye Olde Castle Restaurant) for breakfast and top off the gas tanks. From Burns, we proceeded south on Hwy 205 to Fields, OR for gas and their famous milk shakes. There were so many bikes coming in to get gas that the owner would pump gas and give you a piece of paper with the cost, which one takes inside to pay. By now it

was getting hot, as we were in mid afternoon—time to put on the cool vest: if you haven't tried one, it is the cat's pajamas. Bob, in our group—riding an 1800 Goldwing and pulling a Bushtec with an ice box—used some ice water in the cool vest: lowers your inner temperature probably 20°F. When the ambient temp is 100°F, a 20°F drop is pretty nice. I also used the old hanker-chief trick, with ice cubes rolled up and then tie around the neck.

We rolled into Winnemucca and found our 2nd checkpoint at the Fairgrounds with the Fair occurring. As we were walking into the red building—where we were told to go—the cowboys and villains were having a black powder shoot-out and that made you jump. Inside the red building: air conditioning with cold water, chips and Gatorade®. We rode back through town to our motel and casino, and—being from Oregon (not used to cigarette smoke in buildings)—this is Nevada where the smoked-filled casino was adjacent to the check-in lobby. Needless to say, "Yuk!"

For dinner walked across the street to the Pig Barbecue and the place was packed and jumping. The motto that evening was "Go with the Flow."

Sunday was up even earlier (4:00 am), headed east to Battle Mountain and then turned south to Austin for breakfast. Of course, our group found a Denny's; and now Denny's has restaurants inside the casinos. Joy, in our group, rides an 1800 Goldwing Trike. As we were getting



Dinner and Strawberry Daiquiris, in Mexico. I wasn't worried about the water in Mexico, the alcohol would kill whatever was in the ice.

ready to cross the street to Denny's, a Harley rider came running across the street and yelled, "Wow, didn't know that BMW made a trike!" I just ignored him as his level of motorcycle comprehension was seriously lacking. Inside the casino, the smoke "smell" was obtrusive; but, once in the side room (Denny's), could not smell the smoke. But, don't go to the bathroom as you have to go back through the casino.

Our journey took us through Nevada and down to Kanab, UT. I felt this was the nicest check point: nice parking lot and shade with orange juice, water and chips. Had trouble finding our motel; found it, checked in and then went for Mexican food. That evening was our third day of about 500 miles a day and I was getting tired. Of course, the high temperatures didn't help.

Monday morning I thought we were to leave at 4:00 am and when the banging on my door started, I turned off the alarm clock and quickly got ready, got on the bike and was ready to go. Started the bike and the clock indicated 3:00 am—an hour earlier; our group had not told me. I had led our group for the last three days; so just out of Kanab—about 10 miles—I pulled over and waved the next bike



on: he could lead as I went to the back of the pack. Just north of Phoenix, pulled in for breakfast. Temperature was 91°F and only 9:30 am. Checked our maps as to how we were going to circumvent Phoenix. In Gila Bend, it was nearing 100°F as we gassed up and cooled down. Added water to the cool vest and headed to Lukeville, AZ for the border crossing.

Crossing the border into Sonoyta, Mexico, the guard waved me in, but Bob—with the Bushtec—had to open up his trailer as I waited down the street. Today was the end of a three day holiday (Labor Day) and the line of cars coming back into the states was double wide and over two miles long—also, was 102°F. I was very concerned for our return to the States. Soon, we passed the group of Mexican riders that would escort us, if we wanted them. It was hot riding the 63 miles with little traffic to Puerto Penasco and the Sea of Cortez. Now, Puerto Penasco has speed bumps, but not like what we are used to, as these are very wide and high. "The undercarriage of the bike bumps" is not a good analogy. It is a rough thump that rattles you and the bike.

Found Penasco Del Sol Hotel resort and the (up-front) parking was full. We were instructed to ride to the over-flow lot—two blocks down the hill—and I was concerned for our bikes. The resort people promised that this lot was under 24 hour guard; but, as we could see the sea, anyone could walk up to the bikes from any direction and with no security for the bikes. We removed everything that could be removed, locked the bikes and called for the golf cart to carry us to the resort. As usual in resorts, you can't check in till 4:00 pm. We had

arrived at 1:30 and the rooms were not ready as all of the three-day holiday folks had just left. Found the Three Flags check-in site, which was at the opposite end of the resort, and a long walk to the other end of the resort it was. Once the Three Flags folks verified that we had completed the journey, we went to the bar and did an early meet and greet with other riders. After getting into our rooms, decided to walk into town for dinner. A restaurant was recommended and the beef fajitas were excellent. The owner came over and talked to us about the culture, his city and where he acquired the fish for dinner—which was not out of this part of the sea. The fish were caught south about 500 miles and then sold to the local merchants. Our group walked back to the resort and to the lobby where many Three Flags riders were socializing.

Tuesday morning, went down for breakfast and a nice buffet with omelets made to your choice. Spent the rest of the morning in the lobby meeting other riders. Most everyone went into town for lunch; I stayed with the resort restaurant and had fish tacos: excellent. After lunch, I donned swimming trunks and walked out to the Sea of Cortez. I hate cold water and this was nice, bath-water warm with enough salt to float your feet. After washing off the salt water, spent some time soaking in the outdoor hot tub.

Now, late afternoon and time to get ready for the main dinner for the 200+ riders. Fifty-fifty (50/50) tickets are being sold, a bar at both ends of the dining hall—it is really a great time to meet other riders. A buffet style meal followed and then all riders were asked to stand. As one through



**Bob and his fish dinner,
fresh out of the sea.**

forty two years is called out and according to how many years you have rode this event, you sit down. Always exciting to see who has attended this event the most. My poker hand was a bust, so after dinner and festivities, back to the lobby and more chatting with other riders.

Wednesday: up early and left Puerto Penasco at 6:00 am for the journey back to the states; but, I was still concerned about the border crossing. As we approached the check point, I kept waiting for the lines to appear. Pretty soon, we are in the chute and pull up to the border guard—there were no lines—who checked my passport and wished me a good trip. Few miles down the road, find a border patrol station and these folks are looking for illegals. Bob and I stop in Why, AZ for breakfast and other Three Flag folks are eating plus border patrol folks like to eat. Outside, while getting on our bikes, I look over my shoulder and a coyote is about 20 yards back, just standing there, eyeing us like dinner!

In a few miles, another border patrol station with several agents sitting and standing on the right side. One agent, standing on my left, processed me. The agent is female and wearing Captain bars on her lapel. All the agents are packing side arms. The weather is already hot and they have long sleeves on. I asked her, “Why the long sleeves in this weather?” She replied, “When running through the cactus, chasing illegals, you need to protect your arms?”

I'm riding by myself now, as Bob turned east toward Tucson. In Gila Bend my cool vest comes back on and as I enter Phoenix, AZ, it is 106°F. Now, to digress some, because recently I had done some hiking in high altitude, hot weather and I became dizzy. With the help of my daughter and her husband, was able to get back to the parking lot. The ensuing week went to my VA MD and discussed what had happened. Doc suggested blood work and everything turned out fine. The MD suggested that I consume more electrolytes. Well, I got home and told the wife that the Doctor suggested more platelets.

I find Dr. Tod Roy's home, with whom, I will be staying for a couple of days. Tod rides a 2015 BMW 1200 RT (water cooled).

Thursday morning I meet my brother and his wife for some birding at a Riparian Preserve, at Gilbert Water Ranch, Maricopa, AZ. Saw 61 species and we visit more over lunch. He has two new knees and going through the process of recovering from surgery.

Friday morning, Tod and I head east out to Roosevelt, AZ where we pick up a National Passport Stamp at Tonto N.M. As we ride north, Theodore Roosevelt Lake on our right has many boats and camping sites. Have lunch in Payson, AZ before riding more back country roads to Montezuma Castle, National Monument: another passport stamp. Our destination is Sedona, AZ where the BMW MOA is having a mini-rally. Our hotel is the Poco Diablo Resort (Little Devil) and for dinner is a buffet on the veranda. About 100 other BMW folks are there and just a nice evening of friendship and meeting other guests. Today has been a special day, out riding, attending MOA mini rally, and I turn 70.

Saturday morning, Tod and I ride southwest to Tuzigoot National Monument, just out of Clarkdale, AZ. The visitor center was closed as a lightning storm the night before had interrupted the power. We rode on to Jerome—the mining town that sits on the cliff—and the streets are quite narrow. Stopped in Prescott for lunch at Murphy's—a refined American fare in historic digs, housed in an 1890 mercantile building. This time of the year, Cicadas males are singing. The study of entomology indicates Cicadas stay underground from 2 to 17 years depending on the species. They tunnel and feed and then as a nymph climb up a tree, the males then sing for a mate, and later the eggs drop to the ground and the cycle starts over, up to 17 years. Back at the Little Devil for dinner, a very nice buffet and social evening hosted by Jackie Hughes and Bob Aldridge of BMW MOA. The first drawing for the evening, my ticket was called and won a fleece MOA vest.

Sunday morning I'm up at 4:30 and time to head home. This is part

of the narrative where I tell on myself. After bidding farewell to Tod, (he is headed back to Phoenix), I'm headed back to Oregon. I proceed north out of Sedona, the most direct route to Flagstaff. I see a couple of signs that indicate the road may be closed at a certain milepost. Well, this being the weekend, folks just don't close roads on the weekend. I'm thirty minutes up Oak Creek Canyon and there are cars coming from the other direction, so, the road must be open. I come around a turn and the road is blocked with paving equipment and bright night time flood lights. I have no choice but to turn around and go back—my stomach churns from this mishap. The only other critters out this time of the morning are raccoons and a couple of skunks scurrying across the road. An hour later I pass the Little Devil and proceed due south to the freeway that will take me to Flagstaff. You forget just how high Flagstaff is: over 7,000 ft. I'm glad that I had brought my heated vest plus the heated seat and grips, as the low lying fog made it very cold. On to Kingman for breakfast and my final decision of going I-40 into CA or take 9 to Las Vegas. Now, Needles, CA and the Mojave Desert are always hot this time of the year. I decide to go north as the desert out of Vegas (Hwy 95) is higher and the temps in the high 80's; and it was nice to ride in. Not so nice for the Austin Mini S Cooper that came by me doing well over a 100 mph. Half hour later the state police had the Mini pulled over and the officer was writing on his pad. I kept riding throughout the day and landed in Fallon, NV—a 700 plus mile day—just wished I hadn't lost the hour early this morning.

Monday morning my internal alarm clock is going off way before the alarm is set. Was on the road by 5:00 am, on through Reno and north to Susanville for gas and breakfast at the Kopper Kettle Café (no Denny's). Rode north through Adin, Canby and met a cousin in Klamath Falls for lunch. By late afternoon, I'm back home in Eugene—a 14 day jaunt and 4609 miles. My wife and poodle are glad that I'm back. Was great to go out riding with old friends and meeting new friends.



♪We're Just Riders in the Rain...♪ NW Ambassadors Ride Report – December 2017

David Peterson #90113
Michael Ripley #191665

Did you know that December is Oregon's wettest month of the year? We average about 7.3 inches of rain during the month in the Portland area. It's cold and rainy today, but for a three week period, we had brilliant sunshine, even if the temperatures weren't so balmy (December is also the coldest month of the year). We can tell you the exact date the rain went on strike – December 3rd. Why so specific? Because it was the day *after* we got absolutely pounded with some of the soggiest conditions in which we've ridden in the last two years!

We all knew it was coming... even when we awakened to relatively dry pavement. **Chris Henry** certainly wasn't put off by the prospect of wet—he put 100 miles on his GS before we even gathered (knowing him, he probably even got up early so he could take the long way from Eugene!). After a few donut holes, it was time to saddle up. Opening remarks were cut short, as the clouds loomed and the mist began.

David was feeling cocky with another month of GPS experience under his belt, so he took the lead, with his trusty photographer, **Diane**, as ballast. **Kim Dorsing & Janice Mathern** fell in behind, followed by Chris, **Chuck Mileur**, **Steven Polansky**, and **Jeff Yarnall**. **Neal Malagamba** has been instrumental in keeping us on the beaten path this year. He and Mike floated at the back of the pack, ready for anything the rain might bring.

It's obvious by the calendar that our ambitions should be reined in. On the other hand, once a body is in motion, it wants to stay in motion, especially atop a motorcycle. Clark County, Washington is close enough to meet our winter standards and rural enough to make it fun. Our merry band took the long way, heading south on I-5 before turning east and north



The Columbia Gorge from Cape Horn lookout.

Photo by Diane Peterson

on I-205. Mist turned to rain turned to downpour as we crossed the river into Washington. Then it backed off a bit, giving us reason for hope as we pushed along WA-14. Accident repair called for a flagger east of Washougal, giving David a chance to confirm we hadn't ditched anybody. A few minutes later, it was off the main drag and up into the hills.

Leaving the freeway at the Cape Horn Trailhead, one has two options to climb the hill. Salmon Falls Road is the no-nonsense, quickest way to the top. Subtly marked Canyon Creek Road offers a more interesting way to the same point. Yeah, it was cold and rainy, with leaves in most of the corners. *But you're on your motorcycle*, so we ask you...looking at the map, which would you choose? We thought so. And so we wound our way to the top of Canyon Creek Road.

It's wooded and hilly north of Washougal, not to mention the splendid run along the river that is Washougal River Road. The downside is that with its endless grid of numbered north/south avenues and east/west streets, dead reckoning can get extremely confusing for even the most capable non-locals. It's one thing to remember to turn left onto Timber Road onto Canyon Highway; try several intersections of 181st onto 232nd onto 209th and your head starts to spin. Throw in pouring rain on top

of a foggy shield and you're lucky you don't find yourself back where you started, with a big headache to boot. GPS is supposed to be the answer, but occasionally the combination of clouds and trees and probably a healthy dose of the confusion we just described gets in the way.

Such was the case for David. Approaching an intersection he'd



seen dozens of times before, his GPS insisted that ↗ *right* was the route. But memory dictated that ↖ *left* was the proper course. Technology won and David committed himself—and most of the group—to a ride into oblivion. Common sense resulted in a U-turn, but not before Jeff went tearing past the others, trying to catch up. A third cohort had yielded to common sense and taken the proper route. After a small wait, the parts became whole again.

There's a moral in that story somewhere, but we'll be damned if we can find it.

Eventually, we found our way to Woodland and **America's Family Diner**. It's a Cracker Jack box of a place—seating for maybe 25, if everyone holds their breath and eats in unison. Furthermore, it's popular and the food is terrific. But the real find here is Amanda, our waitress, who never seems to go home, and runs the dining room like a Piaget watch. When we told her on the pre-ride we'd likely have 10-15 riders and gear, she barely batted an eye before saying, no problem. A call with a final head count, confirmed the same. When we arrived, in the middle of the chaos sat a vast open space with seating for ten. We tumbled in and began making our selves comfortable. It was pretty funny to watch the other patrons as we started to remove our soggy gear; they



Regrouping near the Washougal River.

Photo by Diane Peterson

looked like their golden retriever had come into the living room after a swim in the lake.

The food was excellent, the hot chocolate was bottomless, and the sausage was home made. We estimate about 25,000 calories were consumed by our hungry pack, 17,500 of which

See group
photo on next
page

went into Chris Henry (check out his [Facebook](#) page). If you find yourself in Woodland with an appetite, America's Family Diner is the place to fix it.

After lunch, the group began to splinter. Jeff and Chuck were tired of wet clothes, Steven Polansky was jonesing to roll some bones at nearby Ilani Casino. The rest of us wound our way through LaCenter and Ridgefield toward Vancouver, taking every opportunity to stay off the Interstate until we had to. So closed the final chapter of our 2017 riding season. Can't wait to do it all over again. After all, the days are only getting longer...

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, December Ride: . . 181
Total First Saturday
miles – 2017: 2,778

[America's Family Diner](#)
1447 Goerig Street, Woodland, WA
(360) 225-3962



Map by David Peterson





**Nothing like a warm lunch with friends on a soggy
First Saturday.**

photo by Diane Peterson

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