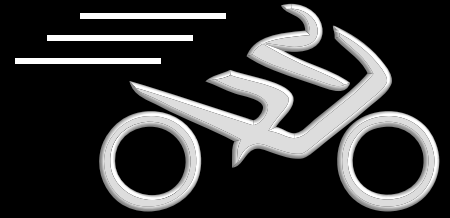




THE BEEMER BEAT



Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Oregon

September 2020

Volume 44, Issue #9

Founded 1976 - BMWMOA Charter #83, BMWRA Charter #264

Checkpoint Chasing



07 18 2020

by Keith Matteson of Newport

Summer's Splendor

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BMWRO President's Message, September 2020

As we get ready to move into fall, your Executive Committee will start to plan for next year's budget. We plan to have that budget completed by November and at that time, will have a clear idea of a reasonable amount to apply to charitable donations. During the month of September, I would like to hear from our members about your choice of recipients of our donation(s). One of our members recently suggested that I provide you with a list of those organizations who have received charitable donations in the past from BMWRO. After a bit of research, I was able to pull together this information:

BMWRO Charitable Contributions

2019: No charitable contributions were made.

2018: \$20,000 total was donated.

- \$2000 to Grant Co. Fairgrounds
- \$2000 to Grant Co. Foodbank
- \$1500 to Prairie City Foodbank
- \$1500 to Monument Foodbank
- \$5000 to CASA of Grant Co.
- \$3000 to Grant Co. School District, evenly divided between arts, music, and sports
- \$3000 to John Day Senior Center
- \$1000 to John Day Police Dept
- \$1000 to John Day Fire Dept

2017: No charitable contributions were made.

2016: \$1600 total was donated.

- \$1000 to Juniper Arts Council of Grant Co.
- \$ 300 to Grant-Harney Co. CASA
- \$ 300 to Prairie City Meals on Wheels

2015: \$2300 total was donated.

- \$2000 to Grant Co. Fire Relief Fund
- \$ 300 to Family First-Parent Resource Center

2014: \$2500 total was donated.

- \$1000 to Grant Co. Fairgrounds for new PA system
- \$ 500 to Heart of Grant County Domestic & Sexual Assault Program
- \$ 500 to Grant County Senior Program Meals on Wheels
- \$ 500 to Family First-Parent Resource Center

Hopefully, you'll find this helpful as you consider and make your recommendations. Please email your thoughts about recipients for this year's donation to bmwro.pres@gmail.com. I look forward to hearing from you!

Ride safe! Have fun!

Alice



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

In The Headlight

Meet BMWRO Member Don Weber

Don morphs a torture device into a friend in the end.



The relationship with a motorcycle is personal. Subtleties of fit, shape and posture are personal, your ergos, lean and attitude on the bike are so very individual and personal.

One of our members understands that relationship like no other: Don Weber of Albany.

"I've been making custom seats since 1965".

Don began his own relationship with motorcycles on a 1965 Goldstar: a well-used, self-described 'beater'. Don Explained; "It was cheap at the time and a good ride". With that bike, Don developed his electrical skill but also found that he had a knack for rebuilding the seat.

"I found I could see the design in my head, how each piece had to come together ". As every satisfied customer will tell you:

'when Don builds you a seat, *You're in good hands*'.

Don began rebuilding seats. Working with and for others in the beginning and moving to making seats on his own in 1972. "It's been my only career."

A trip to Mr. Eds Moto for a custom seat is a treasure to any rider who values the comfort and safety of their bike. A personal, satisfying experience to arrive with a stock seat and leave a few hours later with something that fits, supports and finetunes the riding experience. Such attention to detail is given to the rider, the look of the seat and the details of the fit and finish. The experience is unparalleled.

Riding far and wide, Don along with Deb Weber have supported our club in many ways. Serving as club VP twice, hosting the annual **Winter Touring Show**, in spring they host the Premier Moto **Swap Meet** at their combined business'. A long-sustained history of vendor support and donation at rallies. Support began at Hepner and Klamath Falls prior to our John Day Rallies.

Don has owned a lot of bikes in his life: "I've always had bikes, always loved them and had too many to count". Yet one spoke to his soul like no other, The VF1000R was that bike. Don smiled and said; "It was big and fast."

Riding for pleasure, for adventure and also for mental benefit: "I found that riding allowed me to blow off the world, to feel the world drain from my feet.

Don has had a few bumps and breaks along the way. When asked what he's broken, he replied; "Perhaps one should ask... what haven't I broken?"

The list sort of starts at the neck and works it way down both legs. Most recently at Rally 2019 in a mishap in the mud with Steve Miller and Keith Matteson (see **Dons Leg** by Steve Miller August 2019 Beemer Beat).

Dons states; "I still want to ride in South America" then added I feel blessed to have spent my life working at what I love doing."

Thank You Don Weber for being a member of BMWRO.



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

Don Weber, Seat artist!

NEW MEMBERS

Michael Egginton Medford, OR.....2016 BMW S1000XR
Dave Turnbull Keizer, OR.....2020 BMW R NineT/5
Charlie Mitchell Corvallis, OR.....2004 BMW R1100S



BYLAWS, POLICIES & GUIDELINES

These are located in the Documents section of our website:
www.bmwro.org and can be viewed by members who are logged in.

BMWRO EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President:

Alice LeBarron, 541-647-7194
bmwro.pres@gmail.com

Vice President/ Activities:

Liz Jones, 541-285-7573
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

Secretary:

Linnea Alvord, 503-816-9058
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Treasurer:

Dave Cook, 541-7402484
bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com

Webmaster:

(Position is currently vacant)

BMWRO COORDINATORS

Membership Coordinator

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bmwro.membership@gmail.com

Newsletter Editor

Carol Dallas
503-860-8787
bmwro.editor@gmail.com

*Submission date for the newsletter is
the 14th (firm) of each month.

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)

Clarence Story—541-689-2822
ccstory@go-ducks.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

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

Camron Rust—(503) 307-2016
cbrust.00@gmail.com

Southern Region

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

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

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

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

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Crystal Crane Hot Springs Campout

Date: Thursday, September 10, 2020, 3:00 PM until Sunday, September 13, 2020, 11:00 AM
Location: Crystal Crane Hot Springs, 25 miles east of Burns, OR, on Hwy 78, Phone: 541-493-2312
<https://www.cranehotsprings.com/>

Contact: Carol L Dallas (503)860-8787 carol.dallas57@gmail.com

Description: **Soak it up, Buttercup!** as we spend a weekend at Crystal Crane Hot Springs in Crane Oregon. Crane is a family friendly, clothing required Hot Springs! Soak in the pond or reserve a private tub room. The hot pond is available 24 hrs/day for registered guests.

<https://www.cranehotsprings.com/> Crane Hot Springs is 28 miles east of Burns on Hwy 78 and offers riding to those beloved areas we treasure: Fields Station, Steens Mountain, Malheur Refuge, Diamond and French Glen. Besides registering on the BMWRO Event Calendar, be sure to make your reservations on the Crane Hot Springs website for rooms, cabins, tent sites, and RV spots. <https://www.cranehotsprings.com/> Act fast--the good sites go quickly and there is limited availability. Now expanded to 35 participants. We're working on arranging a catered meal for Saturday night. The original plan for a potluck meal is being cancelled due to Coronavirus. A catered BBQ meal, by Juniper Cookhouse, will be served Saturday evening. All other meals are on your own or ride out to neighboring communities for dining.. BYOB. Third quarter meeting to be held after dinner.



At time of publication there was space for 4 participants, please check website for available spots. Reminder: maximum 35 participants.

Beach Bash! Annual Meeting and Banquet at Driftwood Shores Resort

Date: Friday, November 06, 2020, 4:00 PM until Sunday, November 8, 2020, 11:00 AM
Location: Driftwood Shores Resort <https://driftwoodshores.com> Florence, OR 541-902-6443
Contact(s): Alice LeBarron 541-647-7194 bmwro.pres@gmail.com
 Liz Jones bmwro.vp@gmail.com

Description: It's time for another Beach Bash at the Driftwood Shores in Florence! We're encouraging you to arrive Friday for a weekend of fun at the beach! Join us Friday evening for a bonfire on the beach and S'mores. Saturday during the daytime, you can take a ride, walk the beach, or explore along the coast. Then join us at 30pm on Saturday for Happy Hour in the Hospitality Suite. The Banquet dinner will be served Saturday evening at 5pm following our Annual Meeting. Saturday dinner menu: Honey Glazed Chicken Breast, raised local Tenderloin, Cabernet Sauvignon Gravy and Gratin Potatoes, Fruit Salad, Spinach Salad with Strawberries & Feta, and Home style Baked Beans.

You must reserve your rooms by Oct 5th for the special group rate. For online room reservations, click here:

<https://reservations.driftwoodshores.com/> Enter Group Code 321528 and PIN 8263. For room reservations by phone, call 541-902-6443 and mention BMW Riders. Group rates apply for Fri, Sat, & Sun., Nov 6, 7, & 8th.

Besides making your room reservations with Driftwood Shores, be sure to register on the BMWRO website by the Oct 29th deadline so that we have an accurate head count for dinner.

BYO Drinkables for the Friday beachside campfire and for Saturday Happy Hour. Please drink responsibly.

Edson Creek Campout

Good Friends, Little Fish, and Comets - Edson Creek Campout 2020

By Keith Matteson

Life throws curve balls at us. Both Edson Creek and Canal Creek campouts were terrific fun last year, so of course I reserved both sites again early this year. All seemed great, and then COVID-19 hit us. Long story short, the Canal Creek campsite was closed for the summer, so we cancelled that event. I didn't know for sure if the Edson Creek campsite would be available until about 10 days before the event. In the end, the BLM decided to keep Edson Creek open, and with a week to go I was able to give Alice, our club President, the green light.

To be honest, I was nervous about having a group gathering in these days of COVID, but it went off wonderfully.

I love to write, but I need a subject about which I have something to say, and just the right place to work. So, with a great event to tell you about, I came out in the garage, set up my camp chair between the three motorcycles for perfect ambiance, cranked up the classical radio station (the garage has the best sound in the house), and set to work.

While prepping and packing the bike, I had decided I would combine two personal moto-events for the weekend. One was the campout itself, of course, and the other was a ride I planned for Saturday. I wanted to visit two airports on the Oregon Airport Tour list, Brookings and Cave Junction. The Airport Tour is just what it sounds like - you get a list of ten airports, often tiny, and scattered all over the state, and you take a photo of your bike at each. Once you get them all, you send the pictures in, and then get to go to the picnic in September. Just another fun excuse to ride, and if I made it to these two airports, then I'd only have Klamath Falls left to get. Interested in the Airport Tour? Google the No Whiners Motorcycle Club in Philomath. There's a Facebook page for the Airport Tour as well.

Friday morning, I rolled out of bed and out of Newport under low thin clouds. It had been blowing from the north for several days already, due to heat in the Willamette Valley, and I wanted to head south in the early morning before it cranked up again. The temperature was near perfect and traffic was very light. I was lucky enough not to have any cars in front of me all the way to Florence, which meant I got to run that wonderful section from Yachats south over Cape Perpetua and Heceta Head with no rolling road blocks. My most comfortable existence is riding the motorcycle - there is no chair or any furniture or activity can match it. I've been pulling a helmet on and riding since I was just knee-high - my whole body just relaxes and so does my brain. Riding is a meditation for me.

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Edson Creek Campout

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At Florence the clouds started to break up. My hopes rose, but the gray skies closed in again not far south of there. No worries, the temperature was great, and it just felt good being on the road alone. A loaded California-plate GS hooked up with me for a while through Coos Bay. I stopped for a few simple camp groceries and a Subway sandwich at Bandon, then headed for the campsite. I hope the GS rider found some good stories along the way.

With about a mile to go, I saw the miracle of a solid blue sky right over Sixes River Road. At the turnoff, I stopped to draw and staple up the first of my paper plate roundels and arrows to guide people in, and by this time the north wind was blowing fair and firmly at my back. The sun was now strong, gently roasting me in my several thin layers while I put up more signs along the road to camp. I worked fast to get the signs up and make it to camp, with visions of a dip in the creek spurring me on.

Art and Cathy Fouch and their son John were already at the campsite when I rolled in around one pm, and it was wonderful to catch up with the Fouch gang. Others began to show up soon after, as a steady stream of folks rolled in, sometimes a lone bike, sometimes a pair. I wandered around and welcomed folks in, even though there was no "host." Soon we had a giant ring of tents all spaced nicely apart. In like fashion, giant circles of chairs started to grow here and there, with big spaces between. Seems we've all been trained these last few months, and it was interesting to see people having a no-touch reacquaintance ("touchless" as they say in the grocery) with friends old and new.

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Edson Creek Campout

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Art, Cathy and John Fouch

Pic Keith Matteson

I wandered down to the creek. The big tree that had fallen across the creek last year had sagged and settled to create a couple of nice pools, one shaded and one sunny. I waded in and soaked myself, the water was cool but not cold, what a treat. In the water around me there were hundreds of salmon fingerlings, as well as snails, newts, and a plenty of insects in the water. The hungry little smolts began to pick at my feet and ankles, especially where I'd scraped my feet and a small scab was flaking off. Once again, this year I saw the heron feeding in the creek, just upriver from the bridge. The first time I saw this campsite was in 2014 when I rode here in mid-winter to check it out. On that day there were a couple of big salmon in the creek where the temporary bridge-on-wheels is placed in summer. This is a healthy creek system.

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Edson Creek Campout

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Pic by Keith Matteson

Little fishes offer soothing nibbles

Six or seven picnic tables were scattered around the 50-yard wide circle of grass that made our group campsite. People heated up their individual dinners and talked while keeping somewhat apart. I had some freeze-dried pad thai and don't think I'll be buying that one again - it was okay, but maybe pad thai is just too tall an order for backpacking food. I was interested to see how we have adapted to COVID circumstances. I had just as much fun as ever socializing, but this time while not touching or closely approaching anyone. I've heard it said that "the measure of a man is in how he can adapt." I think the BMWRO folks measured up pretty well.

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Edson Creek Campout

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Pic Keith Matteson

Safe and Social Campers

We had a great fire both nights, thanks to Brad Stark and Eva Hathaway, who came in their pickup truck. In a show of generosity, Brad and Eva brought along plenty of firewood as well as a portable grill for the group to use, helped us fill water jugs and, I'm told, made a store run for ice and drinks. Many, many thanks to these two!

Great fun was had with poor Alice LeBarron and her phone. I can't say just how, but her phone suffered a fall, with a lucky landing on a soft pile of special "paper". Unfortunately, this was at the bottom of the honey bucket, much farther than a convenient reach would recover it from. There was much relief when it was recovered, thanks to a team effort, after a long-handled scooper-grabber was cobbled together

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Edson Creek Campout

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from campsite bits and pieces. All weekend we had fun with the puns and verbal jabs ("call of nature", etc.). Her phone is fine. Her pride may have suffered.



Pic by Keith Matteson

"Disinfectants come in Handy" Alice LeBarron

On Saturday I had a quick oatmeal breakfast as I watched Roger Paquette work his camp espresso pot, sharing coffee with campers as they rose. I hit the road on the bike, gassing up in Port Orford and heading south for Brookings. I diverted onto Myers Creek Road at Cape Sebastian, which takes you on maybe a 10-mile loop inland, then jumped onto the Carpenterville Road for more fun. Once into Brookings I found the airport, snapped my photo, and headed south through town. Whoops - there's a parade today! I was diverted onto a detour to get me through town, trolling through the neighborhoods off 101. Back on the main highway, I plunged south into California, picking up the North Bank Road along the Smith River. Here, the traffic turned to total nonsense, with people burbling along unaware of the long line of us backed up behind them. This continued up 199 headed northeast, and I can't say I had a whole bunch of fun along this stretch. But I was soon at my second airport, after

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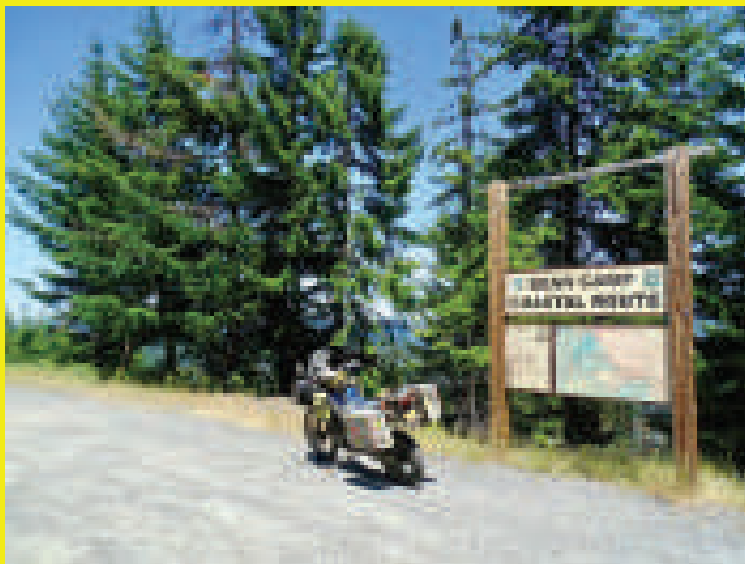
Edson Creek Campout

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which I pulled into the Subway in Cave Junction for a sandwich to eat later. You see the pattern in my road eating habits?

North of Cave Junction, I had noticed a set of Forest Service Roads (FS-25) heading off into the woods and leading to Galice, from where I could take the Bear Camp Route back toward the coast. I found the road, and after a few good guesses at forks where the signs were all “whopperjod” (my Mom’s word for “all messed up”), I found myself up on a ridge route through areas of alternating burned and green forest, and had a beautiful ride in the cooler air. The road was sometimes asphalt, sometimes good dirt, but always in good shape and easy. Descending into Galice, along the Rogue River, was like having someone steadily dial up the furnace, and once down at river level it was well into the 80s. I planned to have my sandwich along the river, but no way was I going to stop in this heat. I wanted back up into cooler air at elevation so immediately headed up onto the Bear Camp Route.

Bear Camp climbs up to about 3500 feet, then levels off and rolls along ridges for its entire length, cresting as high as 4720 feet. I stopped in a couple of places along the main road to eat my sandwich, but could not even get my helmet off before the mosquitos were on me. I finally tried an offshoot dirt road, and stopped a half-mile off the main route, where there were thankfully no bugs at all. The Bear Camp Route is a great ride, and a wonderful way to get to the coast from an area where options are few. While the sign may say it takes 3-4 hours to cover the route, it really only takes maybe 60-90 minutes depending on your pace. This is a good place to check your pace a bit, as traffic goes both ways and there is just enough to keep you on your toes. At times you will meet a pickup towing a camp or raft trailer, and sometimes these folks know the road very well and drive like it. Stay well over on your side in blind corners to be safe.



Adventure bike on Bear Camp Road

Pic Keith Matteson

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Edson Creek Campout

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Descending down off the ridge toward Agnes, I was again plunging into a thermal bath, and by the time I got back to the Rogue River, it must have been close to 100 degrees. Without pause I turned the bike toward the ocean and let the bike have its head. Not totally, because I was getting tired, but boy was I anxious to get into cooler air. I took the bridge over to the north side of the river, and soon found myself on 101 rolling north into the headwind. Thankfully, the wind was not so bad, and it felt good. I did, however, end up closing all the vents in my jacket and pants to enjoy the ride up the coast to Port Orford. After such a grueling day of non-stop fun, why not a treat? I grabbed a BBQ tri-tip sandwich from the big friendly guy with the smoker-grill outside the grocery and headed back to camp.

After wolfing down half the sandwich it was time for a dip in the creek, and I took the opportunity to clean myself up a bit. After that it was just a relaxing wind-down as Carol Dallas lit the fire and we all pulled up chairs around the fire in a big, spaced-out ring and watched Robin Dunn demonstrate her s'mores making skills along with Connie Cammack's s'mores eating skills.



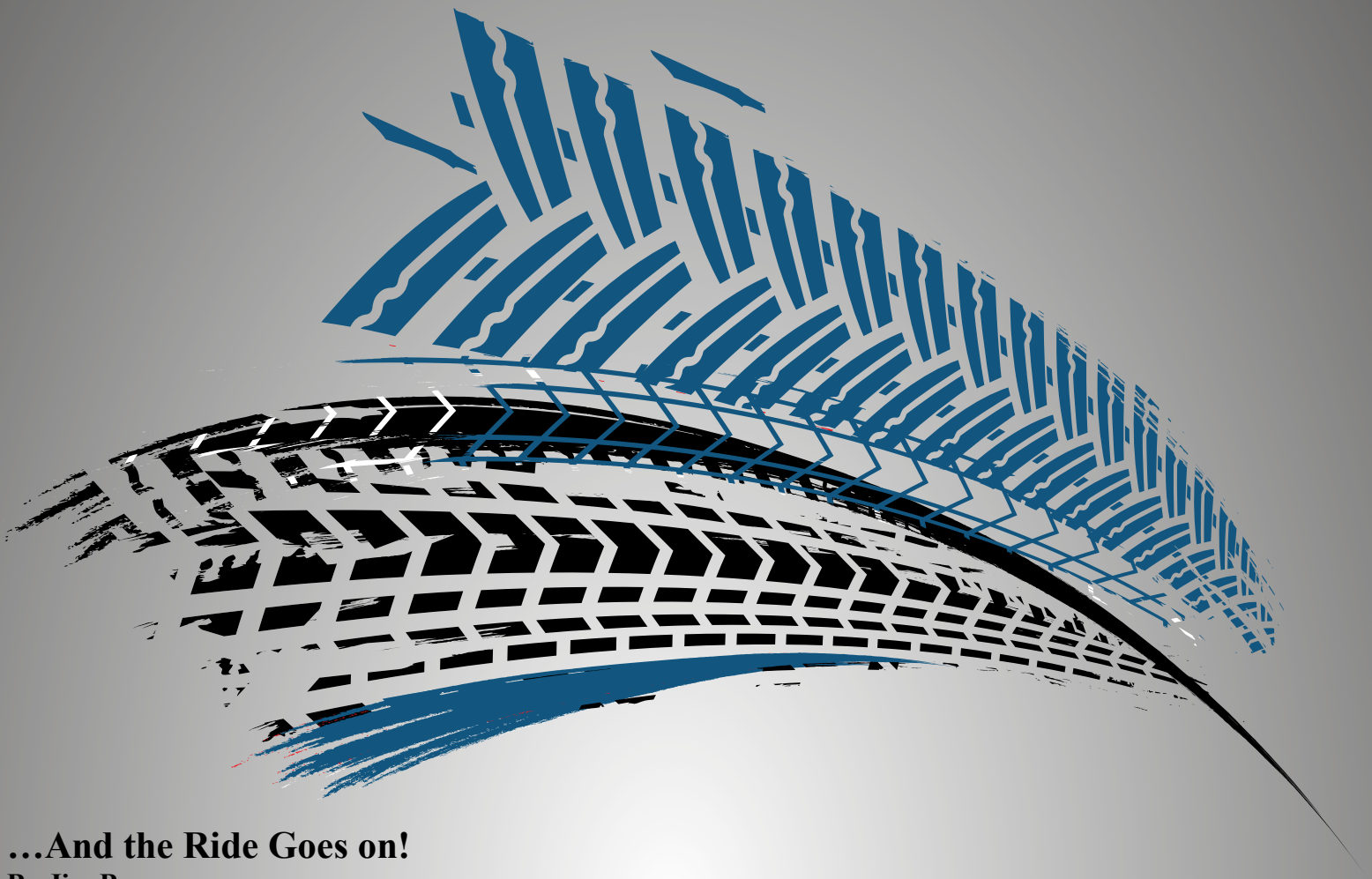
Neowise in our summer sky
Pic from internet source



Sooooooo Gooooood! Connie Cammack enjoys her S'mores!
Pic by Keith Matteson

Talk went until well after dark, and the last thing I remember is standing outside my tent, looking up into a deep sky full of stars and seeing the comet Neowise just above the trees on the far side of the big campsite. This is the snapshot memory I'll take with me of the weekend.

Morning came and it was the usual story, everyone having an early breakfast and packing up. Nobody wasted much time getting on the road, as more north wind was in the forecast and that is the direction most were headed. I rolled out of camp with the last few bikes and headed north up the coast toward home, thinking of good friends, little fish, and comets.



...And the Ride Goes on!

By Jim Breen

I was pleased and somewhat surprised to see so many riders gathered at the Cascade Lakes Welcome Center to ride when temperatures for the day were predicted to be in triple digits. I would say there were ten, maybe more. Everyone was chatting amiably when some said loudly "hey it's 10 minutes past 'Kickstands Up'.... "where is our leader"?

Well those that didn't know, then found out that Alice, our always stalwart leader, couldn't be present because of a family emergency. One rider was bold enough to text Alice to see if she had appointed a leader. Her answer was appropriately; "you guys figure it out".

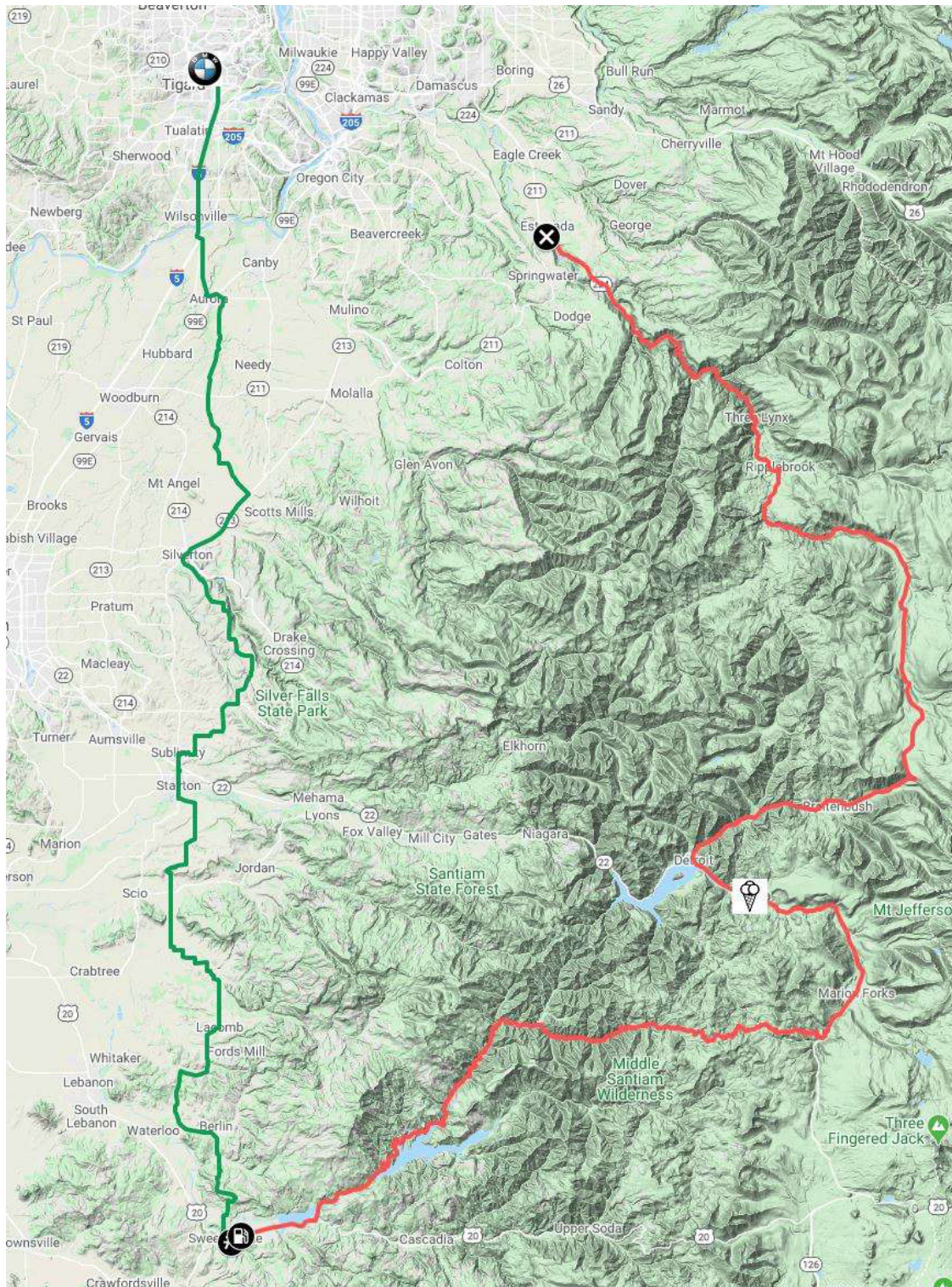
Finally, someone announced loudly, "I don't know about anyone else but I'm going up the mountain where it might be cooler. Follow me if you want too." We had a leader and most followed. We rendezvoused at a turnout about 10 miles up the road. Some decided to go different routes. I was in a group of six that decided to continue on the Cascade Lakes Hwy and then go over to Hwy 97 on FSR 42. Two more riders left the group but four of us chose to continue east on Paulina Lake Road. We stopped and had a very pleasant lunch at a picnic area at the parking lot for the Obsidian Flow Trail. After lunch, those of us that had them, donned their cooling vests for the ride home. I saw 101 degrees on my m/c as I went by Bend. My bike was back in the barn by 2PM. It had cooled to 99.

I hope a takeaway from this report is how much we depend on our ride leaders. They often pre-ride routes, plan rides, select meet up spots, send out notices, and keep the group safely together. I could use the 'herding cats' cliché but it wouldn't really be appropriate. BMW riders are an easy group to make happy. They just want to ride.

Sweet Home's A Picnic in the Park

NW Ambassador Ride Report-August 2020

David Peterson #90113



[Click map for video](#)

Map by David Peterson

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Another ride, another picnic. Making their own lunch didn't seem to bother anyone, however. For when the flag dropped, we had 28 riders chomping at the bit, astride 26 motorcycles. Before the day was over, the group had grown to 35. An unappealing procession, you might be thinking? Well, aside from one bit of confusion—and one low-side gravel victim—we had a wonderful outing. In fact, right now, it's my odds-on favorite for ride of the year!



Photo by Diane Peterson

A quick discussion of the rules of the road...

Our basic route was no surprise: a counter-clockwise loop through familiar territory — Silverton — Sweet Home —Detroit. What made it interesting was how we ventured to each waypoint, including a stretch along the [Quartzville Back Country Byway](#). Quartzville Road had to be the draw, because there were seven riders who were riding with us for the first time. **Jay Alexander** joined us all the way from Long Beach, WA. His 2019 Indian FTR 1200 was definitely the moto hit of the day. **Naveen Mundanda** was on his KTM. **Tom Jackson** brought along some of his GS buddies, **Dennis Loewen**, **Dave Hamilton**, and **Darryl Williams**. We welcomed **Eddie Adjei** on his GS. And **Eric Means** came ready to both ride and fish, leaving us in Stayton to try his luck on the Santiam.

After a few words about paying attention to both the rider in front *and* behind you, we were off. Thank goodness for the popularity of GPS. With 25+ plus bikes to watch over, I emphasized our destination and forsook the idea of having a tailgunner. But with GPS on many, if not most, of the bikes peppered throughout the procession, it was like having mid-course correctors to keep the team on track.

Well, for the most part anyway. After departing Tigard BMW, we galloped down I-5 and crossed the Willamette. Anyone who's ridden with us knows we ditch I-5 at first chance, even if we've been there before. Exiting I-5, it looked like we were intact, but that was just a guess. Through Aurora, the lefts and rights became more frequent, with a stop light and rail crossing further disrupting the flow. We picked up another rider, **Lonnie Wolff**. A quick right on Lone Elder Road was the straw that broke the camel's back. Another quick right on Meridian Road gave me a chance to look 90° and see who was with me. Turns out the last five or six hadn't seen the Lone Elder turn and were heading north away from us. Luckily, **Kim Dorsing** and **Janice Mathern** were among that group. Kim and Janice had pre-ridden with me and quickly realized the error. Kim was able to get everyone turned around and back on track before we even departed. Then the two of them fell to the rear to sweep, a pair of maroon helmets and bright lights that I could immediately recognize as the caboose. I've said it many times and I'll say it again—THANK. YOU. KIM.

We curled our way around hops and hay, headed for Silverton and beyond. Usually I try to avoid downtown congestion, but I decided to endure a couple stop signs for what lay beyond. Victor Point Road is an often overlooked gem above the Silverton valley, because it's a little hard to get to. But it's worth the extra effort, especially when Victor Point turns into Drift Creek Road, completing twelve miles of uninterrupted bliss above the fecund valley below. A quick check at the end of the run and I could see Kim and Janice. The group was intact.

Carter and Triumph Roads deposited us in Sublimity, enabling us to safely pass under OR-22 to a break at the local DQ. Undaunted by the locked lobby, Naveen walked up to the drive-thru, ordered, then strolled to the take-out window to grab his sandwich, an SUV in front of him and a pickup behind. As we

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relaxed, up rolled **CJ Strauss** and **Justin Carr**, this month each on his/her own bike. It didn't make much difference when Eric Means left us for his fishing trip. He promised to rejoin us later in the afternoon.

The next leg to Sweet Home is familiar to many seasoned riders. Many, but not all. I threw in a covered bridge (Shimanek) and a couple of additional obscure roads to fulfill my promise of something new each ride. Just as we were cresting Berlin Road to descend into Sweet Home, we veered east onto to Mark Ridge Drive. Maybe we shouldn't have; stray gravel in a dark switchback got the best of one rider and down he went. His companions quickly leapt to action and bike and rider were back on the road in no time.



Passing through Shimanek Covered Bridge.

Thanks to **Andy Sulla**, **Craig Pickens**, and **Larry Kline** for being in the right place at the right time.



Photo by Diane Peterson

Mark "Bad Bump" Strand

Sankey Park proved to be the perfect place to have a socially-distant picnic. Waiting for us there were **Karl** and **Ramona Perlich**, and **Steve Woodward**, on his new (to him) 2017 R1200RT. **Mark Strand** also dropped by, in a special t-shirt and with a story to tell. Spread over a couple of acres, the park has at least six large concrete tables, each shaded by a tall stand of firs. Lunch was leisurely, as riders straggled in after picking up lunch locally at Subway or A&W. But it's hard to have sustained conversation through masks and from a distance. So when the food was gone, folks were up and at 'em, ready to resume the adventure.

Larry Kline and **John Eaves** had enough and set off homeward bound. The rest of us gasped up and headed for the main event — Quartzville Road.

Quartzville Backcountry Byway is a 50-mile meander linking US-20 near Foster Lake with OR-22 near Marion Forks. The first third runs along the north shore of Green Peter Reservoir as Quartzville Drive. Traffic can be heavy with campers and swimmers accessing the lake. The road starts off respectably wide and well-marked, but as you progress, the road narrows and the pavement begins to undulate. Here, one really needs to pay attention, especially in the dappled light. In several spots there are

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deep depressions that someone has attempted (poorly) to mark with spray paint warnings. Most are unseeable until it's too late.



Photo by Diane Peterson

Rolling across Green Peter Lake.

At about the 24-mile mark, just east of Yellowbottom Recreation Site, lies the mother of all frost heaves. Hence Mark Strand's "Bad Bump" t-shirt. The prior week, on a pre-ride, we encountered Mark manically waving to warn us of the bump. He caught my eye in time to avoid it and to see the scrawl on the road.

Safely through, we waved and kept on going. It wasn't until the next day that I learned that Mark, heading westward, had hit it square on, flying over the bars — and the warning — before landing hard with his bike on top of him. His GoPro was running and he actually captured the moment on [video](#). Fortunately, Mark and bike weren't too banged up to make it home. I had merely called to confirm that was him that we had passed. It was only then that I learned what had happened. Two days later, I received an email from **Dave Cook** who, after receiving my ride announcement, warned me of the same depression.



Photo by Diane Peterson

The view from the top of Quartzville Byway.

I can hereby report that our FSR entourage bypassed the hazard and enjoyed the entire length of Quartzville Road unscathed — and ecstatic! Although the road narrows to barely one lane and markings disappear, the surface of the eastern half is reasonably smooth. Here the deciduous low forest gave way to firs and vastly improved visibility. Still, it was over an hour before the group gathered at the OR-22 tee, only 25 miles away. It turned out that fewer than half the riders had ridden the entire length of the byway before today.

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We bid farewell to Karl and Ramona and to Chuck Mileur, who headed back to Redmond. The rest of us stopped in Idanha for ice cream, before heading our separate ways. Eric Means was there, waiting for us. The Portland contingent rambled home along Ripplebrook Road, stopping for a final time in Estacada.

Despite my misgivings about the turnout and “the bump,” it had been a long and glorious day.



Photo by David Peterson

Posing in a park with thirty or so close friends.

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, August Ride: 274
Total First Saturday miles – 2020: 1,292





Camron Rust has agreed to be co-Ambassador of the NW Region. Newly retired, he is game for any opportunity to tear around on his GTL, often with wife Karen aboard (when she isn't chasing close behind on her Spyder). Cam lives in Hillsboro and studies maps of the region with insatiable curiosity. If you're looking for adventure advice in northwest Oregon or beyond, Cam's your guy. Make sure to say hello the next time you see him on a ride.

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