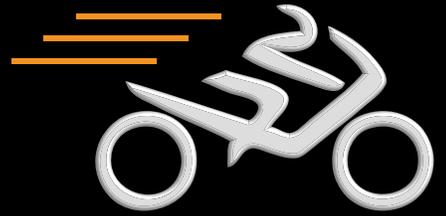




THE BEEMER BEAT



Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Oregon

November, 2020

Volume 44, Issue #11

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

Vernonia, Oregon

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Picture by Michael Benedict

Michael Benedict's K1300GT... in search for the Great Pumpkin



BMWRO President's Message

November 2020

As the days get shorter and cooler, I hope you're still getting out for some good fall rides! I want to update you on a few things that have been happening in the club.

New Benefit for Members

After meeting via Zoom, your club officers have worked out the details for our new BMWRO Motorcycle Safety Program. Each year, we will be including in our club budget an amount to use for rebates to club members who complete a Team Oregon class. I'm hoping that this program will encourage our members to continue to hone their riding skills and will be valued as another benefit of membership. For 2021, we plan to give ten \$50 rebates. This is only available to full members of BMWRO and will be run on a lottery system, with members applying in January and the winning names pulled in February. Those members will need to provide proof of completion of any Team Oregon class completed in 2021 before the rebate check is issued. The Team Oregon classes/clinics offered at the Chief Joseph Rally are not eligible for this program. The new policy is on our website and can be read by members who are logged in by clicking on Documents in the main menu and then clicking on Bylaws & Policies. You'll then see the BMWRO Motorcycle Safety Program in the list of documents that you'll be able to download to read. We'll remind you in January to apply for the rebate if you plan to take any Team Oregon class in 2021.

Hansen's Employee Relief Fund

Thanks to the kindness and generosity of our BMWRO members, we collected a total of \$2625 in donations from club members for the Hansen's Employee Relief Fund that we set up after the fire that destroyed the Hansen's dealership. We added an additional \$1175 from club funds for a total of \$3800. This was divided evenly into 4 checks of \$950 each for the employees of Hansen's BMW Motorcycles (Wade, Mark, Dave, & Mason). That fundraising is now done.

I know that many BMWRO members also made generous contributions to the Rebuild Hansen's BMW fundraiser on GoFundMe. This fund was set up for the purpose of rebuilding and is still an active site.

<https://www.gofundme.com/f/rebuild-hansen039s-bmw> Craig Hansen tells me that they are now set up in a temporary location and are able to do limited service work on motorcycles a few days a week.

Elections are still open

This year, we are voting for club president and secretary as well as voting on proposed changes to our Bylaws. Voting closes Nov 6th, so you still have a few days if you missed the emails sent out by club secretary Linnea Alvord in early October. Voting is only open to members and you can only vote once for officers and once for the proposed changes to Bylaws. To vote, you must be logged in to the BMWRO website. Then select Surveys from the main menu. From here you can follow the prompts to vote in the election of officers and to vote in the survey for proposed changes to the Bylaws. Linnea will be reporting to you on the results of the elections.

Ride safe and have fun!

Alice



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

In The Headlight

Meet BMWRO Member Cathy Fouch...

I booked a motorcycle trip in 2001 with Edelweiss for a Best of Europe tour for Art's 60th Birthday. I was riding as pillion as I had the previous 34 years. On this tour I met a gal who was riding on her own and I was intrigued with the idea of doing the same.

Taking the riding class not long after the tour, I had my own bike which was a Honda Shadow 600. My feet were actually flat on the ground when stopped. Did I mention I am only 4'11" so no small feat and I was 55 years old when I started on this quest. My other half didn't think much of my riding a "cruiser" as he was always a sport touring rider for decades.

Art had a Harley Sportster for a few years. We decided to ride two up to Crater Lake from California. After a tent, 2 sleeping bags, 2 pads and cook gear, I had extra room for a tea bag. Riding two separate bikes solved ALL those problems.

After 500 miles and still trying to coordinate the clutch and the brakes, I had an incident with an armco barrier on our way home from races in the Bay Area in the foothills of Colusa County, Ca. Another bike was involved; my attention wavered and I bumped the guardrail. No Damage to the bike and no tip over; but my leg was broken and a compartment syndrome (compression injury). I hopped on the back of Art's bike and rode 40 miles to the Colusa hospital. CHP found me and I just told them; "I was no better than a teen age driver". As I felt that way on a bike at that point.

Three months later and not healed up yet due to complications I decided to try and ride to see if I could remember how and even if I wanted to continue riding. I did and was excited to know I was enjoying it. About 6 weeks later with a cane strapped to the back of my bike, we were off to St George, Ut. for a weekend Edelweiss reunion. Soon after, we went to Chico to see Ozzie who didn't think much of my current bike so bought a new BMW 650 GS which I still have today at 55,000 miles. Yellow was great as I wanted to be SEEN!



Photo by Art Fouch

Cathy and her Yellow 'SEE ME' bike



Photo by Art Fouch

We decided to ride with Go Tour NZ in 2005 for two weeks and this was the only time I rode my own bike outside the US besides Canada. I literally had nightmares leading up to this trip. I kept telling John Fitzwater that I am REALLY short and not very experienced – he gave me a BMW CS which was fine and we had an incredible trip. I stepped up to the plate and even handled the bridges with narrow planks. I am just glad they weren't checking my BP or respiration levels!

After 38 years living in Williams, California, we retired to Hood River in 2006. Soon thereafter joined the BMWRO. We loved that *those riders CAMPED!* That was the first year we attended the John Day Rally not knowing anyone. We have missed only one year since that time and have made great friends.

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In The Headlight

continued from Pg. 3



One of many rallies

Photo by Cathy Fouch



Cathy with Friends

Photo by credit unknown



Photo by Sasquatch

Cathy with pals at Women's Campout

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In The Headlight

continued from Pg. 4

We have also attended several National Rallies with the first one being in Spokane where I dropped my bike parking in the registration line. I so wish I had the courage to go ride on my own as so many of my friends do; BUT I just can't leave my ace mechanic, cheerleader and buddy of 53 years home. Oh, yes, I need my buddy to pick up my bike that seems to tip over too often!



Photo by Cathy Fouch

I am not a passionate rider; but once on the road I truly do enjoy the ride and it's so much better and exciting than being the pillion.

We have made many friends in the BMWRO club which we value highly. We haven't been active in leadership roles; but we volunteer hours at all the rallies we attend. It's a small payback for all the hours the board serves. I will be 74 in November and finding it more difficult staying safe. I'm contemplating that after the CJR and the National Rally in Montana in 2021, I may hang up my spurs. But, then again, there might be a Grom or maybe The Monkey beckoning me 😊

Art Fouch, Cheerleader and Mechanic



Photo by Art Fouch

Cathy never "short" on adventures



Photo by credit unknown

Cathy and Art Touring

Thank you Cathy Fouch for being a BMWRO Member

NEW MEMBERS

Randy Lervold, Bend, OR..... 2019 BMW S1000XR

Lee Bartkowski, Salem, OR.....2010 BMW G650GS



STAY HOME STAY SAFE

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
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com

Treasurer:

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

Webmaster:

(Position is currently vacant)
We are actively interested in finding one!

BMWRO COORDINATORS

Membership Coordinator

Gavin Silaski, 503-333-2386
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

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

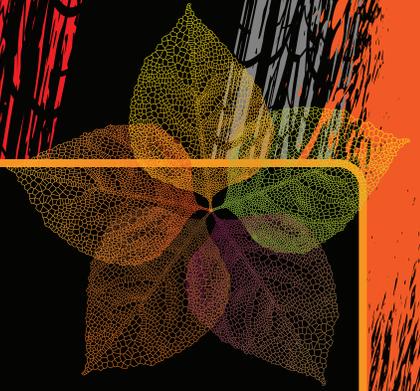
Camron Rust (503) 307-2016
cbrust.00@gmail.com

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



Helmet Time

By Carol Dallas

Life has Stress. It's a given. Try as we might to take it all in stride, things happen.

My life is no different; my parents are old, my son is divorcing, a family member is very ill, and I had a hot water pipe burst and cause a flood under my house. Have I touched on Pandemic yet?

Rushing between my leaking home on the west side and my new life on the east side I felt all the stresses of the world. I was not sleeping well, not really eating well, my mind was in checklist mode. Insurance has been called, water off, plumber **check**, call back on Thursday **check**, don't forget that **check**, remember to do this **check**, that; **check, check check...**

I was frazzled.

Alice LeBarron had announced that she was hosting a Central Oregon Ambassador ride on a Wednesday. My checklist mind should go. Yes, I will go. Yet at that time, a ride was another thing on my checklist.

A few of us gathered in Prineville at Pioneer Park. Chuck Milleur, Jim Breen, Steve Miller, myself and Alice LeBarron. A small great group of riding friends.



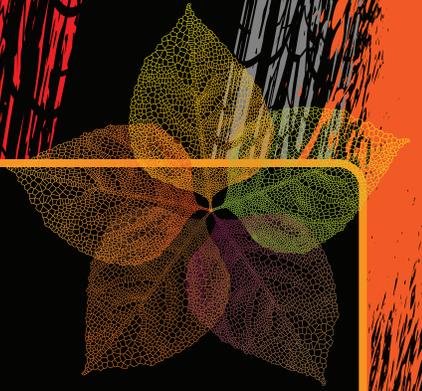
Alice LeBarron Ride Leader

Photo by Carol Dallas

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Central Oregon Ride Report

Story by Carol Dallas



continued from Pg. 7

We rode East toward Painted Hills. As I rode, I felt those familiar rhythms of corners and curves, roads wrapping around wet and dry streams. My mind slips into an equally familiar place safely inside my yellow Shoei helmet. **Ahhh...**

I see amazing geology from times so ancient I find it near unfathomable. My mind wanders. What must the world have looked like in that prehistoric era? I remember back to a geology tour I attended at the Chief Joseph Rally in which our guide talked about African-like animals on the *Savannas of Oregon*. What must that have been like, such contrast to our life in our time.

I rode on, using my SIPDE, practicing my head turns in the tight 25's, keeping my riders in conscientious distance. What a beautiful day. What is it, 74? I hear my mind say; "Man, this is Perfect!"

It's October, that transitional month of season change in the northwest, we all become attuned to the fact that change is coming and each gorgeous day is one *stollen* from winter. Like a deposit in the bank, one in the column that we get to savor and with luck, remember on those days that seem relentlessly miserable.

We route north toward Service Creek. Some of our faster riders are well out ahead, having a good time on this road. Its official number is 207. It's a ribbon of yummy corners and sweepers full of smooth amusement.

It clicks. It's all there, that muscle memory of 150 thousand miles of riding, drop my elbow, turn my chin hard and look all the way through. *Stay out, don't apex till you see the way out of my corner*. I can almost hear my Team Oregon training in my ear.

My helmeted mind now free to meditate. To be in the here and now, to be clearly occupied in attention and concentration, the body doing, the mind analyzing and executing with yet a part is freed to feel the thoughts of wonder that blip in and out. Some call it *Zen*, others *the zone*, most riders know what it is to experience *Helmet Time*.

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Central Oregon Ride Report

continued from Pg. 8

I find myself feeling the stress leave my soul. I think of Don Weber saying something similar in his [In the Headlight](#) article a few months ago. He spoke about 'riding to feel the stress drain out of my feet.'

What joy there is in this ride. A drop-dead gorgeous day, on a Wednesday in October! A stop at the Clarno Fossil Beds offer us some social distance lunchtime in the shade, some laughs and chit chat.

How nice it is to be old friends. Connected by this shared experience that is indescribable to those who don't ride. We take on some water, a bio break and we're in motion again. It's a cycle familiar and of comfort to me.

Off we go toward Antelope on 218, an Iconic road that many ride with zeal. At Antelope I pondered the Rajneeshpuram fiasco that my mind connects to the place. What an odd history to this small iconic town.



Photo by Carol Dallas

**Chuck Milleur and Steve Miller
reconnect with pavement**

Really? A poisoning in the Gorge? What was the all about anyway? Free love or money? I decide to think about that later. IN FACT, I have decided, without consciously deciding, to think about everything later.

A little further toward Willowdale I spotted a grove of trees off to the left. My mind muses; down there, it looks like there might be a small creek near. In the same moment I've conjured moto camping and waking to see my bike outside my tent. Those are good mornings.



Photo by Carol Dallas

Reflections of good mornings

It is now 85 as we join 97 toward Madras and I'm happy I put on my vented Jacket given to me by a dear friend. How good it is to have such dear ones in my life. Those that I'm riding with today and so many others. I feel gratitude. Deep sincere gratitude. 200 miles, give or take, my checklist mind is at rest.

IT TAKES GUTS TO SURVIVE 2020

Photo by Carol Dallas



Ok Steve,....Bag 'Em & Tag 'Em!

Steve Miller's Bike after returning home from Crane Hot Springs in the smoke.



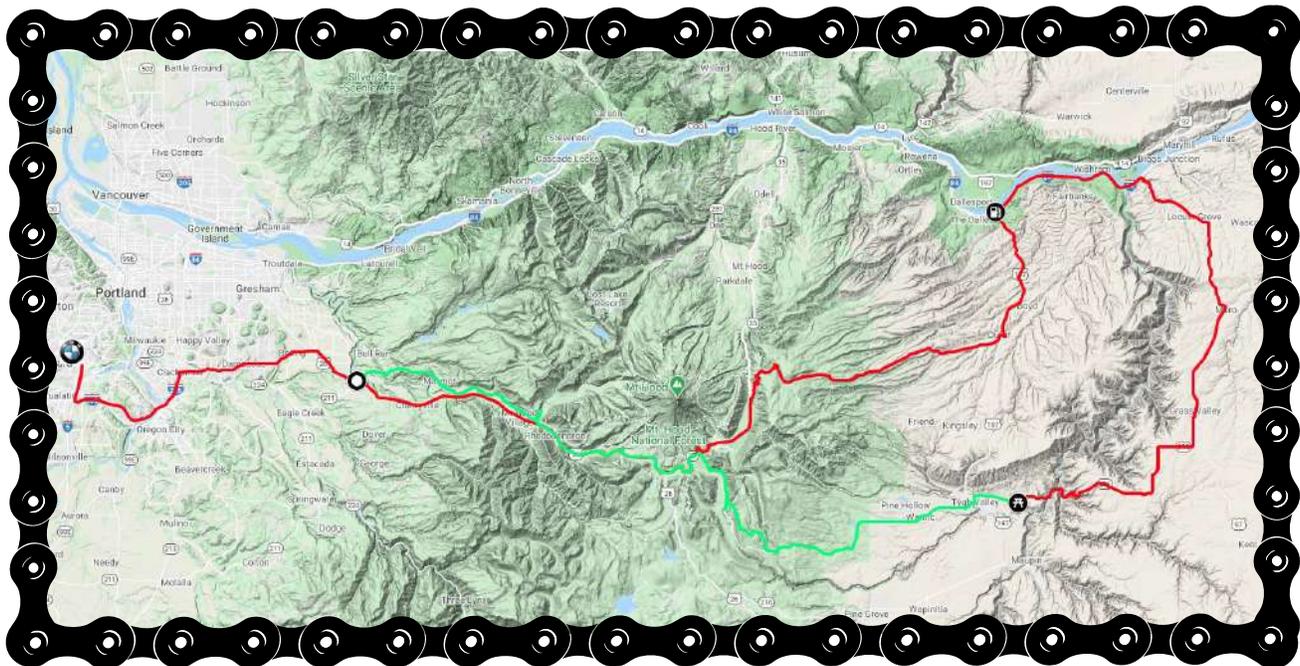
Photo by alice LeBarron

*Brad Stark and Eva Hathaway
on a Gorgeous October Day*

Taking A Detour To White River Falls

NW Ambassador Ride Report-October 2020

David Peterson #90113



Map by David Peterson

[Click](#) map for video

The days are getting shorter. And windier. And rainier.

But not this Saturday! Early fog was the thinnest of the week. And by the time we climbed the additional 400 or so feet to Sandy, it was warm and sunny! Clearly a pleasant surprise for the twenty riders who started in the fog like we had.

We filled up early to leave time for a fritter at Joe's Donuts. With coronavirus trimming our lunch options, I was left with little choice but to snack at Joe's. Good thing we only occasionally start rides there, or I'd have to replace the shocks on our bike. **Cam** and I quickly surveyed the crowd and decided two groups were better than one. Having pre-ridden this month, he was ready for anything the day would throw at us. Well, almost anything.

At 10AM, the first ten of us mounted up and headed east. The wait at Ten Ecyk seemed interminable, but it gave everyone a chance to join the pack. We've grown accustomed to replacing the long, stodgy slog along US-26 east of Sandy with the wild ride into the Sandy River basin that is Ten Ecyk Road. After a quick 500-foot drop to the river, we smoothly transitioned to Marmot Road and the twisty climb toward Mt. Hood. Over the next twenty miles, we zigged and zagged, climbing 1,000 feet before dumping back on to US-26 at, you guessed it, Zigzag. Which is perfectly fine, as from here 26 sweeps its way up another 2,500 feet to Government Camp. On a warm, sunny day in October, there's no finer way to start a ride.

After a few moments, the real adventure began. It's been a shocking several weeks in Oregon, as whole communities that we all know well were engulfed in flames. One of the first to ignite was the White River Fire near Wamic. The third weekend in August delivered gusts north of 60 mph along with extremely low humidity and triple-digit temperatures. Several lightning strikes ignited a fire which stretched over 17,000 acres from Wamic to US-26. Eventually contained in mid-September, much of the region remains closed and severely damaged. But the USFS reopened NF-48, with a nine-mile detour, which we traveled today.

Fully paved, the detour was actually a great find. There were a few potholes to avoid, not to mention oncoming traffic sharing barely a lane. But everyone detoured unscathed, with little sign of fire, other than the barricades at both ends of the diversion.

...continued on Pg. 13



Lounging at Joe's

Photo by Michael Benedict

Back on NF-48, the descent into Tygh Valley was swift and beautiful. Fall colors were everywhere and skies, while not crystal clear, were a far cry from the acrid, choking smoke of early September.



End of detour.

Photo by Diane Peterson



A drone's eye view of our motley crew.

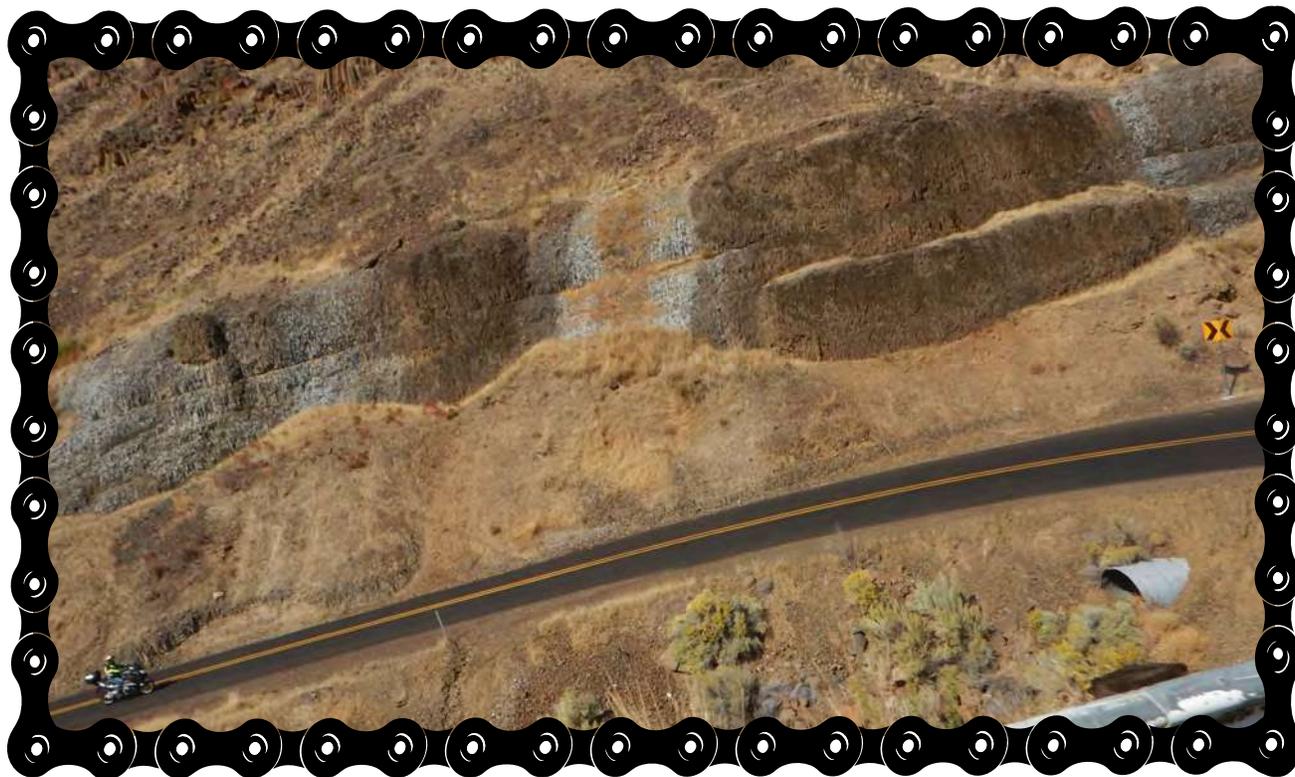
Photo by Michael Benedict

Thirty minutes later we rolled into White River Falls State Park. For years, most of us have blasted by the park, fixated on the canyon ride ahead. But the park is definitely worth a stop. Picnic tables dot the property. The jewel is the falls, which plummet 90 feet over an abrupt basalt shelf. Look closely and you also see the remains of an old Pacific Power and Light hydro facility, which powered Wasco and Sherman Counties until the completion of The Dalles Dam in 1960. Bits of penstock remain and you can hike down to the abandoned powerhouse.

I tried to bunch everyone together for a photo with the falls, but I just couldn't pull it off. Fortunately for us, **Michael Benedict** saved the day. An excellent photographer, he busted out his drone for some aerial reconnaissance. Before he was done, we had a brilliant group shot as well as several others of the falls and park.

As enjoyable as lunch was (I really wanted to hike down to the powerhouse), we are motorcyclists first. Fed, the group was ready to hit the road. Cam's pack departed, snaking down to the Deschutes, then crossing Sherar's Bridge to begin the 1,200 climb to the top of Deschutes Canyon. Atop the plateau, it's a speedy 17-mile sprint to Grass Valley. Upon reaching Grass Valley, we intercepted the Cam pack, looking decidedly smaller than expected. Among the missing was Cam's wife, **Karen**, tailgunning aboard her Spyder. Together we waited — and waited — until Cam finally made contact with Karen.

Now that we knew they were coming, my group leapfrogged and headed to The Dalles where we would gas up and reconnect. It wasn't until much later that night that Cam discovered that someone had made a highly improbable turn off the main route, pursued by a couple others and Karen. As in any unusual occurrence, it didn't really matter...all's well that ends well.



Mike Ripley sprints to the top of Deschutes Canyon.

Photo by Diane Peterson

Gassed up, it was getting late and some of our more far-flung guests peeled off. **Chuck Mileur** continued his string of riding 180 miles from Redmond just to start with us, and **Jay Alexander** bolted west toward Long Beach.

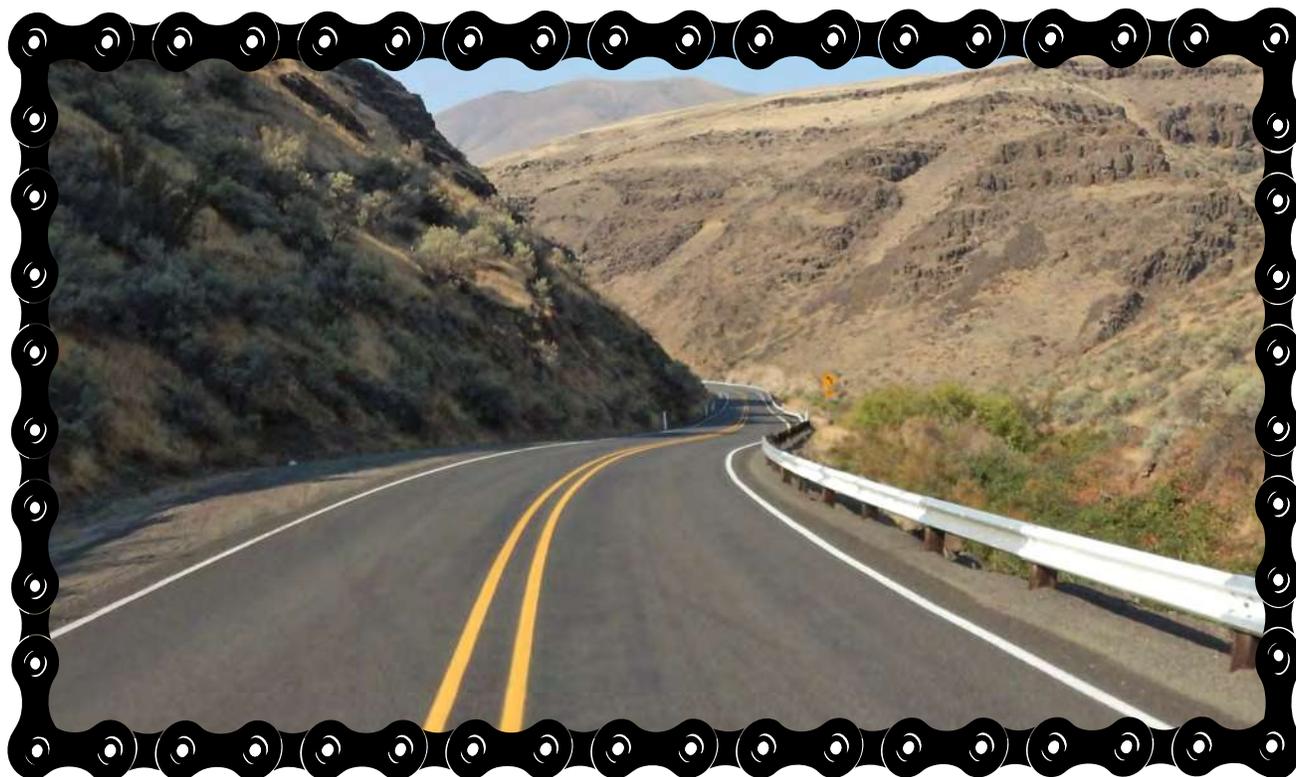


Photo by Diane Peterson

The rest of us chased toward Dufur Valley Road, our favorite ride back toward Mt. Hood. Back in April, a few of us fought through crusted snow and ice to visit Dufur, whereupon one **Steven Polansky**, in a vain attempt to catch the group, was stopped by one of Wasco County's finest and slapped with a "94-in-a-55" infraction. Ever enterprising, Steven downloaded his GPS log and presented the court — and the officer — objective evidence that 86 mph is nowhere near 94! And you know what? It worked! Case dismissed, saving scofflaw Polansky \$440! I couldn't tell for sure, but I'm sure he was beaming as he made his way home this day along Dufur Valley road.



Photo by Diane Peterson

Forest roading in the Mt. Hood National Forest.

Teeing into OR-35, the group splintered further. Washingtonians Andy Sulla (Vancouver) and Mitch Cooper (Longview...and having a ball on his brand new R1250RS) headed north to I-84. The rest of us had one last stop at Government Camp, where we said farewell and headed off into the setting sun.

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, September Ride:	268
Total First Saturday miles – 2020:	1,856

...continued on Pg. 17



Photo by Michael Benedict

White River Falls.





3098 E. Pacific Hwy Medford, OR 97504 541.538.3342



To BMWRO Membership:

Hello Alice,

My name is Wade and I work for Craig at Hansen's BMW. I just received a check that is in large part due to you and your members. Thank you very much. It is so lovely to know that the BMW family is behind us on our journey through the flames.

If you could please pass on my thanks, or reprint this email in the next newsletter I would really appreciate it. It helps loads to know there are a bunch of you behind us.

Wade



Photo by Brad Stark

Eva Hathaway, New BMW Rider on her G310



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Visit our website at:
WWW.BMWRO.ORG