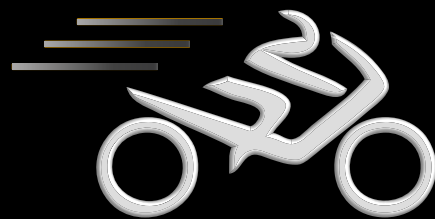




THE BEEMER BEAT

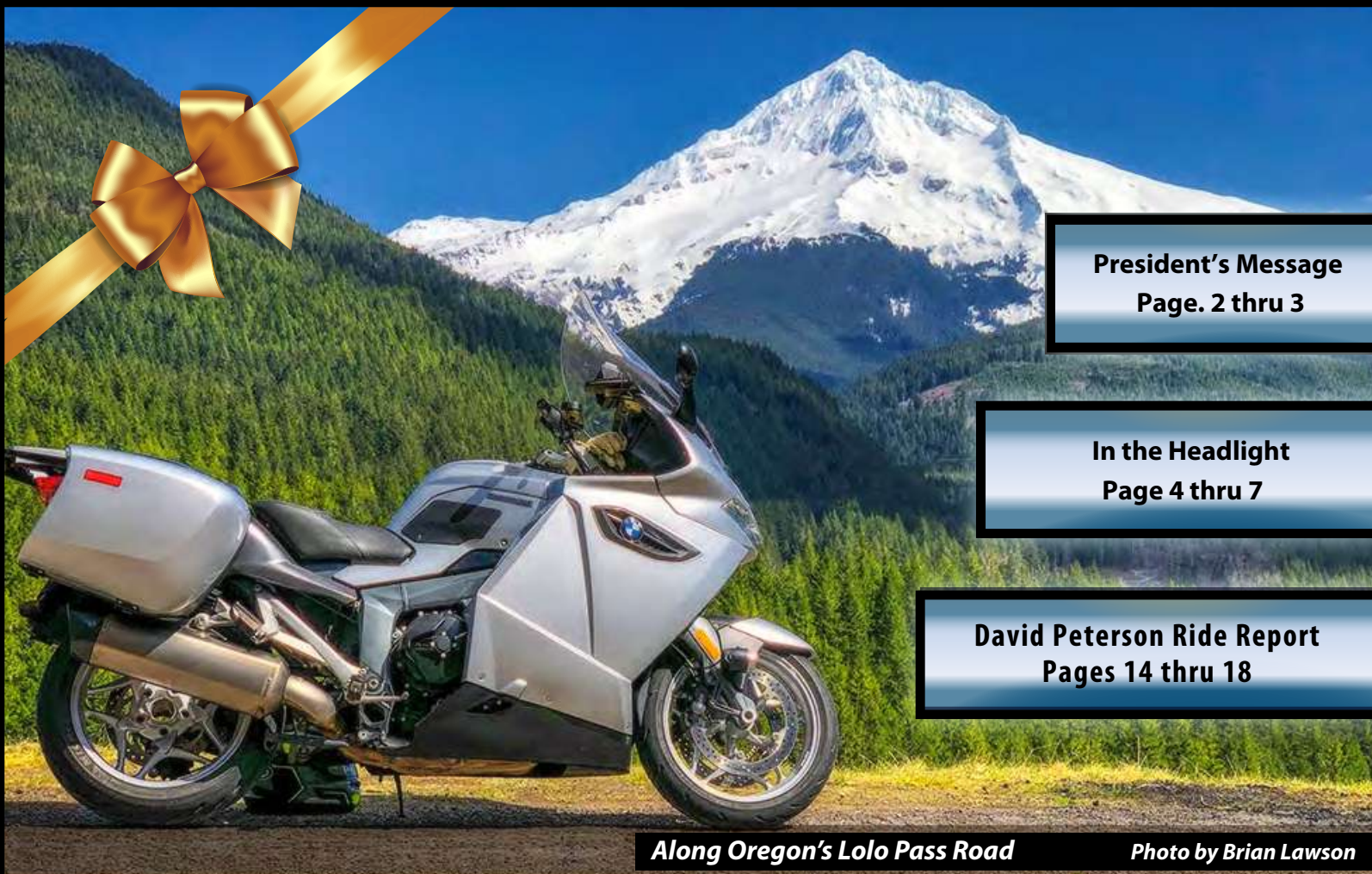
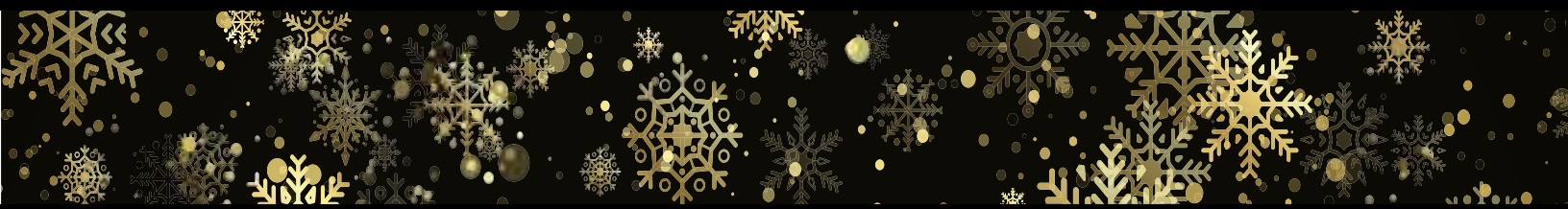


Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Oregon

December, 2020

Volume 44, Issue #12

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



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Along Oregon's Lolo Pass Road

Photo by Brian Lawson



BMWRO President's Message

December 2020



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

Club Voting Results

The votes are in. Please join me in welcoming our new BMWRO President Kim Dorsing! Linnea Alvord will continue for a second 2-year term as our BMWRO Secretary! Over this next month, I will be helping to transition Kim into his new role so that he is set to take over on January 1st.

The proposed changes to the club Bylaws were also passed with this voting cycle.

Thank you to all who voted and a big thank you to Linnea for managing the voting.

Quarterly Treasurer's Report

USBank account balance on 11/6/2020: \$29,504.21

Income YTD:

Memberships	\$3,410
Events	\$490
<u>CJR</u>	<u>\$0</u>
Total income	\$3,900

Expenses YTD:

Operating	\$5,486*
Events	\$1,735
Hansen's fund	\$1,175**
<u>CJR</u>	<u>\$200</u>
Total expenses	\$8,595

YTD Net profit (loss) (\$4,695)

* Annual operating expenses include Newsletter layout each month, Club Express website fees, General Liability Insurance to protect all members of BMWRO, Directors & Officers Insurance, Storage unit, MOA and RA charters, and Oregon business filing fee.

** Hansen's fund: this is the amount contributed by the club, which was added to the \$2625 donated by BMWRO members for the Hansen's Employee Relief Fund.

As we finish up work on the budget for 2021, the Executive Committee will be determining an amount & recipient for a second charitable contribution for this year as well as budgeting amounts for a busy event calendar, CJR, and for the new BMWRO Motorcycle Safety Program. We owe a big thank you to our treasurer, Dave Cook for working on all of our financial stuff!

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BMWRO President's Message

December 2020



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

Continued from Pg. 2

Quarterly Membership Report

As of 11/8/20, our total membership is: 276 which includes 58 Spouse/Partner members and 6 Lifetime members. We have 97 members in the Northwest Region, 59 members in the Central Western Region, 33 members in the Southern Region, and 56 members in the Central and Northeast Region. The remainder of members are out of state.

Checking the rear view mirror and looking forward

The term "unprecedented" has really been overused this year. I quickly tired of hearing that particular adjective last spring and it's still being used. 2020 was starting out to be a great year. The Latin MMXX seemed to portend a fun year: Mm! Kisses! But, gee, we can't even give people hugs. The BMWRO calendar of events for 2020 quickly got whittled down once Covid restrictions were put in place. We were fortunate to be able to have three events, our January Quarterly Meeting & Luncheon, the Edson Creek Campout, and the Crane Hot Springs Event. These events were well-attended and I was happy to see that we could enjoy each other's company and some good rides while respectfully maintaining appropriate protocols for safety during the Covid pandemic. We've also had some fun Ambassador Rides during this past year, finding that to be a good way to social distance.

At this point, it's very difficult to know what's in our near future for activities. We do have two events on the books for 2021: the Chief Joseph Rally in John Day, June 17-20 and our Beach Bash, Banquet & Annual Meeting at Driftwood Shores Nov 5-7. I assure you that we will be putting together some fun activities for our Event Calendar as soon as the way is cleared for group events and group site rentals.

A Biker's Wave!

I always enjoy giving & receiving a biker's wave when I'm out riding. Whether we're on 2 wheels or three, regardless of brand, whether we're on a cruiser, dual-sport, sport bike, touring bike or a scooter, the biker's wave is our way of showing camaraderie with others who enjoy being in the wind. We love our motorcycles! So with this December issue of the Beemer Beat, I'll end with a virtual biker's wave to all of you! During the past two years as your club president, I've enjoyed the opportunity to get to know many of you. I'm looking forward to more motorcycling fun with you all in 2021!

Alice



In The Headlight

Meet BMWRO Member Bob Metzger

By Bob Metzger
October, 2020

The Early Years

Even small bait can catch a big fish. Back in 1965 a friend showed up one afternoon with his newly acquired 1963 Bridgestone 50 BS7 (the bait). In 1965 we were in 8th grade. It was love at first sight, I was hooked. We rode that little Bridgestone between our homes and largely vacant prairies of Illinois daily. It was freedom beyond the pedal bicycle. I never forgot those long summer days. As soon as high school ended and I began working, I became a "fixture" in our local motorcycle shop, dropping in whenever I could. I loved the smell of the grease and rubber. It was the age of the British bike invasion. One fateful day, there it was, waiting for me, meant for me, we bonded immediately - a 1969 BSA Starfire B25. Resplendently, dressed in orange, chrome and the gold BSA starburst logo!

Wanderlust Takes Hold

I was an impressionable youth. Steppenwolf told us to "get your motor running, head out on the highway." *Easy Rider* played on the silver theatre screen. The TV show *Then Came Bronson* hit the television screens with 26 episodes airing on NBC. I was gobsmacked at the red Harley Sportster Michael Parks rode in every episode. His fuel tank emblazoned with the all-seeing Eye of Providence. Wanderlust also extended itself to a steady progression of motorcycles, Yamaha, Harley Davidson, Honda, and finally my Triumph. Oh, how I fell in love with my 1972 red and chrome Triumph Bonneville T120! I rode my Bonne through 6 years of university and beyond.

"Oh The Places You Will Go" Dr. Seuss

It was the summer of 1974, I talked my friend Jack (also a Bonneville rider) to "head out on the highway - looking for adventure!" With scant preparation we rode our Triumphs from Chicago to southern California. I was living a dream. It was my own movie and TV show rolled into one production. So many stories and memories. On that trip, Jack and I lost each other one foggy morning on the California coast highway. We both carried on riding separately for weeks. Heading home I found Jack again, in a rest stop on I-80 in eastern Iowa. What were the chances of that happening? We rode home together. Jack went back to work and raising his family. I went back to college. Sadly, we never saw each other again. In 1977 Jackson Browne released *Running on Empty*. The song quickly became, and remains, my anthem as I rode my trusty T120 between Illinois and Wyoming several times in **graduate** school.

Continued on Pg. 5

In The Headlight

Continued from Pg. 4



Bob Metzger at Iowa attraction

photo credit unknown

Finding My "Wingman"

In the fall of 2009 my wife Lindy had a tumor removed from her spinal cord by the hands of a wonderfully skilled surgeon. In the summer of 2010, we celebrated her wellness by riding our **bicycles** on a 2,700 mile medical victory tour from Wisconsin to Eugene, where we have lived ever since. We climbed 11 mountain passes on that bicycle trip. Arriving at McKenzie Pass we encountered two Aussie gents on BMWs touring the western USA. Hooked again! Lindy and I joined the ranks of BMW riders. Thereafter, ensued a steady procession of BMW's - F800ST, F650GS twins, R1200R, R1200GS, R1200RS, and R1200RT. Since arriving in Eugene, Lindy and I have moto-toured across the US and Canada numerous times, as well as Ireland, Isle of Man, England and the NC500 of Scotland. Now, the European continent is calling.

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In The Headlight

Continued from Pg. 5



Bob and Lindy in Scotland

Photo by Chris Henry

Giving Back

Real fulfillment in life comes from sharing experiences and giving back. Motorcycling has always been a passion with me. It has given me more than I am able to measure. Lindy and I became instructors with Team Oregon in 2012 and remain active in that organization. Within the BMW Riders of Oregon, I have served as Ambassador, President, and 2018 Rally Master.

Continued on Pg. 7

In The Headlight

Continued from Pg. 6

Final Thoughts

We are so fortunate to have experienced the world on a motorcycle. Motorcycle riding makes us all participants, not merely spectators. To quote my friend Paul Rawlins of Celtic Rider, "riding enhances my life, I come alive when I swing my leg over the motorcycle and head off onto the open road." Sometimes when you grow older, you stop chasing dreams. Motorcycling reminds me of who I was, who I am, and who I always will be.



Bob at Bonneville Salt Flats

Photo credit unknown

Thank you Bob, for being a BMWRO Member

Little Pomp

By Steve Miller

Well after high school I finally took to reading and I've been keen on early western US historical topics ever since. So, the Lewis & Clark led, Corp of Discovery expedition has always loomed large, and from the many great authors available, I am pretty well read on the times and players. No wonder that the Jean Baptist's Charbonneau Memorial in SE Oregon has been on my wish list for some time.

The recent Crystal Crane hot springs gathering of the BMWRO was the first time I have made it into that vicinity in some years, so a perfect opportunity to burn those long highway miles and go take a look.



Significant History

Photo by Steve Miller

I have an affinity for Native Americans & my spiritual view is steeped in those who walked this land before us, so a pilgrimage to the Jean Baptiste Memorial was very moving. The singular aspect of the Lewis & Clark expedition which most contributed to it's success was Sacajawea carrying 'Little Pomp' in a cradle board. Having a woman & child with them displayed that the expedition was not the armed invasion it appeared to be and won the day with their many tribal encounters.

The Memorial is 3 miles off Hwy 95, about 15 miles west of Jordan Valley...which is nearly in Idaho, so it's out there! I planned to ride some distance on the 'Old Nevada Oregon Idaho "highway', which shows in the map books as gravel...and worse, so it's right up the alley for my 800GS. I left the highway and picked up the old highway in Arock. Following it east, the road devolved into a rough two-track thru lava intrusions much like the lava beds near Diamond. With my quiet 800 purring at a slow idle, I startled a Coyote at close range who spooked back into and over an outcrop, and after about 5 miles of dust & rock, I hit a dead end at an irrigation dam. Back-tracking, I did not see an obvious route around the small & stagnant pool, (which hosted Canada Geese and Coots), so with only 1/4 tank of fuel & riding solo, I opted to bail, backtracked thru Arock, and gained the memorial via the gravel from the highway.

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Marker on the Gravesite

Photo by Steve Miller

Placards at the site tell of Jean Baptiste's role with the L & C expedition, Sacajawea's death in 1812 and his living with Clark in St. Louis before going to Europe under the wing of a German aristocratic family. In six years in Europe he traveled widely and learned French, Spanish & German, to add to his English and numerous Native American languages. Remember, that in addition to

his mother's Lemhi-Shoshone lineage, his father, Tousant Charboneau was French, so his multi-cultural life had a head-start. Of great interest in his story is that he returned to American and spent his years guiding and mining throughout the west. This also brings us to how he happens to be interred in remote SE Oregon. He had been a true 49'er in the California gold fields and was en route to the new Montana gold strikes when he caught pneumonia and died May 16th 1866, (aged 61), at the Inskeep Ranch on the 'Nevada Oregon Idaho Highway'. Today they call this stretch of Hwy 95, the 'ION' Highway, for 'Idaho, Oregon & Nevada', and I suppose it rolls off the tongue nicely, but there is a much more colorful story out there...written in the dust and sand. From the many prayer offerings at the grave it shows the high esteem and spiritual significance this quiet and windblown site has for Native Americans.



Tokens of Spirit

Photo by Steve Miller



And as I had done at the skeleton teepees of the Big Hole battlefield, I tore off a strip from a bandana and tied my own prayer flag to a sprig of sagebrush.

Ride on!

Prayer Flag

Photo by Steve Miller

Central Oregon Ride Report

Story by Alice LeBarron

Central Oregon's November Ambassador Ride

The clocks fell back one hour to a beautiful Nov. 1st.

After freezing temps on Halloween Night, the clocks fell forward to a beautiful November 1st for our Ambassador ride. Lucky us! What a spectacular day for a ride! Six of our Central Oregon members joined me for a fun day of riding, enjoying 182 miles of curvy roads and beautiful scenery on an unseasonably warm day. Phyllis Webb, Bob Burroughs, Lori Creekmore, Mark Minszewski, Tim Roberts, and Scott Nelson followed me on our route linking some of my favorite local roads. Here's the happy bunch as we stopped along the Metolius River for a picnic lunch before heading out to find some more fun roads.



Photo by Lori Creekmore

MEMBER RIDES

Baja California Winter 2020

by Kurt Miller

If you haven't ridden a motorcycle through Baja California, add it to your must-do list! All the tales of danger are from those who haven't made the trip themselves. Yes, we did pass through a dozen military checkpoints, but in all but one they just waved us through; that one time they only asked from where we had come. The people are friendly and helpful, the food is delicious, and the scenery is stunning. In fact, I'm hoping to return in February 2021.

We began as cuatro nuevos amigos: Kurt, Brad, Tim, and Wade. We didn't all know each other in the beginning – I knew Brad and Tim, and Brad knew Wade, but after a few planning calls we were certain we would all travel well together. Brad, Wade and I were riding R1200GS's and Tim was riding a Ducati Multistrada (more on that later).

For me, the trip began as a snowy January day in Bend. The following day we all met in San Diego and then crossed the border into Mexico at Tecate. The border crossing was so utterly uneventful...no border agents, no passport check, no nothing. The gate simply lifted and we were off. My senses were immediately filled with the wonderful smells of roadside tacos. We forced ourselves to wait a few hours to stop for lunch, for the first of many roadside tacos.



Photo by Kurt Miller

Getting to know you with roadside tacos

On our way from Ensenada to San Quintín we decided to go off-road from Highway 1 towards the Pacific Ocean, near a puebla named Punta Cabras. The road was rough as the Baja 1000 had been through previously. With our final descent to the ocean in sight, I looked back to see that Tim had fallen.

We arrived in Cabo San Lucas five days later, where our significant others joined us for a couple of days of relaxation. Our trip down included stops in Ensenada, San Quintín, San Ignacio, and Puerto San Carlos.



Photo by Kurt Miller

1200GS at Oceanside

continued on Pg. 12



**Beautiful La Paz at Sunset**

Photo by Kurt Miller

travel/medical insurance paid for everything. The BMW is clearly a superior bike – it's no surprise that Tim has now purchased an R1200GS! We were down to three for the second half of the trip. Heading north would take us to La Paz, Loreto, Guerrero Negro, San Felipe, and Mike's Sky Ranch.

**Three Amigos**

Photo credit Unknown

Again, we chose an off-road route to Loreto that took us to Mission San Javier. This road was one of the highlights of the trip. We all agreed that Loreto was our favorite town, quiet and friendly on the Sea of Cortez. For our next trip, this will be where our significant others meet us. The riding up the eastern side of Baja is stunning. If this were the US it would be filled with fabulous resorts, but instead, many camp right on the beach (next time!). Highway 3 is now a beautiful highway that bypasses the old gravel highway and Coco's Corner.

After some struggles to get Tim and his Multistrada down the hill and assess the situation, we decided to press on. The next day we left from San Ignacio. Brad and Tim took the highway while Wade and I took an off-road route to San Juanico on our way to meet up in Puerto San Carlos. I'll just say that Brad and Tim missed out - the best fish tacos ever! In Cabo San Lucas, Tim got an x-ray and learned he broke his foot; that was the end of the trip for him. He shipped the bike and flew home. Fortunately, his



Photo by Kurt Miller

Challenging route near Punta Cabras**Palm tree vista at Loreto**

Photo by Kurt Miller

MEMBER RIDES



Spirits Soar at Coco's Corner

Photo credit unknown

A couple tips if you're planning to do your own Baja adventure...

- Anyone who says it's dangerous is from someone who hasn't gone themselves.
- Cross the border early and get well south of Ensenada or San Felipe on the first day.
- Eat where the locals eat. We opted for pizza one night and it was a mistake. Carne or pescado, frijoles and tortillas with every meal!
- Skip Cabo and La Paz and choose the smaller towns instead.
- Go with a group of people you trust and enjoy riding with. Your group is only as strong as the weakest link.
- Don't ride at night - we did not. We saw cows, horses, goats, coyotes, dogs and cats along the road.

We did manage to find the old highway and pay crusty, old Coco a visit. Our final night was at Mike's Sky Ranch. From the highway, it's 20 miles of mostly sand.

After a technical ride, we felt a sense of accomplishment to make it.



Sandy ride of success

Photo by Kurt Miller

Brad and I are happy to offer advice and guidance to anyone venturing south. We're no experts, but we learned a lot in our first trip that will inform our second trip and we're happy to share that.

If you want to read more about our trip and see more pictures, you can go to our travel blog at pacmototours.com. The picture I took looking down the hill towards the Pacific Ocean (before I knew Tim was down) was published in the April issue of the BMW Owners News magazine.

Andar rápido, arriesgarse!!

Kurt Miller and Brad Stark



A Rousing, Rolling Ramble to Rainier

NW Ambassador Ride Report-November 2020

David Peterson #90113

The First Saturday in November arrived with more questions than answers. How many folks would brave the chill to enjoy the first short Saturday of standard time? Would the weather hold? Would Tigard BMW treat us to donuts?

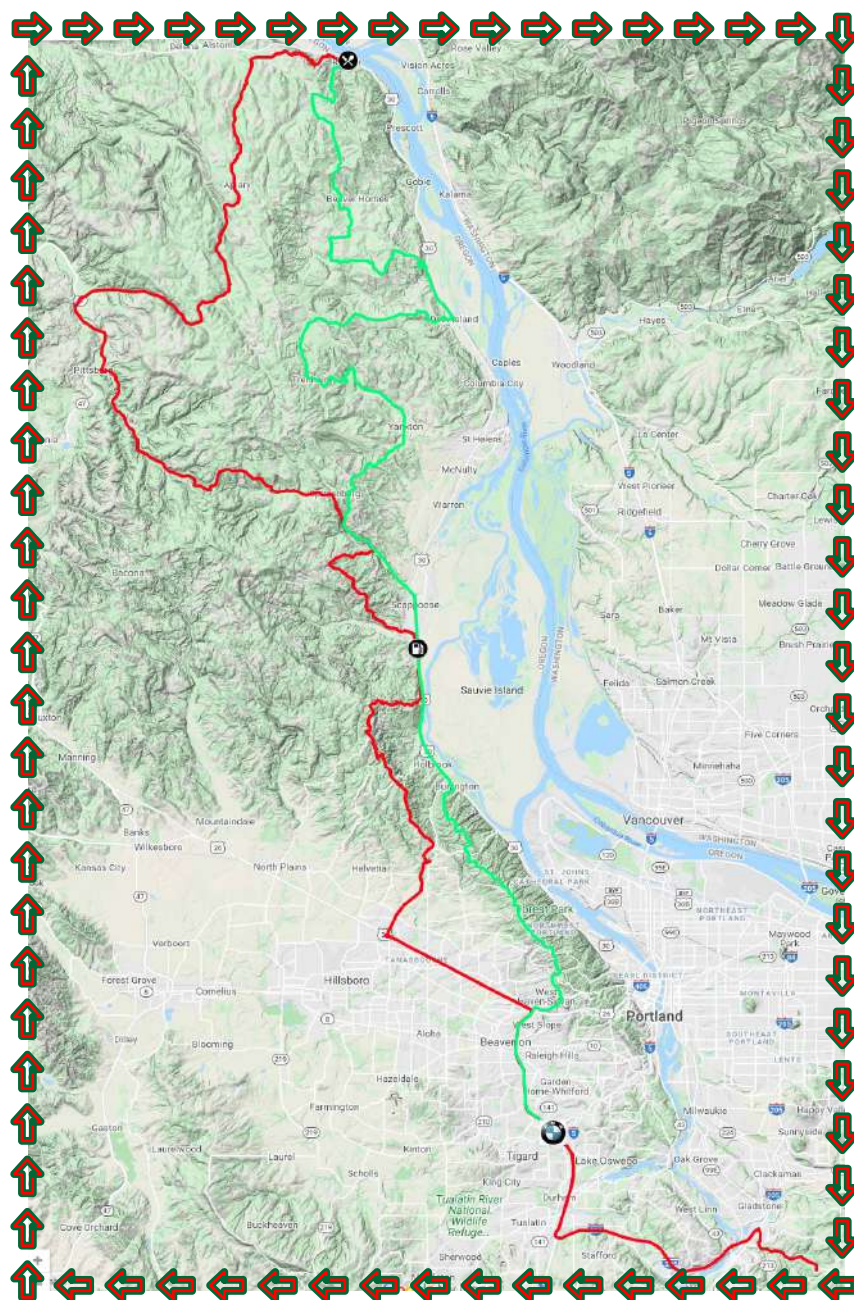
The answers? 26! Not so much. And they were very tasty.

That's right. After turning back the clock and with a nip in the air, 26 very enthusiastic riders were curious about what we had in store, including **Gavin Silaski** and **Suze Riley**, who were joining us for the first time.

Today's ride was the inspiration of **Cam Rust**. We'd been talking about the need for more local riding now that overnight temps are routinely in the 30s. I had crafted a relatively short ride which included some of our favorite twisties. But Cam pushed the envelope, creating a route that would send us into new territory. If we could endure a short stretch of gravel linking two great morning loops. The crowd confirmed once again that they were game for anything.

Our new practice is to split groups of more than fifteen into multiple packs. At 10AM, Cam's pack set off, followed by the rest of us ten minutes later. Just about the time the first drops began to fall.

Though it seems west, our lunch destination was almost due north. But a straight line would not be on the agenda. After a short sprint up OR-217, we escaped onto Barnes Road and made our way to Skyline. The fall colors were on full display, but attention was paramount, because fallen leaves were everywhere. Mist gave way to fog, but it was all pretty manageable.



[Click map for video](#)

Map by David Peterson

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After eight miles along Skyline, we diverted onto one of my favorite escapes. Unlike the other branches off Skyline that twist and turn quickly to the valley floor, McNamee Road takes its time meandering over almost five miles to US-30 below. Our usual zip was tempered by the ever-moistening pavement and the leaves that obscured it. Near the bottom is one of Portland's famous examples of burgeoning guerilla art — the [McNamee Troll Trestle](#). As the road pinches to a single lane, flashes of fluorescent color catch the eye. Had we stopped, we would have seen hundreds of troll dolls tacked along the base of an old Portland & Western RR trestle. Or maybe not — rumor has it that railroad or anti-graffiti activists have been rescuing the stranded trolls. Regardless, it's enough of an attraction that the *Altas Obscura* has a [page](#) dedicated to it.



Photo by David Peterson

Eric Means and friends get ready to rumble.

Minutes later, we made an early stop for gas and a stretch. **Michael Benedict** joined us from his home in Vernonia. When it was time to again saddle up, **Kim** and **Janice** were unable to join us, GreTL's battery refusing to cooperate. We made our way through Scappoose, then veered west toward Vernonia. Five miles later we were in logging country, making our way along Walker, Cater, then Pittsburgh Road. After another seven miles or so, all roads turn to gravel. Our best option on this increasingly soggy day was S. Canaan Road, with its three-mile benign gravel stretch. We did offer a non-gravel section, but to a person, our motley adventurers dismissed it out of hand. Thankfully, no one died — or even got their boots dirty.

Back on US-30 near Deer Island, we still had one more exciting loop to explore before lunch. Venturing west on 30 can be a slog, unless you pay attention to select intersection signs along the way. We've explored many of these over the years (Neer City Road being one particular favorite). Today's selection was Tide Creek Road — and it may be the best of the bunch. Two miles west of Deer Island, Tide Creek and its tributaries meander twenty miles into the waning Tualatin Mountains. Eventually it drops into Rainier — or you can opt to avoid exurbia entirely, and ride all the way to Astoria without encountering a single traffic light.

We opted for lunch in Rainier. This, too, was a potential adventure — our first attempt at indoor seating during the time of COVID. Fortunately, Geneva and her crew at the [Cornerstone Café](#) were up to the task. A pre-ride phone call alerted her to the arrival of 23 hungry pathogens. Using state-of-the art mask and social-distancing techniques, she was able to accommodate all of us in a timely manner. Including

...continued on Pg. 16

Kim & Janice, who rejoined the fray after cajoling a friendly stranger into a jump. The food was terrific and it was great to be out of the cold. If you're hungry in Rainier, you can't do any better.



Carving through the fall colors along Pittsburg Road.

Photo by Diane Peterson



BMWs line the street in Rainier.

Photo by Michael Benedi

...continued on Pg. 17



Chasing Kim and Janice on Old Rainier Road.

Photo by Diane Peterson

The weather stayed moist, with little prospect of the sun coming out soon. A handful of folks called it a day, but there were 15+ who were curious to see what the afternoon would bring. Unfortunately, the rain became more insistent as we tightened our chin straps. But it never became a downpour and soon after we settled into our afternoon rhythm, it was hardly noticeable.



The ride winds down into Scappoose.

Photo by Diane Peterson

Out Old Ranier Road we headed, careful to avoid the leaves and moss in some particularly gnarly corners. Road conditions and speed improved after turning onto Apiary, and we enjoyed the wide open sprint to Mist. There, sun teased us all too briefly, as mist turned to no-doubt-about-it rain. We stopped one last time to bid farewell and to compare notes on the riding conditions. We all agreed that winter riding is it's own kind of pleasure. And that 4:30 sunsets sucks.

I don't think any of us will be relocating to Alaska anytime soon.



It's raining...but at least we can see the road!

Photo by Diane Peterson

Check out photos from past First Saturday rides [here](#). And if you have photos of your own you want to share, don't hesitate to forward them to David at dwpeterson01@yahoo.com.

Total miles, November Ride: 198
Total First Saturday miles – 2020: 2,054



A last hurrah before we say goodbye.

Photo by Diane Peterson



BMWRO Members Wish to Thank Alice LeBarron...



Photo by Bruce Henriksen

Editor's note:

I'm certain I speak collectively when I say Thank You Alice LeBarron, for taking on the task of Presidential leadership of the BMWRO for the past two years.

This group knows how to have fun, so that part is easy. The other parts are not such a breeze. Keeping us on track for Rally, budget, charitable contributions, elections and as 2020 would have its way, a commitment to safety in our activities presented challenges never before encountered.

Through it all Alice maintained a calm, consistent steering of the club. Open and flexible to new ideas, and welcoming to new faces despite a challenging period in history.

We did have some fun along the way, 2019 was a delightful year with activities of unparalleled sport. 2020 while shadowed by World Wide Pandemic found small yet rewarding venues of more intimate riding fun. Rides and camping became as necessary as air to breathe during this time.

We had a few outstanding camp outs; Edson Creek in which a certain cell phone was recovered from unthinkable depths. A Central Oregon ride in which a birthday of our club president was delightfully observed. A trip to Crystal Crane offered us great door prizes and soothing soaks in hot mineral springs.

Always there, with her spirited lipstick red F650GS, donning a smile was our president; Alice!

Thank You Alice for being BMWRO President.

Ride on!



COVID RELIEF....



Photo by Dan Hall of Grants Pass

In a time of safety and concern for fellow riders, Dan Hall wonders;

WHO IS THAT MASKED RIDER?

In Memory...

Leon Brunken reached out to the Beemer Beat to let us know Jackie Brunken-Paul has passed away.

A member since about 2001, we will collectively miss our fellow rider from Estacada.

Leon shared;

Jackie's first BMW motorcycle was a Glacier Green 1999 R1100RT. With this bike she visited a lot of states between Florida to Alaska. She upgraded to a 2004 R11560RT that she picked up in Baltimore and rode home (ride story in BMW ON June 2006). Together with Leon she visited National Rallies (Redmond twice, Spokane, Salem) and our own chief Joseph rally. She did several SaddleSore 1000, a SaddleSore 3000 and a 50CC with the Iron Butt Association. Just recently she purchased her last bike, a 2018 R1200RT (pictured). With this bike she also participated with the Tour Of Honor (BMW ON July 2019). Closing in on 200,000 BMW miles, she left us in August 2020 after a hard fight with cancer.



Jackie Brunken-Paul

Photo by Leon Brunken

Time to say Goodbye to Autumn Splendor...

Photo by Diane Peterson



...Say Hello to the Magic we must try to make of the Holidays

Merry Christmas



**...and wishes for a Covid
Relief New Year!**



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



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