



THE BEEMER BEAT

Newsletter of the
BMW Riders of Oregon



September, 2018

Volume 42, Issue #9

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



Riders relax while Mount St. Helens looms in the distance

photo by Charles Trapp

There's An App For That!

from Bob Metzger, page 4.

A Winding Ride to Windy Ridge

from David Peterson, page 12.

The Four-Point Restroom

from Keith Mattson, page 8.



BMWRO

Coming Events



Club Sanctioned Events

- Event:** **Walton Lake Campout and Quarterly Meeting**
- Date/Time:** Friday, Sept. 7th at 2 pm to Sunday Sept. 9th 1 pm
Registration ends September 1, 2018.
- Place:** Walton Lake Campground Large Group Site Ochoco National Forest
- Description:** Primitive camping with fun paved and GS routes in the area. Nearest gas and supplies are 30 miles away in Prineville. Club will provide dinner on Saturday. All other meals are on your own. Quarterly Club Meeting will be held Saturday afternoon. We have the Large Group Campsite, which has more flat space for tents and is closer to the water supply than our last campout at Walton in 2016. See [campground website](#) for detailed directions to the site and for description of campground.
USFS places a limit on space for RV's and cars, so if you are planning to bring an RV or car, please contact Alice LeBarron prior to registering.
- Cost:** For members: \$5.00
For associate members: \$5.00
For non-members: \$10.00
It is preferred that you register on-line. If you have a problem paying, on-line, contact Alice LeBarron to make other arrangements.
Contact: Alice LeBarron **541-647-7194**
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com
- Event:** **Women Riders Campout**
- Date/Time:** Friday Sept, 14th at 2 pm to Sunday Sept. 16th at 1 pm
Registration ends September 10, 2018.
- Place:** Cape Perpetua Campground Group Site
- Description:** Primitive camping (no showers, but there is running water). Nearest gas and supplies are three miles away in Yachats. See [campground website](#) for detailed directions to the site and for description of campground. The group campsite has a large covered shelter, a fire pit, and a large grassy area for tents. There are nice hiking trails from the campground as well as good riding in the area. The Women Riders Campouts are typically low-key events with plenty of shared stories and ideas, as well as opportunities to learn from one another in a supportive environment. Food is typically shared or on your own. Due to limited parking, there will not be room to accommodate cars or RVs.

Cost: *Motorcycles & Spyders only, please.*
For members: \$5.00
For associate members: \$5.00
For non-members: \$10.00
It is preferred that you register on-line. If you have a problem paying on-line, contact Alice LeBarron to make other arrangements.
Contact: Alice LeBarron **541-647-7194**
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com
Jalene Case **541-272-2337**
jaleneccase@gmail.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
Gary Stead **541-593-7461**
garystead67@gmail.com
- Event:** **Central Western Region 1st Saturday 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:** TBD
- 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

In Memoriam

Long time BMWRO member and former president, Gary A. Thye, passed away on August 18, 2018. He is survived by his wife Loriann of Beaver Creek, OR.

Gary was a member of BMWRO from 1988 to 2017. He served as vice-president to the club in 2003 and served as club president in 2004.



A Celebration of Life

in honor of

Gary A. Thye
Sunday, September 23
2-5 p.m.

A toast and brief comments at 3 p.m.

Franziska Haus Bed & Breakfast

10305 NE Fox Farm Rd, Dundee Oregon

franziskahaus.com

RSVP loriann@bctonline.com

In memory of Gary Thye, a kind and loving family man, friend and colleague.



Gary grew up in his parents' house on Lake Oswego and later lived there for 16 years with his wife, Loriann. Like his parents, he enjoyed welcoming people to their home, never tiring of giving long, storied boat tours of the lake.

Gary enjoyed meeting people from all walks of life, hearing their stories and introducing them to other friends with similar interests. Anyone he met was a potential new friend. When Loriann told him of a family from Ethiopia she had helped at a low-income housing unit, his response was, "We should invite them over."

He maintained decades-long friendships with high school classmates, attorneys, clients, musicians and music lovers, motorcycle buddies,

and people he met while getting his hair cut or cars repaired or wherever life took him.

His love of adventure, discovery and motorcycles took him to Europe, Australia, Canada and throughout the United States, either solo or with friends and family.

When he was no longer able to ride, he still enjoyed hearing about his friends' travels and sharing his maps and travel advice. His good friend Brian Frid recently launched a series of "GT Rides" that are some of Gary's favorite day trips.

From childhood, music was an important part of his life. He was a member of the University of Oregon Alumni Band and remained a loyal fan (even though he married a Beaver). He played valve trombone and tuba for 50 years as a member of the Clackamas Community Band and was a life member of the Jazz Society of Oregon.

Just as he deeply pondered cases as a workers' compensation judge so he could arrive at a fair decision, he took hours to read the Oregonian every day as he pondered all sides of issues before forming an opinion.

Gary deeply loved his family, including his wife of 30 years, Loriann; son Keirsten (and partner Robin Bachman) and daughter Meegan (and partner Richard Warner) and their mother Jacquie Thye Sleeper, grandson Justin Thye Walker, and brother

Keith Thye (and wife Ann).

Because he felt so strongly that no one should go hungry; the family suggests remembrances to the Oregon Food Bank.

There's An App For That!

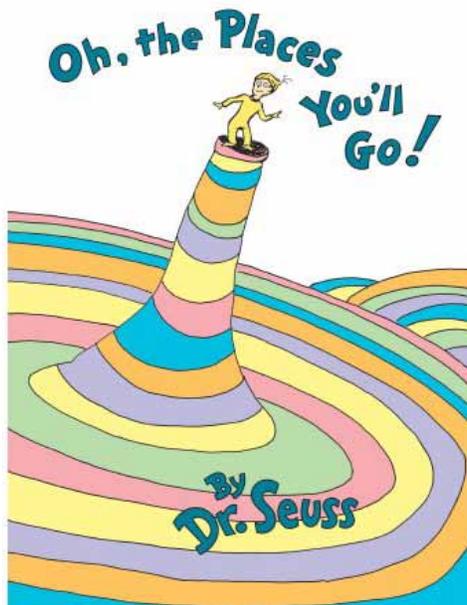
*"Congratulations!
Today is your day.
You're off to Great Places!
You're off and away!"*

*You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes
You can steer yourself
Any direction you choose.
You're on your own. And you know
what you know.*

*And YOU are the one who'll decide
where to go (on your BMW)."
— Dr. Seuss*

OK, I freely admit that I added the parenthetic phrase to the end of that quotation from Dr. Seuss but I don't think he would have minded. Many of us ride BMW Motorrad because of the places it will take us, mile-after-mile without complaint. All our motorcycles ask of us is a little maintenance and a nice new pair of "shoes" once in a while. Uphill, downhill, heat or cold they rarely ever complain.

How do we decide which way to go, or where to go? For many, it is the lure of far off places outside of the U.S.A. For many, it is a longing to visit places nearer to home. Wherever your longings take you there are plenty of ways to decide how to get there. GPS, Google Maps, Garmin Base Camp, or just good ol' paper road maps. I love road maps. I always have. They give me the big picture while GPS gives me the detail I seek. But what about these smart phones we all have become dependent upon? While they do provide turn-by-turn guidance, they will also give you points of interest along the way



and help you to avoid the pitfalls of a bad motel or meal when on the road.

Here are my top four smart phone apps I like to use while traveling.

Number 4

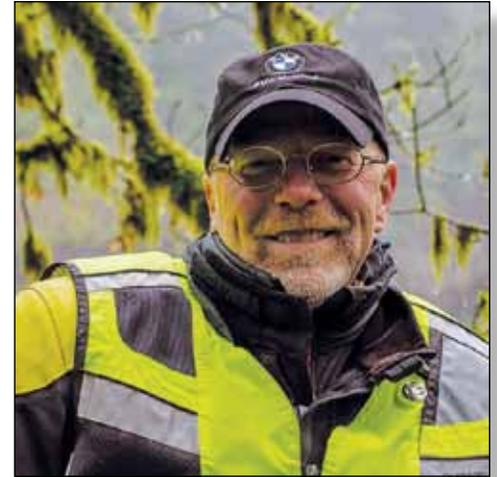


Roadside America (Cost: \$5.99)

With this app on your phone you will never miss that giant ball of twine or the worlds largest frying pan! The folks at RoadsideAmerica.com have spent years exploring the weird and the wonderful places along America's highways, byways, and back roads. There is something in the app for every BMW rider whether you are

BMWRO President's Message

by Bob Metzger



on an RT or a GS. If you are into the worlds largest, smallest, strangest, most obscure, historical or just plane old tourist traps, this app is for you!

Number 3

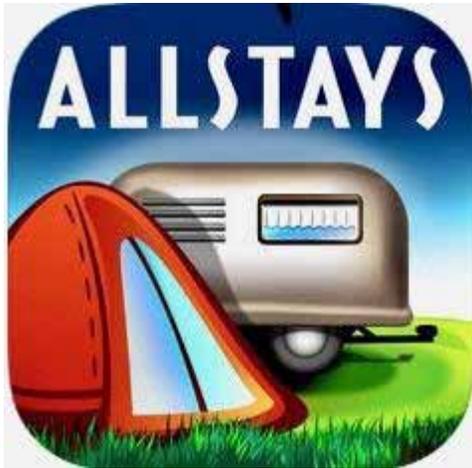


Greatest Road (Free)

Greatest Road is an app that benefits by its' users uploading information about rides they have experienced. The app helps you find the most fun, scenic routes for motorcycling in the US and in over 160 other countries. Just zoom in on the map, and touch the "Routes" button. The app then searches for

all the best motorcycle routes in that area. Routes are given an overall evaluation and then individual evaluations are given for the categories of fun, twisty, scenic, and road surface.

Number 2



AllStays (\$9.99)

The Allstays app has the most complete and popular camping list available. Whether you prefer camp sites for tents, RV's, or resorts Allstays can find it. The user is able to use the apps extensive filters to narrow their search. The app is continually updated. There is a one-time price but all updates

are free and the app is ad-free! You can select only Army Corp of Engineering campgrounds if you wish. If you wish a list of covered bridges in an area just zoom to an area and ask for a list of covered bridges. The app is robust and easy to navigate.

Number 1

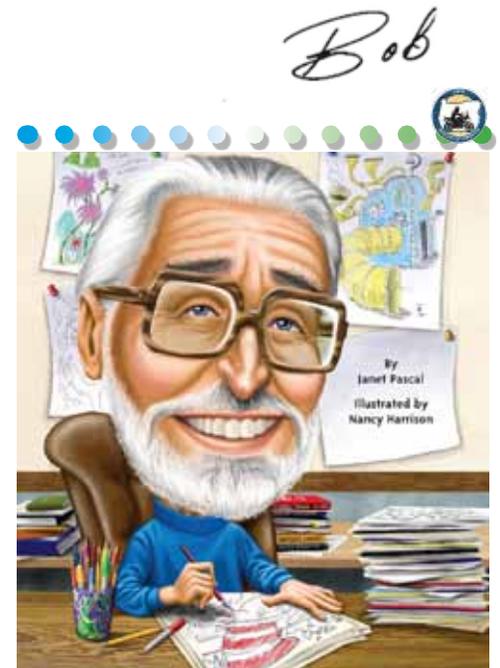


Yelp (Free)

As Karl Malden would have said, "Don't leave home without it!" Rarely will you find an app that gets 5-star reviews from 191,000 people. Yelp contains over 135 million reviews of businesses worldwide. Yelp will help you

find the best espresso or pizza anywhere on planet Earth and then guide you there. Not all the reviews are unbiased. You have to weed out those reviews left by disgruntled customers just having a bad day. However, after using Yelp for as long as I can recall, it will give you an edge on selecting the best roadside diner, taco cart or motel along your path of travel.

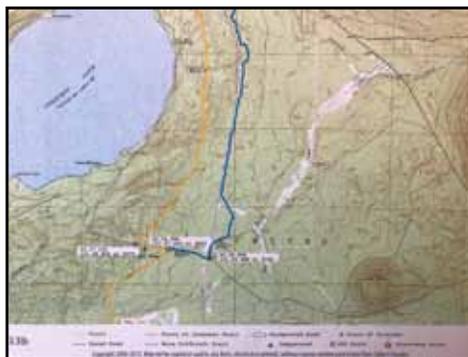
Use technology and arm yourself with knowledge while you chase your horizon.



Oregon Back Country Discovery Maps Available

from Bob Metzger

Last year, Milt (Butch) Farrand donated—to the BMW Riders of Oregon club—the entire series of the **Oregon Back Country Discovery** topographic route maps. *Thank you Butch!*



Since our membership is spread across 98,466 square miles—known as the State of Oregon, and beyond—it is hard to find a central location where everyone can access these map volumes. Therefore, I am the default custodian. If you wish to borrow them, I will happily loan them to you via USPS.

Simply contact me, I will give you my PayPal account number and you can drop the round trip postage into my account. If you don't have a PayPal account, you can still contact me and we can work out a hand-off at a mutually agreeable time and place.

Journey on!



NEW MEMBERS

Motorcycle

Joseph Kaney, Roseburg, OR 2001 BMW R1150 GS



BMWRO Club Officials

President:

Robert Metzger, (608-642-1186)
bmwro.pres@gmail.com

Vice President:

Chris Henry, (541-915-4616)
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

Secretary:

Alice LeBarron, (541-647-7194)
bmwro.secretary@gmail.com

Treasurer:

Nate Levin, (503-931-9789)
bmwro.treasurer@gmail.com

BEEMER BEAT Editor:

Forest McGreggor, (541-761-2320)
bmwro.newsletter@gmail.com

Webmaster:

Volunteer needed
bmwro.web@gmail.com

Activities

Chris Henry, (541-915-4616)
bmwro.vp@gmail.com

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)

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).

Ambassador Volunteer Requested—

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

Gary Stead —541-647-0135

garystead67@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

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

Support your local BMW Motorcycle Dealerships and Service Centers for Oregon

These good folks service our grand toys—
BMW motorcycles—and we should remember that
without them, how would we get the parts and
services we need when we need them? Support
your local BMW motorcycle dealership and service
centers with your business. And thank you.



**EUROPEAN
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OF WESTERN OREGON**



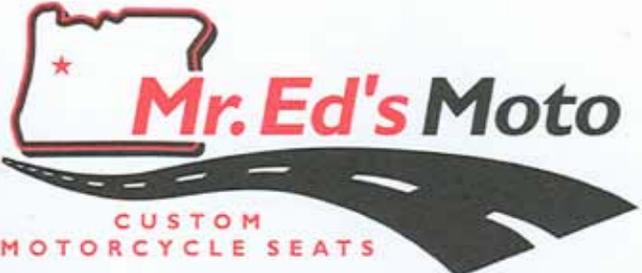
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Madelyn Russell, Owner
mrussell@emcwor.com



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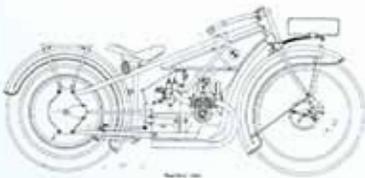
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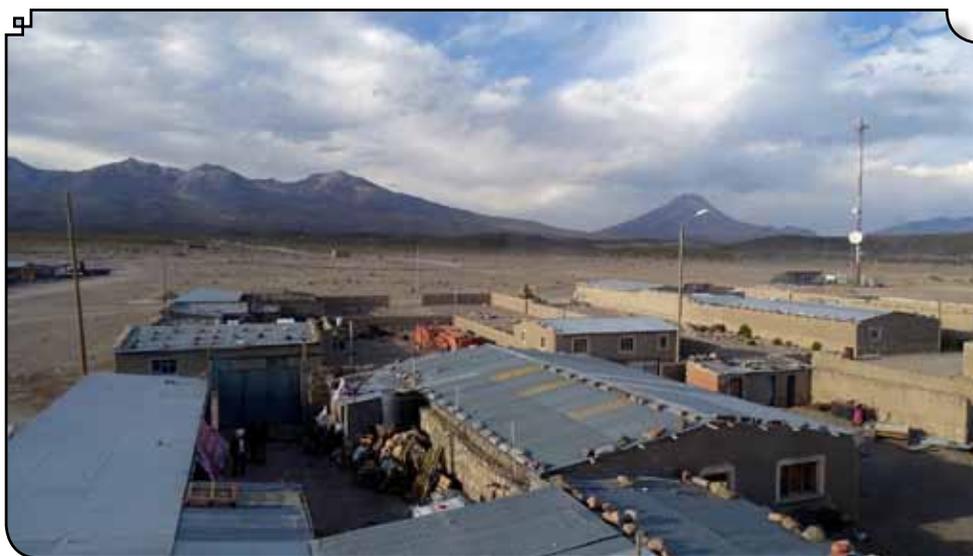
The Four-Point Restroom

May 13, 2017

by Keith Matteson

The power had been shut down for the night. In the darkened hall, my hand slid along the second-floor wall, guiding me around the corner to the men's bathroom. I took a look out the window into pitch-blackness and uncountable stars above. Somewhere below, our bikes sat in the freezing dirt under laundry lines with some chickens and an old rusty truck. Orion hung upside down in the sky to my northern eyes. We were just inside the border of Chile, at Colchane. The morning would be here soon enough and volcanoes would emerge outside this same window. We would descend the western slope of the Andes, touch the northern edge of the Atacama Desert, and end up on the coast.

I was looking forward to seeing this region, and dropping down to a reasonable



elevation after existing so long at altitudes above 3,500 meters (approximately 11,500 ft.). We had been cold and short-changed on oxygen for many weeks; and it would be good to warm up a little and breathe normally again.

In the morning, we pulled on our cold-weather layers and started across the dry western Andes. The road rose and fell between high volcanic peaks in shades of red, brown, and black, with only a thin covering of brush and sparse grass to betray the traces of water found

here. Our goal was to make the Chilean coastal city of Iquique (*pronounced i•kweek*), which took us on a descending route southwest to the ocean. Curving around peak after peak, we were like tiny insects on bikes, weaving between gigantic pylons. Once through the cone maze of the Andes, we started down a long valley and then emerged from the mountains onto a long slope high above the desert floor ahead. The broad apron of rocky debris, that we descended, spewed from the high Ande—merged with others to the north and south—forming a broad slope continuing to the west. There was nothing on this gradual ramp of rock and gravel save for an occasional concrete marker, the rusted wreckage of cars and machinery, and the road itself. All else had been left behind, leaving us with nothing but the mineral world—no animal, no vegetable, just two tiny travelers and what we carried across this dry, earth-tone planar world. The landscape simplified into rock, sand, and air; and the view seemed vertically cropped or compressed, leaving the eye with only the horizon to rove in search of something, anything new. The temperature rose rapidly as we descended, and by the time we



leveled out, the sun and heat had us longing for cool air. Once again, by changing our elevation, we had simply traded one extreme for another.

We were on the northern skirt of the desert. I had studied my geography before we got into this area. Considered the driest desert in the world, there are places in the core of *El Desierto de Atacama*—still well to the south of us yet—that have seen no rain since record keeping began in 1570. No rain at all in over 440 years. NASA is using this area to test instruments on the Mars landers for water and biological activity, and they turn up neither here. If you hold an orange or red filter up to your eye, no surprise—there you are on the red planet. And it was hot.



As we neared the coastal mountains, we came alongside a small hill and a sign pointing out *El Gigante de Atacama*—a huge

petroglyph of a man, etched out onto the hillside, very much in the same manner as the Nazca lines. Surface rocks had been scraped aside exposing the lighter sand underneath to draw a shape in the earth. It turns out that this is the largest petroglyph of a man-figure in the world, at 119 meters (390 feet) tall. The lines extending from his head are indicative of the seasonal positions of the moon.

We turned southward toward a town with fuel and ATMs, to refill both our tanks and wallets. Having spent so much time in poorer countries—where just being able to buy gas was a relief—we were in for a huge surprise when—once we had milked a bank ATM of Chilean pesos—we found the *Promised Land*: gasoline in three different grades, a mini-mart with air-conditioning and two more functional ATMs, and every snack and drink imaginable. The restrooms were out of another world: toilet seats, hot water, soap, and paper towels—“...a four-point restroom!” For



months, we'd been happy with restrooms scoring one point or two. We grabbed some sandwiches and sodas, and sat there laughing in the cool air, overwhelmed by the sudden abundance afforded by being back in a strong economy. It was like the US again, and the higher prices did nothing to dispel the illusion.

After our indulgence of cash, fuel, and food, it was time to head just a little farther west to Iquique. The land forms a kind of shelf as you approach the ocean, and the highways drop down to the coast through gaps or gulches that funnel you downwards to sea level. The wind off the ocean is channeled through these gaps, and we were blasted by the rushing headwind until we turned north along the huge dune-like slope that runs parallel to the beach. A long grade took us down, down, down to the ocean in one smooth grade. The air forms a powerful updraft along the slope, creating a never-ending slide of air for hang-gliders and parasailers to play on, extending for miles and miles above the city.



The last 1,000 meters down into Iquique was taken in one long unbroken grade along the face of the mountain that rose up from the Pacific.

As we rolled to a stop at the first light, Jalene's bike died, and that was the last we would ever hear from her battery. We pushed the bike, got it running long enough to find our hostel, and parked the bikes for the night. Once again, when we were in need, a new friend appeared. A taxi driver that had grown up there knew where to find batteries for motorcycles, and after trying two or three places, we zeroed in on a shop with a standard lead-acid unit for about \$44 USD. As luck would have it, Jay's battery chose a tax-free zone to puke out in. Turns out the Chilean government recognizes that it's hard enough living in the extreme desert here, and has helped folks out with a little tax relief in the far north and south of the country.

On the way to find a battery, our driver pointed to the many wooden buildings in Iquique made from "Oregon pine" (Douglas fir). In the early 1900's, ships carrying products from Chile northward would return with lumber from



the U.S. west coast, traded for a good profit in this desert isolation. Many streets were lined with older wood-sided buildings, the paint peeling away, giving it the same look as some of the coastal towns back home in the northwestern U.S. And as you'll see in many port towns, there were some pretty salty characters in the area of our hostel, but didn't pay much notice. Later, a taxi driver commented that we were staying in the most crime-ridden section of town. The folks we were seeing on the street did seem poor, yes, but the signs of vice and alcohol were appearing again. Jalene and I hadn't seen much of this since Bogota and other really big cities. I didn't feel any threatening atmosphere here, but I was aware that people just a little more desperate for money might be watching us.

We enjoyed a couple of nights in Iquique to relax just a bit. Rolling out of town, we decided to push the easy button and stopped at the first McDonalds we'd seen in ages, kind of a cultural reverse adventure. Inside, we received a surprise, as we found nothing appealing for a breakfast menu, and settled for the same meager fare we'd been having for breakfast for months -- white bread, white cheese, sliced ham, coffee, and tea. No egg or sausage McMuffins here! We didn't survey any other McDonalds on the trip, before this or after, so I have no idea what we'd find in a big capital city.

But we'd come on this trip to see other worlds, so we left the golden arches behind and took off down the coast of Chile, looking for something new. As usual, it didn't take very long to find it.

A Winding Ride to Windy Ridge NW Ambassadors Ride Report – August 2018

David Peterson #90113

On what was another perfect Saturday morning, Neal Malagamba's hands were firmly on the reins. This month, he thought the group should head up to Windy Ridge, on the east shoulder of Mount St. Helens. Apparently, he had a number of takers, for when the appointed hour arrived, fifteen bikes had swarmed into the parking lot of BMW of Western Oregon, gassed up and prepared to picnic.

Mike Ripley has fallen into a two city existence. During most weeks, he plies his trade in his new hometown of Queen Creek, Arizona. But, funny enough, he finds just enough demand for his services in Hillsboro at the beginning of every month to score a round-trip ticket aboard Air Intel. It will be interesting to see just how eager Mr. Ripley is to come north this winter...

With Neal in the lead and Mike in the rear, the group fell, more or less, into order. Chasing Neal were Cam Rust, Louie Robida, Chuck Mileur, David Morganstern, Steven Polansky, Keith Picone, Tammy Tolbert, Joy & Charles Trapp, Dana White, Jeff Yarnall, and Larry Wood. Summer-long construction has



turned the I-5/I-84 corridor into a no-man's land, so the throng headed south to head north on I-205.

Interstates are almost always a means to an end, rarely an end in themselves. There are exceptions; I-70 through eastern Utah and western Colorado comes to mind. For that matter, so does I-84 through the Columbia Gorge. However, it's easy to be jaded when the beauty is in your own backyard. And so, after an hour, everyone had run the I-84 gauntlet, crossed the Bridge of the Gods, and was now ready for the real ride to begin. But not before a quick stop in Carson to complete the ensemble. Waiting there was Frank Boyle, who made the eminently rational decision to venture from Gresham to Carson without a stop in Tigard. The Carson stop also gave the less ambitious picnic basketeers a chance to pick up one for the road; several riders opted for the Wind River Market's "Harmonius Ham" sandwich.

The roads that penetrate the Gifford Pinchot National Forest aren't particularly high (Windy Ridge, the high point, is only at 4,330 feet). But snow comes early in the season, and with so much forest blocking direct sun, the spring thaw can take forever, keeping many roads closed until early June.



Posing at Clearwater Viewpoint
on the way to Windy Ridge

Photo by Charles Trapp



After a long ride, time for lunch!

Photo by David Morganstern

That doesn't leave much time for maintenance, as evidenced by the broken pavement, pot holes, and frost heaves. The climbs are twisty and really fun. But a little voice in the back of one's head always whispers, *slow down*. Nothing takes the shine off a day of backroad riding like a bent rim...or worse.

That said, north of Carson, the ride was brisk and twisty over Oldman Pass (elevation 3,040 feet). The route bears west along Curly Creek Road and at the McClellan Overlook, the group got its first glimpse of Mount St. Helens. Curly Creek tees into NF-90—here the pot holes began to rear their ugly heads. Shortly after crossing the Muddy River, NF-90 tees into NF-25—the major north-south passage on

the east side of Mount St. Helens. Here, the road climbs swiftly toward a gate that is closed more than half the year. This is the section that demands the greatest attention.

Today, all were up to the challenge, making their way the remaining thirty-two miles to Windy Ridge. Just east of road's end, Smith Creek Viewpoint offered an attractive spot to dine: two picnic tables, with a bird's eye view of the mountain. Everyone rushed the tables and dug in.

After lunch and a gaggle of group photos, the party moved to Windy Ridge, just in time for a forest ranger presentation on the eruption and the subsequent recuperation. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the moment, given the effort it took to get there. But

a long ride out means a long ride back—it was time to close the picnic baskets and head for home.

Mike took the lead on the homeward leg. The first thirty-five miles were déjà vu, as there's only one way in to Windy Ridge and one road south. At the NF-90 tee, riders continued straight on the road not taken, running along Swift Reservoir and Yale Lake and passing through Cougar, where the road becomes state highway WA-503.

WA-503 offers the quickest route home—another forty miles to Woodland and I-5. But for those who can never get enough (on this day...everyone), a southern spur of WA-503 offered one last dose of twisties. This stretch offers a rollicking carousel over Wolverton Mountain, only



A drone's eye view

Photo by Steven Polansky

to narrow to nearly one lane as it crosses the Yale Bridge between Yale Lake and Lake Merwin. One last fuel stop in Chelatchie offered the gang a final chance to cheer the day and bid farewell, before scattering to make the final slog home. All in all, it was just another flawless day in paradise.

Who knew a motorcycle picnic could be so much fun?

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:248

Total First Saturday miles – 2018: 1,995



**Happy Picnicers atop a Not-So-Windy Ridge
L-R: Keith Picone, Chuck Mileur, Mike Ripley,
Cam Rust, Steven Polansky**

Photo by David Morganstern



One last snap before the long ride home

photo by Charles Trapp



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