

# MONTANA BMW RIDERS NEWSLETTER

## PRESIDENT'S CORNER



What a difference a ride can make. Getting ready for Wisdom I was chastising myself up one side & down the other. Why? Because the last time I'd been on my motorbike was when I rode to the previous monthly meeting in Bozeman. Now why was that? Who knows? Summer schedules can collude to keep even the most adventuresome person sidelined with 'unimportant' things. Ok, so get over that and get to Wisdom. What did I just say....am I riding because I have to. That was not the original intent 18 years ago when I was so psyched about riding I couldn't go 3 days without getting on the bike and going somewhere. Maybe it's not the schedule that has me jammed, maybe it's my attitude? Apathy?

Then, this ride to Wisdom changed my perspective. It was just one of those perfect days. Blue sky, no smoke, little traffic, the bike purring along eating up miles. Got organized & left early enough to not have to rush, so I could meet up with fellow riders, Dave McCormack and Chris Keyes. Stopping at the *Sula Store* for a Cafe2Cafe picture. Over the top of Lost Trail Pass; nice not having a lot of RV's on the road for a Sunday during high tourist season.

Motorcycling over Lost Trail is always fun, not a *Lochsa* ride, but fun doing all the swoops going up the pass, then meshing with that high alpine scenery at the top all the way to Big Hole Battlefield where the world opens up and you know why the Big Hole is called the Big Hole. Pulling into one of my favorite spots, Fetty's (or The Crossing, take your pick) I only see 2 bikes parked in front. Hey, what's up here? Nowhere else to park, then cruising around the side of the building; whoa! It's like the parking lot at Laguna Seca, bikes everywhere! Ah, motorcycle camaraderie. And the owner of Fetty's, Diane, has everything setup for us. Fetty's crew does a great job tending to all our hunger pains. Diane appreciates our business & makes us feel welcome. It's fun to see everyone here. So far away from everything but the ride to Wisdom draws our riders like bees to honey.

After everyone leaves I stay talking to some Missoula friends, non-riders from Missoula. They are amazed at the following of riders all congregating in one place on a Sunday afternoon, so far from Missoula. They ask about motorcycling. I have always had a hard time putting that feeling, being on a bike, into

**BMW Motorcycle Club**  
Montana BMW Riders



### CLUB CHARTER MEMBERSHIPS

BMWMOA #155  
BMW RA #072  
AMA #6830

words. They ask about not being able to enjoy the scenery because you are concentrating on driving and being safe. Yes, but the view from the seat is like looking through a picture window with no frame around it. And be it the Big Hole or wherever, Montana has a big leg up on scenery few places have. Like I've said before, we are so lucky to live here & have all the great roads to ride that we do. Speaking of which, after I leave the restaurant, I decide to take a favorite road, the Pioneer Mountain Scenic Byway. If you haven't done it, put it on your bucket list for motorcycling. It ends on the north end of the Big Hole at Wise River home of the *Wise River Club*, one of our cafes in the Café2 Café. I start to take a picture & leave but feeling a bit butt weary I go in for a Coke. Glad I did. I hadn't been inside in many years. It's a unique place & so friendly. Leaving refreshed & with my IQ up a notch, I take the scenic route around Georgetown Lake; then west, taking as many frontage roads as I can to avoid the 'slab'.

**NEXT MEETING**

**SEPTEMBER 17**

**FT. BENTON**

**THE CLUB HOUSE**

**1:00 P.M.**

The last hour I'm tired as I've been going since 10:00 am and it's HOT. I should have had my swim suit w/ me to jump in at Beavertail Pond! It's 7:30 PM when I finally arrive home but realize what a special day and special ride it has been. Now I remember why I enjoy riding so much. I promise myself not to go a month again without getting in the saddle.

And on this great day we had 18 riders. Those attending: from Helena...Annie Huddy F650GS, Kevin Huddy Yamaha FJR, Mike Cable Victory (welcome back Mike!), Bill Erhardt F650GS, Dick Field K1200LT, Steve Moore R1200RT. From Townsend...

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Lance Lerum R1100R. From Bozeman... Bob Testut R1150GS. From Missoula... Carol Graham F650GS, Gary Graham F650GS, Chris Keyes R1100RT, Chuck Reaves R1100RS. From the Bitterroot... Dave McCormack CAN-AM Spyder. From Bigfork... Gordon Phillips R1200RT, Wade Allred K1600GT. From Dillon... Nick Hoem K1200LT. From Emigrant... Sarge Hoem K1200LT & Bob Parker R1150RT.

At this meeting we had a change over at Secretary/Treasurer. Thanks to Annie Huddy for doing such a great job keeping things running, the member list organized, standing in at meetings, keeping the bills paid, the IRS paid, and all the many things that go along with this job. Great job Annie!

Welcome Chris Keyes, as our new Secretary/Treasurer (our youngest member?). All that energy! Thanks Chris for taking on this important job for the club!

And congratulations to Annie for recently attaining over 100,000 miles riding BMW motorcycles.

I have not heard much from the Dual Sport end of the club. Anything happening out there? Any adventures anyone wants to share? Last week Dick French and I attempted to do a ride over Siegel Pass west of Missoula. 20 miles in from the Nine Mile Ranger Station and one mile from the top of the pass we came to a point in the road that had been blocked by blown down trees. With the help of a Russian huckleberry picker (who just happened to have a chain saw) we were able to finish the trip. Seems the back country always has an adventure for us. This is a story for another time. :-)

One venue you might be interested in for September is the MOA's 'Getaway' in Coeur d'Alene, ID. Unfortunately, it conflicts with our club's September meeting. It's September 16-18. Details at MOA's website.

Only a couple of months left for the Cafe2Cafe. Again, this is such a great way to see places new and old, get together & get to know other club members. If any of you needs someone to ride to some of these venues & you don't have a way to get in touch, contact me.

The club ride for this month is September 17<sup>th</sup>, Location: Fort Benton, MT. Place... *The Club House*. Same time, 1:00 PM. I'll be at a nephew's wedding in North Carolina, so Ed Field, Chris Keyes or Annie will run the meeting. Happy Trails!!

*Chuck*

***We're on the Web:***

**[www.mtbmwriders.org](http://www.mtbmwriders.org)**

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### THREE FLAGS CLASSIC UPDATE

The 46<sup>th</sup> Annual running of the Three Flags Classic is coming through Montana over Labor Day weekend and we have a great group of Montana BMW Rider volunteers who have signed up to help! We'll be holding forth in the parking lot of Jorgenson's Inn and Suites at 1714 11<sup>th</sup> Ave in Helena from the opening of the checkpoint on Saturday at 2:00 p.m. until it finally closes on Monday at 2:00 p.m. It's always a great time to see some bikes set up for serious long-distance touring as well as the riders who are on the trek. Thanks in advance to you who have volunteered to help, and for those of you who haven't but would like to stop by and see what's going on, we'd love to see you.

If you'd just like to get informed about the Three Flags Classic, log onto the internet with the title "Three Flags Classic" and visit their web site.

**Larry Banister**

*Three Flags Classic Checkpoint Co-Captain*



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## OUR THOUGHTS ON THE CAFE 2 CAFE RIDE ...

By Gary & Carol Graham

We have really enjoyed the Cafe2Cafe rides. Since we were going to spend much of the Spring and early Summer out of town, we got started early when the weather was somewhat unpredictable. The early start gave us the opportunity to see Eastern Montana in all its green glory. The ride to Opheim and Plentywood took us through a part of the State that I had traveled last about 45 years ago and Carol had never seen. On the way back from that distant corner, the Jersey Lilly at Ingomar took us both into new territory.

Probably, in common with other riders in the Club, we tend to get stuck on the same old roads when leaving home for a spur-of-the-moment ride. When the newsletter arrived listing the cafes, we marked all the locations on a map of Montana and started to set our sights further afield. Many were easily accessible as a day ride and even those further afield didn't require much packing other than a toothbrush and a change of undies and, of course, electrics for some of the early spring rides.

A major highlight was visiting with the folks we met in some of these outlying communities. We arrived in Pipe Creek to find that the Red Dog Saloon was not open for lunch. Two guys were trying to yell this information to us from the yard of the house across the street but, because we were wearing ear-plugs they had to come up close to talk to us. Not everyone can live in such a remote hamlet but they were so enthusiastic about all the places they recommended we should see nearby that it gave us a fresh perspective on the possibilities of the Yaak.

The Ringling Bar turned on their "Open" sign when we pulled up. It seems to be the only viable business in what is left of Ringling. When we learned about the Gopher Days (a team shooting event), the Coyote Derby (an individual competition), and their "PGA" (Pasture Golf Association) event and related BBQ, we felt we should put a return trip on the calendar. Apparently people come from miles around for their Prime Rib on Saturdays.

At the Graves Hotel in Harlowton, we talked with the owner about his plans for restoring this old hotel and you can see from the original building that there were once great plans for Harlowton as was the case in so many Montana towns. It seems that every little town has its museum housing early farming machinery and the contents and histories of homesteads that were abandoned when dreams of greater prosperity died.

One hotel that has been beautifully restored is the Sacagawea

Inn in Three Forks. Unless you love hearing karaoke played into the wee hours, you might want to choose another night other than Friday to stay there. We'd been promising ourselves a trip there since we heard about the restoration and the Cafe2Cafe ride finally made that happen. We are still smiling in this photo because we didn't know how cold and wet we were going to get in the next couple of days.



Carol & Gary at the Sacagawea Hotel

The lonely beauty of Highway 22 from near Pincher Creek to Turner Valley, Alberta was a delightful surprise to us and included going both through and alongside the 65,000 acre Waldron Ranch. If you get that far north, make sure to visit the Eau Claire Distillery next door to the Chuckwagon Cafe. The distillery farms its own barley and rye using teams of horses and an ancient threshing machine. The Chuckwagon was a worthy destination in itself. Probably our favorite breakfast cafe was the Cafe Regis in Red

Lodge, a taste treat we would never have discovered but for this ride.

We can't thank enough those who came up with this idea, planned it and to Kevin Huddy who kept track of every one's progress saving enough time for he and Annie to knock off all of the cafes too.

Gary and Carol Graham

(Ed. Note: Carol Graham stood up at the last meeting in Wisdom and made extemporaneous remarks about how much fun the Café 2 Café competition was. This editor asked the Graham's to put those thoughts on paper for this newsletter...)

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## Deer Strike

By Kevin Huddy

On August 17<sup>th</sup> Annie and I were on our way to Nakusp, British Columbia to attend the Bee Cee Beemers Rally. Nakusp is one of our favorite annual events. We got a late start and planned to only ride as far as Bonner's Ferry, ID to spend the night. Although we had only ridden about 350 miles, we were tired due to the temperature being in the mid-90s for most of the day.

We were 12 miles east of Bonner's Ferry on Hwy 2 when it happened. Hwy 2 is a tree tunnel in that area. The trees are cut back about 50 feet and the brush between the trees and the road is about three feet tall. I saw the deer at the same instant I felt the impact on the left front of the Super Tenere. In less than a second there was sharp pain in my left thumb as the handlebars were jammed rearward, my left shin felt suddenly moist and I realized I was in the wrong lane and a car was not far from me. Fortunately, the driver of the car had reacted and was as far to his right as possible. I managed to stay upright and got the bike back into my lane. All of this happened in a matter of about two – three seconds.

I found myself riding on the edge of the road doing 15-20 MPH. I did not stop immediately. There was no place to pull off the road and I was mentally assessing/absorbing what had just happened. What happened? Is my thumb broken? No the pain is gone and I can move it. Is the bike behaving normally? Seems to be; no shimmy, vibrations or wobble. Brakes? A light application of the front brake caused no problem. No warning lights on instrument panel. Where can I stop? Any cars behind me?

Written out calm and organized.

In reality all of this was going on at the same time as my mind. I jumped back and forth from one thought to another. Annie's voice on the radio asked, "Are you okay?" I responded yes and she said I should pull over. I didn't want to stop yet. Not sure why, but I didn't want to see the deer (I'd just killed Bambi), I wanted to see how the bike was responding and I wanted to find a safe place. After a mile or so we came upon a motel/RV park. There I was able to rinse the gore off of the bike and me (remember the moist feeling on my left shin?) and assess the damage. Annie said it was probably a fawn of about 70 pounds and it came out of the brush at a full run. She said it appeared that the rear half of the animal seemed to disintegrate and the front half slide across the road in front of her.

Damage to the bike was minimal. I think the initial hit was on the axle area of the bike and the rear half of the deer swung around and hit the crash bars on my bike. Front fender was destroyed, fender mounting point was bent and the auxiliary light bar was damaged. I decided to keep riding and eventually put over 1,000 miles on the bike before getting home.

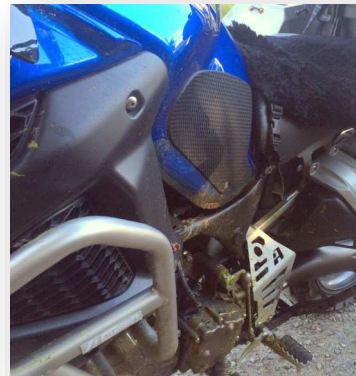
Lessons learned? I was lucky. Most motorcycle deer collisions do not end with the rider unscathed and the bike in rideable condition. I had often pondered how I would react to a deer if I had had to but never had a real close call. In this case there was no reaction. I glimpsed the deer and felt the impact at the same time. What if I had not had both hands on the grips? The jolt was very violent. Had the hand been off the grip, then I think the chance of the bike going down would have been much higher. How did I manage to keep upright and steer the bike out of the veer into the opposite lane? I wish I could say how I calmly applied this or that technique, but in fact I don't know exactly what I did. What if Annie had not been following at a smart distance? The carcass crossed the lane in front of her and had she hit it, then she would have been in serious trouble. Riding near other riders is plain stupid; do not do it.

Annie's Thoughts: 'Not sure if it is harder to have this happen to you or to watch it happen. It was incredibly fast and violent. The deer was at a full run when she broke from the underbrush. I saw her as a blur as she hit Kevin and his bike. The rear half of her immediately disintegrated, the front half of her came rapidly sliding off his bike and back across my lane and path of travel and continued to slide off the right side of the road. She was dead before she hit the ground. I was amazed that Kevin kept the bike upright. My first thought was, "Oh God, Kevin", screaming in my brain. The bike and Kevin were covered in viscera. The oncoming white car never stopped. No other cars came past. There was no time to react or avoid the deer. We were extremely fortunate. It could have been much, much worse. It all took less than 3 seconds.'

Be careful out there.

*Kevin*

Ed. Note: Not sure Kevin would appreciate the appellation, "Kevin 'Deerslayer' Huddy" but we're all glad he came out of this one in one piece.



# MONTANA BMW RIDERS NEWSLETTER



Our New Secretary/Treasurer: **Chris Keyes**... getting some of his Cafe2Cafe work done at Sula Store.

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## 2016 RIDE SCHEDULE

JANUARY 16	SEELEY LAKE ... DOUBLE ARROW LODGE	A SATURDAY	
FEBRUARY 21	AVON ... AVON CAFÉ	A SUNDAY	
MARCH 20	WHITEHALL ... TWO BIT SALOON	A SUNDAY	
APRIL 17	LINCOLN ... LAMBKINS	A SUNDAY	
MAY 15	PHILIPSBURG ... SUNSHINE STATION	A SUNDAY	
MAY 20-22	TECH DAY @ THE HUDDY'S—HELENA	A SAT. & SUN'	
JUNE 18	BIG FORK ... ECHO LAKE CAFÉ	A SATURDAY	
JULY 16	BOZEMAN ... KOUNTRY KORNER KAFE	A SATURDAY	
AUGUST 14	WISDOM ... THE CROSSINGS RESTAURANT	A SUNDAY	
SEPTEMBER 17	FT. BENTON ... THE CLUB HOUSE	A SATURDAY	
OCTOBER 16	OVANDO ... TRIXIE'S SALOON	A SUNDAY	
NOVEMBER 20	DRUMMOND ... WAGON WHEEL	A SUNDAY	
DECEMBER 3	CHRISTMAS PARTY	5 PM — 8 PM	A SATURDAY

### AT BIG SKY MOTORSPORTS

Monthly rides normally will occur on Sunday unless otherwise stated. Our standard meeting time is 1:00 pm to allow local restaurants to handle our crowd away of the normal lunch times. Please try to observe this custom, as we want to be invited back to many of our ride restaurants.

### WISDOM PIX



# MONTANA BMW RIDERS NEWSLETTER

The Montana BMW Riders NEWSLETTER is Published Monthly.

Club Dues: \$15 per calendar year - Membership includes monthly electronic newsletter (or \$20 per year for snail mailed newsletter).

Monthly Meetings: Third Sunday of each month, 1 PM, unless specified otherwise. Location announced in Newsletter.

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Items for the newsletter are welcome and may be sent to: Editor, P.O. Box 1353, Victor, MT 59575.

*Emailed text is preferred. Photos as attachments. Signed articles do not necessarily reflect the consensus*

## MUSINGS ON THE "WAVE":

Because we motorcyclists spend a lot of time alone in our helmets, we have rather long conversations with ourselves about all manner of things related to bikes. I happen to be very sensitive to the 'wave' because I ride a Spyder (a 3 wheeler). It's been interesting to see who does and doesn't wave at my bike. So the little musing below is a result of one of those rides.

Ever notice that when riding there are several versions of the "wave"? There are also no waves from some riders and I think that they're either foreigners who've rented a bike for their vacation and just don't understand the American custom of waving to other motorcyclists, or they're having a bad day and only wave to fellow motorcyclists if they're on the "right" kind of bike. Or, sometimes I think they are so bad at motorcycling they don't dare take their hands off the handlebars.

There's the one finger wave which is generally a sign of a motorcyclist who's hanging on for dear life or doesn't like the way you ride. Just nod, don't wave back. The two finger wave can be either an upright vee for "howdy" or the two finger wave facing down signifying "rubber side down". Horizontal two fingers for me is absolute acceptance by the other guy. Ya need lots of those to feel good about the day. The three finger wave may be all about someone new to motorcycling not knowing the proper wave...never had a class. He'll catch on soon enough. The four finger wave is clearly done by confident bikers.... the whole hand off the grip! Behold a long time rider. Now, if the hand is facing down, that may be a tired hand and not a wave at all, just fatigue and trying to get the blood flowing again. The whole hand wave facing up and twisting as if one is in a parade is a sad statement by a really enthusiastic newbie. Get hold of him/her and let them know we don't do that kind of wave...it's silly, dangerous and just a little over enthusiastic. Subtle is the way we like to wave.

Then there are other versions of the wave...the circle in the air near your helmet is not a wave...it means police up ahead...slow down. A signal with the hand pointing to the gas tank probably means they need to stop for gas or have to pee. In either case, don't wave back. A hand pointing to your bike isn't a wave as much as it is a sign that something is about to or already has fallen off your bike. Your wave back might be either a two fingered salute as in 'thanks' or a flat hand to the brow of the helmet as in "Oh, crud".

We all have seen them and they become points of interest for us as we motor along. I know there is a whole set of hand signals that mean different and important things when riding in a group but we're just talking "the wave" here. The fun is trying to figure out what that wave means to the one giving it and what a non-wave means. In the meantime, you've occupied your mind for a few miles and are now closer to your destination. You're welcome.

*Dave McCormack*

