

ROSE CITY CHAPTER OF H.O.G. PORTLAND, OR



CROSSROADS

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Director's Message

BY JIM BEINE

Well, I guess this is my last contribution to Crossroads. As I sit and compose this after a full day of sorting and packing memories into their appropriate boxes, I can't help but look back and reflect on the indelible moments that all string together. Joe Walsh of the Eagles once said, "As you live your life, it appears to be anarchy and chaos and random nonrelated events smashing into each other, causing situations, issues, and problems, and you can't help to think 'what the hell is going on?' then later in life as you look back, it looks like a finely crafted novel. But at the moment, it doesn't." Maybe he was talking about the many hotel rooms he's destroyed! That's sort of the moment I'm in. No, I'm not planning on wrecking a hotel room! So many random events are so formative in where I am today that really steered me to the present.

I'll never forget walking into that first RCH meeting in 2017 with almost a dozen other members from my former chapter and seeing the look on Chad's face as we filled the conference room. I will also never forget our first chapter ride, even though I can't remember where we went, our different destination rides to places like "Pig Turd Alley," and the beginning of our love affair with Willamette Valley Pie Company. Our countless rides up the gorge, over Mt. Hood, down the valley, and over the coast range to a vast assortment of beautiful ocean-view vistas and great seaside restaurants.

Then there are the many rallies. The Pacific Northwest Tri-State HOG Rally, Rocky Mountain HOG Rally, Oregon Volcano Rally in which Chad Hamel was instrumental in planning, Kicking It In Cody Rally, and the 115th Harley-Davidson Homecoming Rally.

I will also remember our chapter breakfasts, Last Hump Day Socials that morphed into our HOG Happy Hour, the Holiday Party, or the Denim and Diamonds end-of-summer party at the McCarty's home. I think of the people who've moved away to other corners of our world, those who passed on, and those who decided that riding had to take a back seat.

I certainly want to thank George Latus for entrusting me with leading Rose City HOG. George, you will never know what your friendship has meant to me. Thank you for being that friend and father figure to me. I also want to thank the team at Volcano Harley-Davidson for your patience and guidance as we grew together. I want you to know that you, chapter members, and dealership staff alike will forever have a place in my heart. I will miss you all as we begin our new life in Wisconsin.

I'm leaving you in the very capable hands of our Assistant Director, Greg Laird. I will be appointing him as Interim Director until the elections in October. Greg and I hold the same values in moving the chapter forward to an even more cohesive and bonded family.

My last official act as Director will lead our group to the 120th Homecoming in July. If it's just a fraction of the success as the 115th, it will be a wonderful time.

Thank you for your support and guidance through the years. I love you all. And as I sign off for the last time, I won't say goodbye but farewell. I'll see you on the highways and backroads.

Hollywood, out.

PICS FROM JIMS COLLECTION



Member Spotlight

STEVE ELDRIDGE

I had the pleasure of meeting and riding with Steve on the Pine Hollow ride. That was a great day and of course that bike! Here is what Steve had to say.....

I was riding trail bikes (dirt bikes) and street bikes Suzuki and Yamaha when growing up in south London late 70s and early 80s.

Kids arrived, and I decided to call it quits!

I arrived here in the USA in 2017, chasing the kids and their kids, our grandkids, and immediately got my motorcycle endorsement. I bought a second-hand Sportster just to be sure I wanted to continue with motorcycles and within 8 weeks had traded it in for a new Heritage Softail, which I customized.

Over the past few months, I was toying with upgrading to a full-size cruiser, possibly a road glide, on the basis that it had to have the full RDRS safety system. Then, out of the blue, I received an e-mail about the new highway king, which came with the RDRS system. This was three weeks ago.

The picture said it all; I was in on it. I called a few dealerships, and as luck would have it, Timber Town HD had the one I was looking for, and within 4 days and without any face-to-face interaction, we did the deal, and here we are!

Rides like a dream vibration is almost zero, the Highway King is a road king with different packaging, and I was familiar with riding a road king. The only thing that could be a problem for the shorter rider is the seat height, I am 6ft on a good day, and it works just fine, but anybody under 5' 9" could find it challenging!

The bike is number 470 of 750 made; the dealership asked if I was going to customize it, no way it was sold as a special edition and needs to remain as is.





Hoka Hey Challenge!

Greg Laird

I walked into Harley Davidson of Anaheim and saw the bright red and yellow brochure proclaiming, “\$500,000 Winner Take All! On June 20th, 2010 one-thousand of the world’s most fearless Harley-Davidson® riders will depart on a historic 7,000 mile journey across the continent of North America, Key West, Florida to the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska. In 14 days, the riders will conquer 62 Mountain Ranges, 33 Indian Reservations, 25 National Forests, 8 Deserts, 6 National Parks, 4 Swamps, and 2 Countries. They will test themselves and their machines to the fullest of their capabilities.” How could I pass up this challenge? I was in!

The ride was limited to air-cooled V-Twin Harley Davidsons containing no modifications. The goal was to ride from Key West, FL to Homer, AK arriving before anyone else. In order to win the money, you had to follow a specified route. There were seven checkpoints where the competitors would have the mileage on their bikes checked. At each checkpoint, a new set of driving instructions were handed out. You needed to sleep outside next to your bike each and every night. You were disqualified if you used drugs and/or alcohol while on the road, received a speeding ticket, reckless driving, etc.

In addition, no GPS units were allowed. Riders were also not allowed to use electronic devices such as cell phone or computer mapping programs, call family members for directions, etc. Alternative fuel cells or gas cans were not allowable either.

This all sounded pretty straightforward. I thought all I had to do was drive 1,000 miles per day at 65 miles per hour. 1,000 miles in a day at that speed would take 17 hours, thereby still leaving me with six or seven hours of sleep per night. Then, if I learned that someone was ahead of me I could ride a few more hours and sleep a bit less. Again, this sounded easy.

During registration in Key West, I remember everyone standing around sizing up the competition, trying to figure out who would be a true competitor. Most were thinking about the money and few believed Jim Red Cloud when he mocked us and told us that we would all be challenged. A day into the competition, however, all had changed. The roundabout path to the destination, extreme heat and heavy rainstorms were just the beginning. Seeing fellow riders down on the pavement was a vivid reminder that this wasn’t all fun and games.



The Challenge began just before sun-up on Father’s Day, June 20, 2010. We all began lining up in a small hotel parking lot around 4:00 a.m., jockeying for positions near the front of the pack. Even at 4:00 a.m., I found myself near the rear of the pack. 750 riders had registered for this event. It was fascinating to learn that not only did riders come from almost

every state in the U.S., but also from New Zealand, England, Australia and even Scotland! Scottish John, as he was called, even began the rally that morning wearing his country’s traditional kilt!

Around 4:30 a.m., the organizers of the event began to hand out the first set of driving instructions. In looking over the instructions, it immediately became apparent that this was not going to be a ‘cake walk’. The instructions were driving directions. No coordinates. No highways or freeways. No distance markers. The following is an example of the directions: (actual set!)

- Turn Left onto FL-19 State Road 19.
- Turn Right onto W. Burleigh Blvd./ U.S. 441 S./ FL-19/ FL-500 S.
- Turn Left onto CR-452/ Lake Eustis Dr.

As can be seen, it was not going to be easy to navigate. Many upcoming turns needed to be embedded into our minds so that we

could keep a look out for those turns. In addition, a turn could be six blocks ahead or 100 miles ahead, so it was important to remain extremely alert at all times. A missed turn would take a rider way out of their way.



Adding to the confusion, the directions referred to CR and SR roads, both containing the same road number! For instance, CR 452 or SR 452. Not having driven the Southern routes for quite a few years, I completely forgot that CR stood for County Road and SR stood for State Road.

In looking over the directions, I began to think ... so much for 65 miles per hour! The directions consisted of all two-lane roads and switchbacks. But there was no time to worry about such things. The race was about to begin and, again, a tremendous amount of excitement filled the air.



The first day of the ride took us from Key West to Miami, then west over the Everglades, north to just above Orlando and finally over to Ormond Beach (just above Daytona Beach), where we reached our first check point at mile 616. (Unless of course, the rider became lost ... then even more miles were accumulated!)

About four or five hours into the ride, we encountered a traffic jam. As we sat there in the baking sun and waited for a little over a half hour, we could see the remnants of a wrecked motorcycle up ahead in the ditch. A fire truck, an ambulance and a half dozen police cars squeezed past us and moved ahead to the area of the wreckage. As we later learned, the rider was part of our group and had to be air-lifted to a nearby hospital due to severe compound fractures. This was a stark reminder to all of us who were waiting to remain alert and to pay close attention to the road ahead!

It was about 9:00 p.m. when I finally pulled into the Bruce Rossmeyer's Harley Davidson dealership in Ormond Beach, FL. I was already wet, hot, tired and it was only day one!

The next leg of the journey took us through Georgia, Alabama and finally to

the Southern Thunder Harley Davidson dealership in Southaven, MS, some 905 miles away which was our second checkpoint. By this point, the 100° heat, 90% humidity, and confusing directions had caused approximately 1/3 of the riders to quit.

I don't want to bore anyone with details of the journey, so I think it best to simply detail the routes, then speak briefly of the highlights of the trip.

The third leg of the journey was a long one. We traveled 2,754 miles through Mississippi, Kansas, Oklahoma (including its Panhandle), New Mexico, Arizona (twice) from the north to the south, then north again, up and through Utah, and then finally into Wyoming. Our destination was the Flaming Gorge Harley Davidson dealership in Rock Springs, WY.

The fourth leg of the trip entailed another 1,352 miles through Wyoming, South Dakota and Montana, ending at the Montana Harley Davidson dealership in Missoula, MT. There was a surprise checkpoint on the Sioux/Lakota Indian Reservation near Wounded Knee.

The fifth leg finally got us across the U.S. border and into Canada. We traveled another 2,340 miles across Alberta, British Columbia, the Yukon and finally into Fairbanks, AK, arriving at the Harley-Davidson Farthest North Outpost dealership.

The last leg finally led us south another 576 miles to Homer, AK to a place called 'the Spit' ... a long stretch of road surrounded by water, resembling the keys of Florida.

In Homer, the townsfolk had been waiting for us since we left Key West. Before Rod and I could go to the hotel and clean up, several locals took us to the Salty Dawg and began buying us beers. Everyone in the bar wanted to shake our hands, have their pictures taken with us, get an autograph, and buy us another beer. Some even called us 'heroes.' While that may be an exaggerated term, it certainly made those of us who finished the ride feel pretty special.



For those of us that rode the ride, it was a fantastic ride. A once in a lifetime adventure! Without a doubt, this was the most intense and demanding motorcycle event that I have ever endured. The multiple Iron Butt rides I have done were nothing compared to this extreme test of navigational skills, endurance and overall intestinal fortitude! I endured fatigue like never before, helped friends who had problems, was helped by others when lost. I was faced with every possible emotion that a human can experience and challenged physically, psychologically, and spiritually. This event was one of the greatest personal challenges that I have ever experienced.

This challenge was not only to see if the individual rider would prevail, but how that rider was at one with his machine when faced with the multifaceted environments when introduced along an arduous and unanticipated route. We encountered many road conditions not normally experienced along with mechanical challenges that required special attention to detail and the willingness to say, "This will not stop me, I will NOT QUIT!" Unfortunately, many did quit at the slightest hint of an excuse. The "don't quit attitude" is a testament to the riders who took on the challenge.

There were a lot of complaints that the Challenge was unsafe. Anyone with any sense knows that if you take over 700 riders over 9,000 miles of back roads with \$500,000 in prize money and a lifetime of pride at the end people are going to push themselves to the limit. When that many people push themselves to the limit over that kind of distance someone will get hurt.

There were numerous complaints that it was not well organized or that instructions were inaccurate or vague. The organizers never said it was going to be easy. I was as frustrated as anyone going across Alabama. On day two I was as suspicious and pissed as anyone trying to find my way. However, I circled back and sometimes circled back again to find a road that I had missed.

The organizers evoked a spirit of adventure that is extremely rare. The early pioneers used their wits and the signs that the land gave them to find their way through the wilderness. We had instructions, road maps, and access to locals for help. Still, this may have been as close to that experience as modern men will ever have.



Out of 756 riders who began the race, only 231 finished. And of those that finished,

fewer than 50 rode the entire course. The ride was indeed, in every sense of the word, a challenge! 20 or 30 people wrecked their bikes and could not continue. A dozen or so of the riders on the wrecked bikes actually had to go to the hospitals along the route. Another 20 or 30 riders could not make it across the Canadian border (due to past transgressions); over 200 that I know of simply quit in the middle of the Challenge and at least two died along the way. All of this added to a genuine sense of accomplishment at the finish line.

All in all, it was a great experience! And for those of us who challenged ourselves and pushed through to the end, there was, again, a special feeling of brotherhood that cannot be adequately described.

North Meets South



North Meets South





Pine Hollow

On May 20, Mike Webb led us on a great ride out through Eagle Creek, up over Wildcat, out 26, and over Mt. Hood cutting through Bear Springs, Pine Grove, Tygh Vally, Wamic, to Pine Hollow. After a nice lunch, we headed to The Dalles, where some of us continued through Rowena Curves, to Hood River, stopping for ice cream on the Fruit Loop, then back over Mt. Hood. The weather was awesome! Great Ride! Thanks Mike!



Upcoming rides and events

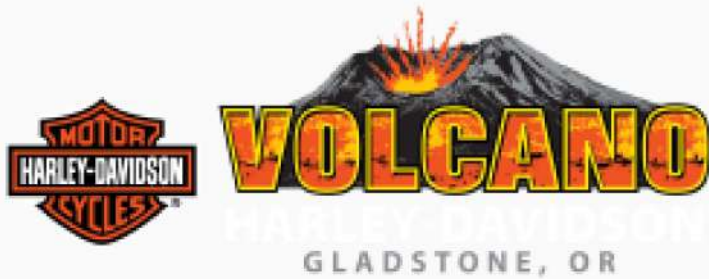
JUNE CALENDAR

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
				2023 North Meets South		1st Saturday Ride
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
			Wednesday Lunch Ride			Chapter Breakfast Social
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
			Wednesday Lunch Ride			Chapter Ride to Fossil
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		Chapter Meeting at Volcano HD (7:00pm)	Wednesday Lunch Ride			
25	26	27	28	29	30	1
Chapter Ride - Long Beach			Wednesday Lunch Ride			

JULY CALENDAR

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
25	26	27	28	29	30	1
						1st Saturday Ride
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
			Wednesday Lunch Ride		HD 120th Anniversary Ride to Milwaukee	Chapter Breakfast Social Chapter Ride to Shaniko
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
HD 120th Anniversary Ride to Milwaukee			Wednesday Lunch Ride			
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
HD 120th Anniversary Ride to Milwaukee						
		Chapter Meeting at Volcano HD (7:00pm)	Wednesday Lunch Ride			
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Chapter Ride - Raymond via WA-4			Wednesday Lunch Ride			
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Dealer Events and Info



JUNE EVENTS

JUNE 16TH (5 PM TO 9 PM) - HOT RODS AND HARLEYS + BIKINI BIKE NIGHT

** JUNE 17TH (11 AM TO 4 PM) - SHOWCASE EVENT: 120 YEARS OF CUSTOMIZATION
17TH = ROSE CITY HOG VOLUNTEER EVENT (3RD SATURDAY)

** JUNE 24TH & 25TH (11AM TO 4PM) - CUSTOMER APPRECIATION WEEKEND + BIKINI BIKE WASH (SAT)

24TH = BLACK SHEEP VOLUNTEER EVENT (4TH SATURDAY)

JUNE 30TH (5 PM TO 9 PM) - JUNE BACKSTAGE PARTY

JULY 1ST (11 AM TO 4 PM) - GRILL & CHILL + BIKINI BIKE WASH

JULY 8TH & 9TH (11AM TO 4PM) - 120TH HOMECOMING ANNIVERSARY + BIKINI BIKE WASH (SAT)

JULY 14TH (5 PM TO 9 PM) - STARS & STRIPES BIKE NIGHT + BIKINI COMPETITION

** JULY 15TH (11 AM TO 4 PM) - GRILL & CHILL
15TH = ROSE CITY HOG VOLUNTEER EVENT (3RD SATURDAY)

** JULY 22ND & 23RD (11AM TO 4PM) - CUSTOMER APPRECIATION + BIKINI BIKE WASH (SAT)
22ND = BLACK SHEEP VOLUNTEER EVENT (4TH SATURDAY)

** JULY 28TH TO JULY 30TH (10 AM TO 5 PM) - HARLEY-DAVIDSON FACTORY DEMO TRUCK
VOLUNTEERS NEEDED (IDEALLY 4-6 PEOPLE PER DAY)
X1 LEAD RIDER, X1 TRAIL RIDER, X2 REGISTRATION, X1 BIKE ORIENTATION, X1 TRIKE ORIENTATION

JULY 29TH (11 AM TO 4 PM) - GRILL & CHILL

JULY 31ST (5 PM TO 9 PM) - JULY BACKSTAGE PARTY



Tech Tips

BY JIM BIENE

Tech Tip!

I have a couple tips for you all. First, the one thing none of us want to see is our bike passed out in the parking lot. There are 3 reasons a bike might faint.

1. The operator may have forgot to put your Jiffy Stand down
2. It's a very hot day and combined with thin asphalt and no kickstand pad, the bike falls over.
3. Maybe you do your own services and aren't familiar with the torque value on the bolt that keeps the Jiffy Stand locked in. All you need is a 3/8ths drive 1/2 inch socket, a ratchet extension, and a 3/8ths drive torque wrench. Set the torque wrench to 21 ft/lbs and attach the socket/extension/torque wrench on to the bolt at the top of the Jiffy Stand. You'll see it down below the left side floorboard behind your gear shift linkage. All you have to do is torque that bolt to 21 ft/lbs about every 3-4 months for added peace of mind.

When it comes to tires, here's a little tip. If you want to prevent uneven wear on your tires, commonly called "cupping," try running an extra pound over the stamped tire pressure found on the sidewall of the tire. This is merely a suggestion that works well for me. It'll certainly add to your tire mileage and provide a smoother ride without uneven tire wear.



A well-earned tip from Paul Gooch!



I learned the technique for filling my ride from a five-gallon gas can.

I didn't stick to my gas plan and ran out of fuel two miles from Lakeview. Grant went and picked up a gallon at the first station. They grabbed a five-gallon can and provided a bungee cord.

The pour spout was too short to release the gas. It just leaked from the nozzle. A funnel would do the trick, but we didn't pack one.

Grant's improvised tool did the trick. I had the knife and cut the bottom of an empty water bottle. I dried the bottle and splashed it with a little gas, unscrewed the gas can lid, and, yes, the gas poured freely. This took less than an hour.

I will respect my plan from now on.

Taillights

BY DAVID DOBLE

One of us.

There was a time in my life, I can honestly say "most" of my life, where I was part of the surfing subculture.

Originally from Oregon, I was fortunate enough to grow up in some cool places in other states, Minnesota, Arizona, and Florida. When I was about 13, I bought a used surfboard from Island Water Sports in Deerfield Beach Florida, and paddled out. I could go on for days and days about my time as a surfer. Get a couple beers in me and that is what I am likely to do. Try me.

Anyway, if you know anything about surf culture you know where I come from. It is a subculture with its own participants that are truly different in their souls than the other people in society. They have their own language, customs, rituals, classes, and sub-classes. There are tight-knit groups that bar all outsiders, there are free-loving partiers, friendly people, weekend warriors, and people across the spectrum searching for that connection that cannot occur in other areas of their lives.

Surfing is a sport that you do individually, even when you are surrounded by other surfers. You go surfing alone, or with friends, and other times you go alone and make new friends, but ultimately, you are having your own experience.

Surfing means different things to different people, and everyone gets something out of it that is unique to what they were looking for in the first place.

If this all sounds familiar, it should. The similarities between the surfing and motorcycle cultures are strong. Everything that could be said about surfers and surfing can equally be said about motorcycling and bikers. Even the term "bikers" is the world's way of making sense of what a lot of us associate ourselves with.

I once read an article where someone penned something along the lines of something changes in the soul the minute the person steps into the water, leaves the safety of the sand, and is transformed. At that point, they were no longer one of them, they are now one of us. I think specifically the article called for people to step from the sand, let the water gather about your feet, taste the salt on your lips, and cease being one of them, and become one of us.

One of us.

It is the same for motorcycling. Put your leg over the saddle, twist the throttle, feel the wind on your skin, the sun on your face, hang on, and let go. At that minute you cease being one of them, you are now, one of us.

David

Trading Post



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5X CHAPS (LADIES) - \$60

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