

Trail Gazette

September 2016

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Meeting Minutes of the Oregon Trail Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, August 27, 2016

President Bruce Reichelt called the meeting to order at 11:13am at the Old Gas Station at the Antique Powerland, Brooks, OR.

Officers in Attendance:

Officers attending were President Bruce, Vice President Chuck Hodson, Treasurer Tom Ruttan, and your intrepid secretary, Tom Krise.

Attendees:

Garrett Ericson, Newsletter Co-Editor Tom Nielsen, Jackie Colwell, and Red.

Treasurer Report:

Tom R. gave the financial report, including the numbers from the run. We were able to run the event in the black.

- Tom R. motioned and Tom N. 2nd we award Norlene Wolbert a \$100 gift card in appreciation for her exceptional culinary contribution to the road run. Motion passed.
- Tom R. motioned and Tom K. 2nd we award Bruce Reichelt a \$50 gift card for his enduring performance with the sag wagon. Motion Passed.
- Tom R. Motioned and Jackie 2nd Bruce Reichelt be reimbursed for the road run staff shirts. Motion Passed.

Old Business:

Tom K. read the last meeting minutes. Tom K. reported no correspondence. Under Old Business was a short discussion on the venue of our road run.

New Business:

- Under New Business, ideas for other venues were discussed, without action.
- We also discussed our club's involvement with The One-Motorcycle show.
- Other motorcycle-related cross-group activities were discussed. Potential events could be coordinated with the vintage Triumph, Harley and BMW groups.
- Announcements: Garrett gave a rundown on Washington AMCA Chapter's Evergreen, Tenino Swap Meet.
- TWO BIG ANNOUNCEMENTS:
 - ✓ NUMERO UNO: Elections September meeting. All Officer Positions open. Step right on up!
 - ✓ NUMERO DOS: Bylaws are to be discussed, with the once-per-year ability to make modifications at the October meeting.
- Tom N. distributed a map for a lovely backroad ride after the meeting.

On that note, Tom K. motioned and Bruce 2nd we adjourn. Motion Passed. Bruce pulled the plug at 11:59 am.

Respectfully submitted by Tom Krise, Secretary.

**NEXT MEETING:
Saturday, September 24, 2016
11 AM**

At The Old Texaco Gas Station, Antique Powerland,
3995 Brooklake Road NE Brooks, Oregon
(I-5 exit #263, ¼ mile west)

**Meeting followed by a presentation or ride-
weather dependent.**



Eight Days & 7 Nights

by Jen Nielsen

Tom and I have been talking about taking a road trip with our bikes for almost a year. "We will start small," says Tom, "maybe try an overnight to Pacific City." A year passes. Tom and I ride in the Rose City 250; we take a 200+ mile ride to Klatskanine and back. That "road trip" notion is growing.

On the way home from our trip down to the Fort Sutter event, we decide that we should make our road trip along the entire Oregon Coast. So, after we get home, I get on Google and look at a preliminary route. I notice that if we do the entire Oregon Coast, we are only a 100 miles or so from the Avenue of the Giants. The Redwood National Forest has been on my wishlist since childhood. Hmmm.

July comes. The OTC rally. Then LeMay Vintage Motorcycle event. Why not make LeMay a test run? Let's see if we can camp two overnights on our bikes. We read a few books, sought out advice from many OTC members, and drew from our backpacking and camping experience. We bought some new gear. We thought, "OKAY! Let's do this" and off we went to Tacoma. We had a great time! We learned a few tricks on the ride. Number one was: Foam sleeping pads were NOT going to cut it. Number two was: Strip maps are essential. (Tom is a master at strip maps.)

We bought some new inflatable sleeping pads (Big Agnes Insulated Air-Core Ultra). We rode our dual sport bikes to Mt. Hood for the weekend. We learned a few things. Number one was: do we really need three long sleeve shirts? We did some more thinking. Can we do more than two nights?

Now it is August, and September is starting to fill up. I have to make a trip to Michigan to see my mom; our son is taking the MCAT. Work is getting crazy for both of us. Our son's girlfriends' family is coming to town for "the meet." If we don't set a date now, we are not going on a road trip this year. So, we consult our calendar's and pick a week. We plan to leave Saturday, September 10th.

Now we get serious about a route. Portland to Astoria to start at the top of Highway 101 in Oregon. We knew we wanted to ride about 150 miles a day, with a few longer days. Back to Google, maps, and the Atlas. Where does this put us for overnights? We get more advice from many of you. We look at the maps again.

Labor Day weekend we finalize our route. I made reservations for our first nights' camp and

our first hotel stay. We start to assemble our clothing and gear. We remind each other we need to get to bed early these next few nights to be well rested. We watch "Harley & The Davidsons" and start to get excited: and stay up a bit later than we intend. It's Friday! We leave tomorrow. Warren, our son, takes his MCAT today, so I leave work a bit early to be home when he gets home. Tom, the detail man he is, stays up late to finish the strip maps – one map per day.

I finish packing. I check the oil and air pressure in the tires on our bikes. I read. I go to bed. It's 11:30 and Tom arrives home. I put a smile on my face: "Thanks for doing the maps honey." I awake at 7 the next morning, ready to get loaded and go! Things did not move as quickly as I would have liked. We leave the house at 11:50 AM. Taking deep breathes I tell myself, "We should still get to camp before 5."

Day 1: Lake Oswego to Astoria to Manzanita, Nehalem Bay State Park

The last time I rode part of this leg was over a year ago for the Rose City 250. What a difference a year in the seat of my bike has made. I had SO much more fun this time. I was actually able to look at the scenery and not hold my handlebars in a death-grip! We stopped in Astoria for lunch, gassed up the bikes and finished our route to the campgrounds. Pulling into our spot, I look over at our neighbors, who won't look at me. I don't think they are too happy to have a couple of Harleys in the space next to them.

Tom and I set up camp, then head into town to get food for dinner and breakfast the next morning. The Manzanita Market is a great general store. We ended up with fresh Rockfish and brown rice, with cucumber and tomato salad for dinner. Score!!

We head back to camp, and decide we need wood for a campfire. As you can see, we go a bit creative with transporting the wood.





Eight Days & 7 Nights (cont'd)

I started dinner and Tom starts a fire. It's 8:30, so we get a late dinner. But hey, it was our first day. Not bad. We are sitting by the fire after dinner, talking about the trip, when Tom says, "That sounds like a coon in our dishes." He turns and licking out one of our cooking pans is the chocolate lab from the camp site next to us. Tom take his collar and we bring him back to his camp. Turns out that was a great icebreaker! "Louie" had a few family members that rode, so we got to talking bikes. It was a great way to end the first day.



Day 2: Manzanita to Florence, Highway 101

We got a leisurely start, partly because we were a bit slow packing up and partly because our camp neighbor wanted to talk bikes. We had lots of freshly paved pavement, very little traffic, and great weather. Turn after turn was more beautiful than the last. By now my bum and my legs had adjusted to sitting, and I am really getting in the groove of traveling.

We stopped for a few "selfies," along with gas and water breaks, admiring the views as we rode. In Tillamook, we had a small bit of excitement. Tom and I are riding through town. Me, doing the speed limit and Tom a bit over. A cop in a Suburban follows me for several blocks, then comes along side me and turns on his bubblegum lights. Tom and I start to pull over, thinking he is going to nail Tom for speeding. We get to a corner, and the cop turns off his lights and turns left. We got to thinking later he may have run our plates and decided we were not Harley badass bikers after all. (Tell me, do BA Bikers wear pink swirls on their helmets?)

We continued on into Pacific City, where we had lunch at *Los Caporales*. This place has very, very good Mexican food. We have been coming here since they opened 22 years ago. If you find yourself in the area, skip the Pelican Pub and come here for food and Sangria instead!

Back on the road, we began to view some pretty incredible coast views. We stopped a few times for photos, but kept moving on our way to Florence, where we stayed at Jessie Honeyman State Park. Our site was a bit wet, so we set up the tent on the asphalt parking spot. Boy, were we glad we got the really nice sleeping pads! After setting up camp, we rode back into town for groceries and gas.

We got back to camp, unload groceries, and I take off looking to get some wood for a fire. After three loops through the camp ground and no luck, I head back for dinner. Day 2 was in the books!



Day 3: Florence to Crescent City, California

After a quick breakfast, we text our Birthday wishes to our daughter Sophia, then head out of camp. It is a wee bit chilly, so on go a jacket and vest under riding gear. Okay, more than a wee bit chilly.

We are now getting into unbelievable scenery turn after turn: breath taking views of the coast line. Lunch today was at the only open restaurant in Port Orford. Good food, new waitress, and a sloth-speed cook.

Finally back on the road, we continue our sojourn to Crescent City. Our destination tonight, the Curly Redwood Inn. This motel was built in 1957 from the wood from ONE Curly Redwood tree.



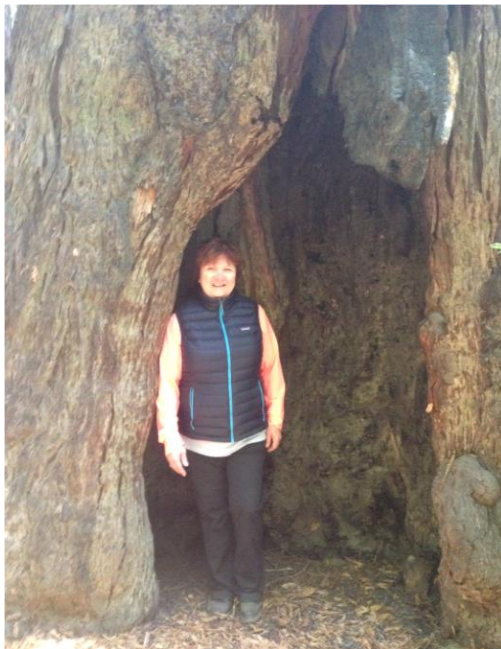
Eight Days & 7 Nights (cont'd)

What a great place to stay. Well maintained rooms, covered parking, and plenty of room to air gear and finish drying clothes we laundered. We had dinner at a restaurant across the street. Slow service was again the theme. We noshed on appetizers while waiting for dinner and chatted with a gent who was riding an Indian and one who was on a Spyder. My dinner was quite tasty; poor Tom's dinner came as we were getting ready to leave! The establishment was kind enough to significantly reduce the price of our meal! Day 3 was coming to an end.

Day 4: Crescent City to Avenue of The Giants

A tad windy and overcast when we got up, the day turned into a beautiful ride. We encountered a bit of road construction along the way, but it only allowed us to take more time to appreciate the gorgeous views along the ride. At one of the construction stops, the flagger asked us if we had ever been to Elk Prairie. When we replied no, he highly recommended we take the short detour. Game for adventure, we took the exit he suggested. What a cool place! We visited the Ranger Station, took a stroll along a trail, and got our first taste of some REALLY BIG TREES!! We were told that bigger trees were still to be seen on Avenue of The Giants!

Eager to get to the Burlington Campground in the Redwood National Forest, which is right on the Avenue of The Giants, we mounted up and got on our way. By early afternoon, we entered the Avenue of The Giants! We had made it. I have to



admit I was a bit giddy! I had waited a long time for this!!

Lucky for us we did secure a camp site at the campground. While I set up camp, Tom went in search of food for dinner and breakfast. He was able to secure a can of baked beans, a banana that was overly ripe and ready for a loaf of banana bread, an orange, and an apple. For dinner that night we broke into our freeze-dried camp food we had brought to supplement the beans. A great campfire, lots of quiet, and rehashing the day's ride was a great end to Day 4.

Day 5: Miranda to Weaverville, California (or "The Land Where God Rides His Motorcycle")

Let me start by saying here and now that the next two day's rides were the most sensational rides I have ever been on. Twists, turns, hills, mountains, hairpins, banked roadway!! We had it all. All under cloudless blue skies! I had so many OMG moments that I lost track. We backtracked a bit on Hwy 101 to Highway 36, then rode Highway 36 to Douglas City and Highway 3 into Weaverville. I pushed my riding skills way beyond where I had been, and what a thrill it was! We are hoping to post a few video clips of the ride on the website so you can see for yourself how spectacular it was.

Our stop for the night was at the Weaverville Hotel and Emporium. The hotel was converted from a saloon to a hotel in the 1860s, one of 27 saloons on main street in Weaverville during the Gold Rush. The proprietress was full of





Eight Days & 7 Nights (cont'd)

the history of the area. She had filled the rooms with period antiques and photos. There was even a working Victrola and 78's to listen to.

We met another couple, Marsha and Kendall, on a moto trip and exchanged some ride highlights. It was Kendall who coined the phrase that, "When God rides His motorcycle, Highway 3 is where He rides." So very, very true. After dinner, and a quick stroll through town, it was time to head to bed to get ready for Day 6!

Day 6: Weaverville to Klamath Falls

After a scrumptious breakfast at the *Mamma Llama*, we packed up and began our return trip. Taking Highway 3 out of Weaverville, the day's ride was again spectacular! Signs of "40 miles of curves," is just a taste of our ride! Each and every day I was amazed at the beauty we were seeing. At one point in our ride, Tom was silhouetted against a mountain backdrop. Thinking about it, I felt that view was such a great representation of how we, as people, are in the scheme of nature. How we take ourselves way too seriously. The sight is something I will remember forever.

We stopped for ice cream just outside of Klamath Falls and chatted with a neat young woman whose parents were Harley owners. The poor young woman was soon to be the recipient of her dad's 1948 panhead. Life can be tough!

Back on the road, we followed Highway 3 past Trinity Lake, through Coffee Creek, Callahan, Gazelle, and then picked up Highway 97 in Weed, California. On Highway 97 we made great time, but compared to our previous days' rides, very straight! Entering Klamath Falls, we decided to press on a bit further north. We stopped at the deli at the Chiloquin Truck Stop to grab portions for dinner and breakfast. While there we did a Google search and found a campground about 8 miles away, Collier State Park.

I don't think the camp host at Collier was very happy to see two bikers ride in. Oh well, we got a chuckle when another Harley couple rode in a few hours later! Tom scrounged for camp wood, while I set up camp and started dinner. The campground was very quiet and really very lovely. It was quite peaceful sitting in front of the fire, and just relaxing. So ended Day 6.

Day 7: Collier State Park to Camp Sherman

The previous day ended peacefully, and the morning started out COLD!!! It had dropped into

the 30's overnight, and neither of us was in a hurry to get out of our sleeping bags!

Good thing we had some wood leftover! Breakfast eaten while warming one's backside was the order of the day! When we got on the road, the day had warmed up nicely! Blue skies and bright sun!

The drive along Highway 97 was mostly uneventful. We did have a bit of a rush when a guy in a pickup came into our lane on purpose. I think he was playing, "Let's scare the **** out of the biker!"

We made excellent time to LaPine, where we stopped for a late lunch at our now favorite lunch stop, Subway. Refueling ourselves and our bikes, we got back on the road. Heading through Bend, the traffic was really picking up. We stopped and grabbed groceries at Trader Joe's. Tom was walking into the store and a woman, mistaking his chaps for waders, asked if he had caught anything. He replied, "Nothing but a bunch of bugs!" Looking down, his chaps were covered in splatters! When sharing this incident by texting with our kids, our daughter replied, "So much for catch and release!"

Our ride to Camp Sherman was through lots of traffic, and the wind was wicked!! We had planned on camping, but were pretty worn out from the wind. We stopped at the Hoodoo RV Resort and Inn, a converted fishing camp, to check if they by chance had a room available. Lucky for us they did. We grabbed it! It was a really neat place. There was a long deck running in front of the rooms, where Tom and I partook of our appetizers and evenings libations. While on the deck, we got to chatting with a group of women who belonged to the group: "Vintage Ladies with Trailers." Made us think fondly of our friends with vintage bikes!! What a superb way to spend our last night on the road!





Eight Days & 7 Nights (cont'd)

Day 8: Camp Sherman to Lake Oswego

We awoke from 10 blissful hours of sleep to the sound of the tarp covering our bikes snapping and cracking in the wind. So began Day 8.

Clouds were rolling in as we packed up our bikes. One of the "Vintage Ladies with Trailers" stopped by to tell us it was raining in Portland." Oh well, we have had 7 glorious days. Guess it was time to get out the rain gear.

As we were finishing our loading, another of the "Vintage ladies" walks by and admires our bikes. She shared that she used to ride, until she lent her bike to a friend, who unfortunately totaled the bike. I asked her if she wanted to sit on my bike. She responded, "Oh, no. That's okay." Tom asked, "Are you sure?" She almost threw her dogs leash at me as she said, "Well, okay." The grin on her face was priceless!

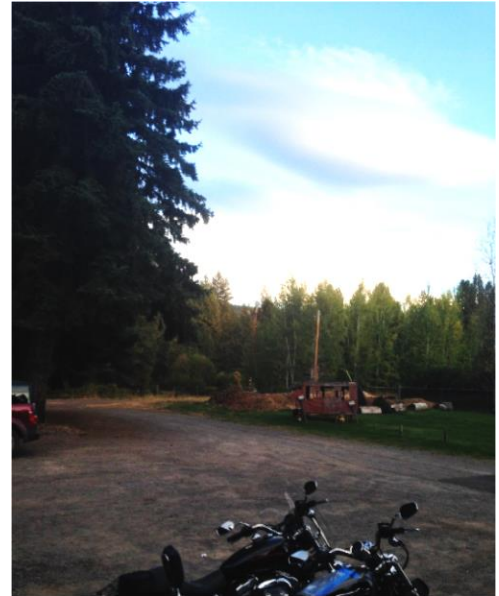
Buoyed with this happy thought, we got on the road to home. A few spits of rain hit us coming down in elevation. Nothing serious, but it did start to become more than spits. It was enough to wash the bugs from our chaps. A good thing! We stopped near Detroit Lake to don our raingear, more to ward off the chill, than to protect us from the rain. No sooner did we get going, then the rain decided to come down steady and then hard! How often do you get that lucky?

We stopped in Silverton for lunch and to warm up. Waterproof gloves are going to be our next purchase, without a doubt! After lunch, we made our way through Mt. Angel and the Oktoberfest, then through Woodburn, Wilsonville, and home.

All told, we traveled just over 1,300 miles in 8 days: 1,342 I believe was Tom's tally. I know it is not a lot by many standards, but for us, it



proved we can do this and that we liked it. We can't wait to begin planning our next trip!



Sunset at Camp Sherman on the last night on the road.

Dues are due!!

Please submit your dues. Dues are \$15 per year and expire in June of each year.

Make check out to OTC AMCA and mail to Treasurer Tom Ruttan. Questions? Call Tom at 503-621-8943 or tgruttan@gmail.com

Also online at

antiquemotorcycleoregon.com

Jokes of the Month

- ✓ I asked God for a motorcycle, but I know God doesn't work that way, So I stole a motorcycle and asked for forgiveness.
- ✓ Do not argue with an idiot. He will drag you down to his level and beat you with experience.
- ✓ I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather. Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car.
- ✓ The last thing I want to do is hurt you, but it's still on the list.
- ✓ If I agreed with you we'd both be wrong.
- ✓ Some people are like Slinkies ... not really good for anything, but you can't help smiling when you see one tumble down the stairs.
- ✓ We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.



Vintage Motorcycle Enthusiast

Portland Chapter on the second Tuesday of Every Month at 7:00 PM noon at the Rambler, 4205 N Mississippi Ave, Portland OR <http://www.vmemc.org/>

Oregon Vintage Motorcyclists

OVM meets on the Second Saturday of Every Month at noon at Columbia River Brewing, 1728 NE 40th, Portland OR 97212 <http://www.oregonvintage.org/>

Upcoming Events

Date	Event
Sept 25	So-Cal/Long Beach Motorcycle Swap Meet Long Beach Veterans Stadium All Brands (American, European, Japanese, etc). Lots of Vendors with New, Used, Vintage and more http://www.socalcycleswapmeet.com/
Oct 9 - 11	DEATH VALLEY 'XXX' MAX BUBECK MEMORIAL ROAD RUN Death Valley National Park, Beatty, NV SoCal AMCA http://www.socalamca.org/upcoming-ride-registration/
Oct 15	Halloween Swap Meet Humane Society, Spokane, WA Northwest Classic Motorcycle Club. http://www.nwclassicmotorcycleclub.com/events.html
Nov 18 - 20	Long Beach International Motorcycle Show http://www.motorcycleshows.com/
Dec 11 8 am - 4 pm	Dave Mann 13th Annual Chopperfest Show and Swap Meet Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA http://www.chopperfestival.com/



OTC's Chuck Hodson on Roy Burkes custom early Indian hill climber in 1991 at Port Angeles, WA

SUBMISSIONS TO NEWSLETTER:

Please submit article contributions, classified advertisements, photos, trip reports, and suggestions by the second Thursday of each month. Prefer Word or Adobe PDF for text and .jpg or PDF for graphics to nielsents@comcast.net
Thanks, Tom and Jen