

Washington State Chapter August, 2002

July 13 - Mt St Helens by Marv Travis

Thirteen of us met as scheduled, shortly after 8:00 at the Enumclaw Safeway. Pre-ride discussions included having the last person in a group wait at intersections to make certain nobody missed a turn, (as has always been the practice).

We went completely around Mt. Rainier, then headed towards Mt. St. Helens. My understanding was that we were first going up to the Windy Ridge lookout and THEN to the Burger Buggy for lunch. Either through inattention or non-participation in the discussion, I, and two others did just the opposite. On the way towards Mt. St. Helens, the three of us found ourselves trailing the others by probably three or four minutes. When we came to the intersection leading up to Windy Ridge, nobody was there, so we assumed they had gone up. The three of us went on up and didn't see any signs of the rest of the group. We backtracked and continued towards Cougar.

Along the way, we met Dan Kasproicz from the main group coming back for us. The four of us, (now including Dan), ran into the main group at the intersection near the Burger Buggy. They had already eaten lunch and were now making the run up to Windy Ridge. Being low on gas, the four of us decided to head to Cougar to gas up and eat lunch, and then head back to Randle to re-group. Unfortunately, I understand they had been waiting for us for 1 ½ hours, (not good!)

The ride was VERY fast. I was apprehensive about trying to keep up, with my recent get-off in mind, and riding on bargain tires. I know that a slightly slower pace would have been more enjoyable for me. Guess I err on the side of caution. Going down sucks!

July 20 - Neah Bay by Marv Travis

After consulting with Dan Hytry, I extended an invitation to CBSBC (Cycle Barn) to participate in the HSTA Neah Bay / Hurricane Ridge Ride with us. Due to a typically low turnout on this ride, Dan said that it was fine by him.

Riders from HSTA were Marv, Tim & Heather, Troy, and Alan. I-90 riders (HRCA) included: Dan Kasproicz and Tracy Meyers. CBSBC riders were Eric Martin, Fettah Kosar, Preston McGibbon. Others that were also along were Chris (ZX-7), Mike (Mille), and Dave Bolton (Yamaha).

I arrived first at the Edmonds ferry dock. A rider on a new Aprilia Mille (Mike) arrived shortly thereafter. After striking up a conversation with him, it turns out that he had visited either the HSTA or CBSBC website and decided to hook up for the ride. Dan and Tracy arrived, and it looked as though we were the only ones at this time. The ferry loaded, and eventually, Alan, Eric, Fettah, Preston, Chris, and Dave also joined us.

We made it to the Kingston Inn and settled in for breakfast. We had finished breakfast and were assembling in the parking lot, when along came Tim, Heather, and Troy, having ridden up from the south.

Mike was very familiar with the peninsula and was an accomplished (read FAST) rider. I figured when he told Dan he was on race-compound tires, we were in trouble! Mike volunteered to lead the day's ride. Superb job!

We took US-101 to Elwha where we picked up SR-112, then stopped for lunch at the Cafe in Sekiu. At that time, we discovered that Dave's bike had been running on only three cylinders. Attempts to clear it up by changing the plug on the recalcitrant cylinder were largely unsuccessful. He decided to see if he could remedy the problem while the rest of the group went on out to the end of the road at Neah Bay.

Apparently, our pace out to Neah Bay caught the attention of the locals, because on the way back from the fish hatchery, a red pickup truck was blocking the road. A fellow with a walkie-talkie wanted everyone to stop until the Sheriff arrived. Since he was in an unmarked vehicle, not in uniform, had no badge, etc., nobody stopped. About a mile down the road we found the road blocked again, this time by a sheriff's car with its lights flashing, and a uniformed officer waving us down. We stopped and were chastised for our pace on the way out. The officer was friendly and reasonable,

and since no one copped an attitude, he let us go on our way with only a warning.

We made it back to the Cafe in Sekiu and were talking with one of the locals. He told us that the fellow in the red pickup truck who had attempted to stop us out at Neah Bay was, in fact, a tribal deputy. Go figure!

Dave was still having problems with his bike so Tim and Heather stayed with Dave while he attempted repairs. As a last resort, Dave would leave his bike there, and ride home, two-up, with Heather. The rest of the group went on to complete the ride.

Along the way, Eric missed a turn and became separated from the group. Fettah had noticed that Eric had missed the turn and went on to retrieve him, but was unsuccessful. At Elwha, Tim, Heather and Dave eventually showed up, now with Eric in tow. Dave got his bike running well enough to try to make it home. Mike headed on out and was going to stop at the Lavender Festival; some headed back toward Kingston; Alan down to Portland. Dan, Tracy, and I made the run up to Hurricane Ridge, encountering lots of deer wandering along beside the road. A word to the wise!

All in all, it was a good ride, with just the right number of participants.

July 4-17 - Laguna Baby!



The above map is not the actual route taken, but a simplified rendition of 3 group rides that overlapped during our 2-week excursion to California. The southern tip is Monterey, California and the most eastern tip is Missoula, Montana.

Our annual trip to the AMA/WSB races at Laguna Seca Raceway in Monterey, California was comprised of better than 3000 blissful miles, over 10 days. The scenery was incredible, the weather cooperated nicely (a little too hot), and traffic was pretty much non-existent on the roads we chose.

For a complete recap of the events, I will be sending out an independent synopsis because it turned out to be quite long. The reason I mention it here, is to spark your interest in maybe participating next year in one of the many legs that we conquered during this trip. If you've never been with us, you may want to reconsider how you spent your July vacation from now on.

I started my ride on the 4th of July. I rode to Montana and then back to Pendleton over the first couple of days. There I met Bob and Cary.

The three of us went east to Hell's Canyon, and truly found a cherry of a route! We will be doing this loop again, over Labor Day weekend (see **Oregon Outing**) because it was just THAT good.

After that, we worked our way diagonally across Oregon through Crater Lake, and on to Grants Pass. From there, we crossed into California and quickly found out how motorcycle friendly California really is. We blew past a Sheriff as he exceeded the speed in the opposite direction. Not even a warning blip of the lights, he just waved as if to say, "Nice bikes!"

Speaking of waves, we started to encounter the heat wave that was taking over the west coast. Temperatures got close to 120 and with full leathers, we didn't stop for long in the sun. We finished the day by riding through the Redwoods to Garberville.

The only relief from the heat, was to head for the coast so we rode a lot of east-west roads. Luckily we weren't battling forest fire detours (yet). Again, we got some high heat that really affected our attitudes. By the end of the day, we were all pretty beat.

The next morning, Cary proclaimed, "No more twisty roads today!" That about summed it up. This morning, I was splitting off to meet with Jim and his group to head south for the races, leaving Bob and Cary, who were now going to head northward.

Jim and company had left Seattle on Tuesday morning, and I met them Wednesday evening in Garberville on the 10th. We covered some of the same roads that I had ridden the previous couple of days so I was really getting into it. We continued south over the next couple of days to arrive at Laguna Seca in time for the 12:30 Supersport race on Friday, July 12.

The weekend was spent at the track, getting a lot of sun, seeing the new Aprilia Tuono (naked Mille), drinking \$2.50 bottles of water, and shooting pictures of anything that exceeded 100mph. I also got a picture of the squid who crashed his bike on the parade lap.

Tickets for the weekend = \$70.00. Wadding your own bike in front of 100,000 fans = Priceless!

Saturday night, Jim and I went to Cannery Row and met some other out-of-state HSTA'ers for dinner. Some seriously customized bikes lined both sides of the street so once again, out came the camera. This was MY first time to the races/Cannery Row. We also met up with Dean Girard and Chris Harnish. Trevor and Sean Norsworthy were around somewhere, but I never saw them.

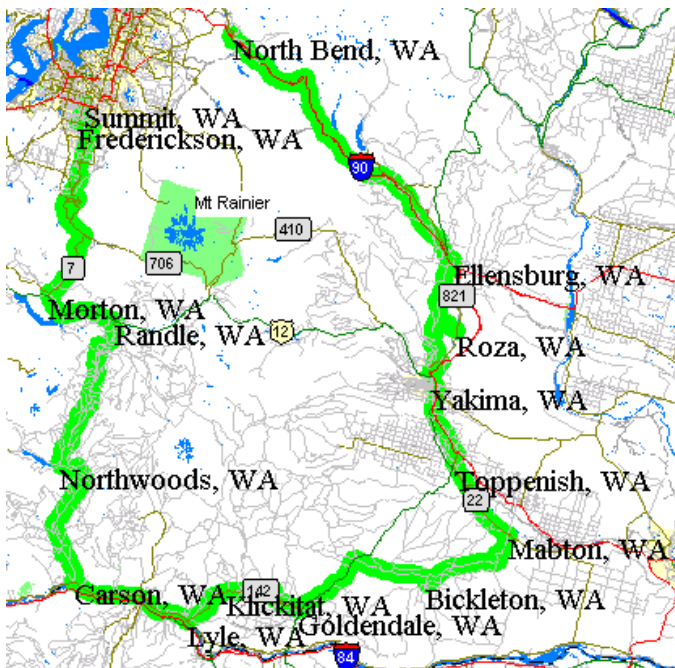
Monday morning I departed at 4am, bound and determined to get home in one day. I rode out to the freeway and bee-lined north until the tires started to square off. I ultimately decided to play it safe, by taking some twisty roads, to save the center portion of the tire.

After 6 hours in the twisty stuff, I was now 13 hours into my day so I returned to the freeway at Grants Pass, Oregon. From here the tires looked like they would make it, so I finally finished the ride home. I ended up riding 19 ½ hours and over 1000 miles this day, all to avoid staying another night in a hotel. I missed my wife!

Bob and Cary had been home for a day now, and Jim and company had 3 more days on the road. They headed east towards Nevada, and by now had to deal with detours due to forest fires.

Bob and Cary's ride spent more time on the Oregon coast, back and forth, while Jim spent time in the Sierras doing the same. There wasn't a single one of us with less than 3000 miles on the odometer upon returning home.

July 27 – Columbia River



Columbia River Route – 500+ miles RT

After getting a slow/late start, we left Shari's (Canyon Road) at close to 9am. There were 10 riders, which included Dan from I-90, Tracy (Mr. Red Bull), Eric, Fettah, Marv, Heather, Sean, Don and myself. Jim Holzberger showed up for breakfast riding the Accord, Sean rode with us to Carson and turned around to get back early, and Dave (from the Neah Bay ride) never really got started. He was on a borrowed Katana that pooped out just before breakfast. That's two in a row for Dave. Has anyone mentioned that Hondas are reliable?

Our route took us south, along SR-7 toward Morton, catching a cutoff road that bypassed town, and then US-12 to Randle. From there, we took Forest Service back roads around Mt St Helens, and on to Carson. We did actually ride along the Columbia River, but only for about 30 miles. At Hood River, there were a lot of windsurfers that resembled a swarm of butterflies. We then caught SR-142 (a real gem) from Lyle to Goldendale, where we stopped for lunch.

If you are ever in the area, this is a MUST-DO road. A peculiar thing happened while we were gassing up in Lyle. A local resident must've overheard us talking as she pulled out and started to drive down the road. She turned around after a mile or so and came back to ask if we were looking for twisty roads; she knew of a couple. She told us about SR-142, which we were about to embark upon and also mentioned others. She must've been a motorcyclist in her previous life!

After lunch we resumed our ride towards Mabton, where we took a break and got a great picture of Mr. Red Bull (Tracy) standing in front of a water tower that resembled a big can of the go-juice. We decided it was getting late so we jumped on the freeway and briskly rode the rest of the way home. We did however take the time to ride Canyon Road (SR-821) between Yakima and Ellensburg. As expected, a WSP officer was doing his job off the side of the road. This made us gun-shy about really opening up. It's unfortunate that such a good road is so heavily enforced. Hint: to successfully riding this road at speed, get up at 4am and be at either end to ride through the canyon at 6am, sharp! You'll be doing it well before any traffic, and before enforcement is in place. You'll also be there just as the sun is coming up, making it all that much more scenic. The early bird gets the worm on this ride!

For most of the riders, the day finished up after 8pm, having covered over 500 miles. The wind along the Columbia Gorge and through Ellensburg was worse than expected. This ride had a big dichotomy in getting a late/slow start, and an abrupt/rapid finish, but I'm sure everyone still enjoyed the ride just the same.

Honda Sport Touring Association
Washington State Chapter
Dan Hytry, NW Regional Newsletter Editor
11200 SE 264th Place
Kent, WA 98030-7131

Group Ride Mentality (Safety 1st!)

Regarding a recent club ride, Marv wrote to me, *"I found myself wondering if the other riders had been out alone, would they have ridden as fast as they did as a group; I suspect not. Rather, I suspect there is the 'wimp-phobia factor' coming into play here. Nobody wants to be seen as a wimp for not riding as fast as the rider ahead of him, and the rider leading the pack wants to show he can go faster than anyone else."*

Let me address this issue in saying, we always encourage people not to feel obligated in keeping up. I know that some will push their limits, and to some degree, that makes us all better riders. However, everyone needs to know his or her own limits. Riding over your head, because you don't want to be seen as weak, will always get you in trouble. That is the reason that we wait at intersections, so no one will feel left behind.

Secondly, as we go through corners, and some fall back, I do not increase my speed on straights. I do just the opposite, giving those that have fallen back the opportunity to catch up. Radar gets much better tracking on a straightaway so why go fast? In addition, straights are B O R I N G.

I would hope that whoever leads a ride, whether it's I or someone I've asked to step up, would keep these aspects in mind. After all, this is a GROUP ride, right?

The key here is to make sure that everyone gets home in one piece and has an enjoyable ride. It will take less time to slow down, than to pull someone out of the weeds and call an ambulance, or worse.

Events At-A-Glance

August							September						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
				1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30					

August 10 - Ride to **Winthrop** - 8 am Ride
Meet at the I-5 Truck scales, just north of exit 186
This is a one-day ride, plan on 500 miles.

August 16-18 - **Oregon Camp-Out** (Cascade Lcks, OR)
Contact: Dan Hytry (206) 612-2821
KOA Reservations: (800) KOA-8698
I'll be in KOA Cabin #8 Friday and Saturday nights.
It sleeps 6 so let me know if you want to split costs
and be my roommate.

August 24 - **Three Pass** (Chinook / Cayuse / White)
Meet at Safeway (Enumclaw) - 8 am Ride
This is a one-day ride, plan on 400+ miles.

August 30-Sept 2 - **Oregon Outing** (Pendleton, Oregon)
Contact: Dan Hytry (206) 612-2821
Red Lion Reservations: (541) 276-6111
Super 8 Reservations: (541) 276-8881
There will be a group ride heading down Friday morning
from Shari's (Puyallup), as per the schedule.
Or, meet in Pendleton at 8pm Friday night in the
Red Lion Lounge, where I'll be staying.

www.geocities.com/MotorCity/Garage/4714/