



SUNSET CHAPTER HOG #1814

SWINELINE

August 2015

www.sunsethog.com



AUGUST EDITION FEATURES



FIRECRACKER 250

This year we brought back the popular Firecracker 250 ride

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BUCKET OF BLOOD

Virginia City is a long way to go for a beer.

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RALLY ★ IN THE ★ VALLEY

RALLY IN THE VALLEY

Mark your calendars. Rally in the Valley is coming August 22nd

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10770 SW Cascade Ave. Tigard, OR 97223 | Phone: (503) 924-3700

Life is good. Enjoy the ride.



Dave Mann
2008 FLTR
Road Glide

Director's Message

I was sitting in my car this morning in the TJ Maxx parking lot, picking my wife up from work. As I was waiting, I was contemplating what a fantastic summer this has been. As I get older, I find I can withstand 90+ degree sunshine much easier than

33 degree rain. And if I am happier, so is my Harley, because I am much more inclined to ride when feeling good. I even rode the bike to the June Chapter meeting, but don't worry most of you are in no danger of me catching up to you in summer miles ridden. All the same, I am so loving this summer and I hope it holds until mid October. Well, I can dream can't I?

With all of this good weather, I have seen many of you on the Chapter rides and at PHD's Mystery Rides. They all have been great and well attended. I even got to lead a few of them. Sunday, July 12 was the Director's Breakfast Ride. It was Mike Holly's suggestion to go to the Donald Café, and Mike did not disappoint, more on that later. The day before was one of the rare days this summer that we actually had a few showers, though during my pre-ride that day (the 3rd time's the charm) I managed to stay dry.



The day of the ride, it was forecast to rain, but the sky looked better than the day before, and by the time we were riding home it was bright sun.

So at 9:00am we actually did KSU and took a nice back way to Donald, Oregon. The ride took about an hour and the café was expecting us, but I got us there early. The weather was good, so enjoying it outside while we waited was pleasant. And besides it was all about being with our HOG family, shortly before we went into the café, the Rejda's also joined us from Woodburn. The owner of the café came out said everything was ready, and to come in.



She did not have to repeat herself. The building was built in the 1930's, and it was well cared for. It was a really nice place, and the service and the food were well worth the wait. If you are looking for somewhere different to go for food I would not hesitate to recommend the Donald Café. It was good home cooking with local ingredients, and they serve breakfast and lunch. Give them a try, oh and wear your colors, they love Harley's.

The mid-week ride I got to lead on July 15 was a ride I have done countless times, and the weather could not have been better. Hwy 224 is one of the quintessential motorcycle roads in Oregon. It is one of those roads that makes us glad we ride and glad we live in Oregon. There isn't any better riding anywhere. You ride along the Clackamas River, over the mountains and arrive in Detroit Lake. The scenery, on a beautiful sunny day like we had, is breathtaking. Being "slow" Dave there was plenty of opportunity to enjoy some of Oregon's best. As we arrived in Detroit we were stunned at how low the water levels were. The boat docks that are usually filled were lying on dry ground with tree stumps. It was a grim reminder of this year's below average snowpack and severe fire danger.

Our destination was of course a restaurant, the Corner Post, and again a place that loves bikes and bikers. After lunch we walked across the street for Ice Cream, which Marc Gibson recommended. What a great end to a great ride. I came back through Salem and onto I-5. Others went back the way we came claiming 224 is so good it is a completely different ride in the opposite direction. I got back home mid-afternoon and I was ready to turn around and do the ride again. It was a great of a ride. If you have not done this ride it has to be put on your list, and after you do it once, you will do it again.

Ride safe and have fun.

Editor's Note



Lisa Hayes
2-Up 2014 Limited

I've been a busy bee this summer with all the riding vacation trips this year. I know, poor me, our 2014 Limited already turned 37,000 miles! We've been riding a lot. Even earned our 40,000 patch I just received in the mail. Not bad for two and a half years of riding again.

The only unfortunate part in all this outside the Chapter riding is I haven't been able to do many Chapter rides. I've missed a ton of stuff in June and July and I miss seeing everyone. This month we don't have any vacation plans so I'm looking forward to all the great rides the RC's have in store for us and of course the meeting and maybe even a Taco Wednesday or two before those end. Hope to see everyone come out for the Green Peter ride! To all those heading out for Sturgis, don't get into too much trouble!

Ride safe & have a great time!

Upcoming Events

AUGUST

Wooden Bridges Ride	8th
LOH Breakfast Ride	9th
Chapter Meeting	11th
Uncle Jack's BBQ Ride	13th
PHD Mystery Ride	15th
Wheatland Ferry Ride	16th
Mid-Week Ride	19th
LOH Meeting	20th
Rally in the Valley	22nd
PNW HOG Rally	27th-29th

Check the website for ride info being added or modified at
www.sunsethog.com

CHAPTER MEETINGS

Tuesday, August 14th

Beaverton Elk's Lodge
3500 SW 104th Ave, Beaverton, OR 97005

Come at 6:00PM to check out bikes, eat some burgers, meet new friends and socialize before the meeting starts.

Meeting is from 7:00PM - 8:00PM.



Firecracker 250



Jeff Miesen
2010 Ultra

This year we brought back the popular Firecracker 250 ride. This time, Hwy 202 was mostly repaved. Gone were the stretch's of potholes and patched strips,

replaced with smooth pavement over what used to be the worse parts of the old road.

Portland was in the grips of a heat wave that week with temperatures in the high 90's. A nice trip the coast sounded like a great idea to me.

We once again called upon our friend Bruce at Rolling Thunder BBQ to help with lunch, he thankfully was more than happy give up his day off to provide for us one of his wonderful and delicious BBQ lunch's. He is a retired motorcycle racer and really cares for motorcyclist and is a great guy.

On Saturday morning, it was already warm, in the 70's, no cold weather gear needed this year! We had enough Road Captain's for two groups, and close to 30 members total, that were all ready for a ride to the coast.

We took off at 9am and headed out Hwy 217 to Hwy 26 to Hwy 47 with our first stop in Vernonia. We were worried the traffic might be a problem, but to our surprise the it was thankfully quite light.

Once we got back on the road we rode out west to Hwy 202 and through the Clatsop State Forest.. The Nehalem Highway was stunning, with its curvy road though the coast range and along the north side of Youngs Bay.

We arrived in Astoria and headed over to Rolling Thunder for lunch. It was then that the second group



(who was 5 minutes behind group 1) came upon a fellow rider who had crashed her motorcycle. She was not part of our group, she was riding in a group that was between us. Ms. Eva took charge as well as two of our other members who helped her get medical attention and waited for the ambulance to arrive before coming to meet us at the lunch stop.

I am very proud of our Road Captains, and the training we volunteer to take. The fact we stopped to help even though we didn't know her, she was on a bike and that make her a sister rider which is all that mattered.

The lunch was longer than we had planned, so a few of our members left on their own to get home, after all, it was the 4th of July. So, after lunch we were down to about 20 riders, but we soldiered on and crossed the Columbia River via the Megler Bridge, and onto Hwy 401 in Washington to Hwy 4.

This is a well designed Hwy, with a smooth well banked road, which make it a true pleasure to ride on. It has great views and tree lines along the Columbia and so little traffic, we nearly had the whole road all to ourselves.

Our next stop was in Cathlamet for water and gear change, it was then that we lost the coolness of the coast,



but it was still not too bad. Once on the road again, we ran Hwy 4 until we got to Hwy 432 (this is a by-pass to Longview and takes us right to the Lewis and Clark bridge). We rode across the Columbia and onto Hwy 30 to Rainier. We rode through Rainier and made our last stop at Deer Island. I knew many of our members needed to take other routes home, so I thanked everyone for coming on the ride.

All the way home on 30 we said goodbye to one rider after another. We got on Cornelius Pass Road and said goodbye to more riders, and a few more when we come to Hwy 26. Our group was down to just Dave Mann and I, and once of Hwy 217, it was only me....riding on to the PHD.

I was home by 5pm, about a hour and half later than I planned, but it was a fun day with my friends out having a great time on our Harley's, what more could you ask for.

I hope to see you all next year! In 2014 the 4th is on a Monday, so make your plans now. I know I am. I want to thank Mike Holly, Dave Mann, Buck Worthy, Joe Ballard and Eva and Jay Kreilich for being Road Captains with me. Without your help, this ride couldn't have been the success it was!



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7am-9am • Paradise Harley-Davidson
10770 SE Cascade Ave, Tigard, OR

CONTACT: Mandi Ballard • ballard0608@gmail.com

Spirit Mountain Casino | Hwy 18, Grand Ronde, OR | spiritmountain.com

SAFETY



Some people are more susceptible than others and may sustain damage much sooner.

Ear Plugs? That's Weird!



Bob Driscoll
2008 Ultra
Touring Classic

Before I give you my article this month. Let me say how pleased I was at this last month's club meeting and our safety conversation. It was nice to hear the discussion that transpired and all the inputs from several members that help us all understand the difficulty in trying to ride and stay safe at all times. I could tell that many, many members are thinking safety all the time they ride.

I would also encourage you to share your story and lessons learned. It may save someone else from pain and suffering or even worse.

Don't want to stand up in front of other and talk about it? It's OK, I'll make it easy for you. Tell me your story and I'll tell it for you. I'll leave you and your name out of it if you like.

To tell me your story, just email it to me at Bob@sunshog.com or send me a message there with a name and phone number to call and we can talk about it on the phone or meet face to face. Now onto my article. What? Are you listening to me? That's nuts. The whole reason I have loud pipes is because I like to hear them. Ear plugs take too much time to put in. Why bother. I don't need them. They interfere with my ability to here

important stuff like my engine's sound, emergency vehicles, the conversations with my passenger. For those of you who don't know it. I routinely wear ear plugs when I ride and I have been doing so for several years now. They didn't take very long to get used to at all. There is a little skill and practice needed in getting them installed correctly. I know it sounds counter intuitive but I believe (and I'm pretty sure there are some physics laws to justify my statement) that I can actually hear "better" with them in my ears.

I wear a full face helmet ALL the time and I have speakers inside my helmet. If I don't put the ear plugs in, the radio sound much more "tiny" and my music and CB radio is much more difficult to hear and appreciate over the sound of all the road and engine noise. What's more is that it seems to me that I can still hear sirens and horns just as well as without them. The common foam ones I use are not very expensive at all and can be re-used several, maybe even many times. When compared to the cost of hearing aids you may someday need if you don't use them they are extremely cheap.

Here is a couple of excerpts from an article titled Ear Plugs & Motorcycle Riding. By Dr. Mike Coley

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Honoring Our Veterans

By Lisa Hayes

This section is dedicated to our veterans to thank you for your service to our country. If you have served in the U.S. Armed Forces submit your military service information to lisa@sunsethog.com. The basic information to submit is your name, a photo of you, branch, years enlisted, & where you were stationed at.

Optional is doing a story of your time in the service and if you have any pictures you want to share while in the military.

GEHL BABINEC US ARMY

When I was in college (1960-64) the military draft was in full force and I had a low draft number so I decided to enroll in Army ROTC – if I was going to be drafted I wanted to go in as an officer. Upon graduation from college I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. I received a delay for entering into active duty so that I could immediately attend law school. Two days following graduation from law school in June 1967 I had orders to report to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma for six weeks of in-depth artillery training. Shortly thereafter I was promoted to First Lieutenant. Following my artillery training at Fort Sill, I was assigned to Ft. Ord, California in Monterey, Ca. The base was situated on a magnificent location right on Monterey Bay. Ft. Ord was an infantry-training base for new inductees. I was assigned as the Protocol Officer to the Command Staff—a really soft and cushy job. It was like being at a Club Med resort vacation, except you had to wear a uniform and salute a lot. My job basically consisted of arranging extravagant multi-day tours, events and parties for visiting military and government dignitaries from the Pentagon and around the world.



On one occasion we hosted a 3-day event consisting of base tours, golfing (at Spy Glass Hill and Pepple Beach), deep-sea fishing and site seeing for 75 senior Military Attaches from countries around the world which were traveling around the US. The event was topped off with a no expense spared, full-dress uniform cocktail party and dinner at the famous Clubhouse at Pepple Beach Golf Course overlooking Monterey Bay. (Some might question this use of tax dollars.)

Only in the military can things change from great to lousy overnight. After a great year in the sun and fun in California, the Army was going to make me pay for my “vacation”— I got orders for Vietnam (more sun, but no fun). In June 1968 I reported back to Ft. Sill for Vietnam Orientation Training (a.k.a. How Not To Get Killed In Vietnam!).

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Bucket of Blood



Russ Hayes
2014 Ultra Limited

The Chapter's first overnighter was the Bucket of Blood to Virginia City, NV. Virginia City is a long way to go for a beer, but when you are drinking that beer at the legendary Bucket of Blood Saloon, it's all worth while.

We all met up bright and early on a beautiful Friday morning at Spirit Mountain Casino. Some of us stayed the night before so we wouldn't have to make the hour trip in the morning out there. After our meeting we headed out of town and starting our demanding 1,500 mile round trip. The first section was a good stretch of Hwy 101 and crossed over at the Umpqua Hwy. It was plenty chilly on the coast that morning. The ocean was all fogged in. A packing error of forgetting my sweatshirt didn't do me any good either. We made a stop in Depot Bay just when the first couple of shops opened up and bought a sweatshirt. Once we started inland though, didn't need that sweatshirt anymore! It went from 58 degrees to 85 degrees pretty quick!

We had lunch at Sam's Sidewalk Cafe in Canyonville, then headed up the Tiller Trail and Dead Indian Memorial Highway. Both great stretches of road to ride. It reached 105 degrees on this portion of the trip and we got sprinkled on to boot.

We had our last butt-break of the day on the Pacific Crest Trail and then checked into the charming Wild Goose Lodge in Merrill Oregon. Had ourselves some Mexican food and went to the grocery store for some breakfast makings for the morning. The one bummer on the Wild Goose, no breakfast. When we did the



pre-ride (yes I actually did this twice back to back) the closest stop for anything to eat was 150 miles down the road. Little too long to wait for breakfast. Everyone pitched in and we had a great breakfast in their community room that had a full kitchen.

After leaving Merrill, we rode through the Modoc National Forest. We got a free lunch at Chester's Harley-Davidson in Reno just before riding Geiger Grade into Virginia City. Once there, we checked ourselves into the Sugarloaf Motel. Great little motel with some of the nicest owners you'll ever meet. It sits at the end of town with a fantastic 200 mile view of the mountains. We moseyed down main street and made our way to see funny comedy wild west show put on by the Virginia City Outlaws. We headed on over and spent some time at our destination, the famous Bucket of Blood Saloon. Performing that evening was the Comstock Cowboys, playing some original music, famous cover songs along with a battle of the fiddles. Finishing the night taking in the local flavor of this old west town.

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PARADISE IS HOSTING A

LUAAU PARTY

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH

Our Annual Luau party is our biggest celebration of the year. Join us for complimentary food, live Hawaiian music, beer garden and a luau show. Food provided by Noho's Hawaiian Grill and beer garden provided by Carmichael's Pub & Grill.

LEARN-TO-RIDE CLASS AUGUST 20TH-23RD

Our Learn-to-Ride class is the best way to earn your Oregon Motorcycle endorsement. Our class combines both classroom and field training to teach you the basics of riders training. Learn in a controlled and safe environment. Our class is limited to 12 students so register today!

ANNUAL SUNSET HOG POKER RUN AND RALLY IN THE VALLEY SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND

Our Sunset HOG Chapter puts on the best Poker Run in Oregon. Like last year, this one starts at Paradise Harley-Davidson and ends at the "Rally in the Valley" at Spirit Mountain Casino. Enjoy a fantastic ride, trophies, prizes, vendors, live music, food and cold beverages! Register on-line at: sunsethog.com/2015rider-registration by August 16, 2015. On-site registration at Paradise Harley-Davidson is from 7am to 9am.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST HOG RALLY AUGUST 27TH-29TH

Our Sunset HOG Chapter is coordinating this year's Tri-State (Oregon, Washington, Idaho) Harley Owners Group Rally located here in beautiful Portland, Oregon at the Portland International Raceway! Register now and be part of this incredible experience at: www.pacificnorthwesthogrally.com

HARLEY TACO WEDNESDAYS AT THE CORNER SALOON

Join us for great food, cold drinks and awesome bikes!

GARAGE MAHAL PARTY!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH

- Paradise Harley-Davidson is a proud sponsor of 105.9 The Brew's Garage Mahal contest. We're giving away a new Sportster 1200 Custom to one lucky winner.



- Join us for an awesome party as 105 contestants vie to win the Garage Mahal and a brand new Sportster 1200 Custom. Hot food, live music and cold beverages from noon to 4pm.

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Ten Sleep

By: Tracy Burt

At Cody's Silver Dollar Bar in Wyoming the television on the wall was buzzing about the weather. The meteorologist said it was a tornado that caused damage to some of the buildings in Salt Lake City. The last we heard, as we walked out to our bikes, the storm had broken up and moved off in a northeasterly direction.

The wind was blowing up from the south, from the direction of Utah. As we left the Cody city limits Steve had to lean his black Shovelhead against the force of the gale, like a windsurfer working to stay upright. Chris, his girlfriend, was clinging onto Steve's back like a baby marsupial, her blond hair whipping over a leather-clad shoulder. We were heading east toward the Big Horn Mountains.

Along our route, small towns hung onto a meager existence, their bland presence a mere shadow of a more colorful past. With names like Greybull, Basin, Hyattville, and Ten Sleep, their founders all had hopes for prosperity and growth. None of them, however, were to become the next St. Louis. The town of Ten Sleep, for example, was just one of many failed experiments. Just another place the railroads and freeways had by-passed, it was named by the previous inhabitants. While not an important crossroads today the place held a little more significance for the native culture. The Indians had used the area as a stopover between hunting grounds or trading camps. Ten Sleep was ten sleeps, or night stays, from one place to the next. While local history is always of interest to me I was not spending much time thinking on the town's name now. Other, more important matters were on my mind. I was concerned about the direction of the storm.

Looking to my right I could see the huge wall of black cloud. It seemed to be waiting just over the top of a butte. The bottom of the mass obscured anything beyond the flat mountain and it stretched up, seemingly forever, to the heavens above. A small valley, filled with scrawny trees and tumbleweed, was all that separated two small motorcycles from the bottom of the mountain. The sight of the storm, looming over the ridge, reminded me of a dark bear waiting to pounce on tiny prey. After several hours of fighting the wind it suddenly stopped. Steve pulled over at a crossroads and I pulled in behind him. We cut the engines and the nothingness was loud. "What happened to the wind?" he asked, his voice crisp in the void. His words hung in the air.

"I don't know," I answered, looking around. "Which way do you think we go from here?"

Steve looked east, in the direction of one path, and southeast, the other way. His blond goatee puckered a little with his lips as he considered my question. I watched the colorful stickers on his black half-shell helmet as his head moved back and forth. Finally, he shrugged and said, "Beats me." Standing up off the Harley I pulled out the crumpled map from my leather jacket. I could see the jagged mound of land to our right, dubbed Blue Ridge by the makers of the map, but no alternative roads to our left. "I don't even see that road on here," I said, pointing to the easterly split in pavement. No cars had passed us, to help with our directional decisions, and the silence was eerie. No birds were chirping and no bugs buzzed. Even though I had company the quiet gave me a feeling of loneliness. "I don't care what we do," advised my girlfriend Kim, "as long as we do it soon."

Still seated on the back of my Softail she was looking over her right shoulder at the motionless black wall. Her dark eyes were full of worry.

Three twisting black fingers had emerged from the face of the monster; tendrils pointing out at us, menacing us.



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RALLY ★ IN THE ★ VALLEY

Join us on August 22nd for a day of bikes, food, and entertainment!



Joe Ballard
2006 Road Glide

Great times are always waiting at the best casino in Oregon, Spirit Mountain Casino. Hosted by your Sunset HOG Chapter and Spirit Mountain Casino. This event is open to all who wants to join. So include all your friends riding Harley's or other bikes as well. \$20 gets you 3 poker hands, a ride pin, lunch buffet (11am-3pm) at Spirit Mountain Casino and a door prize ticket. Pre-register before August 16th and receive a special lapel ride pin.

Starting location is at Paradise Harley Davidson (10770 Southwest Cascade Avenue, Tigard, OR 97223) from 7-9am and ends at Spirit Mountain Casino (27100 Salmon River Highway, Grand Ronde, OR 97347) 9am till 5pm.

At Spirit Mountain Casino there will be vendors of all kinds, 2 Live Bands, Prizes, 50/50 Raffle Drawing, Burt's Chuckwagon, Rusty Truck Brewing, Taco Valle, Chimnik, Deception Brewing, Gilgamesh Brewing and More! The Poker Run is a unique event that requires participants to pick a card at several checkpoints along their route. Riders will be competing in the poke run on their way to the festivities at Spirit Mountain Casino, at the end of the ride; the rider with the best poker hand will win a prize! Bartels' Custom Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle is being given away at 8pm by Spirit Mountain Casino...See Spirit Mountain Casino website for rules and eligibility.

Please contact Mandi Ballard at ballard0608@gmail.com. You can register online at sunsethog.com by selecting Poker Run.

AUGUST 22, 2015 • 9AM-5PM
POKER RUN • TROPHIES • PRIZES
VENDORS • LIVE MUSIC • FOOD • BREW'S

Sponsored by
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\$20 REGISTRATION INCLUDES
3 POKER HANDS • RIDE PIN • DOOR PRIZE TICKET • 1 LUNCH BUFFET VOUCHER
All pre-registered bikes will receive a custom ride pin

ON-LINE PRE-REGISTRATION
sunsethog.com/2015rider-registration
Registration deadline is August 16, 2015

ON-SITE REGISTRATION & POKER RUN KICK-OFF
7am-9am • Paradise Harley-Davidson
10770 SE Cascade Ave, Tigard, OR

CONTACT: Mandi Ballard • ballard0608@gmail.com

Honoring Our Veterans

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During the the course I was promoted to Captain. Following training, in September 1968 I arrived in Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam where I was assigned to the I Field Force Artillery (IFFA) headquarters in Nha Trang as the Secretary to the IFFA General Staff. IFFA was general support artillery for all II Corp, which oversaw the region of the central highlands (a region from approximately 100 miles north of the capital Saigon to approximately 125 miles south of the DMZ—the dividing line between South and North Vietnam).

Nha Trang was a former resort city when Vietnam was occupied by the French and is situated directly on the beautiful beach of the South China Sea. The City is now completely rebuilt with hotels and resorts and is a preferred resort city for vacationers from all over the world.

The IFFA consisted of 105mm, 8” and 175mm artillery units situated in firebases throughout the II Corp area. The troops in the firebases experienced conditions a lot tougher than those of us who were lucky enough to be in the Nha Trang area. It was common knowledge that the area around Nha Trang was an “R & R” area for the Vietcong so there was little hostile action around Nha Trang.

I promised my wife before leaving for Vietnam that I would not be killed. In that regard, during the entire time in Vietnam I ate, slept and always carried a Colt M1911 pistol and a M1A1 Paratrooper Carbine with two banana clips. Additionally, I kept an M14 rifle with 100 rounds and two hand grenades in my hooch locker. Guess it worked!

With completion of my tour in Vietnam, I was released from active duty in August 1969. My military experience is one that I would not have volunteered for, BUT, it was an invaluable experience that taught me some great life lessons.



OVERNIGHT RIDE



GEM OF THE CASCADES

**September 11th -
September 13th**

Come enjoy a great weekend with your Chapter family as we head for the weekend on a fantastic ride to Crater Lake!

It is like no place else on earth. Enjoy this scenic ride to one of our ‘Seven Wonders of Oregon’ There is limited space so reserve your spot now!

Contact your lead Road Captain Jeff at: jeff@sunsethog.com

Ten Sleep

Continued from page 10

"I don't care what we do," advised my girlfriend Kim, "as long as we do it soon."

Still seated on the back of my Softail she was looking over her right shoulder at the motionless black wall. Her dark eyes were full of worry. Three twisting black fingers had emerged from the face of the monster; tendrils pointing out at us, menacing us.

"I agree," said Chris, "Let's go."

"You guys are funny," I laughed, attempting to alleviate my own foreboding more than theirs. I faced the encroaching wall with scuffed engineer boots apart and raised both fists to the sky, extending two middle fingers toward the giant mass. The tips of my digits glowed like twin exclamation marks, the black fingerless gloves hiding knuckles below.

The reaction from my friends was immediate and negative.

"Knock it off!"

"What the hell are you DOING!"

"Now you've done it!"

It appeared the path to our right was the most sensible. Steve kick-started the Shovelhead back to life. I could both feel and hear the gravel crunch under rubber as we pulled away from the shoulder and back onto blacktop, continuing on the southeasterly route. After fighting against the wind the calm was nice. Without the blast in my ears I could hear the Evolution engine under me purring. Kim's long black hair circled around from the bike's sissy-bar and a few strands caught

in my mouth. I could smell her sweetness over the ever-present scent of sage. We cruised along at 65 miles per hour with open sky to our left, blackness to our right. Like the abruptness of the wind's end the storm pounced. It was as if Thor vengefully slapped his open palm down on the small valley below; the black wall quickly slipped off the ridge and slammed into everything beneath. With the sudden darkness of the cloud's attack the wind again raged and the sky dumped dime-sized balls of hail. I desperately looked for an overpass or tree but there was no place to hide. I could feel Kim tucking in behind my shoulder, her round Filipino nose pressing against my denim vest. She was hiding as much of her body behind mine as she could. I had been in the lead but now Steve zipped by, eager to beat the storm, his right foot out and the big Shovelhead once again leaning against the torrent. The hail "pinged" and "tinked" off our helmets and I winced at the sting to my face. No longer able to see I slowly pulled over to the shoulder.

"Get under the bike!" I shouted to Kim and, for once, there was no argument. My girlfriend hunkered down near the kickstand and I squatted over her. At just over five feet tall and weighing 110 lbs it was easy for me to cover most of her with my body. With four arms and four legs jammed under the downside of the Harley, we looked like a black octopus attempting a sparkplug change. The hail continued to "tink" and "ping" off the paint and I surveyed for

possible damage. The motorcycle was holding up pretty good, so far. Through the haze of the hail's shrapnel I could faintly see the corpse of a raccoon, once baked on the fog-line, now soaked.

Resting only a few feet behind the motorcycle's rear wheel, the critter had died on its back. Bleach-white teeth smiled up at the darkness above and its black claws were curled like a boxer's fist. Ribs, also white from the summer sun, showed through patches of worn-away hide. Not a good omen, I thought to myself. Not a good omen at all. The rapid-fire rate of the hail seemed to slow and I ordered my better-half back on the Softail. I coaxed the Harley back up to 50 miles per hour but then Thor's second assault began. Once again the hail pelted down like machine-gun fire. We repeated the stop and duck maneuver on the side of the road and waited for the falling ice to once again subside.

Twenty minutes later, at another set of crossroads, we caught up with Steve and Chris. A spot of sun had ventured out and the wet pavement steamed in warmth. We could see the small town of Ten Sleep not far in the distance.

"Are you guys okay?" I asked.

"I got a fat lip!" Steve proudly exclaimed, pointing toward his lower jaw and laughing.

"I got words for you, Mister," Chris said, pointing at me.

"Flipping off God, what were you thinking?!"

"Yeah," said Kim, slapping the back of my half-shell helmet for effect.

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Pine Hollow Ride



Marc Gibson

2014 CVO Ultra Limited

The chapter ride to Pine Hollow was a great success despite the heat. We had 26 headed for a really good lunch at the Anglers Restaurant that sits on the lake. Lunch consisted of Fried Chicken, two types of BBQ ribs, a potato salad, rolls and chocolate chip cookies. A lot of people drank water at the restaurant that day and they kept us hydrated with plenty of water and ice. I didn't have ice cream afterwards as I was to full.

On the way out we saw 3 fawns and several deer all standing under the shade trees. A couple of people got gas in Wasco on the way out and then we proceeded up old HWY 48 (The Barlow Road

Route) this was the same way the pioneers went when traveling towards the Willamette Valley. Some great views of MT Hood along the route also. We headed back to Government camp where the ride ended with some traveling back down HWY 35 towards Hood River. The temps at Government Camp were cooling down and by the time we got home outside Oregon City it was cooling down.

Want to thank those Road Captains who dedicated themselves to make this ride happen I know I really appreciated it. For those who missed the ride you missed a beautiful day.



Wheatland Ferry Ride

**Sunday,
August 16th**



**Arrive PHD
9:30am**

**KSU up
10:00am**

**Bring \$1.00 for
the ferry**

Safety: Ear Plugs? That's Weird

Continued from page 6

Now how does all this tie into riding motorcycles? Well, we all know that there is a lot of wind noise when we ride at speeds of about fifty miles per hour or more. And for those of us who ride with little or no fairing or windshield this noise can be pretty loud. Exposure to this degree of noise will cause damage to those hair cells that are located in the hearing portion of our ears. This is not a "maybe will cause", but is a "it will cause" situation. How much damage and how long before enough damage is done before we notice is unpredictable. Some people are much more susceptible than others and may sustain damage much, much sooner than someone else exposed to the same conditions. And this is where ear plugs will help. I've focused on wind noise, but any relatively loud noise will do the same thing-loud exhaust systems, hammering, power tools, lawn mowers (yes including the new quiet ones), weed eaters, and on and on.

The use of ear plugs will certainly lower the volume of the noise you are exposed to, but surprisingly will aid your hearing to some degree at freeway speeds. The frequency (pitch) of the wind noise is very effectively muted while lower frequencies much less so. Now don't get me wrong, you're not going to put in ear plugs and go out for a ride and find no wind noise, but the wonderful mechanical and exhaust sounds unaffected. But, what you will find is that you'll still be able to hear the engine well enough to gauge engine speed or telltale signs of a problem. You'll also be surprised just how tiring the wind noise had been and how much less fatigue there will be after a ride.

Whether or not a rider chooses to use ear plugs is obviously a personal decision. But as a long time rider who has owned some forty or fifty motorcycles over the years (including: Ducati, Harley-Davidson, BMW, British Iron, and all brands Japanese); and as a physician specializing in diseases and treatment of the ear, I strongly recommend their use.

Your hearing is like your eyesight, protect what you've got because you only get one pair. Be sure to check your local laws as they pertain to wearing earplugs while riding. Before doing a 200 mile (each way) trip one weekend, I stopped and picked up an under \$4 pair of the foam plugs



similar to what was recommended. Here are my observations for any/all who might be interested:

- * I was surprised by how much I did hear: my engine, vehicles passing, husband talking. It wasn't nearly as blocking as I expected (rated at 31 dcb).

- * I did hear some wind noise but my ears didn't hurt from the wind as they had on previous rides over the last couple of weeks.

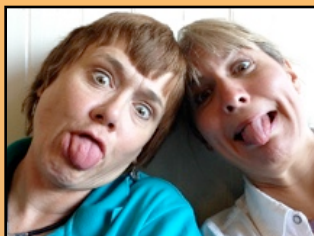
- * Hubby said I was speaking more softly - but I felt like I was shouting.

- * Even though I got the foam kind that you roll to compress and then place in your ear, they still seemed to loosen up and come out a bit, especially my left ear (which is the more sensitive one).

- * I got the ones with the cord which made it easy to pop them out and let them hang around my neck. It also made them easy to attach to my luggage at longer stops (they did come with a carry case).

- * If I had any doubt that they were blocking noise I was proved wrong when I took them out for the last 10 miles of the trip. I really noticed the difference.

Well, that's my story and I'm sticking to it. Why not try ear plugs for yourself and see what you think. What have you got to lose?



Bucket of Blood

Continued from page 8

The third day of our trip we headed to Lassen Volcanic National Park. If you haven't been there, the roads between Reno and through Lassen Volcanic National Park are some of the most beautiful routes I have seen. We took Hwy 70 through some cute towns and onto Hwy 89 and into the park. It's a first-rate National Park to visit, the road winding up to the 6,600 summit is sure to please with views of Lassen Peak, Bumpass Hell & Brokeoff Mountain.

From Lassen we headed west, our destination, on the coast in Arcata for the night. We ended up having lunch at Carl's Jr. Kevin was a brave man and tried the "Most American Hardee's Thickburger" A burger with bacon, chips, a felled hot dog and all the fixings inside it. Wow! The rest of us went for just a regular thick burger with a beef patty.

We hit some big rain on the way to Arcada. We actually had to pull over due to zero visibility but once we broke through the other side, it was warm and sunny enough to dry us out and convince us to drop a layer.

On the final stretch back up 101 we were all pretty well spent by the time we got back home, but without a doubt, we all enjoyed the trip. What more could we ask for but good times with good friends.

Thank you to all who came out and road with us and to Bob Driscoll and Steve Watts for helping me Road Captain this ride.

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Ten Sleep

Continued from page 13

In the last years of the 20th Century Ten Sleep was not a very big town. It sported a few taverns, a couple of cafes, two motels, and a small grocery. Most of these establishments lined the main east-west avenue and small, modest houses could be seen down narrow side streets. Between the businesses and the main thoroughfare large, old oak trees provided shade on hot summer days. It was August and many motorcyclists were on the road and, like us, most of them were en route to South Dakota. As we rode into the village we saw slim choppers and fat touring bikes lining the curb. Their riders looked out from cafes and saloons, their safe havens from the weather, as they studied our arrival. I could see their phantom faces in the darkness of the windows as they watched us roll by. Usually a stoic crowd their eyes were big, their mouths agape. We had survived the devil's fury and they all knew it.

Steve stopped at the first motel, a worn-out, U-shaped building with an old, dead tree in the courtyard, and swung his leg off the Shovelhead. His leather chaps creaked with the motion. Water pooled beneath his soaked boots. "It's early yet," he said, looking up toward Powder River Pass. I followed his eyes and could see the dark clouds still swirling up there. Every once in awhile a flash of light illuminated the billowing darkness and a rumble rattled down the canyons. Smirking at the girls, he continued, "We could probably make Buffalo before nightfall."

Before Chris or I could respond, Kim snapped. "I'm not going anywhere," she said. "If you guys want to keep going today, that's fine. But I'm staying right here!" The tirade continued; other topics concerned near-death experiences and unnecessary, bad taste humor during crisis situations. The short of it was we were not moving on. Even though it was not our tenth night on the road, that evening was spent in Ten Sleep.

DINNER RIDE AUGUST 13TH

Join in for a great dinner at
Helvetia Tavern!

Arrive PHD 5:30pm
KSU at 6:00pm
Meet us out there at 7:00pm





SUNSET CHAPTER VETERANS



Thank you
for serving
our country
& protecting
our freedom!



SUBMISSIONS

Veterans never ask for our recognition or gratitude, yet they deserve our appreciation every day. The Sunset Chapter H.O.G. cares about our Veterans. As a chapter we honor our Veterans throughout the year. As a respectful expression of recognition and gratitude to our Sunset Chapter Veterans, we have a dedicated section in our newsletter highlighting our Chapter Veterans to thank them for their service and sacrifice to our country.

We have designed special lapel pins for our Veterans. At every chapter meeting each Veteran that was recognized in our newsletter will be presented a pin for our gratitude and appreciation for your service.

**We want to hear from
all our Chapter
Veterans!**

**Your basic information
to submit is your name,
branch, years enlisted,
where you were
stationed and photo of
you currently.**

**You are encouraged to
submit a story of your
time in the service and
any pictures you have
to share while you were
in the military.**

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**Full and Associate
members may submit.**

**Send your information
to Lisa at
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SUNSET CHAPTER



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This Is Your Newsletter We Want To Hear From You

The Swineline publishes a variety of articles and photos:

- Ride Reviews - Profiling events, rides/road trips and rallies)
- Motorcycle Reviews
- Riding Destinations (can be national in scope)
- Event Coverage
- Custom Builds
- Vintage Restorations
- Product Reviews
- Veteran Service
- Technical Features

We love hearing from our members and want to know where your riding has taken you.

To submit a story and photos email:
lisa@sunsethog.com.

Articles & Highlights can be just a few words up to 1000 words.

2-5 photos. High resolution please.

Deadlines on submissions for next months edition is the 20th of the previous month.

We are excited to hear from you. Submit your article today!