



## Throwback to Traditional Arrive and Drive

STORY BY RANDY HOMES | PHOTOS BY BOB ELLIS

**J**uly 28th was throwback Sunday. For the first time in four years, the Club held a traditional no-reservation, no-limited entry Arrive and Drive. No stress of signing up before you even know you'll be free the day of the drive. No guilt from signing up and then dropping out because of a last-minute conflict. Nope. Just show up and drive. In my case, I didn't even know until the day before whether or not I would be able to attend due to family visitors. (More about that below.) So, a big thank you to President Heinz Holzapfel for sanctioning it and being the Tourmeister.

Although the sky was heavily overcast, 15 of us in nine cars met at the Hillsboro Fred Meyer. In the pre-drive meeting, Heinz described the course and explained it would be a leisurely drive through the West Hills to Chehalem Mountain and ending with lunch in Gaston. Perhaps the definition of "leisurely" to lead driver Jim Goetsch and his navigator (and new bride) Valerie Menely differs somewhat from Heinz because their pace was quite spirited in the traditional manner.

After covering some familiar twisty roads of the West Hills such as Logie Trail and Pumpkin Ridge (and also observing that Multnomah County's pothole repaving budget is still non-existent) we arrived at Jessie Mays





Park for our first pit stop. From there we proceeded west through the flat farm country between Banks and Forest Grove which to my surprise contains the unincorporated community of Kansas City. I'd never heard of it despite my growing up in the Portland metro area.

After circling west of Forest Grove, we headed through Laurelwood to our second pit stop at Bald Peak State Scenic Viewpoint. At an elevation of 1,639 feet the views were truly stunning. At least they were 50 years ago before the trees grew to their present height. Nevertheless, if any park in the metro area can be called a traditional ORPCA pit stop, this one is it.

From Bald Peak, we proceeded down the Newberg side of Chehalem Mountain and hoofed it to Gaston via North Valley Road ending at The One Horse Tavern in Gaston. This restaurant is a favorite stop for club member Carlton Geer whenever he is in the area

which, based on his familiarity with the entire menu, is quite frequent. All 15 of us sat around the same giant round table with a couple of expansion tables which added to the camaraderie of the event.

My wife Diane's brother-in-law, Ted Olson, was with us over the weekend which explains why I didn't know until the last minute whether or not I would be able to attend the tour. Lucky for me Ted jumped at the opportunity to fulfill a bucket list item of being the passenger in a car with (according to his telling of the story) no functional brakes. Probably due to his trying to read the driving instructions while simultaneously keeping a grip on his seat, his tummy decided to revisit his first day at sea in the navy. Despite his discomfort he said he had a wonderful time and more importantly was struck by what a wonderful group of people we were. He truly agreed with the phrase that it's not just the cars, it's the people too.

So, thank you Heinz, Jim, Wendy, and Carlton along with everyone else on this tour, namely Randi Ledbetter, Bob Ellis, Jerry and Deborah Goldstein, John and Rosanne Woody, Dan Kelly, and Steve and Kristin Moody.

Also, a special note to all navigators: Based on my experience with Ted, I now have a greater appreciation of just how difficult it is for you to keep us going in the correct direction while maintaining your equilibrium. ■