



The Northwest Oregon Tour

Nine days • Seven stages • 434-522 miles • 25,000'-34,000'

The name of the tour is fairly self-explanatory: this is an exploration of the far northwest corner of the state of Oregon. Beginning and ending in the college town of Corvallis, it carves a meandering, counter-clockwise loop around the region. Six of the seven stages contribute to the loop; the seventh—Stage 6—is an optional ride on a day when we will stay in the same campground two nights in a row.

We want to make one thing clear right at the outset: this is not the “Oregon Coast Tour.” It would be natural to assume that any tour through the far northwest corner of this coastal state would be spending a great deal of time right along the rocky coast. But there are only two stages out of the seven—Stages 4 and 5—that are actually out on the coast, and even on those two stages, the number of miles away from the coast outnumber those with the ocean in sight. In fact, the total number of miles on the tour where the ocean is on view or even nearby add up to probably no more than 50 miles...10% of the tour. For what it's worth, and it's worth a good deal, those miles alongside the ocean include some really spectacular sections. However, some of those same miles also include the worst commercial clutter and congestion of the tour. Part of the reason we spend as little time on the coast as we do is to avoid the sprawl and traffic around the most developed of the beach resorts, and we do that by detouring inland along quiet river valleys unvisited by the tourist hordes.

What we are likely to see more frequently are quiet roads through mixed forest, similar to what is shown in the picture at the top of this page (from Stage 2). Mixed woods, predominantly of broadleaf trees but with plenty of fir as well, will be with us on all or part of every day. Often the roads snuggle along next to meandering streams and rivers. And when the woods open up and we can see beyond the trees, we are most likely to find ourselves looking out across rolling farm fields: dairy and sheep pasture, nurseries, vineyards, hay fields, and all manner of commercial agriculture. It isn't, overall, a spectacular landscape. This is quiet, tranquil country. Someone looking for knock-your-socks-off thrills around every corner might even find it a little boring, a little *too* quiet. But being bored by this low-key countryside would only be possible if one were not paying attention. Cyclists with the right attitude, who are willing to meet this sleepy backcountry halfway, will be rewarded by days of interesting and scenic cycle-touring.

How hard is this tour? Not too hard, all in all. When we study the elevation profiles, we don't see any of the massive grades that look so daunting on a Three Parks Tour or Southern Utah Tour. Here, it's all little, lumpy climbs and rollers. Most of the longer ascents are only two or three miles—almost never steep—and the highest point on the tour is less than 1700' above sea level, so thin air won't be an issue. We'll essentially be riding in an environment similar to the one we live and ride in at home. On the other hand, the stages are rather long: all but two are over 70 miles, and the final day offers up 85 or 100-mile routes. The hills shouldn't wear anyone out, but the steady accumulation of miles might.

One detail about this tour that should be mentioned at the start is our layover day near Newport, on the coast. We will arrive here on Stage 5, then spend two nights at South Beach State Park. We have a relatively moderate ride laid out for the layover day, for anyone who wants it. But it is not required. You can spend a day relaxing at camp, or you can do more active things off the bike. The main attraction here, aside from the beach, is the Oregon Coast [Aquarium](#), which is less than a mile from our campground. It's a superb aquarium along the lines of the Monterey Bay Aquarium...well worth a visit, if you like that sort of thing. We will see if we can organize a group rate for our visit (and secure bike parking). It's entirely possible that you could do a ride in the morning and the tourist stuff in the afternoon...the best of both worlds. We'll discuss this further when we get to Stage 6 in our preview.

The tour is scheduled for August 4-12. Statistically, this is the week of the year when it is least likely to rain in this region. But anyone who lives in this area will tell you that it can rain on any day of the year, and no one is surprised when it does so. Make sure to bring your entire arsenal of rain gear. We hope not to need it, but if you don't bring it, it will rain for sure!

This tour follows the format of all our club tours: what we call co-operative touring. Our overnights will be campsites—keeping costs low—except for our first and last nights, which will be in a motel in Corvallis. (Costs for the motel and any restaurant meals taken on those nights are not included in the tour fee.) Each day, a luggage truck will haul our gear to the next camp. All participants share in the chores associated with keeping our little village moving along the roads. Veterans know the drill on this, and we will assist any new participants in getting up to speed. (We have a primer on how we run our tours available for anyone who wants to learn more about our way of doing things.) In addition to our luggage and food/equipment trucks, we will be accompanied each day by two sag wagons. Typically, each sag is managed by a crew of two people who take turns, driving the sag and riding their bikes on alternate days. The tour budget pays for two staff members who drive our luggage and kitchen trucks and take care of food shopping before and during the tour.

On last year's Wild Rivers Tour, we tried out a new arrangement with our trucks. Instead of one big truck crammed to the rafters with both kitchen equipment and supplies and all our personal luggage, we had two smaller trucks, one devoted entirely to kitchen supplies and equipment and one devoted to personal luggage and other odds and ends. This allows the kitchen truck to stay tidy and efficient and also makes the loading and unloading of the personal gear quite a bit simpler. We like it! A nice innovation. Of course, two trucks need two drivers. During the tour, the two food wranglers can handle that. On the long drives to and from the tour, we hope to recruit two tour participants to handle one of the trucks (so no one has to drive solo for such a long distance).

It's a fairly long drive to Corvallis. We made two recent trips back and forth in about ten hours, including leisurely, sit-

down lunches. In all likelihood, our vans and trucks won't be quite that speedy, so figure 11 hours. We will be organized into a car pool fleet, beginning with filling our two large passenger vans (our sag vans) and then augmented with however many vehicles we will need to move all our people and bikes and gear. Excess car pool vehicles will be left at the motel in Corvallis for the week. (Once our roster is set, participants will receive further e-mail communiqués about tour logistics, including sorting out the car pools and motel room reservations.) All participants will share the gas costs to Corvallis and back for the vehicle in which they make the trip...with one exception: anyone driving our second truck would not have to pay for gas at all. That truck will be on the club's tab all the way.

Our accommodations in Corvallis will be at the Super 8 [Motel](#). It is a simple and relatively no-frills economy motel. It is clean and well run, and it has the advantage of being exactly where we need it to be to make the stages work. It has a big indoor pool and spa and a decent, if not extravagant, continental breakfast. It's right on the recently renovated Corvallis riverfront (along the Willamette River). Corvallis, being the home of Oregon State University, has that little buzz of fun and culture common to most college towns. There are numerous restaurants nearby, including, one short block away, another of the classic McMenamins [brew pubs](#) we have come to know so well on past Oregon tours.

This tour preview is meant to be more than just an entertaining read for participants. It is intended to serve as an aid to navigation and to provide a deeper understanding of where we are and why we have chosen this or that route. Some readers with a high tolerance for finicky, turn-by-turn detail will read it from front to back in one sitting. If this works for you, great. But we also suggest you take it one stage at a time, preferably on the day before you ride that stage, so the details will be fresh for you when you're out on the road. If you don't choose to print the entire doc and bring it with you on tour, you should at least print out the maps and route slips at the back. They should be an essential part of your travel gear.

Alright then...enough prologue. Let's get to the stages...





Stage 1: Corvallis to Champoege State Park

75 miles, 3300' up, 3400' down

Corvallis is a small city, but a city nevertheless, with a fair amount of sprawl and clutter. However, we have come up with a route that will get us through town and out to the good country roads with a minimum of urban fuss and stress. It's all residential and all quiet and even perhaps pleasant...certainly not unpleasant.

After two miles of flat neighborhood streets, we reach the north edge of town, and as we say goodbye to the city, we say hello to our first climb of the tour on aptly named Highland Drive, heading uphill through a zone of rural residential settlement. It's not a big climb, but it will be enough to string the group out, gaining about 150' in exactly a mile. A small descent and a roll-out across a valley follow, and then at mile 5, we hit our first really serious climb of the day when we turn onto Sulphur Springs Road. In fact, it is by far the biggest climb we have on our dance card all day, and it sticks out like a dunce cap on an otherwise sedate elevation profile, dwarfing the rest of the stage. Even so, it's not all that big a deal. We gain about 600' in a mile and a half. The grade varies between 4% and 9% as we chug uphill through the sort of broadleaf and fir forest that will become our everyday standard for the rest of the tour.

Once over the summit, we are treated to a good downhill: one mile of fast, twisty hi-jinks, then another mile of brisk roll-out. The transition from downhill to roll-out comes with the turn from Sulphur Springs onto Soap Creek Road. It's a bit of a tricky turn, but don't think of it as a turn from one road to another; think of it as an almost-hairpin corner in a continuous descent. It's the default maneuver in this spot. Were you to stay straight ahead on Sulphur Springs, you'd run out of pavement in about a hundred yards. Soap Creek is the way to go, so just rail it on around the bend and keep on truckin'. Just remember to be looking for it as you come down the hill. Don't let it sneak up on you.

Soap Creek (photo above) is a honey of a road. I wish I could promise you roads this nice all day.

We'd be in bike heaven. But this is about as good as it's going to get today. It rolls along its mildly up-and-down way for five pleasant miles, sometimes in the woods and sometimes out across meadows. It always has the nice, smooth pavement you see in the photo, and its turns are just right for a bike, or maybe a sport moto.

At 12.5 miles, the sweet ride on Soap Creek ends, and we turn left onto Tampico Road, the first of what will be a continuous run of rolling farm roads that will stretch to the end of the stage. Tampico has one interesting feature that we could well have done without: two miles of gravel (photo below). There is a curious tendency on Oregon country roads to suddenly revert to gravel. (Veterans of past SRCC Oregon tours may recall similar sections on other roads.)

Overall, their back roads are very well paved—much better than the roads in our neighborhood—but every so often, for no apparent reason, they just seem to have decided not to pave this or that section. It's especially puzzling in this case because Tampico is a handy connector road used by many, with no other alternatives nearby, at least none that is paved. (Believe me, I looked long and hard for them. There are tons of roads in the area, but they all are either partly or entirely gravel.)

This section is not dreadful, at least it wasn't when I scouted the course. And a month prior to my visit, the Sacramento Wheelmen had run a tour stage along the same road, through the same gravel trap, and folks from that tour tell me it wasn't that big a deal. It's a slightly rolling run and the little downhill bit must be taken with care, but it can be managed and is soon over. And that will be the only gravel we will ask you to do on this tour.

"Slightly rolling" is a good, catch-all description of the miles over the rest of this stage. When I first surveyed this stage in Google (satellite and Street View), I was concerned that it seemed featureless and flat...long, more-or-less straight runs across endless





acres of farm fields. But I was pleasantly surprised to find the going much more engaging and entertaining when I drove it in my car (and we all know that if it's good in a car, it will be even better on a bike). For one thing, the landscape is not as flat as it appears in Google. Photos always flatten out the hills, and Google is no exception. This terrain is occasionally truly flat and sometimes a bit featureless, but more frequently there are modest ups and downs and even a few bigger bumps that will call for liberal application of small chain rings. And the scenery is seldom featureless for long. The photo above was taken somewhere around the mid-point of this stage, and while it is framed up to be a pretty composition, it is by no means untypical of what will be passing in review as we pedal our way north through the farm belt along the western side of the fertile Willamette Valley.

This stage presents us with our biggest ration of agricultural acres. There will be farm land on other days as well, but this is the heart of it. It appears they grow just about anything here that will turn a profit. There are Christmas tree farms, both the choose-and-cut retail kind and the giant nurseries that supply the trees for parking lot tree sales in far-off cities. There are flower nurseries too. There are fields of hay and corn and loads of vineyards and the wineries that go with the grapes. There is not quite the monoculture of grape production that we see in our Sonoma County valleys, but it appears to be heading in that direction.

Tampico, Berry Creek, and Airlie Roads lead us in a northwesterly direction to Hwy 223, otherwise known as Kings Valley Highway. We hit the highway at about mile 25, turn north, and head for the town of Dallas, the biggest town we will see all day (aside from Corvallis). The highway is the same sort of road as the ones preceding it. The traffic count might be a little higher, but all of these country roads are low-traffic. We'll warn you when we get to any busier roads,

but absent those warnings, you can assume that most of the roads on this tour will be light on traffic.

Dallas is a nice town. Not quite quaint, but with some small-town charm along its neighborhood streets, where we run the route to avoid the main drag. There is a city park at mile 33 that might make a good spot for our first full rest stop. I would have preferred something back around mile 25—on a 75-mile stage—but I didn't notice any likely looking spots to park a van and a gaggle of bikes. So this park is probably our option, unless the sag drivers see some likely looking spot I missed.

After that park, we do have to ride on busy streets for about a mile, past the usual suburban stuff. We turn from one busy boulevard to another right in front of Safeway. But just a half a mile up that road, pointing due north again, we pop back out into rolling farm country on Perrydale Road, so named because

it will deliver us, at about mile 43, to the village of Perrydale. This road looks mostly straight and flat on the map, but up close, it has several ups and downs and curves that make it a bit more interesting than you might expect it to be.

At the stop sign in the center of tiny Perrydale, we turn right and head due east on Bethel Road, which becomes Zena Road after crossing busy Hwy 99W. (Next to Interstate-5, Hwy 99 is the biggest, busiest north-south artery through this region. We work hard to avoid it.) Bethel Road is straight and flat, but Zena is the opposite: twisty and hilly, first down, then up over one of the bigger ridges in this rolling landscape: 130' up in a mile-and-a-half and the exact same numbers for the descent off the other side. At the bottom of the swift little downhill, we turn left and head north on Valley Spring Road (photo below). Like Zena, Valley Spring is neither flat nor straight. It crosses a number of little hills and ridges as it winds through woods, vineyards, and hay fields. It could be Dry Creek Road, north of Healdsburg, or Hwy 128 through Alexander Valley. It may not be spectacular, but it is pretty and peaceful and comfortable for cycling.





At the north end of Spring Valley, we continue north on Hwy 221, then turn right, east, on Wheatland Road and head gently downhill through the village of Wheatland to the dock of the tiny Wheatland Ferry (above), where it's all aboard to cross the Willamette to the east side. The ferry runs all day and makes the short crossings frequently, so you won't have long to wait. There is a fare of \$1 per bike. I asked the ticket-taker on the ferry how they handle bikes, and she said she just crams them in around the cars, wherever they'll fit. On any given crossing, we may have the whole ferry to ourselves. You might think I brought you to this little ferry because it's so cute and out of the ordinary—which it is—but in fact it's the only way to get where we need to go through here, aside from a few too-busy highways.

On the other side of the river (at mile 59), we head east and uphill, away from the river, then bend north on more of the same farm roads that have been our bill of fare all day. We are on French Prairie Road for most of the rest of the stage, and this road really is nearly straight and nearly flat, but in spite of that, it still has some interest. Pioneer farm houses, old barns and farm stands all catch one's eye. And if you look in the right direction, over the fields, far off to the northeast, you might be able to see majestic Mount Hood (11,240'), looming above it all, like a white-bearded grandfather god.

These last flat but pleasant miles bring us to Champoege State Park (photo below). [Champoege](#) (pronounced "sham-POOY") is a beautiful park, very popular with Oregonians. Hundreds of acres of broadleaf forest cast their dappled shade over a green carpet of lawns, all freckled with wildflowers. Bike paths and nature trails run throughout the park, and there is a considerable frontage along the river, which takes a 90° bend north of Wheatland and is running west-to-east here. There is even a good disc golf course meandering through the park. (You can see one of the yellow basket "holes" just ahead of the second rider in the photo below.)

In addition to being a charming park, it has historic significance too, as it was here, in 1842, that settlers first came together to propose the idea of forming a provisional State of Oregon. Statehood wasn't ratified until 1859, but it started here a few years earlier. Historical reenactments of those pioneer days are a staple of life at the park.

I am delighted to report that we have managed to reserve the best group site in the park. According to the folks at the reservations call center, this is just about the most sought-after site in the entire Oregon State Parks system...the one that books out quickest when its reservation window opens. (Photo of the group site in the gallery at the back.)

When I stopped by the visitor center on my scouting trip, the ranger suggested I check out the group site known as the RV site. I wondered why we would want a site set up for RV's. Those are typically big parking lots for the lumbering houses on wheels, and no place where tenters would feel comfortable. But this site is different. It has vast lawns shaded by huge trees, excellent bathrooms and even a hall for having a meeting indoors, should we need it. The site is set off by itself, away from all the other campsites, so will be private and quiet. Showers are in the nearest conventional campsite loop.

So I don't have to repeat this each day: we have good showers on every night of this tour...four nights in state parks and two nights on school campuses. (So we won't need to bring or set up our portable showers.) However, I do not know whether the state park showers are pay or free.





Stage 2: Champoege SP to Vernonia

68 miles, 4500' up, 4000' down

For yesterday's stage, I was doing some spin-doctoring to convince you that those long miles through the almost-flat farm lands wouldn't be too dull. (It was low-key spin, because really, the stage will be just fine.) However, for Stage 2, I don't need to put any spin on it at all, low-key or otherwise, because this stage doesn't need any help. This is going to be a fun ride, with all sorts of goodies in store. No one would ever call this stage dull.

After leaving the park, we head west on Champoege Road to a right turn on Hwy 219 and a run north into the city of Newberg, crossing the Willamette River again, on a bridge this time. Newberg is about the size of Petaluma, with the usual ration of suburban sprawl. But we do a good job of skating right around the eastern edge of town, with minimal lame riding. We turn off the highway at mile 6 onto Brooklane Road, and this recently developed boulevard will carry us along the edge of town for about two miles, until we make a left on Mountainview Drive and then a right on Aspen Way. At this point, we leave the town behind and head out into its rural residential fringe.

We started climbing as soon as we bottomed out on the bridge over the river at mile 4.5, a bit under 100' above sea level. But the real climbing doesn't start until about halfway up Aspen Way (which is a pretty little road) at mile 9. It continues when we return to Hwy 219, just shy of mile 10. This road has some potential for busy traffic. I'm not sure how much, but I don't think it will be too bad. There are other, faster roads for getting where this highway is going, and most traffic, except for locals, will be elsewhere. We'll be on the highway for a mile and a half, as it curls up the mountainside through dense forest. The climbing continues a good deal longer after we have turned left onto Bald Peak Road

(both photos), which traverses the hillside in a generally uphill way for a few more miles.

As that "bald" name implies, up on Bald Peak, we break out of the dense forest and begin to have sweeping vistas back down across the Willamette Valley. (Think of climbing Burnside, with the views opening up across the Santa Rosa plain.) This is a really nice, bike-friendly road, as long as you're comfortable with a little climbing. Altogether, from that first real uphill tilt on Aspen Way at mile 9, we will climb for over six of the next 7.5 miles, gaining a total of 1500' over that distance. Mixed in with all that climbing is a mile or so of gentle downhill and rollers as we bounce along the ridgeline. None of the climbing is really severe, although the whole package will add up to some solid work. If we believe the RideWithGPS figures, it will vary from 3% to 9%, with most of it about halfway between those figures.

At mile 16.7, we hit the summit. There is a state park day use area here, and I think it will

make a good spot for our first regroup. Yes, it's only 16-plus miles into the ride, but over 12 of those miles have been uphill, some of them quite substantially so. I think most folks won't mind a break here, and there are panoramic views out over the valley. You will have to get off the bike and walk a few yards to see the best views though, as there is a screen of trees between the parking lot and the edge of the bluff. Believe it or not, this marks the high point of our entire tour, at the rather modest elevation of 1630'.

As all cyclists know, what goes up, must come down, and in this case, we are going to get our money's worth out of the work we put in on the long climb. From the summit, we will descend for over three and a half miles, almost continuously and sometimes very steeply. There is one itty bitty uphill bump in there, but the rest is high-octane excitement. First there are two miles on Bald Peak which are mostly not too steep, but plenty steep enough to be fast fun, with a few tight corners to test your mettle. Then we





turn hard left onto Laurelwood Road and things really heat up. (It would be easy to miss the tight left onto Laurelwood, but we will know we're at our turn because there is a stop sign on Bald Peak at the junction...the only stop sign you will see on the length of that road.) Laurelwood has two steep downhill pitches with a more moderate downhill section in between. Each steep section has one of those truck-on-a-wedge-of-cheese signs at the top, and I believe both say 17% ahead. I think both of the signs are a mite high. My own subjective impression, plus the data at RideWithGPS, suggest a range from 10% to 14%, with perhaps a few yards of 16% in one spot. That's more than enough of a grade to wind things up, but the road is way too twisty to let it rip. The pavement is excellent, so that won't be a problem, but the many sharp corners will keep riders on their toes.

This dizzy descent spills out onto the valley floor with another mile and a half of slightly downhill roll-out, where you can either sit up and decompress from the intensity of the last few miles or, if you're ambitious, keep the hammer down and milk all the momentum out of the hill that you can. After the roll-out, Laurelwood tees into Spring Hill Road at mile 22, and we'll be on this pleasant, meandering road for the next five miles. The photo above was taken along this road and is a pretty good example of what the scenery will be like for not only the length of this road, but for most of the next 25 miles or so. This is the Tualatin Valley, an offshoot of the Willamette Valley. Crossing this valley is somewhat similar to what we saw among the farm fields of Stage 1, but is a little bit hillier and a little bit woodsier.

For 20 miles, all across the valley, there is just the tiniest uphill trend, but with lots of itty bitty dips and bumps mixed in....mini-rollers, over and over. First we have the five miles on Spring Hill, then a little less than one mile on busy Hwy 47, up to the tiny village of Dilley. Then we're back on quiet country roads again, along Dilley Road, Stringtown Road, and Gales Creek Road.

If you look at the map for this section, you'll notice that there is a distinct zig zag in the middle of the stage, from the north end of

Gales Creek over to the town of Banks. We've taken this somewhat indirect route to avoid the suburban sprawl around the cities of Forest Grove and Hillsboro. Those towns represent the last ragged fringe of development that runs west, almost all the way from metro-Portland to our route. We're dodging around the last edge of the sprawl the way a matador dodges around the horns of the bull. We just squeak by. I wouldn't have minded making this run a little more direct. I tried to accomplish that, checking out all sorts of little roads to the east of Gales Creek. But they all have the same problem: sooner or later, they all go to gravel. Rather frustrating! However, the route we have, although it looks a little weird on the map, is actually quite nice. Stringtown and Gales Creek are both quality bike roads and with their moderate topography would be good spots for pacelines.

At mile 39, we turn right onto Hwy 6 (the Wilson River Highway). I was a bit worried about using this road. It looks like a wide open highway where cars will go fast, at the limit or above it. It was my efforts to avoid this highway that had me exploring all those dinky roads nearby. But when I finally gave up on all the gravel side roads and tackled this highway, I was reassured to find there are wide shoulders, so we should have a comfortable amount of elbow room, away from the thundering herd. All that said, I don't want to overstate the intensity of the traffic load here. All in all, I don't really think it will be that bad. When I drove it, the traffic load was very light.

We're on this *possibly* busy, *possibly* fast highway for exactly 3.5 miles. After a first level mile, it tilts up into a short climb (100' up in one mile), followed by a slightly longer descent (200' down in a mile and a half). Just after the highway levels out, we have to look for our left turn onto an obscure side road called Cedar Canyon. (Recalling the speed at which cars and trucks may be traveling on this wide open highway, be vigilant for overtaking traffic when you pull over to make your left turn here.) Cedar Canyon (photo below) is another road that seems to have been designed especially for the entertainment of cyclists. It has most of the things we





profile, the trail has a steady uphill grade the direction we're going, until we reach a summit called Tophill at around mile 59 for us (mile 12 on the trail). Being an old railroad grade, the incline is of course very moderate and steady. There are two places where the railroad line crosses the highway. At the first one, the new bike trail uses a new, wooden bridge built on the old railroad trestle (photo at left). At the second one, the trestle is either too dilapidated to be renovated or they just haven't gotten around to doing it yet. So the bike path makes a detour and crosses the highway at ground level. When the trail drops from the grade, up at trestle height, down to the road below, it does so with a steep little downhill (the park map says 11%). And then it goes back up on the other side just as steeply. This is right at the Tophill summit. Although it's only 12 miles since the trailhead and less than ten miles to the finish, we will still plan to have a sag here.

like in a good bike road. It first wraps itself around a pretty little pond and then wanders off through the woods as if it were in no hurry to get anywhere. But as is the case with so many of our favorite roads, our only complaint about this one is that it doesn't go on long enough. It's only four miles, end to end, and the last mile is more of a conventional highway as we approach the town of Banks.

But we needn't feel too bad about using up this charming road so soon, as even better things are ahead for us, just around the next corner. Cedar Canyon ends at Hwy 47 in the town of Banks. We cross the highway and immediately turn left into a parking lot. This is the trailhead of the [Banks-Vernonia State Trail](#). This is an almost new rails-to-trails conversion that runs for 21 miles from Banks to the town of Vernonia, which is our destination for today. In other words, from this point, at around mile 47, to our finish at mile 68, we will be riding on this lovely new trail, built along the bed of an old logging railroad, traveling through pristine mountain forest. It's the first such linear bike trail park in the Oregon State Parks system, and they are justifiably very proud of it. It's a beautiful trail (both photos, plus the photo in the introduction and one in the gallery at the back).

When I scouted the route in my car, I was of course unable to get a first-hand look at the trail, but I have had reports from folks who did that 2011 Sacramento Wheelman tour, which included this trail (and spent an overnight in the same spot we'll be using in Vernonia). The trail receives rave reviews from those who have done it, and why wouldn't it? Who wouldn't like 21 miles of car-free, carefree cycling, on silk-smooth new pavement, through a lovely forest wilderness?

I did see the start of the trail at the Banks trailhead. It was a busy scene of cycling activity, with folks unloading bikes from their cars and getting ready to set out on the new trail. We will have a sag here so we can get stocked up on munchies and fluids before venturing off into the woods. For its first three-plus miles, the trail parallels the highway, much as the Joe Rodota Trail parallels Hwy 12 into Sebastopol. But after that, it bends away from the road and from almost all contact with development and roads and curls away through the deep forest. As you can see from the

We will be camping at the west end of Vernonia High School's football field. There is a large patch of lawn there, wrapped around by woods and a creek. The trail terminates at a neighborhood road that passes by the back gate onto the football field. Couldn't be much easier to find. This is where the Wheelmen camped. Showers are in Anderson Park (run by the town of Vernonia), just off the bike trail before we get to the school, within walking or biking distance of the camping area. Showers are pay. Camp host promises to have a supply of quarters on hand.





Stage 3: Vernonia to Seaside

72 miles, 3300' up, 3900' down

This is, without a doubt, the least complicated day for navigation. There is only one real turn in the first 52 miles of the ride, and that one is more of a turn in name only, rather than an actual change of direction. It is also certainly the simplest in terms of scenic diversity. Look at the photo above: that pretty much sums it up...mile after mile after mile of gently rolling road through primarily broadleaf forest; not much in the way of towns or other development and virtually no traffic. When we talk about this being a quiet landscape, this is what we mean. I don't suppose too many cyclists would consider this a bad thing. It's not. It's a dream ride, pretty much. Perhaps the only knock on it is that it's all the same...nothing extraordinary happens, all day long. But if this is boring, it's the sort of boring I can live with.

The route is simple, at least to begin with. Although we're heading west toward the ocean, Hwy 47 leaves Vernonia heading due east. But just outside of town it begins a long arc north and then around to its proper westerly heading. This is the Nehalem Highway, so named because it runs alongside the pretty little Nehalem River for many miles. The river is visible from the road every so often, but not all the time. It's back there in the trees. At the village of Mist, Hwy 47 bears off north toward the Columbia River, but we continue west, still on the Nehalem Highway, but now carrying the state highway number 202. The "town" dots you see on the map along this highway hardly count as real towns.

There might be a small store in one of them, but mostly they're just clusters of a few houses and barns. There is a whole lot of nothing along this road.

Around mile 34, we pass through a large meadow, and there is a scenic wayside here where, on the right day, you might be lucky enough to see the local herd of elk. They aren't always on view, but they are sometime, and we have the photo to prove it (below). Equally important from our point of view: there are rest rooms at the wayside. So we will probably have a rest stop here.

If you were to think about it at all, you might assume that, since we're heading toward the ocean, any river in this region would be flowing from east to west, downhill toward the sea. I know I assumed that. But in fact, there is one more ridge of

hills between our start and our finish today, and the Nehalem has its headwaters on the eastern flank of that ridge and flows from west to east. Just before we take that break at Jewell Meadows, we begin climbing over this ridge on what will be the only significant climb of the stage. The low point, where the profile starts to tilt uphill, is at mile 33, but the next four miles are mostly false flats of under 2%. Then we get one mile at 4% to 6%, then another false flat of a mile-plus, and finally another mile that gets authentically steep, up in the 7% to 10% range. Once we begin to climb, we leave the shady, leafy forest behind and climb into fir forest. For some distance near the summit, the hills around the road have been logged out fairly recently and can look kind of raw.

The summit is just beyond mile 40, and off the west side, we get an excellent descent of four miles, all in the 5% range. After a short climb—half a mile—the downhill resumes with a real ripper: one mile at about 8%, then four more miles that mix modest uphill in with an assortment of mini-descents that vary from almost flat to almost 10%. Add it all up and it amounts to around 1200' of twisty, slinky gravity candy over the course of the ten miles between 40 and 50 (with quite a few minor uphill bumps mixed in). On a day that is otherwise so peacefully uneventful, this will be about as exciting as it gets.

Just a mile or so beyond the last of those busy downhill pitches, we roll up to our first real turn of the day, at mile 51.5. The Nehalem Highway continues in a northwesterly direction toward the city of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River. I consid-





ered taking the stage all the way up there, to Fort Stevens and the places where Lewis and Clark wintered over on their expedition in 1805. This is the launching pad for most cycle-tourists going down the Oregon coast (and where we started the very first club tour we ever did, back in 1994). But the roads around Astoria aren't all that great, and it would have messed up our miles for the days ahead, so I elected to give it a miss and aimed to hit the coast a bit further south. Fortunately there is a string of nice roads that bends west from here, beginning with the one we take to leave Hwy 202.

This first turn is onto Olney Cutoff Road, which is just a shortcut that nips over to Youngs River Road, a very nice bike road that carves a long loop around the Youngs River, south down the east bank and north up the west. It looks a bit odd on the map, this extended loop south, then north, along the river, but there are no other bridges, so this is how we have to go. Right at the bottom of the loop, where we finally get across the river, there is a short spur road to the south leading to Youngs River Falls (above). As the photo will attest, this is a pretty spot. The spur road is about a quarter of a mile long, and at the end, you can see the falls, off in the distance, through the trees. To actually get to where this photo was taken would require a walk of a few hundred yards on a rough dirt trail...probably not something one would do in bike shoes with exposed cleats on the bottom. With walking bike shoes, yes, if you're interested in waterfalls.

The run north along the west side of the Youngs River seems especially nice: up and down over little roll-

ers, twisting and turning with the contours of the hills and the bends of the river, often with the river on view off the right side of the road. After a few miles of this, we come to a left turn onto Tucker Creek Road (below). This nice road and another one like it that follows bring us at mile 63 to the Clark River. We cross the river and tee into Lewis and Clark Road, where we head south and west, with the Clark River on our left, for seven miles. This road contains the only other really significant climb of the day, gaining 400' in about two miles, then plunging back to near sea level in one wild mile that occasionally gets as steep as 9%. Shortly after that snappy descent flattens out, we roll into the outskirts of the town of Seaside, our destination today.

Just on the east edge of town, we turn left on Wahanna Road and head south for one mile, then right and west on Broadway for a few tenths to the campus of Seaside Middle School. Most of the campsites on this tour are excellent, but this one may seem a little less than

ideal. We will be shoehorned into a patch of lawn behind the gym and not too far from the noise of Hwy 101. Showers are available in the locker room. I was hoping for a slightly more appealing spot, but the school officials, while very friendly and sympathetic to the notion of bike tours, felt this would be the best site for us, and I really wasn't in a position to argue about it. Right next door to the school is the municipal indoor swimming pool, and while we are figuring the school showers will be adequate for most of us, if you would like to add a swim to your shower, you can easily do so. Presumably, there will be a fee to use the pool.

Seaside is the nearest coastal community to Portland, and as such, it has always been the most developed and most commercial of Oregon's beach resorts. Even when I visited here as a kid in the 50's and 60's, there was a pretty high concentration of tacky trash and tourist kitsch on display. But at least the town's beachfront—





its famous old Boardwalk—was still elegant and still lined with grand old beach “cottages” from the early 20th century...victorian gingerbread confections and craftsman-style, shake-sided bungalows. I didn’t have a chance to check out the beach when I scouted the tour, but from what I can see from photos (above), it looks like most of that old grandeur is gone, replaced by high-rise hotels crammed in, side by side, all along the front, giving the place the look of a miniature Miami Beach or Atlantic City. But as you can see, the Boardwalk is still there and so is the beach and so is the Pacific Ocean. If you can’t wait to get your first glimpse of the sea, and to get some sand and saltwater between your toes, the Boardwalk is just six tenths of a mile from our tent city at the middle school, straight west on Broadway...easily within walking or biking distance of “camp.” That bulb-out in the sea wall you see in the photo is the turn-around at the end of Broadway.

Stage 4: Seaside to Cape Lookout SP

71 miles, 5000' up and down

61 miles, 4200' up and down

If yesterday’s stage offered us uncomplicated navigation and pleasantly monotonous scenery, this stage is the exact opposite. It has busy written all over it. Lots of twists and turns to the route and all sorts of variety on the scenic front...never a dull moment.

Here we are, nearly halfway through the tour, and we have finally arrived at the famous Oregon coast. Before we embark on our voyage of discovery, I want to reiterate those disclaimers men-

tioned in the introduction. Some of the coast is quite spectacular, but some of it has become congested and cluttered with not only tourist crud but also with such evidences of advanced civilization as big box stores and tract neighborhoods...a long way from quaint or charming or scenic. What’s more, the main route down the coast is Hwy 101, which is often burdened with a heavy load of traffic.

The State of Oregon long ago recognized that cycle-touring down the coast was something to be encouraged, so work has been done to make this coastal route as bike-friendly as possible. Almost every obvious bypass that will get riders off the busy highway and onto smaller, quieter roads has been identified and signed accordingly. They missed a few little detours, but your trusty tour planner found them, including a few that may border on the ridiculous as to how goofy the routes get. But overall, I think we’ve done a good job of dodging around both the worst of the clutter and the worst of the traffic. That said, there are still a few miles here and there where we just have to bite the bullet and get out there and mix it up with cars and RV’s.

And we can begin with one of those sections of busy highway, heading south out of busy Seaside. After a brief run south on the balance of Wahanna Road, we hop on the highway, which begins to look suspiciously like a full-tilt freeway. Appearances aside, it’s actually not bad for bikes. The woods on either side of the highway are pretty, and there are large shoulders to keep bikes out of harm’s way. This section includes a stiff climb—400’ up in a bit over two miles—and then a fast descent toward the town of Cannon Beach (below). Midway through the fast descent, we exit the “freeway” down an off-ramp that feeds into the town. You could be carrying a lot of speed at this point, as the descent can be as steep as 10%, but you had better find your brake levers pretty soon, because traffic and turns will both be coming up thick and fast as we approach the town.

Before we actually get into the town, I want to mention one extra option that the hardest hammers in the group might want to consider. This would be an out-&-back along the road that runs





north from Cannon Beach through Ecola State Park. This is one of the prettiest, most pristine parks on the coast, and both the coastal cliffs and the forest behind them are beautiful...just about perfect examples of how nice the Oregon coast can be when it is allowed to be its best, natural self. The full round trip on the out-&-back would add up to nine miles, turning the long route today into an 80-miler. Those nine miles contain a good deal of up and down; in fact they are almost all of them up and down and often quite steeply so. Because I don't expect too many of you to pick up on this option, I won't waste any more space on it here, but I will include a nice photo in the gallery at the back of this section that shows how pretty it is, and I can answer more questions about it if anyone wants to know more.

Cannon Beach, just a few miles from Seaside, has somehow always managed to avoid the worst of the tacky clutter that so defines the bigger town to the north. There are no monster hotels, and what larger inns and motels there are tend to have a natural, homespun look. This is no Bolinas though. While there is some sense of it being more of an artists' colony than a tourist trap, with art galleries and little handcraft boutiques, and many quaint or borderline quaint cottages, it is still a bustling hive of tourist activity...just not as glitzy as its neighbor up the coast. The most memorable feature of Cannon Beach, and the one everyone has to take a photo of, is Haystack Rock, the grand monolith dominating the beach, right at the tideline. There are picturesque standing stones and sea stacks all along the rugged, rock-ribbed Oregon coast, but if you had to pick one to be the iconic, alpha rock for the whole coast, Haystack Rock would be it.

We are going to follow the official Oregon Coast Bike Route as it doodles down Hemlock Street, the main avenue through town, and then continues south through the outlying clusters of beach cabins that straggle along for a couple of miles beyond downtown. By mile 11, we've pretty much used up the

Cannon Beach bypass and have to return to Hwy 101. The next four miles are right along the beach and offer a number of pull-outs for stopping and admiring the views of rocks and beach and crashing surf. At mile 15.4, we come to the beginning of something different. For one thing, it marks the beginning of the first of two stiff climbs that head up and over massive, forested headlands in Oswald P. West State Park. (Historical aside: Oswald West was Governor of the state back in the early 20th century and was responsible for really getting the state parks system up to speed. Thanks to his vision, the state now has one of the finest, most expansive systems of parks of any state in the country. West is remembered as a sort of environmentalist well ahead of the curve in that department...someone John Muir would have appreciated.)

Before we talk about the climbs ahead, we have to mention the Arch Cape tunnel (left), which comes up just as the highway turns uphill and just as it enters the state park. It's a third of a mile long and slightly uphill. Riding through tunnels on a busy road can be a bit nerve-wracking for cyclists, but you can take some comfort in this case from the fact that thousands of cyclists have done this one. There is a button to push at the entrance to the tunnel that activates large orange warning signs alerting motorists to the fact that bikes are in the tunnel.

The two climbs, both inland, off the coastal cliffs and deep in dense forest, are rather challenging. The first one, beginning at the tunnel entrance, gains about 400' in two miles. A two-mile, 300' descent follows, and then the second climb gains 400' again, also in about two miles. When we top out on that climb, we are on a flat stretch known as Neahkahnie Summit, about 600' above sea level. At this point, the road emerges from the forest and tip-toes along the steep cliff face, and the panoramic vistas down the coast are just about as spectacular as you could ever expect them to be (photo below and also in the gallery at the back). There are a couple of big vista points here for gaping at the wonderful view, and we ought to put a sag wagon here, at about 21 miles. It's the perfect place to get off the bike and soak up the splendor of this landscape. We don't really have all that many spots on this tour where the coast is so grandly on display. As the old cliché goes: this is about as good as it gets.





Once you've had your fill of panoramic seascapes, you can hop back on your bike and enjoy a three-mile descent to the town of Manzanita. Nothing too tricky about this downhill. Just get after it and hope you're not tangled up with some waddling, dawdling RV as you try to get the most out of the grade.

Manzanita is followed in short order by the town of Nehalem, with just a small bump of a hill in between. Both are nice beach towns but nothing too extraordinary: neither quaintly charming nor crassly commercial. Remember the Nehalem River, heading east instead of west on Stage 3? This is where it finally finds its way to the ocean, down below the town of Nehalem. After riding through the town and crossing the river, we leave Hwy 101 for the next of our traffic-and-clutter-avoidance detours. This is one of the longer ones. We'll be off 101 and away from all tourist congestion for 14 miles. First we head inland, upstream along the Nehalem River on Hwy 53, also known as the Necanicum Highway, for a little over a mile. Then we turn right and head south down the valley of the Miami River. Some maps call this Miami River Road and some call it Miami Foley Road (Foley Creek is nearby). Either way, there is only the one road down the valley and it would be difficult to get off track.

The photo above is the only one I have for this road. It's not a great photo, but it at least gives an indication of what to expect. The scenery is all about the same, from one end to the other: a rather narrow valley hemmed in by trees, fir and broadleaf both, with occasional meadows and farm pastures opening up the sight lines. It's a pretty, peaceful world, more of that quiet landscape that is so much the standard for this tour. After a short, sharp climb and descent at the north end of the road, we settle in for a six-mile long, mildly rolling climb. Over the top, the descent is almost a mirror image of the climb: six miles, with lots of little rollers. Neither the climb nor the descent is at all extreme...in fact amounting to little more than false flats, either up or down.

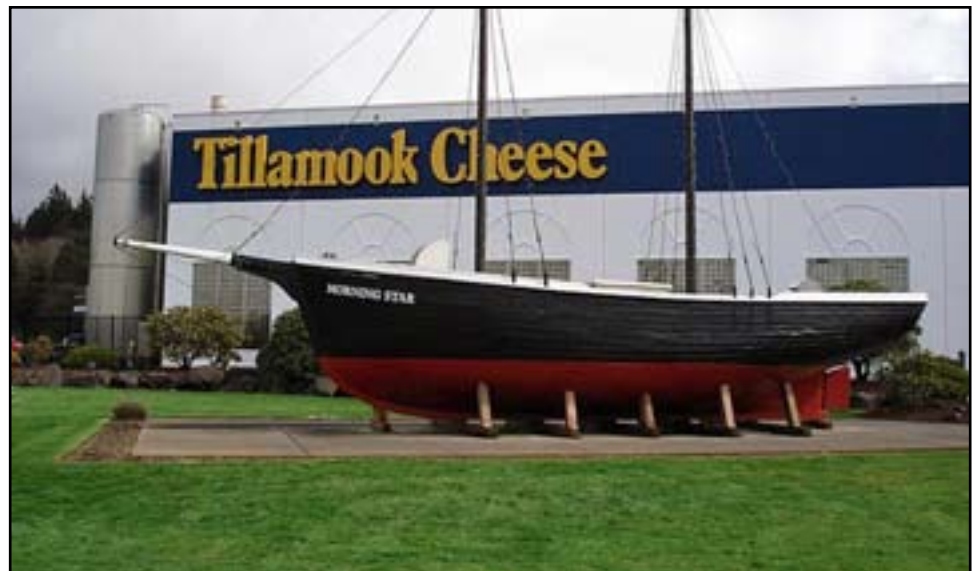
We rejoin Hwy 101 just after mile 40, but we're on the main road for less than a mile before departing for the next of our scenic escapes. Whereas Miami River Road was a simple no-brainer of a bypass, recommended in most of the cycle-tour guidebooks, this next one is really off the wall and goofball.

So let me say up front: you could easily skip it by staying on 101. You would save a mile or two and skip a couple of lumpy little climbs, and, obviously, the route slip would be much simpler. But you would miss some fun stuff. And the stretch of main highway we're dodging is nothing special: just a flat run along the shore of Tillamook Bay, with not-very-scenic clutter along the road. If it weren't worth missing, we wouldn't be going to all the trouble of this complicated detour.

What we're going to do is turn left from 101 on Hobsonville Point Road. This is a twisty old road that climbs up onto the hillside above the bay and dinks and dives around through the trees. It has crappy pavement that would feel right at home in

Sonoma County. It will almost certainly have no traffic. After two miles of this winding around in the woods, we ride into the town of Bay City, descend through one residential neighborhood, almost back to 101, then begin an up-and-down, left-and-right wiggle out through the other side of town, eventually sloping off into the country again on Doughty Road, down into the pretty, quiet valley of the Kilchis River. We turn left from Doughty onto Alderbrook Road, bend right to stay on Alderbrook, and eventually meander back to 101 at mile 48. So this whole *divertimento*, including around eight different roads, adds up to a grand total of seven miles off the main highway. Is it worth it? Sure! What the heck...we're here to explore. That's what touring is all about.

Once we get back on 101, we have to slog through the sprawl of development that leads us down toward the city of Tillamook. Hardware stores, shopping malls, big, national chain motels, and all the other stuff that collects around the edges of towns...it's all here in abundance for about two miles. Right in the middle of it, at mile 48.7, is the famous Tillamook Cheese factory. This is a big tourist draw and its being here is probably why so much of the rest of commercial development is here. It's one of those little roadside attractions that jump-started a whole town's worth of tourist enterprise. But we won't hold that against it. In fact, we're going to have a rest stop here. They have self-guided tours of the cheese-making facility, plus loads of free samples of cheeses and lots of excellent ice cream. At about 49 miles, this looks a lot like a lunch stop for us.





along the shore of Netarts Bay. After that, it's just a short run to the finish at Cape Lookout State Park.

The long route turns right off Netarts Highway on Bayocean Road and spends a little over five miles on this flat road skirting the south shore of Tillamook Bay (left). This lazy, level riding comes to an abrupt end when we turn left and head south, uphill, on Cape Meares Loop Road. It's not a brutal climb, but it is work: 500' of gain in about two miles, often over 5% and occasionally topping out at 10%. All of it is deep in a lovely forest of leafy shade, very much in the seacoast zone, with ferns and moss and moist fecundity on all sides (below).

There are a couple of lumpy rollers over the summit, then a steep, twisting descent of over a mile, followed by two short, steep climbs and descents—two climbs, two descents—each

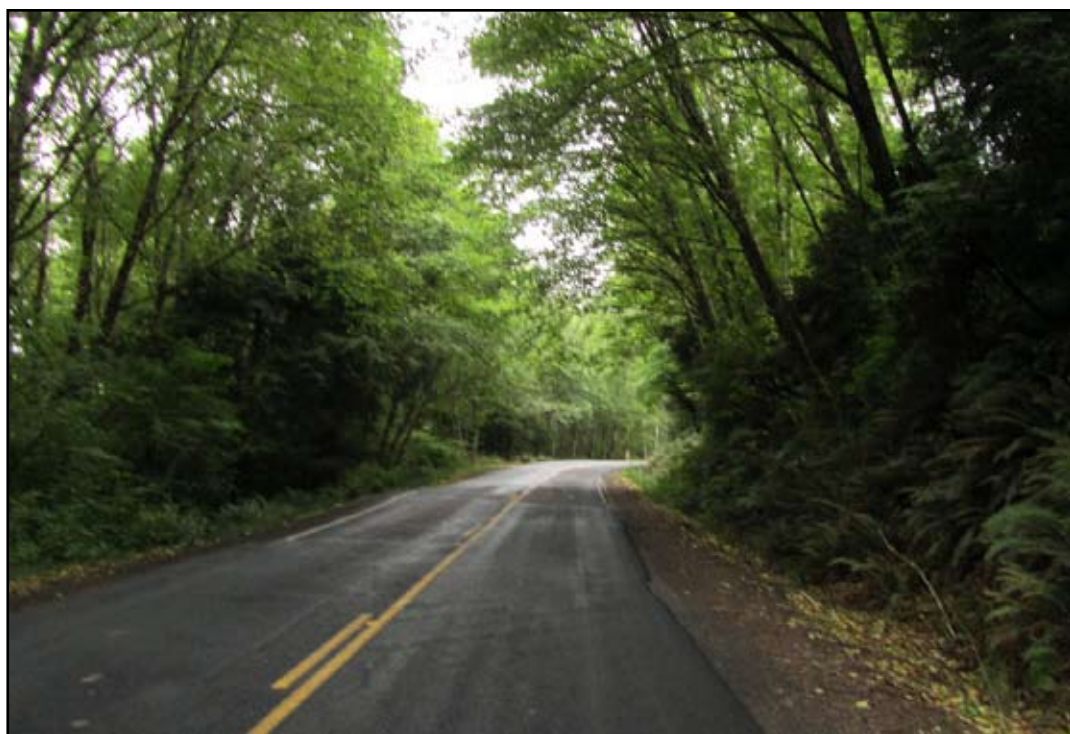
of which is a bit over half a mile. Eventually, all this topsy turvy stuff settles down, as we emerge from the woods, ride out onto the ocean cliff face, and drop into the town of Netarts. Somewhere out there in the wooded hills, the road name changed to Hwy 131 or Oceanside-Netarts Highway. We have come all the way around Cape Meares and are now heading toward a junction with the short route...but we're not quite there yet. First we have to look for a right turn onto Netarts Bay Drive. This could be an easy turn to miss, right in the middle of town. Once we make the turn, we head downhill to the shore of the bay and amble along next to the water on a dead flat, very quiet road for over five miles. At about mile 70, we tee into Whiskey Creek Road and rejoin the short route. (From this point onward, it's also called Cape Lookout Road.)

After we've pigged out on ice cream and cheesy treats, we have to finish off that run through the commercial belt and on into the city of Tillamook. We're taking our usual tack in Tillamook of dodging off the main drag as soon as we can and sneaking through town on residential side streets. It only takes a few blocks and then we're out into the country again. And this time, we're off 101 and headed for pretty much the longest and best bypass this part of the coast has to offer.

Growing up around here, I always heard this bypass referred to as the Three Capes Loop. Hwy 101 goes inland, behind the mountainous masses of Cape Meares, Cape Lookout, and Cape Kiwanda, while a succession of smaller, twistier, hillier roads takes on the task of exploring these rugged headlands. In scouting this tour, I didn't find that Three Capes name anywhere on the maps or in the tour literature, but it works for me. It sums up the experience pretty well. We head west out of Tillamook on the Netarts Highway (Hwy 131). Just out of town, we cross the Tillamook River and at mile 52, we come to a junction. This is where the long and short routes diverge. Let's deal with the short course first because it's so simple.

The short route stays on Netarts Highway, heading toward the coast in a southwesterly direction. After a little over two miles of easy, rolling terrain, there is one significant hill to clamber over. It gains about 250' in exactly one mile, with the steepest bits being maybe 7%. It's definitely a climb, but is relatively modest compared to the bigger bumps on the long route. The descent off the other side is just about identical to the climb. At mile 55.4, Netarts Highway bends right, around to the north toward the town of Netarts, but our route turns left onto Whiskey Creek Road and continues to descend to sea level, where it rejoins the long route

Now we just have a mile to go to get to Cape Lookout [State Park](#) (photo, top, next page). Turn right into the park and follow our directions to a group of individual sites in Loop D.





I am happy to say that no teeth gritting will be required over the first half of the ride, unless you might grit your teeth with the effort of getting over a couple of summits. Those might be work, but at least there is nothing to complain about regarding the scenery or traffic or any bad stuff. It's all good. (Most of the second half is good too, although we will have to deal with a few funky sections, but we'll grit our teeth over those later.)

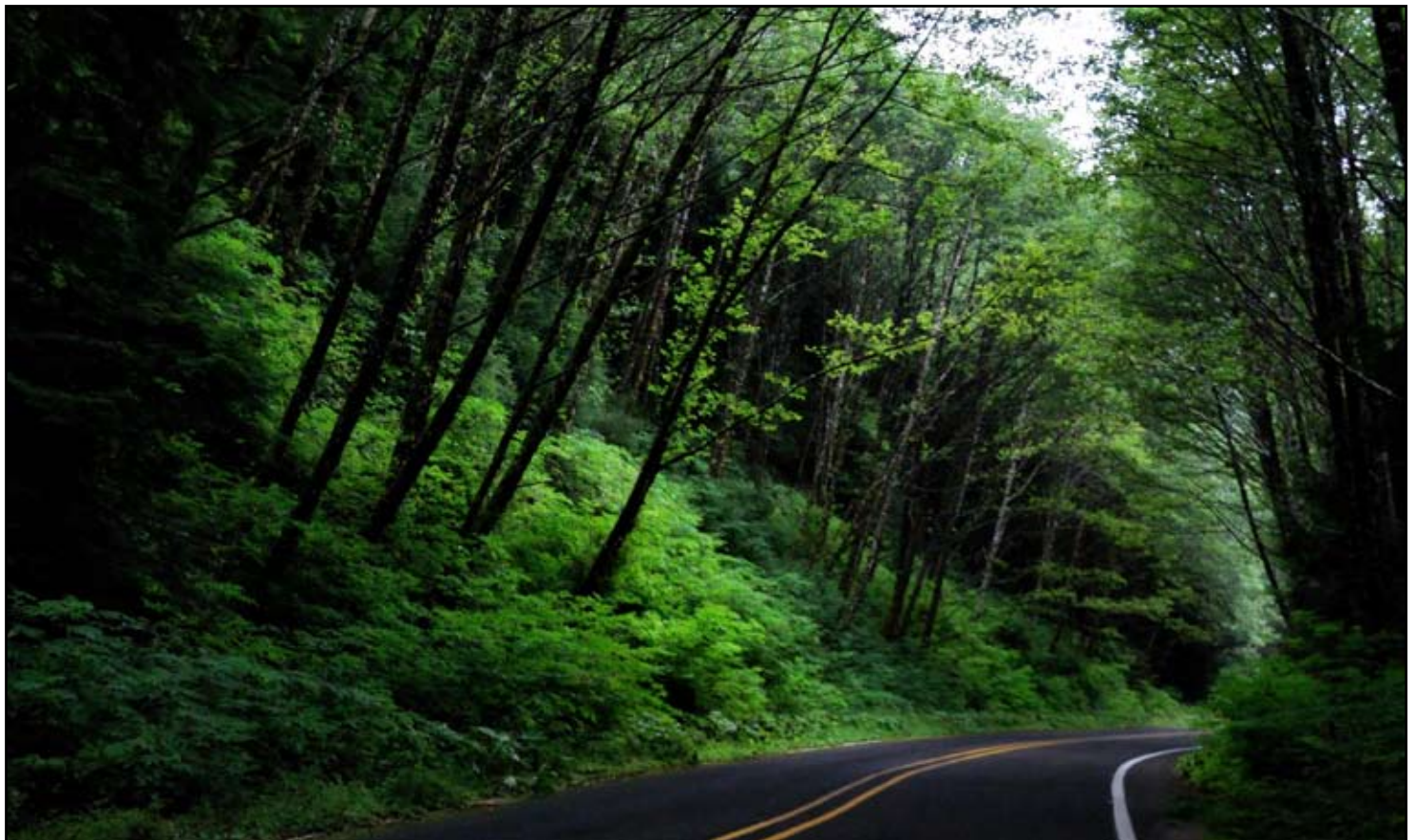
We spent the night in Cape Lookout State Park (left), but we have yet to make the acquaintance of Cape Lookout itself. That big headland lies to the south of the campground and is the first thing we have to deal with today. Right out of camp, we begin climbing, and

Stage 5: Cape Lookout to South Beach SP

73 miles, 4800' up and down

This is our second full day on the coast, and in many respects, it's similar to the first one: almost the same miles and almost the same elevation gain, and the same strategy of detouring off the main highway and around the main towns whenever we can, and gritting our teeth and putting up with the clutter and traffic when we have no alternative.

we keep at it for three stiff miles, gaining around 800' along the way. It is a tough climb, but it's also very pretty (photo below). If this photo of leafy trees arching over the road looks a lot like the photo of the Cape Meares climb on Stage 4 or, for that matter, the run along the Nehalem Highway on Stage 3 or the run along the Banks-Vernonia Trail on Stage 2, well, get used to it! That's what they do here. Perhaps we should have called this the Leafy Woods Tour. There is a reason why it's so lush and green here: let this serve as another reminder to bring along all your rain gear.





Over the top of this leafy summit, we descend for over four miles. Some of that is fast and wild and slinky and some of it is mellow roll-out at the bottom, and there is one minor uphill bump in there somewhere too. But mostly it's downhill fun.

After all that same old leafy forest scenery, here, near the bottom of the hill, we do get to see something different. This is Sandlake Road (above), which we turn onto at mile 6.5. The photo ought to explain the road's name. We're riding through a large tract of rolling sand dunes. This doesn't stretch on and on like the Sahara though. It's a brief interlude, and soon we've moved on to woods and dairylands and lazy little creeks and estuaries.

At around 13 miles, we come to another junction. Straight ahead is McPhillips Road, which leads south to the town of Pacific City. That's the way we went when we first toured here in '94. But upon further review, we have decided to bypass the town by turning left, which happens to be more of Sandlake Road, at least for a mile or two. Eventually it turns into Ferry Street, which passes through the teeny village of Woods and crosses over the Nestucca River, where we turn left on Resort Drive and continue south alongside the pretty river until we tee into Hwy 101.

Finally, after 38 miles of pretty side roads spread over two stages, we return to the main highway. But for a change, this section of the highway is actually quite nice. First of all, it has big shoulders and, second of all, it doesn't seem that busy. I'm guessing the volume and intensity of traffic on the main north-south highway is somehow tied to whichever major resorts are nearby and which feeder highways are connecting to it from the bigger cities along Interstate-5, flowing out of Portland, Salem, Eugene, etc. As it happens, there aren't that many destination resorts along this stretch, between Tillamook and Lincoln City (which we will get to in a few miles...but not yet). Sure, the little towns along this stretch—Pacific City, Cloverdale, and Neskowin—do have folks living in them and driving to them for vacations. But overall, the numbers just aren't that big, and as a result, this section of 101 doesn't seem that hectic or hairy.

Did I mention Neskowin? I did. It's the next town south down the highway. It comes up on our stage at mile 25, and moreover, there is a nice wayside there, complete with rest rooms, so it's the ideal spot for our first official rest stop of the day.

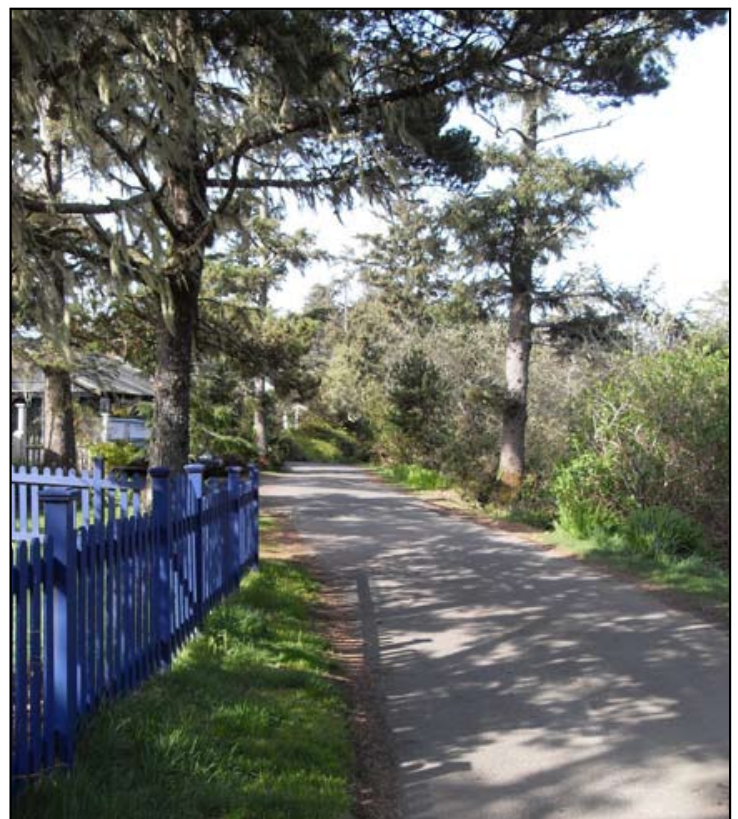
I am going to have to beg your indulgence at this point while I take a sentimental journey down memory lane. Neskowin is the little beach town where I spent most of my boyhood summers, or at least as much of each summer as our family could spare from regular life in Portland. For a little kid in the 50's and early 60's, it was an idyllic place to be. The town had few commercial activities, aside from a general store, a bait and tackle shop, a little cafe, a horse-rental stable, and a pokey little nine-hole golf course. Everything else was beach cottages and family pursuits.

We had our little cottage and so did several other families we knew, all with kids the same age. We fished, we golfed, we rode the old nags from the stable. We always played on the beach: surfing and flying kites; building driftwood forts, roasting marshmallows and watching the

sun go down. I can get a little sappy about it all, but really, it was a time out of time...a place where kids could run free in relative safety, entirely carefree. And it wasn't too bad for the grown-ups either, with their cracked crab feeds and cocktails and rounds of golf on the funky little links.

But here's the really cool thing: it's *still* the same. Thanks to some enlightened activism among the residents back in the 60's and 70's, the runaway development that ruined so many little towns passed Neskowin by. There have been a few changes. The general store and Binford's cafe are gone, replaced by a new store. But the quiet, quaint little streets and all the homey little cottages are still there (below), and you don't have to work too hard to recall exactly what it was like a half a century ago.

I haven't drawn up a map for a bonus-miles loop through





Neskowin, but when we have our rest stop here, if you happen to be with me at that point, I will invite you to ride a one-mile loop around the town with me, including passing our old cottage, which looks exactly the way it looked when I was a little boy... heck, as it did when my dad was a little boy.

Forgive me for burning up so many column inches on this minor little sidebar, but it exerts a powerful pull on my psyche...I couldn't pass by here without paying my respects.

Just south of Neskowin, we arrive at the next of our Hwy 101 bypasses, and it's a good one. This one is called Slab Creek Road (above). The total distance off 101 is about ten miles, but it seems like more (to me anyway) and is well worth doing. Up until the mid-60's this *was* Hwy 101. Think about that when you're riding around its many, many hairpins and other tight corners..the only north-south link along the coast. (My mother always got carsick on this section.) But then they bulldozed a big, fast highway over Cascade Head, and this became a relic, a forgotten byway driven by a few locals and ridden by legions of cycle-tourists. (It's the preferred route in all the bike guide books.)

We turn onto Slab Creek at around mile 26, and if you consult your elevation profile, you'll see that there is a hefty climb beginning at that point. It continues for six miles, varying between 2% and 8% and gaining around 700' along the way. All of the scenery on the climb—and on the descent as well—is more of the leafy tree deal, as seen in the photo. Over the top, we get a pretty nifty downhill: 700' down in four miles...two miles less than the climb, so that much steeper and faster, and it's all tangled up into hairpins and slinky S-bends. Really fun, except the pavement is consistent with the road's ancient relic status...a bit sketchy in places.

We bear right on 3 Rocks Road near the bottom of the descent and then tee back into 101 at about mile 36. Heading south on the highway, we soon pass through the junction with Hwy 18, the main feeder highway coming west from

Salem and SW Portland. The junction is like a freeway cloverleaf, all hustle and bustle. We tip-toe through it and start looking for yet another escape hatch to get off the highway, especially because we are approaching the large mess that goes by the name of Lincoln City.

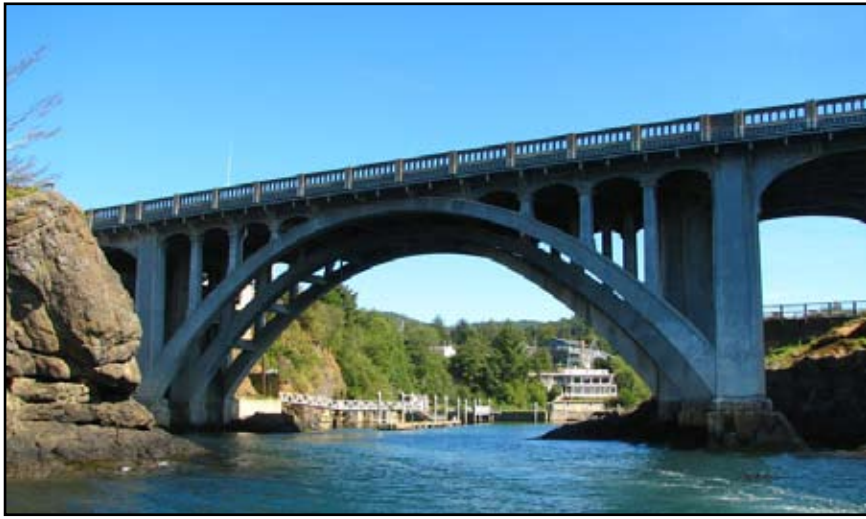
Up until the 1960's, there was a string of five small villages along this stretch of coast. But thanks to all the people pouring down Hwy 18 from the big cities, and thanks to a lack of sensible planning (that saved a town like Neskowin), this stretch of little towns quickly sprawled out to the point where it was all one big town, and they renamed the whole stewpot Lincoln City. Now it consists of several miles of commercial enterprise, some of which is probably not too bad, but all of it taken together adds up to too much...something we would like to avoid.

Fortunately, there is a way around a good chunk of it. Not quite all of it, but a lot. It comes up with a left turn—watch out for fast traffic when

making this left—onto Devils Lake Road. Devils Lake is a fairly large natural lake on the inland side of 101. It must at some time have been a bay off the ocean, but now its only connection to the sea is tiny D River at the south end. The lake is surrounded almost entirely by vacation cottages and, I suppose, year-round residences. But there are enough gaps between the houses for plenty of looks at the pretty lake (below).

We're on this road from mile 38.5 to almost mile 43. The first four of those miles are really nice, with not only attractive scenery—lake and woods and cute cottages—but also with loads of dips and turns and rollers...an entertaining road, just right for bike speed. The last half mile is where we finally come back to the suburban jungle of Lincoln City. However, I have one more card up my sleeve here. It's a little bit silly, like that Bay City dodge yesterday, but if you feel like exploring and staying off the main drag just a bit longer, stick with me for one more sidwinder of a bypass.





way bypassed by the bulldozer of progress...and thank goodness for that! It's only four miles long, but what a sweet little run it is. It is also that last spike you see on the elevation profile...the last real climb (and descent) of the day. From the low point at the bridge (middle photo), the road climbs steadily for most of two miles. As you can see in the bottom photo, this very pretty climb along the coastal cliffs is on a one-way road, with a generous bike lane on one side. Not that you need the lane: there's almost no traffic. At the summit, there is a vista point where you should pull over, get off the bike, and check out the view. The summit is nearly 500' above the ocean, and the views are almost as grand as those from Neahkahnie summit yesterday.

The road off the south side of the little summit reverts to two-way traffic but is still a delightful, quiet road, and

When we hit 101 at the bottom end of Devils Lake Road, go straight across onto 12th Street, slightly uphill. At the top of the hill, keep going straight onto Fleet Drive, which tees into 11th Drive. Turn left, steeply downhill, on 11th, which promptly becomes Coast Avenue (without any turns or signs). Follow Coast Avenue for a little over one mildly hilly mile, passing through a neighborhood of interesting homes, with views of the beach through the trees. When Coast ends at 32nd Street, jog one short block left, then turn right on 101. That exhausts my bypass surgeries for the time being. (There will be more!) For the moment, we just have to ride along the busy highway through some moderately messy suburbs. You can take some consolation from the knowledge that we dodged around 90% of the icky stuff in Lincoln City.

South of town, we descend to a bridge across Schooner Creek, then another across the Siletz River, as we ride alongside Siletz Bay. At the south end of the bay, we come to the community of Salishan. If I say Sea Ranch, you can get a pretty good image of Salishan: upscale, natural wood homes arrayed decoratively across the dunes and around their lovely golf course. We have another opportunity to pick up a brief, one-mile bypass off the highway here. There's a detail inset for it on your map: Gleneden Beach Drive. It's easy to do and worth it, if you remember it and notice it at the right time. But if you miss it, it's not the end of the world.

After that, from miles 50 to 57, we're on 101 for a stretch that is quite nice for cyclists. We're often right out on the cliffs next to the water, and there are numerous scenic waysides for getting up close to pretty coves and crashing surf. It probably will be busy, but it's manageable. At around mile 55, we hit the town of Depoe Bay, where a bridge spans the mouth of its little fishing harbor (above). How little is little? Their claim to fame is that this is the littlest harbor in the world. I don't know how they arrived at that distinction, but there you go. It certainly is small and is also pretty cute, but to really see the harbor, you need to get off your bike and go across to the inland side of the bridge. If you just whiz by on the bridge, you miss the whole point of Depoe Bay.

South of town, we come to one more really wonderful scenic bypass off the highway, and you cannot miss this one on any account. It's a gem. This is the Otter Crest Loop (both lower photos). It too is a remnant road: an abandoned chunk of main high-





a snappy downhill...about two miles long and on good pavement.

At the bottom of this tasty downhill, we merge back onto 101, and for the next while, we have no more detours or bypasses to offer. From mile 61 to mile 66.4, we're on the highway. It's a decent stretch of road. The first half of this section might even be considered quite nice. The road is always near the beach, and is occasionally almost parked right on the sandy shore, as close as it can be. There is always a wide shoulder on the road and some of the time, the shoulder is huge, which goes some way toward mitigating the stress of the passing traffic. For the last three miles or so, it's not quite so good, as we pass the town of Agate Beach, which contributes a certain amount of commercial junk to the roadway. It's not awful, just not anything special.

Finally, at 66.4, we escape the highway one more time for our backstreet meander into and through the city of Newport. This is the biggest, busiest town in these parts. Its permanent population is only 10,000, but it feels and looks bigger somehow, probably because it's usually home to twice that many vacationing tourists. It is very much a tourist destination and works hard to fill those needs. The main highway through town has enough commercial and residential development and congestion to feel like a much bigger city. We don't want to go there and, fortunately, we don't have to, thanks to this rather complicated detour. Mind you, I'm not the only loony who has come up with this convoluted sidetrack through town. This is the official Oregon Coast Bike Route as well, and every turn along the way is so marked.

When we leave the highway, we do so via Oceanview Drive, which meanders along in a pleasantly rolling and winding way for almost a mile and a half before dumping us out onto a more-or-less conventional grid of city streets. From there on, it's a right-left-right-left jog along the city blocks, heading south and a bit west, through the beach cottages and motels. I only diverge from the official bike route for two blocks. That's where we pass through a little seaside neighborhood called Nye Beach. It's entirely contained within the larger

sprawl of Newport neighborhoods, but somehow it has retained its own distinct identity, which is colorfully bohemian and fashionably trendy...or at least as trendy as a small Oregon beach town can be. I leave the posted bike route briefly in Nye Beach so we can see the sights in the off-beat community and in particular ride past the quirky old Sylvia Beach Hotel, long a popular hang-out for literati or at least literati wannabes. But if you skip this right-on-3rd-left-on-Cliff detour and stick with the posted bike route, it won't be a catastrophe.

Anyway...eventually, a longish run on Elizabeth Street brings us down to Yaquina Bay State Park, where we take the park road and wrap around the point, past the handsome old light house, and down to a spot where we're looking up at the grand, green Newport Bridge (left). Back in the Great Depression, President Roosevelt created several stimulus programs to help pull the country out of its economic funk, and one of the most enduring and endear-

ing of those projects was the design and construction of several magnificent bridges along the Oregon coast. There are more further south, but none is as splendid as this one. All of these 1930's bridges are trimmed out with the best Art Deco flourishes, and they look as good now as they ever did. Unfortunately, the architects didn't consider cyclists in their design specs and didn't leave a lot of room for us. We have to ride on the sidewalks, which are not all that wide. But, as we noted with the Arch Cape tunnel, thousands of cyclists do it, day after day, year after year. It can be done...carefully.

Just off the south end of the bridge, we bend right on Abalone Road and swing around 180 degrees, down toward the bay. There we pick up 26th Street, which heads west along the south shore of the bay. That takes us to the trailhead (photo below) for the bike path that leads into South Beach State Park, where we will be camping for the next two nights. From the trailhead, the path runs for over a mile along the dunes before it hits the main campground. We have reserved the two big group sites in the camp (rated for 25 people per site). The best thing about them is that they are off by themselves in a quiet grove of trees, away from the bustle of the main camp, which is extremely popular and always a busy hive of lumbering RVs and general congestion.





final day's stage. Overall, the Stage 7 route is more worth doing than the Stage 6, but this is also not an either-or deal. Any reasonably fit rider should be able to do at least some of the Stage 6 miles and still be fresh enough for one course or the other on Stage 7. You just don't want to really fry yourself today and then be in a hole for the last, best stage tomorrow.

So let's look at what we have on offer today and consider our assorted options. The ride begins by going north, back over the Newport Bridge (left) and into Newport. It's possible that you will not have enjoyed crossing this bridge on its narrow sidewalks (yesterday) and have no desire to repeat the experience twice more today. We don't think it should be that big a deal, but everyone has differing comfort zones with things like this. (And by the way, how someone got that photo of the bridge with no cars on it is a mystery, as it is typically busy all the time, which is of course why we have to ride on the sidewalks.)

Stage 6: Optional Layover Day Ride

33-46-65 miles, 2000'-3000' up and down

It's all about improvisation today: making it up as you go along and above all, doing whatever best suits your own needs and agenda. We are staying two nights at South Beach [State Park](#), one after Stage 5 and another after this day. So today, we can do whatever we like, which could range from nothing at all to a rather ambitious day of activities. We do have a bike ride planned, and it may end up being very nice and just what you need. Because it's not a loop, but rather an out-&-back with some little loops on the end, it can be customized a number of ways to give you a longer or shorter ride. And in addition, we will be offering an off-the-bike adventure as well: a trip to the very nice Oregon Coast Aquarium, which is within a long walk of our camp, or a short bike shuttle. (We will try to arrange a group rate and secure bike parking.)

As I noted in the introduction, it should be possible to go for a ride in the morning and still have enough time left in the afternoon to visit the aquarium, so it isn't an either-or proposition.

When considering what to do today, it's worth bearing in mind what will be coming up on the next day, our last tour stage. Both the long and short courses tomorrow are long. The short course is 85 miles and has one quite husky climb and a few smaller ones. The long option is 100 miles, with a bit more climbing than the short option. As centuries go, it's probably going to feel about average. Not a gimme, but not brutal (as long as centuries are part of your routine bike resumé). The short route is quite nice, and the long route, if you still have the legs for it, is well worth doing...a really wonderful ride. So you might want to take it a bit easy on this layover day to save a little energy for the

Once over the bridge, we take the first exit and double back, heading downhill to the bayshore. We end up on Newport's fisherman's wharf. It does a pretty good imitation of San Francisco's fisherman's wharf, complete with not only the fleet of commercial and charter fishing boats, but also with all the tourist fluff that makes such places so...interesting. I think there is a wax museum, for instance. Scads of gift shops selling all the usual, useless crap, seafood restaurants, etc. It's pretty much of a zoo.

We have to ride through the thick of it on Bay Blvd, but quite soon, we get past the mess and muddle and ride out onto beautiful Yaquina Bay Road (below), which runs right along the north shore of the bay from about mile 4 to mile 16 (and again on the way back...this is the out-&-back part of the stage). This run along the bay is great for bikes. It's almost dead flat, right down on the shore, except for a few spots where it humps up and over some small shoulders of hill. The scenery is top-notch, with the beautiful bay right there. Pavement is excellent. Traffic should be almost non-existent. Everyone except the occasional tourist or local will be hammering away up on Hwy 20, just to the north of this quiet road. This is not a fast road to anywhere.





At about mile 16, we hit the town of Toledo, the hub at the end of our Yaquina Bay out-&-back. All of our further options branch out from this town. The shortest option would be to simply come this far with the ride along the bay. Find a coffee shop or bakery in town, take a break, then turn around and head back. That would add up to around 33 very easy miles. I didn't have a chance to thoroughly explore the downtown, so I cannot point you toward some special shop with good coffee and pastries, etc. I'm going to guess that something along those lines exists on Main Street (above), but you are going to have to find it.

Toledo is not a tourist destination. It is a rugged old mill town. Think of Fort Bragg's relationship to Mendocino and you can picture Toledo's relationship to Newport. The big Georgia-Pacific mill is still the biggest thing in town, and it looks to this layman's eyes to be one of the biggest mills ever...just huge.

On the map, I identify the bonus-miles loops out of Toledo as numbers 1, 2, and 3. My recommendation, for a typical SRCC tour rider, would be to do the first two and skip the last one. That would yield a stage of about 46 miles, with just a bit of climbing challenge...a relatively easy day before the rigors of the final day.

Originally I had hoped to put together one big loop out of Toledo, using parts of the number 1 and number 3 roads, plus some connector miles between them. But those connector miles turned to gravel in the fine local custom, and it was too much to expect normal riders on road bikes to tackle. So I turned 1 and 3 into out-&-backs, essentially, and added a little loop in the hills above the town as option number 2. The whole package looks and feels like a typical club ride we might put together on a Saturday morning at home, with a couple of out-&-backs on Pine Flat or Adobe Canyon (only not anything like that hilly).

When we hit Toledo, we turn left on Business 20, the commercial bypass off the main highway next to the town. We ride slightly uphill for a mile to 20, turn left on it briefly—we don't want to be on this busy highway any more than briefly—and then turn right onto Western Loop Road. This is the first of two old forest roads that parallel Hwy 229, the Siletz Highway. This one and Yasek Loop Road are probably both chunks of the original

highway that were bypassed when a newer, faster road was put in. Because they're here, this so-called out-&-back actually becomes more of a loop...a skinny loop, to be sure, but better than just going out one road and turning around.

Western Loop is less than a mile long, but it's all nice... just right for bikes. At its end, we turn left and head north on 229 toward the town of Siletz. But before we get to Siletz, we're going to turn right on Yasek Loop Road and double back south toward Toledo. Note: you will have passed the southern end of Yasek Loop just after turning from Western Loop onto 229. It's possible to get off 229 right here and follow the side road north, but for a variety of little aesthetic reasons, I thought it would be better as a bike ride to ride 229 in the south-to-north direction and Yasek Loop north to south. Heading north on 229 is okay but not anything you'll put on

your short list of Best Rides Ever. Yasek Loop is four miles long and is all nice...good stuff. It's more of the same leafy-tree scenery we should be used to by now. A couple of small farms, but mostly just quiet forest. It's not hilly, but neither is it exactly flat. Little rollers and twists and turns make it fun for cycling.

At its south end, we go left on 229 for half a mile. Cross back over Hwy 20 and pick up Business 20 again, headed back into Toledo. If you take my recommendation and do options 1 and 2, you would then turn left, uphill, on Lincoln Way, which soon becomes Skyline Drive. Roads named Skyline are seldom flat or down on the valley floor, and this one is no exception. A short but quite steep climb begins as soon as we turn off onto Lincoln, and it continues, at gradients from 5% to 15%, for about three-quarters of a mile. On a day of otherwise flat and gently rolling roads, this is the one spike that will wake your legs up. This loop is a tour through Toledo's better neighborhoods, up on the tree-covered ridge above the town. See how Main Street kicks up pretty steeply at its far end in the photo above? It's those hills and a bit higher that we'll explore on this little rural residential loop.

Over the top, we head downhill (most of the time) for a little over a mile. After recrossing Bus. 20, up in the hills a little bit, we keep heading downhill on East Slope Road (below), which skirts around the east side of town, down along a pretty area of wetlands. At the bottom end of East Slope, it wraps around the wooded ridge you can see on the right in the photo, passes a city





park, and then comes smack bang up to the front of the big mill (above).

The junction for the third optional section is right in front of the mill. We tee into Butler Bridge Road here. If you only want to do the first two options, you would turn right here and head back into town, get back on Yaquina Bay Road, and retrace the outward-bound route. Just to emphasize the fact that we will be on that nice bayshore road again, I am including another photo of it (right) pointing back to the west. Aside from the spiky little loop around Toledo's highlands, it will be about as easy as a ride of this length could be.

If you're one of those hardy cyclists who isn't satisfied with a ride as dinky as that, we offer you the Elk City option...number 3. For this, you would turn left on Butler Bridge and cross that bridge over the Yaquina River, then head upstream along the south bank of the river for approximately ten miles to the little town of Elk City, where the pavement abruptly ends. As you can see from the profile, there is one hill to get over just after the bridge. The road then descends to right next to the river, and it stays there all the way to the turnaround and, obviously, all the way back, where the same little hill has to be climbed over once again.

This business of the paving ending all of a sudden seems especially weird in this case, because the entire length of Elk City Road up to the town is paved to an extremely high standard...pretty much silk-smooth and beautifully engineered. There are numerous slinky bends in the road, all along the way, and the overall effect is very nice for cycling, with the pretty Yaquina River (right) always on display, just a few yards from the road. It looks like a road that is really going somewhere, so to find it abruptly stopping in the middle of nowhere seems really strange. I mean, Elk City is

hardly even a town. Just a few houses and nothing much in the way of a commercial district. All the cost of doing that very fancy paving job, just to get to this little burg? I don't get it. There is a little county park at the end of the road, with restrooms. Bottom line on the Elk City option: it's a beautiful road, and if you just have to log those miles, this is a good way to do it. Your ride would end up being about 65 miles.

Regardless of how many of the loops or out-&-backs we do, eventually we have to come back to Newport, along the pretty bay and then through the tourist scrum along the fisherman's wharf boulevard. On the way back, we have to dip underneath the Newport Bridge and come at the southbound lanes from the same approach road we used at the end of Stage 5. Once we're over the bridge, we bend around on the roads that lead to the bike trail, back into the park and so on. You might figure out that it would be a bit quicker to just stay on 101 down to the front entrance to the park, but I don't recommend it. The stretch of 101 from the bridge down to the park entrance is all junky commercial crud...best avoided.

After all that, you just have to decide if you want to go to the [aquarium](#) or instead maybe walk on the beach or read a book in camp...

One final thought: there is a big brew pub right next to camp ([Rogue Ales](#)), and we might decide to skip camp dinner on one of our nights here and head over to the brewery instead.



Stage 7: South Beach to Corvallis

100 miles, 6300' up, 6100' down

85 miles, 4600 up, 4400' down

We hope you still have a couple of fairly fresh legs you can pull out of your sleeping bag this morning for the final stage. More importantly, we hope you still have that cheerful, can-do mindset for touring, for exploring all the interesting side roads the region has to offer. We have some really nice ones on tap today, and you'll want to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed to fully appreciate them. In particular, we like the roads that make up the longer route. We like them so much, and believe in them so much, we have made that the primary route for the day, with the short course as the optional route. We realize that's kind of an arbitrary fiddle, but we want to emphasize the premise that we are very enthusiastic about those roads. We want you to do them if you can manage it at all.

We finally leave South Beach State Park by the front door, turning south out of the main gate onto our old buddy, Hwy 101. We noted yesterday that all the highway frontage from the Newport Bridge down to the park entrance was blighted with commercial junk, but fortunately for us, that blight ends pretty much right at the park gates. South of here, it's better. We're going to be on the highway for about six miles this morning before kiting off onto another of our remote, inland valley detours. Those six miles are decent riding... more-or-less due south down the coast, sometimes with the ocean beaches in sight and sometimes with a screen of trees or shrub-covered dunes keeping the surf just out of sight, but never far away.

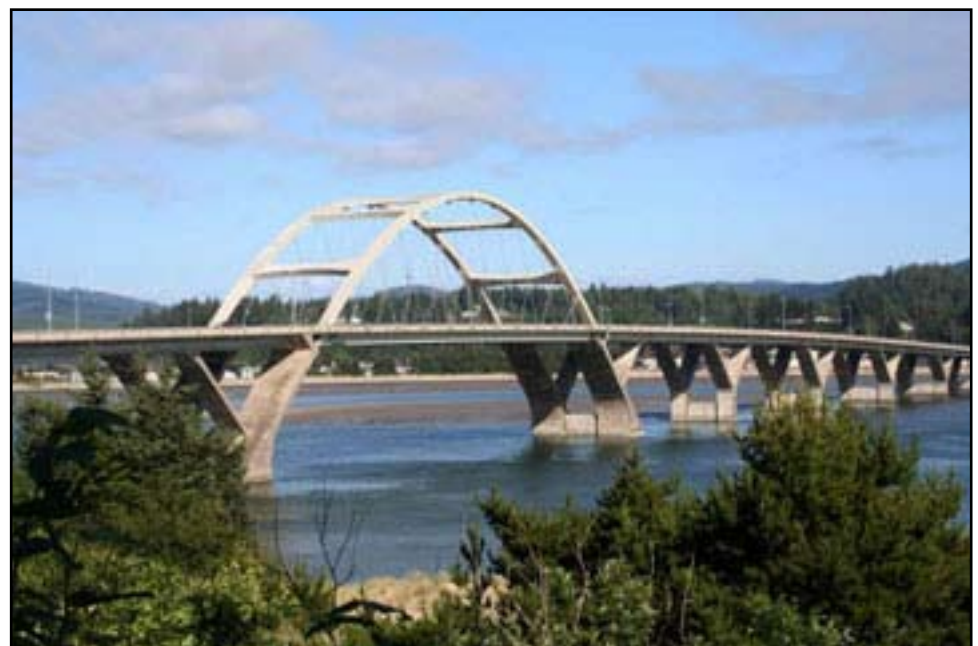
At around mile 6, as we enter Ona Beach State Park, we have to look for a left turn onto North Beaver Creek Road, which heads inland in a southeasterly direction. After about a mile, we bear off to the south on South Beaver Creek (top photo). Presumably, there is a reason these roads and the nearby creek all mention beavers. The fields alongside the road have at points the marshy, moist look of old beaver ponds. (Remember that Oregon is known as the Beaver State because there were so many of those industrious dam builders here before they were trapped so industriously.) This quiet, secluded road meanders along, by the creek and through woods, meadows and marshes, for about five miles, then tees into Bayview Road, where we turn right and head back toward the coast.

Bayview is another nice road. It takes a bit over two and a half miles to return us to Hwy 101, and over that distance, it throws in a number of little ups and downs and twisty curves as it dances along the bluff above the north shore of Alsea Bay, at the mouth of

the Alsea River. Sometimes the bay is hidden behind the trees and sometimes we get good views of it as we break out into the open on the edge of the bluff. All of this is great for cycling. No traffic, nice paving, great scenery, varied topography...

Just before mile 15, we come back to Hwy 101 and turn south, heading across the wide mouth of the Alsea River on a relatively new and quite attractive bridge (below). There was another of those grand old art deco bridges here, built in 1936, but it succumbed to sea salt corrosion and had to be demolished and replaced. The new bridge opened in 1991. It's nice to know that the designers, engineers, and even politicians who manage these projects still have what it takes to put up something that not only works well but looks good.

This is your last chance to commune with the Oregon coast, with salt water and sand and tidal estuaries and all the rest of it. So as you cross the new bridge, look to the right and say your farewells to the big blue ocean and all the critters living in it. On the south end of the bridge, we arrive in the town of Waldport. We turn left





view, it is pretty. Downstream, it is wide and lazy (both photos at left) and is often home to the small boats of fishermen. Further upstream, it narrows and becomes rocky...better for fly-fishing from the shore than from a boat. But always, it is scenic, and it makes the run up the river a real pleasure.

For the most part, the terrain along the lower reaches of the river reflects the same lazy flow as the river itself. There are no climbs to speak of from the time we turn onto Hwy 34 at mile 15 until about mile 25, when we briefly leave the riverbank to clamber over one little ridge...a little less than 200' up in a mile. At the top of the ridge sits the village of Tidewater, really no more than a post office and a few homes scattered about. If our sags can find a nice wide spot somewhere around here, that would make a good spot for our first official rest stop.

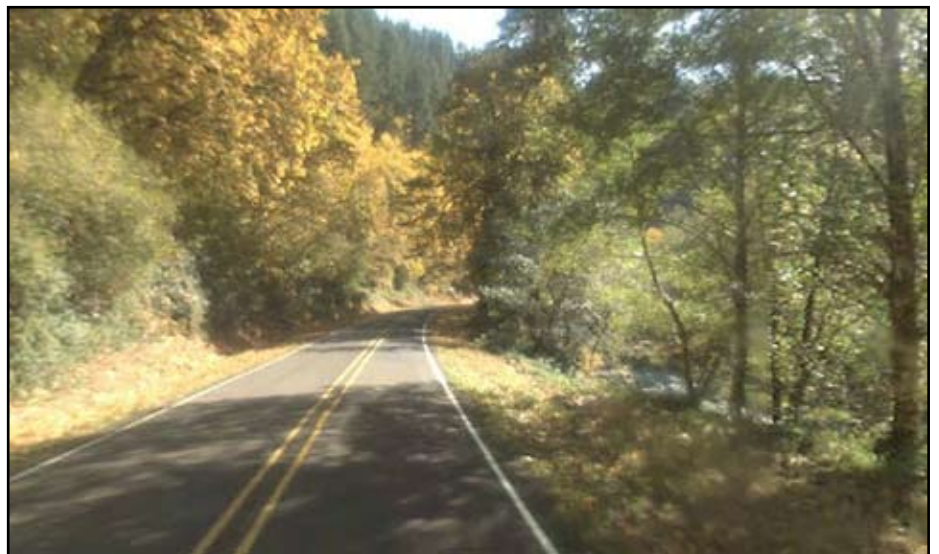


Down off that little ridge and back by the river, the highway begins to tilt uphill ever so slightly. It will continue this subtle uphill tendency through many little rolling bumps until around mile 40. But hang on...we have to stop with the Alsea Highway before we get that far. If the long route is going to be our primary route today, we need to back up to mile 36, where that longer route departs the highway for smaller, more remote roads.

The right turn onto Five Rivers Road (AKA National Forest Development Road 33) comes up at mile 35.8. There is a good street sign on the left pointing to the turn on the right. We cross the Alsea River and bear off to the south along a smaller river. We run along parallel to this stream for a little over three miles, at which point, Five Rivers Road bears off to the right and crosses the stream, but we, before the bridge, bear off left, east, onto Lobster

Valley Road (below), now rolling along next to Lobster Creek. It in the middle of town and head east, inland, on Hwy 34. On the short course, Hwy 34, also known as the Alsea Highway, will be our home for the next 52 miles; on the long course, only for the next 20 or so. The local bicycle coalition's map of the region rates Hwy 34 as "moderate" for traffic. That sounds promising. We hope it's true, because there aren't always wide shoulders on it. This is one of two highways between Corvallis and the coast. Hwy 20, which runs much more directly to Newport, is the road of choice for anyone in a hurry. This road is far too winding and indirect to appeal to anyone aside from the more leisurely sorts of tourists. As you can see from the map, the road takes quite a meandering course as it follows the equally meandering Alsea River inland. River and road are thoroughly intertwined for quite a long distance. More often than not, the river is in sight of the road until around mile 40 on the short course, and always, when it is on

Valley Road (below), now rolling along next to Lobster Creek. It





would be fairly easy to plow on south across that bridge, as that road is nicely paved too, but don't go there! Bear around to the east...

Almost all of the roads today are good for cycling. Beaver Creek, Bayview, the Alsea Highway...they're all at least pleasant and often really nice. But the roads beginning with the turn onto Five Rivers at mile 36 and continuing until mile 78—42 miles—are something else, something quite extraordinary. I'm walking a fine line here: I don't want to over-hype this section to the point where you end up disappointed by the reality when you get here. But I want to sell the roads hard enough that I inspire you to want to do them. So first, as a disclaimer, let me concede that, for the most part, the scenery is just more of the same leafy-woods theme we have been seeing all week. Ho hum... But somehow, some way, the roads and the landscape along this section seem to find a way to improve on that basic theme and nudge the whole package just that little bit closer to perfection...cycling perfection.

Lobster Valley Road, wanders along through the pretty, tranquil forest until around mile 51 where, at a junction with Hazel Glen Road, we bear left and our road becomes the Alsea-Deadwood Highway (above). It doesn't seem like a transition to a new road. Everything stays about the same. Well no, one thing changes, and quite dramatically. Ever since leaving Hwy 34, our road has been going uphill, but at a really, really gentle gradient. Lots of little rollers, but nothing too radical. In 15 miles, we gain a little over 200'. If you could smooth out all those little rollers, that would work out to an average of way less than 1%. Now however, as the road takes on its new identity as Alsea-Deadwood Highway, it also takes on some punked up attitude, with two back-to-back climbs that gain, first, 360' in one mile (7%), then,

after a little descent, another 360' in a mile and a half (5%).

Over the summit at mile 54.6, we get a little payback for those two climbs, as we drop 500' in two twisty miles. The grade eases off then and we have four more miles of rollers with a slightly downhill bent before our next turn. Before dropping off the ridge though, let me note that this is another spot where logging has been done recently, so for a little while there, the lovely forest is not quite so perfect. Maybe that's where the "deadwood" in the name comes in. Off the far side of this summit, the scenery in general is good but not that great until mile 60, when we turn right onto South Fork Road.

Now then...as good as the scenery was along beautiful Lobster Valley, it somehow manages to get even better along South Fork Road (below, next page, and more photos in the gallery at the back). This road, plus Glenbrook Road, which follows, plus Alpine Road, which follows next, all have biking perfection pretty well nailed. If you took all the things you wanted in a great bike road, put them all in a blender and whirled it around, what you would end up with would have to look a lot like this run of little roads through the middle of nowhere in Benton County, Oregon.

The scenery is superb (assuming you like leafy forest, rolling meadows, little streams, and the occasional old barn). The traffic is nonexistent. The roads are constantly curving left and right and every so often tilting up or down, all of their changes scaled to the speed of a cycle-tourist. The pavement was good on Lobster Valley, decent on Alsea-Deadwood, then very good on South Fork...but wait: just when you thought the pavement was as smooth as the paver's craft could make it, you roll around a bend and you can see and feel under you wheels that it just got better...





soooo smooth. We have very little like it anywhere in the North Bay. Asphalt heaven! If you know of a nicer road to ride than this, please lead me to it.

Once we turn onto South Fork Road at mile 60, the profile tilts uphill—mostly—although most of the uphill will be in the false flat department and will be mixed in with many little dips and true flats. It's a real mix of ups and downs...but more ups overall. At mile 62, there is an authentic climb: 150' up in half a mile. But aside from that, it's just all these lumpy little stairs...up, up, down, up, flat, up... Between miles 60 and 70, we rise from 300' to 900', but the total gain will be more than 600' because of all the little downhill bits salted in there along the way.

I'm not 100% sure where South Fork Road morphs into Glenbrook Road. Google starts showing the latter name around mile 69. In any event, this is a change in name only, as the gorgeous, beautifully paved road just keeps on doing its silky-smooth thing throughout (photo above).

At mile 70 or a bit beyond it, we finally get to our biggest climb of the day. As noted already, we have been climbing in little fits and starts for ten miles. Now we really get after it. We gain about 450' in three miles. Most of the grade is fairly steady, but there are spots that drop to 2% and others that ramp up into the teens, briefly. From the seat of my Honda, it looked like a relatively easy climb, all in all. Real work, for sure, but not some leg-breaking, lung-baking monster. And unlike the timbered-out sections on Alsea-Deadwood, this section is as pretty as anything else we'll see. Absolutely lovely.

And so is the downhill, if you can spare a look at the passing scene as you wiggle your way down the mountain. From the summit at over 1300', we drop 900' in two-plus

miles, all of it about as cranked up and crazy as a downhill can be. That's a 7% average, but there are good chunks of it on the high side of 10%, with one slinky bend following another, all of it on the best, smoothest, cleanest pavement. There is another mile-plus of frisky downhill roll-out at the bottom of those two-plus wild miles, so altogether, it adds up to almost four miles of the best sort of bike fun you could ever dream up. You couldn't order up a better bike road out of a catalog.

Somewhere out there, around the bottom of the descent, we pass through the little dot on the map listed as Glenbrook, which doesn't amount to more than a house or two. We also move on from Glenbrook Road to Alpine Road. Once again, I'm not quite sure where the transition from one road to the next happens. RideWithGPS says it's right on the

summit, but my scouting notes say it happens three miles later, at a junction with Nichols Road, near the "town" of Glenbrook. Wherever it is, the transition is almost seamless. At this point, you can come up for air: take a breath and look around again and start to unwind from all the cycling nirvana of the past few miles. Alpine is not quite as perfect in all ways as South Fork and Glenbrook, but is still nice. After a few approximately level miles on Alpine, we turn left and head due north on Bellfountain Road, arriving soon in the little pioneer village of Bellfountain (bottom photo).

This marks the end of what I would call the dream-miles interlude. The rest of the ride is nice, but not spectacular. We will be on Bellfountain for over 15 miles, generally heading north. We leave the lovely, leafy forest behind at this point and return to an agricultural landscape similar to what we cycled through on Stage 1. The countryside is a mix of farm fields turned to all sorts of uses, from tree farms to hay fields, with a few isolated patches of woods and wildness here and there. This rural area southwest





of Corvallis is a little more hilly than most of the farm fields we passed through on Stage 1, and Bellfountain (above) is going to challenge our fortitude at the end of a long ride with a series of pesky little bumps. One is more than a mile long, another is almost a mile, and three more smaller ones follow. But on the bright side, the altitude at the north end of Bellfountain Road is just a bit lower than it is where we turned onto it from Alpine, and that means that for every pesky climb we have to do, there will be a corresponding descent bundled with it. In the end, over the length of this up-and-down road, we will descend a little more than we will climb. Tell that to your tired legs when you see yet another uphill ahead...

Bellfountain ends with a couple of level miles and then a little tilt up to our right turn on Plymouth Drive, just on the outskirts of the town of Philomath, which is just on the outskirts of Corvallis. But before we turn on Plymouth and head into town, we have to go back—way back—and pick up the route for the short course.

First of all, although I am strongly supporting the long route today—for those who want to tackle it—I want to state that there is nothing at all wrong with the shorter route. The traffic on Hwy 34 will be heavier than it will be on those remote side roads, but I don't really think it will be much of an issue. Aside from that—the potential for more traffic—it should be a beautiful ride, with nice scenery all the way.

We left the short route heading east on Hwy 34 at mile 36. The first part of the story is easy enough to tell: more of 34, from mile 36 to mile 67. The first 25 of those miles are more of what we've experienced since we turned onto this road: a very gentle—almost a false-flat—uphill as we follow the pretty river upstream. There are a couple of sharp little climbs in there where the road scrambles up over little ridges, similar to the one near Tidewater. There are lots of rollers, but the overall impression is going to be of an almost level road.

As far as scenery goes: more of the same. Leafy woods, rolling meadows, small farms nestled into the river bottom, fir-covered ridges in the distance...and the river nearby, at least until around mile 40. After that, the Alsea takes itself off on a wandering course around the valley. Sometimes it cozies right up to the road and other times it disappears back in the trees. The further we go, the less often we see it.

At approximately miles 47 and 50, there are roadside parks that front on the river, and either of these would make an ideal spot for the second official rest stop. But there is another spot where you might want to stop as well. Just past mile 53, we pass Hayden Road on the right, and a hundred or so yards down this road is a fine old covered bridge... Hayden Bridge (below). We encountered several covered bridges on another of our

Oregon tours, not far from here, and everyone enjoyed checking them out. This is the only one on this tour, and if you have any interest at all, take a break and look it over. Ride across and marvel at the big timbers and the post-and-beam construction. It's impressive, and not something you see every day...a relic and reminder of a time gone by.

A couple of miles past Hayden Bridge on Hwy 34, we come to the little town of Alsea. Nothing too interesting here, although the Alsea Mercantile (general store) is colorfully quirky.

The gently uphill gradient—accented with numerous rolling ups and downs—continues until around mile 61. At that point, we come to the big climbing challenge on the day: about 700' up in a little over two miles to 1236' Alsea Summit. As is the case with all the bigger climbs on this tour, this one is not brutal, but is certainly a challenging bit of hard work.

As a point of passing interest, there is a road that spurs off from our highway right near the summit called Marys Peak Road. It goes, not surprisingly, to the summit of Marys Peak, at 4097',





the tallest mountain in the Oregon Coast Range. I've ridden this road and it's a treat. Nicely paved, not too steep, and offering nice scenery on the way up and sensational panoramas from the summit. I hate to pass this great road by, but I couldn't figure out how to add it in anywhere without making a monster stage. The round trip out-&-back would add more than 20 miles to the 85-mile short course. I suppose you could still do that if you wanted to, but if you really want a century today, we already have a very nice one for you. So many roads, so little time...

Back to our basic course...

The descent from Alsea Summit is going to be a ripper. Over 700' down in 2.5 miles, with another two miles of fast roll-out at the bottom, with lots of kinked up hairpins and curves (above). And at least some of it was just recently repaved.

In an effort to escape from whatever traffic there might be on Hwy 34, and to avoid the congestion around the town of Philomath, we finally depart from the highway with a right turn onto Decker Road at mile 67. After a little more mild downhill, we have one more fairly husky climb to deal with on Decker: 300' up in one and a half miles. In the normal scheme of things, this is not too big a hill, but it may loom larger than that at mile 68 on the final day of a long tour. For what it's worth, there is an even bigger descent off the far side of the ridge: 400' down in two and a half miles.

I have set up a route through the rural hills south of Philomath that meanders about on a crooked trajectory that will eventually intersect the long course. From mile 72.2 to mile 76.5, we use four different roads. If you look at your map, you will see that it would have been much simpler to stay on Decker and proceed directly to Bellfountain Road...far less complicated. You could do that if you wanted to. If your brain has turned to mush at the end of a long week and you don't want to think or look at your route slip anymore, feel free to make a bee-line to Bellfountain. But I chose the more convoluted route because I thought it was more bike-friendly, more interesting, more attractive, etc.

Whichever route is chosen, eventually, we all end up on the north end of Bellfountain, turning right onto Plymouth Drive. Now we're into the big detail inset on the last day's map: the

up-close detail of the approach to Corvallis. Even though we're heading right for the downtown center of a bustling little city, our route does a good job of staying fun and bike-friendly, all the way to the end.

First we have to do Plymouth, Nash and Brooklane, three rural residential roads. Brooklane begins in a new, upscale tract neighborhood but actually becomes more woodsy and wild as it nears the city. That's because it heads gently downhill toward a collection of parks and wildlands on the south edge of town and near the Willamette River. Just as Brooklane approaches an extremely busy intersection with Hwy 20/34—now almost a freeway—we bail out onto a nice bike path that heads through the parks and around to the Willamette River frontage in downtown Corvallis. I don't

know exactly how to tell you to navigate this trails section. All I can say is that it's easy and it works and that cyclists do it all the time. I've managed to do it on my bike and I had no idea where I was going. (That was some years ago, and I wasn't taking notes on touring here.) Just keep tracking around to the east and then north until you end up with the river on your right and the town on your left (below). Keep heading north until you pass underneath the twin Hwy 34 overpasses, then look to your left for the Super 8 Motel. Go just past it and turn up the path that leads to Tyler Avenue and the entrance to the motel parking lot.

And that'll do it. We're back. Time to get checked in and cleaned up...maybe jump in the pool or the spa and soak those weary legs. Then you can grab a glass of something cold and a platter of munchies and kick back with your touring pals to rehash the highlights of the week just past. Tomorrow we'll load up our car pool fleet and head back to the club warehouse in Santa Rosa... back to the real world.

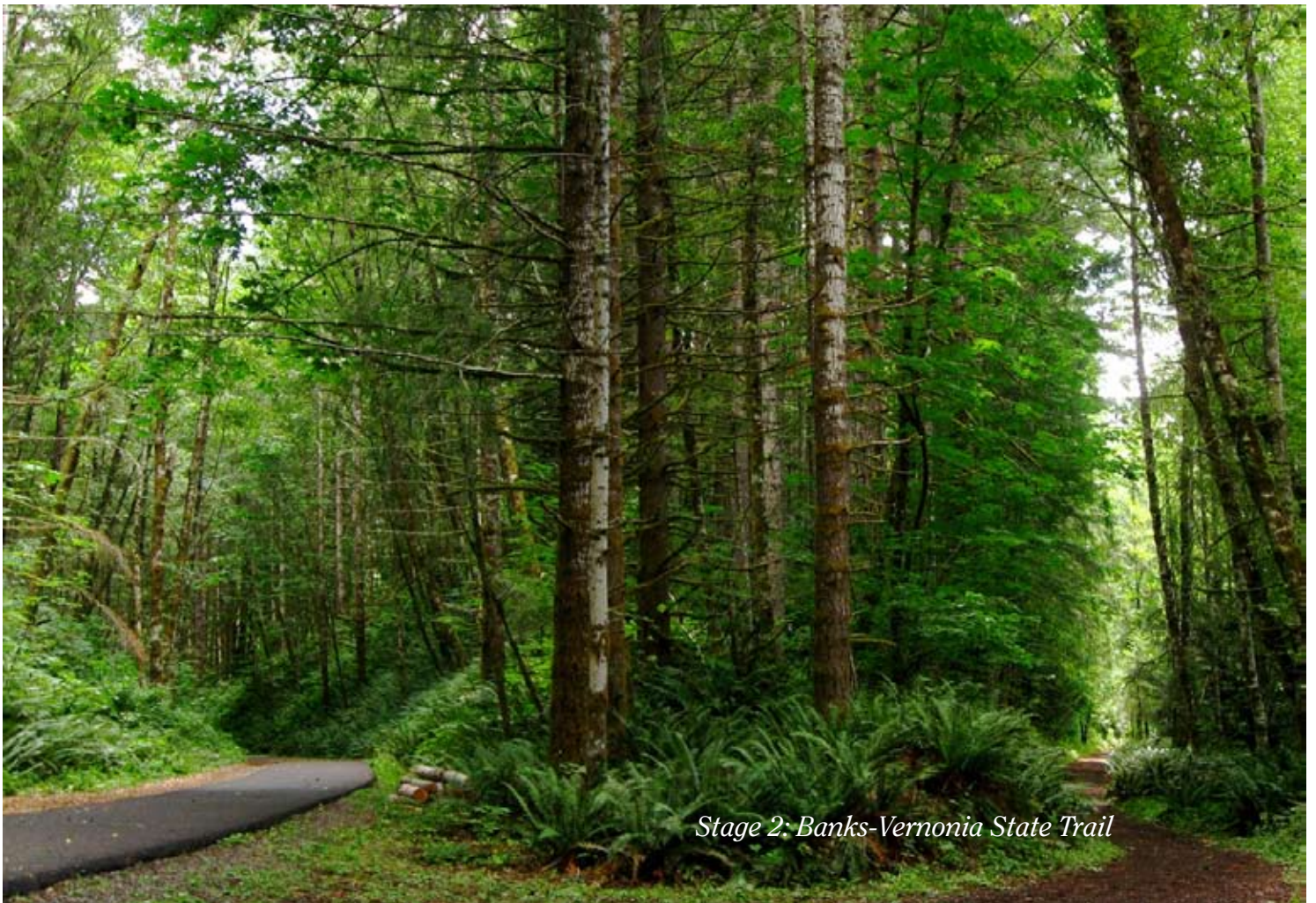




Stage 1: Farm fields, midway through the stage



Stage 1: Group site, Champoeg State Park



Stage 2: Banks-Vernonia State Trail



*Stage 4: Optional out-&-back
in Ecola State Park*

Stage 4: The view from Neahkahnie Summit



Stage 4: Riding along Netarts Bay





Stage 5: Climbing to Cape Lookout summit



Stage 5: Otter Crest Loop



Stages 5 & 6: South Beach State Park



*Layover Day (Stage 6):
Oregon Coast Aquarium*

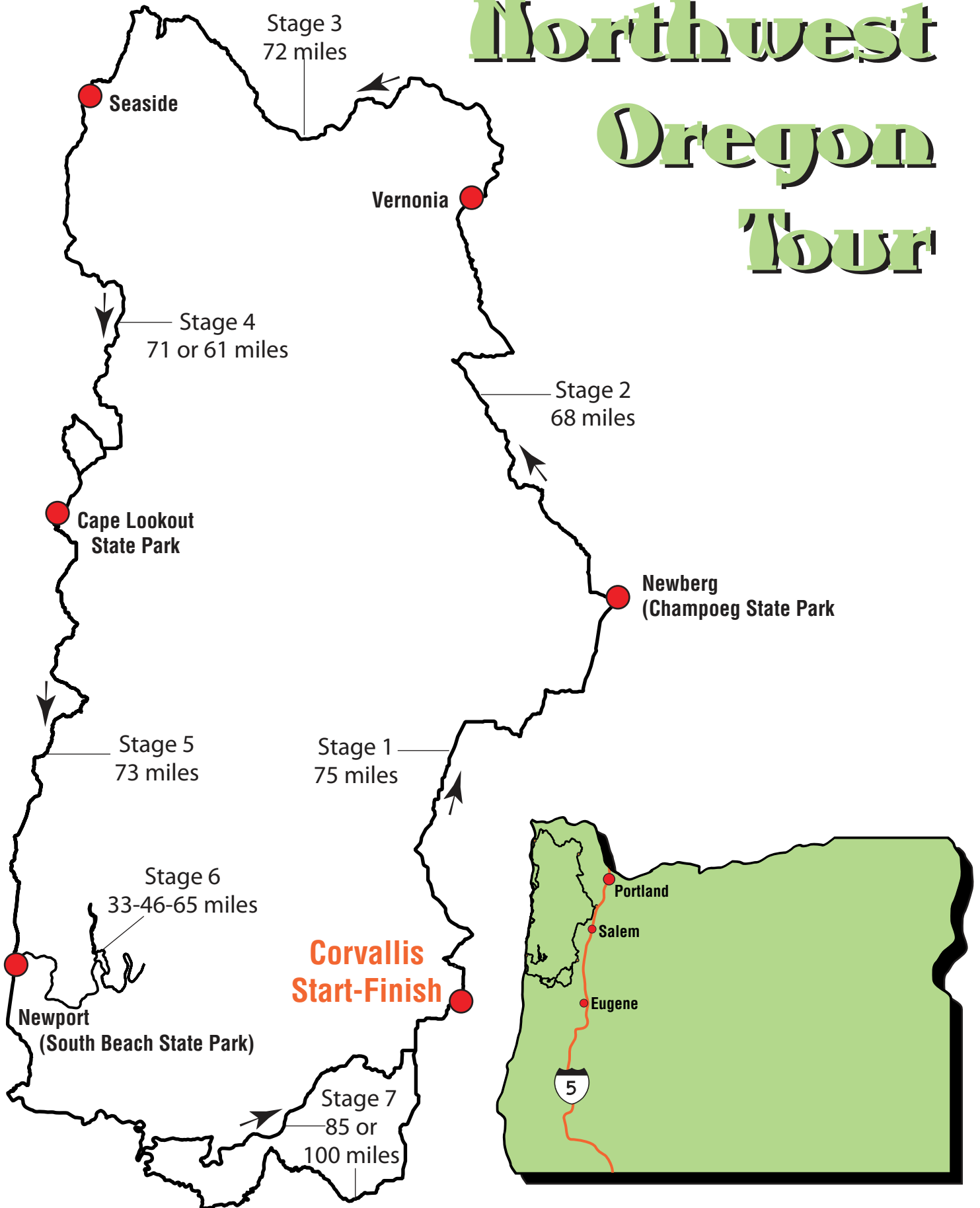


Stage 7: South Fork Road



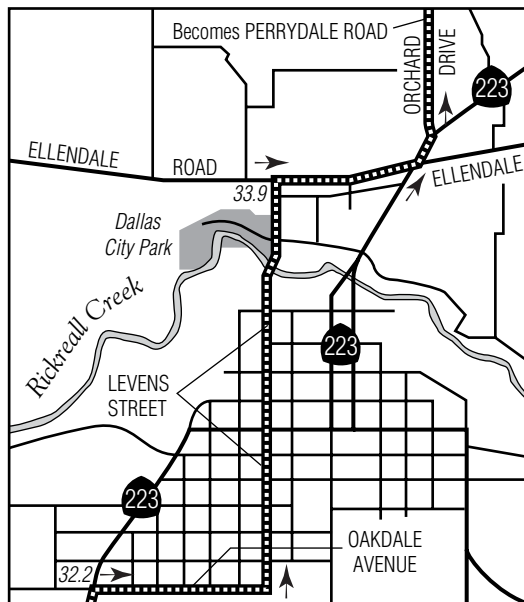
Stage 7: Glenbrook Road

Northwest Oregon Tour

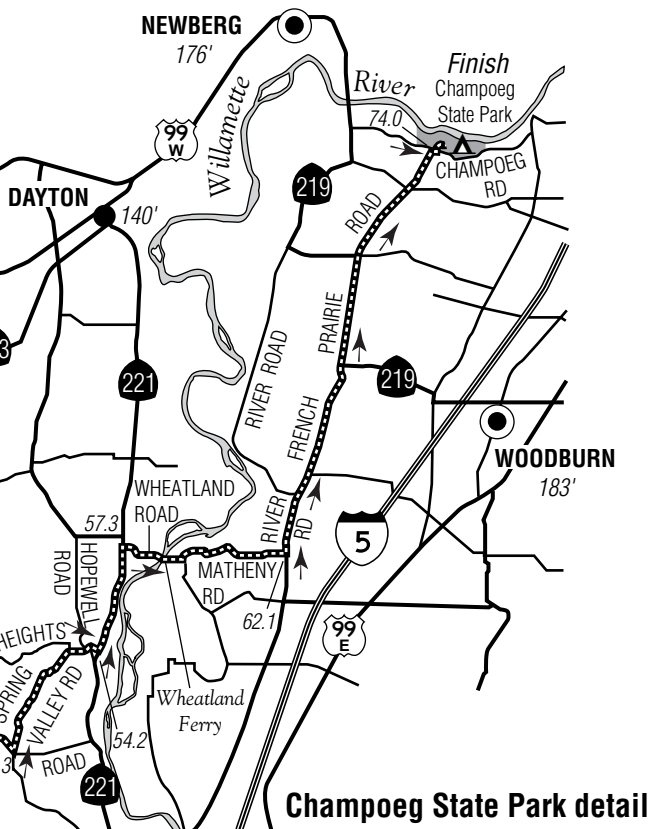


Northwest Oregon Tour

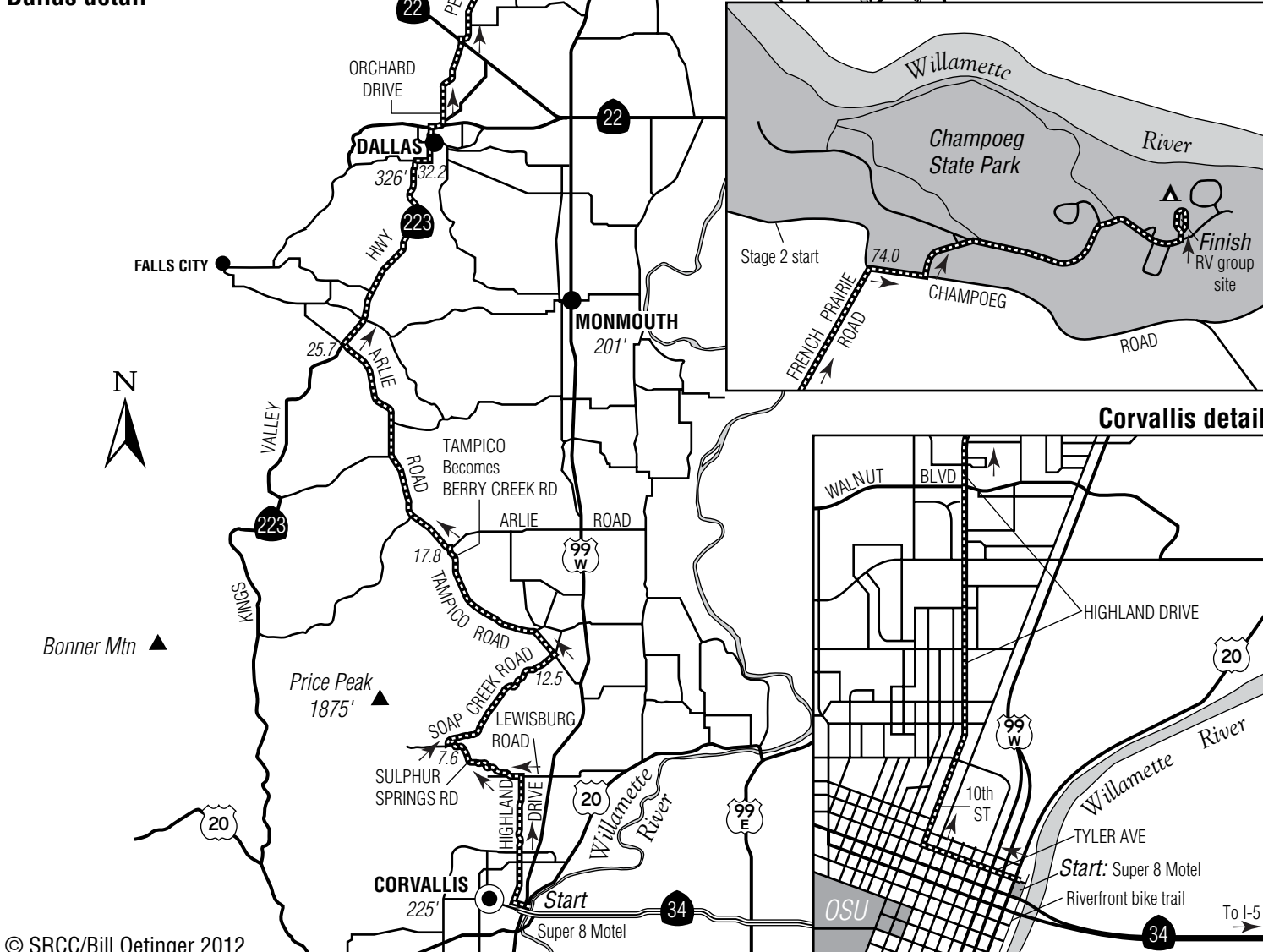
Stage 1: Corvallis to Champoeg State Park
75 miles, 3300' up, 3400' down



Dallas detail



Champoeg State Park detail



Corvallis detail

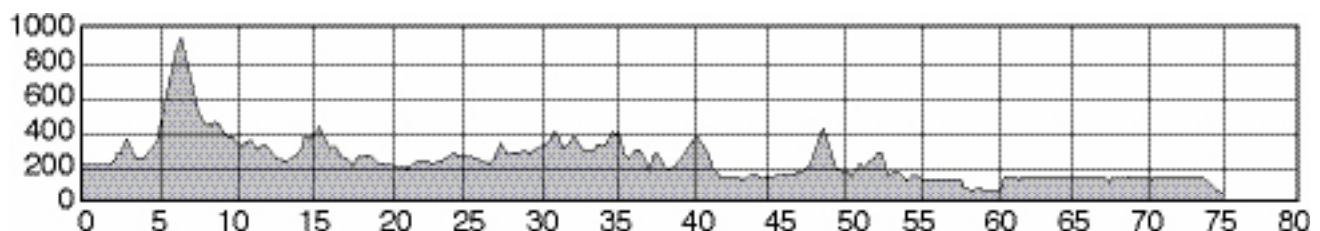
The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 1: Corvallis to Champoeg State Park

75 miles, 3300' up, 3400' down

L on Tyler Avenue (leave Super 8 Motel).....	0.0
Begin in city of Corvallis (225')	
R on 10th Street.....	0.5
Becomes Highland Drive.....	1.2
Leave Corvallis, first climb	2.0
L on Lewisburg Avenue.....	4.6
R on Sulphur Creek Road, bigger climb	5.0
Summit (950')	6.6
R on Soap Creek Road	7.6
L on Tampico Road	12.5
Also known as Old Portland-and-Umpqua Valley Road. Includes two miles of hard-pack gravel.	
Becomes Berry Creek Road	16.6
L on Airlie Road	17.8
R on Hwy 223 (Kings Valley Highway)	25.7
R on Oakdale Avenue	32.2
Enter town of Dallas (326')	

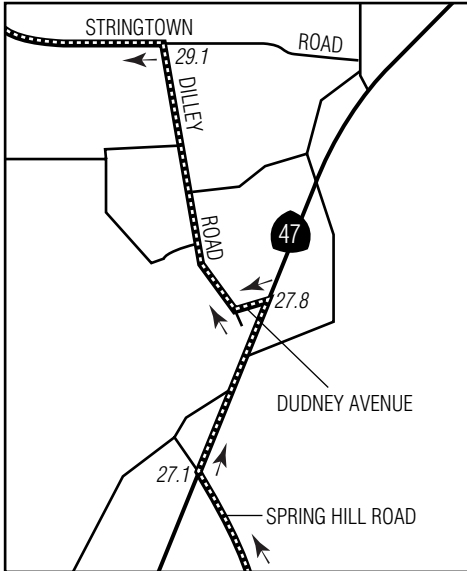
L on Levens Street	32.8
City park (rest stop spot?)	33.7
R on Ellendale Avenue (busy)	33.9
L on Orchard Drive.....	34.3
Becomes Perrydale Road	34.8
Cross Hwy 22, continue on Perrydale	37.1
R on Bethel Road	42.8
Town of Perrydale (180')	
Cross Hwy 99W, soon becomes Zena Road..	45.2
L on Spring Valley Road.....	50.3
R on Hopewell Road	54.2
L on Hwy 221 (Wallace Road).....	54.3
R on Wheatland Road	57.3
Wheatland Ferry (\$1 fare for bikes)	58.4
Continue on Matheny Road.....	59.0
L on River Road	62.1
Straight on French Prairie Road	63.8
River Road bears away to the left.	
R on Champoeg Road	74.0
L into Champoeg State Park.....	74.1
L into RV Group Site	74.8
Finish	75.0



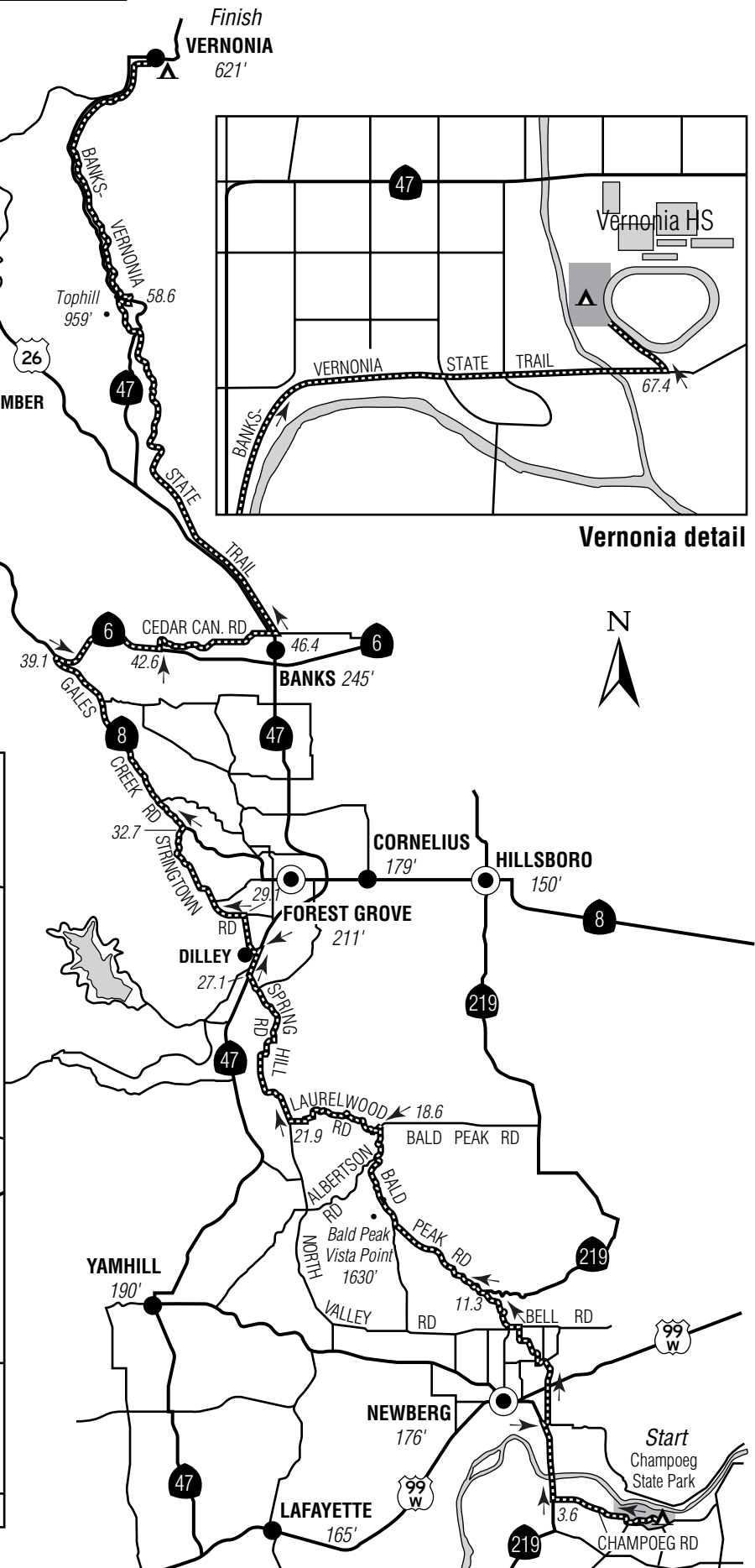
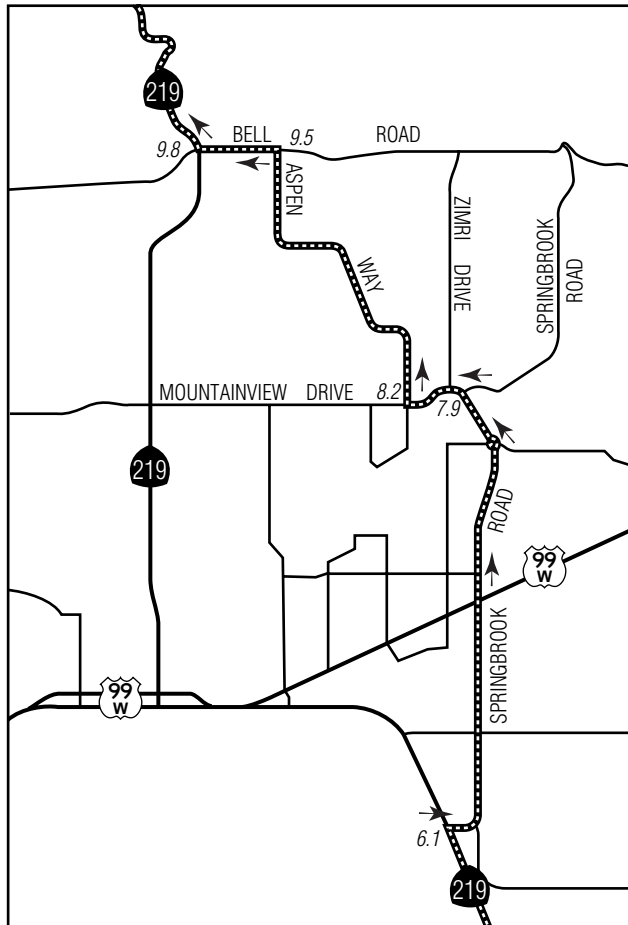
Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 2: Champoege SP to Vernonia
68 miles, 4500' up, 4000' down

Dilley detail



Newberg detail



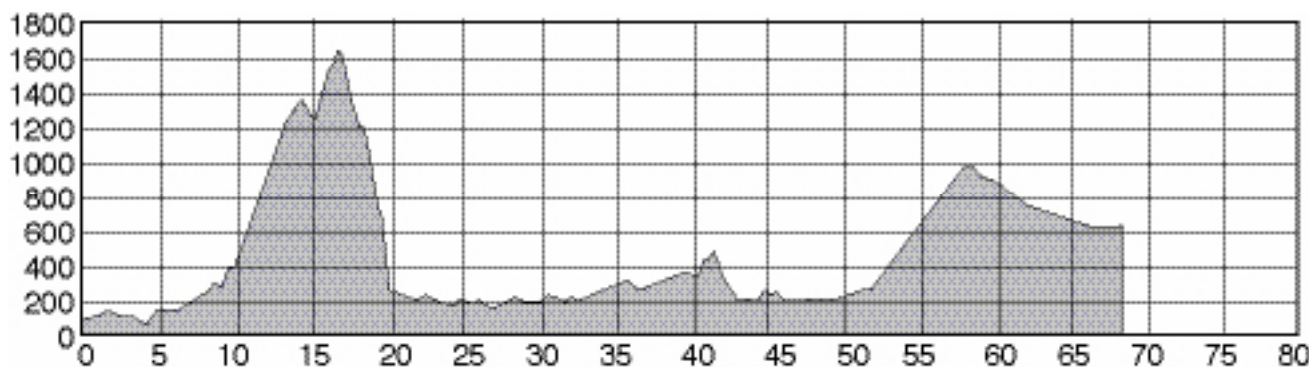
The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 2: Champoeg State Park to Vernonia

68 miles, 4500' up, 4000' down

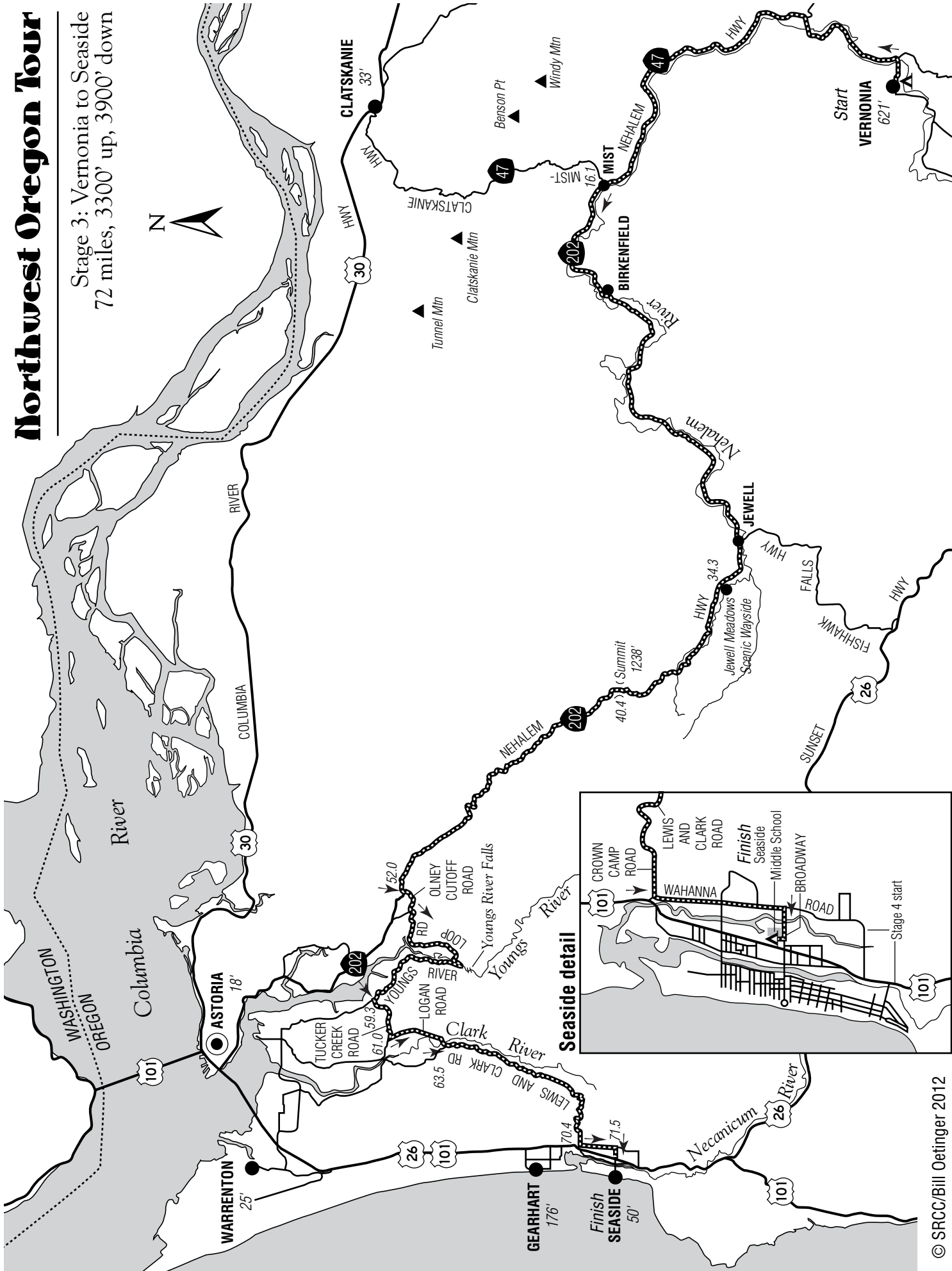
R on camp road	0.0
Leave Champoeg SP (89')	
R on Champoeg Road	1.0
R on Hwy 219 (River Road)	3.6
R on Springbrook Road	6.1
City of Newberg (176')	
Continue north on Springbrook, accross Hwy 99W, through roundabout, to...	
L on Mountainview Drive	7.9
R on Aspen Way	8.2
L on Bell Road.....	9.5
R on Hwy 219 (Hillsboro Highway).....	9.8
Big climb...	
L on Bald Peak Road	11.3
L into Bald Peak vista point (1630')	16.6
Summit, highest point on tour...rest stop?	

L on Laurelwood Road	18.6
Twisty, sometimes steep descending ahead...	
R on Spring Hill Road	21.9
R on Hwy 47 (Tualitin Valley Highway)	27.1
L on Dudley Avenue	27.8
Into village of Dilley (208')	
R on Dilley Road	27.9
L on Stringtown Road	29.1
L on Hwy 8 (Gales Creek Road)	32.7
R on Hwy 6 (Wilson River Highway)	39.1
L on Cedar Canyon Road	42.6
Cross Hwy 47 in town of Banks (245').....	46.4
L on Sellers Road.....	46.4
L to Banks-Vernonia State Trail trailhead	46.5
North on trail to Vernonia...	
Trail crosses Hwy 47...meet sag here?.....	58.6
Straight from trail onto Anderson Park Rd....	67.1
L onto Vernonia HS football field	67.4
Finish	67.5



Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 3: Vernonia to Seaside
72 miles, 3300' up, 3900' down

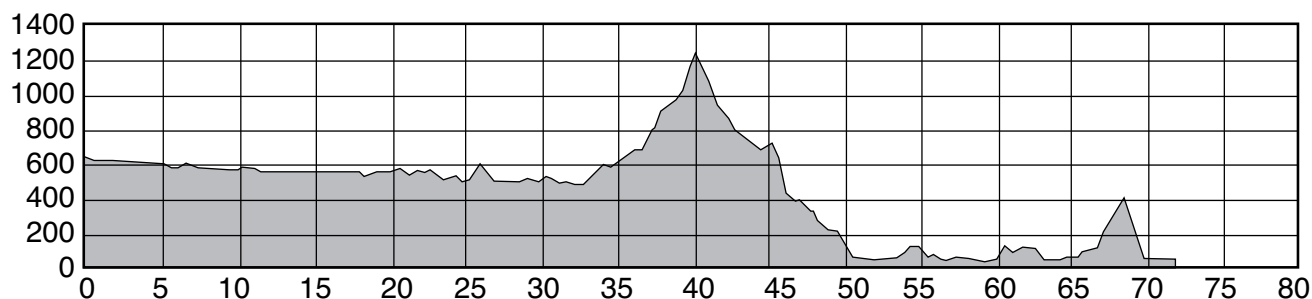


The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 3: Vernonia to Seaside

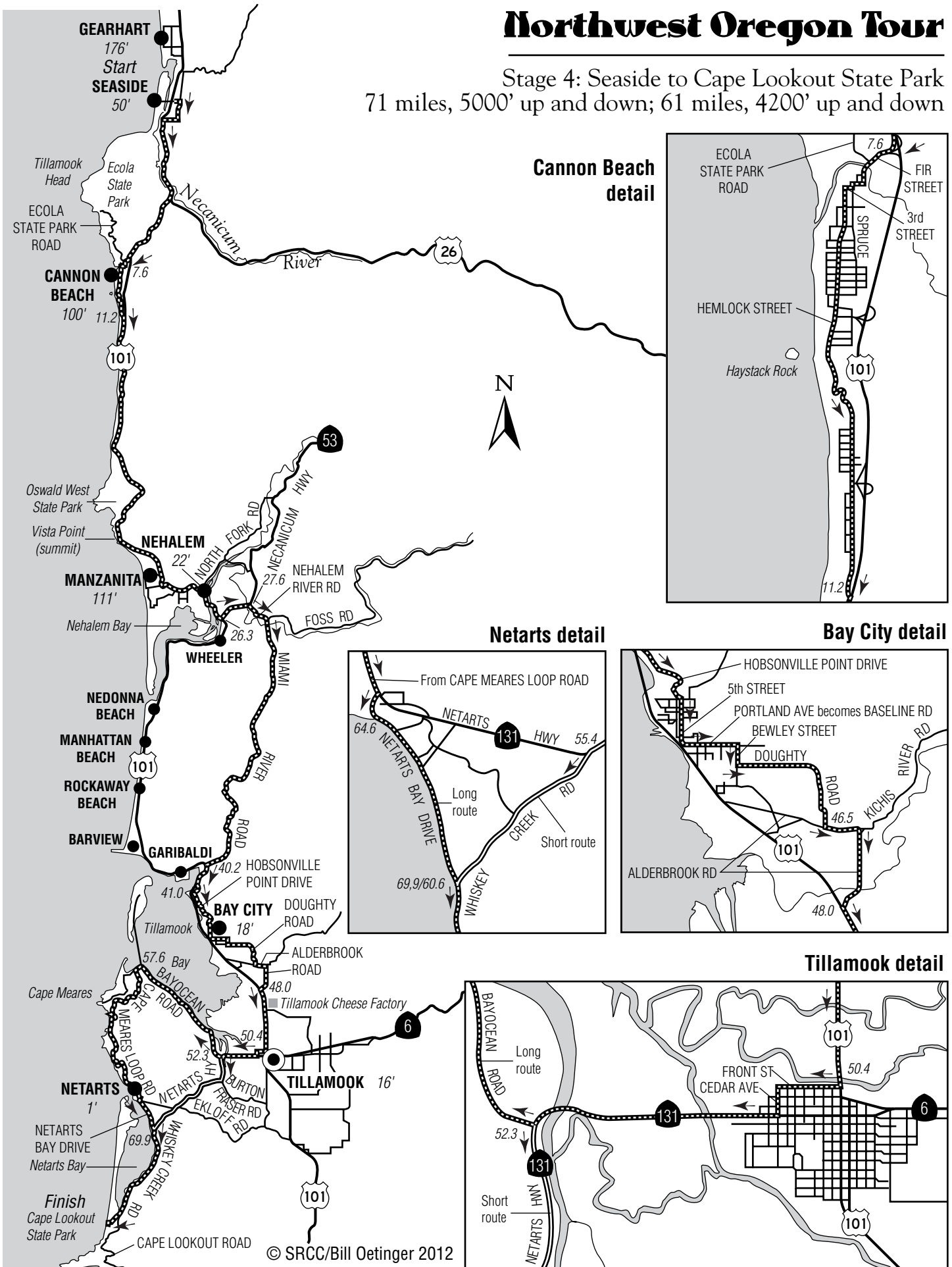
72 miles, 3300' up, 3900' down

Leave Vernonia HS (621')	0.0
R on Hwy 47 (Nehalem Highway)	0.1
L on Hwy 202 (still Nehalem Highway)	16.1
Jewell Meadows scenic wayside (rest stop)	34.3
Summit (1254')	40.5
L on Olney Cutoff Road	52.0
L on Youngs River Road	52.4
Turnoff to Youngs River Falls	55.5
Half-mile out-&-back, plus short hike, to pretty waterfall, although probably low water in August.	
L on Tucker Creek Road	59.3
L on Logan Road	61.0
L on Lewis and Clark Road	63.5
Becomes Crown Camp Road	70.0
L on Wahanna Road	70.4
Town of Seaside (50')	
R on Broadway Street	71.5
R into Seaside Middle School campus	71.9
Finish	72.0



Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 4: Seaside to Cape Lookout State Park
71 miles, 5000' up and down; 61 miles, 4200' up and down



The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 4: Seaside to Cape Lookout State Park

71 miles, 5000' up and down

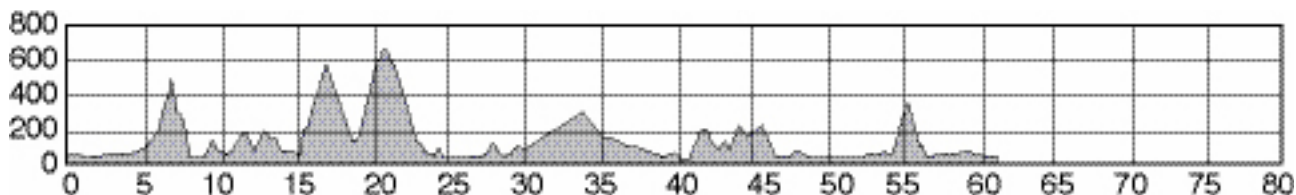
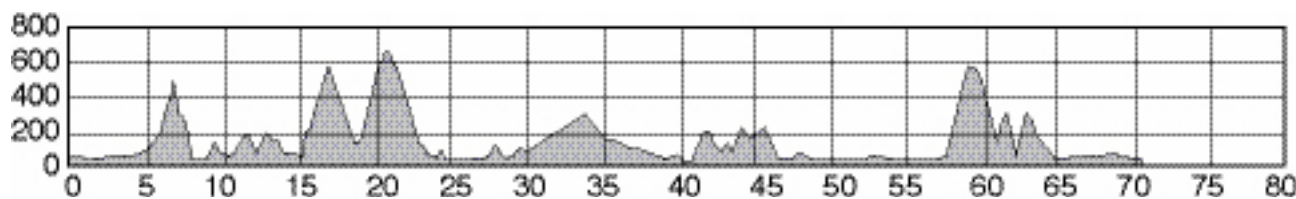
61 miles, 4200' up and down

L on Broadway Street.....	0.0
Leave Seaside Middle School (55')	
R on Wahanna Road	0.3
Bear R on Sundquist Road.....	1.0
L on Hwy 101 (Oregon Coast Highway)	1.5
Exit 101 toward Cannon Beach	7.6
Becomes Fir Street.....	7.7
Ecola State Beach junction	8.1
Possible bonus miles option: out-&-back along Ecola State Park Road. 9 miles, 2200' round trip.	
L onto Spruce Street.....	8.3
R onto 3rd Street	8.3
Town of Cannon Beach (100')	
L onto Hemlock Street	8.4
R on Hwy 101 south	11.2
Many seaside vista points and waysides...	
Enter Oswald P West State Park.....	15.4
Arch Cape tunnel; climb ahead...	
Summit (512')	17.1
After descent, second summit (591').....	21.0
Panoramic vista points near summit.	
Town of Manzanita (111')	23.0
Town of Nehalem (22').....	24.8
L on Hwy 53 (Necanicum Highway)	26.3
R on Miami Foley Rd (Miami River Rd).....	27.6
L on Hwy 101.....	40.2

L on Hobsonville Point Road.....	41.0
Bear L on 4th, then R on 5th, downhill.....	43.2
Town of Bay City (18')	
L on Portland Avenue/Baseline Road	43.9
R on Bewley Street.....	44.5
L on Doughty Street.....	44.8
L on Alderbrook Road	46.5
Bear R to stay on Alderbrook Road	47.0
L on Hwy 101	48.0
Tillamook Cheese Factory (rest stop)	48.7
Continue south on 101 after stop	
R on Front Street.....	50.4
Town of Tillamook (16')	
L on Cedar Street	50.8
R on Hwy 131 (3rd St, Netarts Highway)	50.9
R on Bayocean Road	52.3
L on Cape Meares Loop, climb ahead	57.6
Summit (494')	59.3
Becomes Netarts-Oceanside Highway	
R on Netarts Bay Drive.....	64.6
Town of Netarts (1')	
R on Whiskey Creek Rd (Cape Lookout Rd)..	69.9
R into Cape Lookout State Park	70.4
R to D loop, sites 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39	70.7

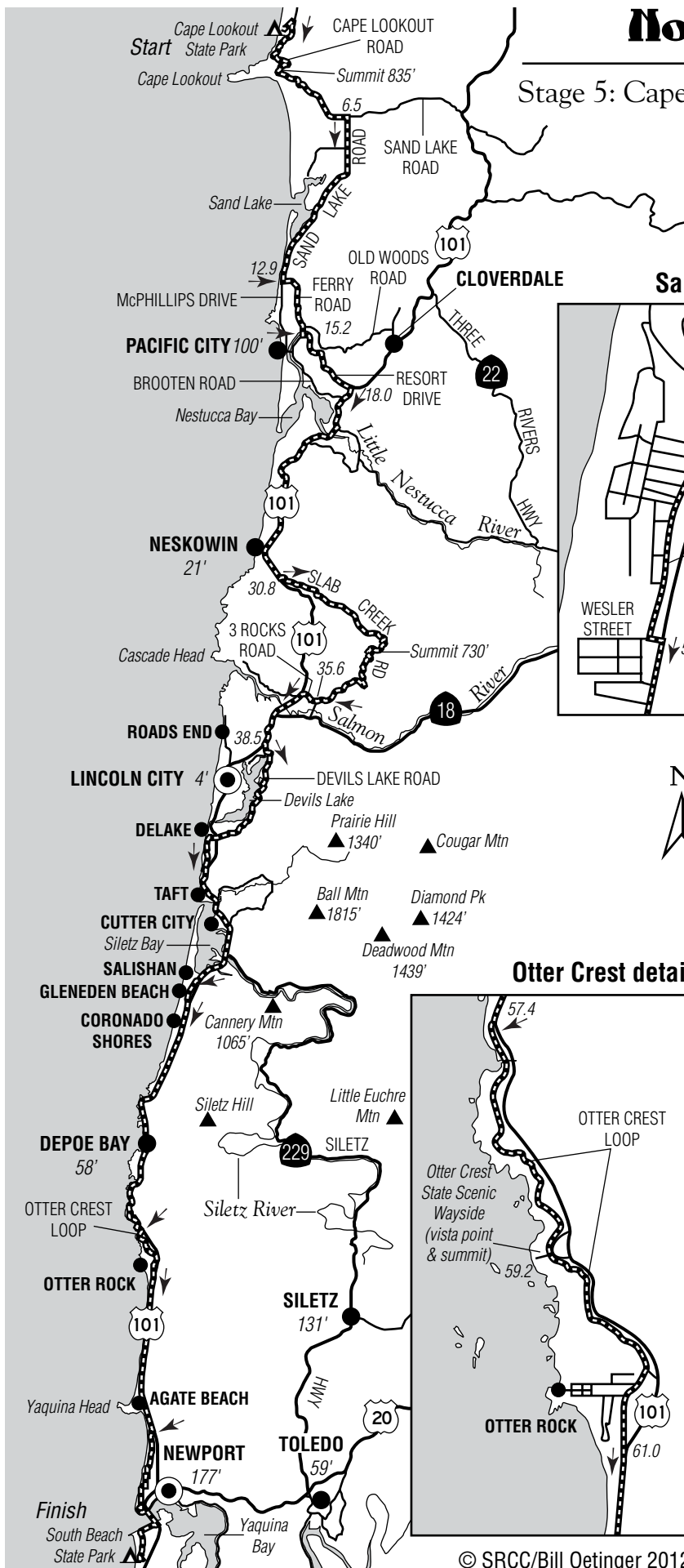
Shortcut: at Bayocean Road junction...

Straight on Hwy 131 (Netarts Highway).....	52.3
L on Whiskey Creek Road	55.4
Bear L to stay on Whiskey Creek Rd	60.6
AKA Cape Lookout Road; rejoin long route	
R into Cape Lookout State Park	61.0
R to D loop, sites 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39	61.3

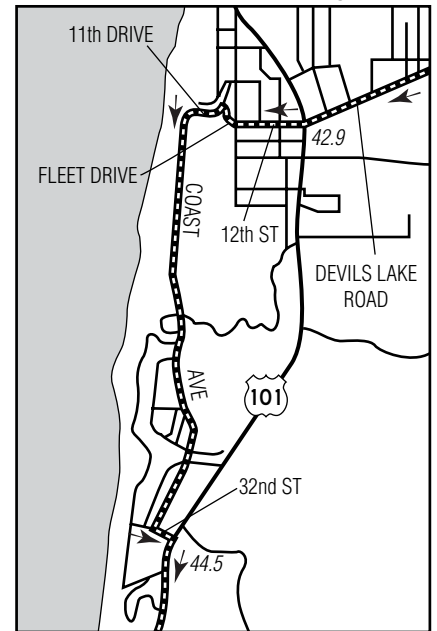


Northwest Oregon Tour

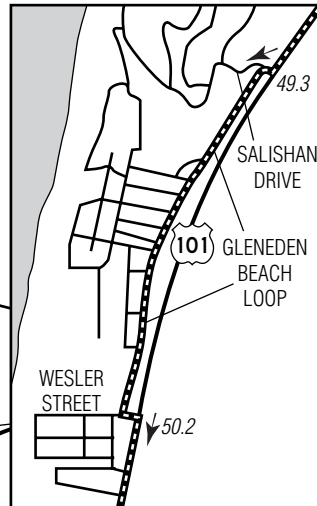
Stage 5: Cape Lookout SP to South Beach State Park
73 miles, 4800' up, 4800' down



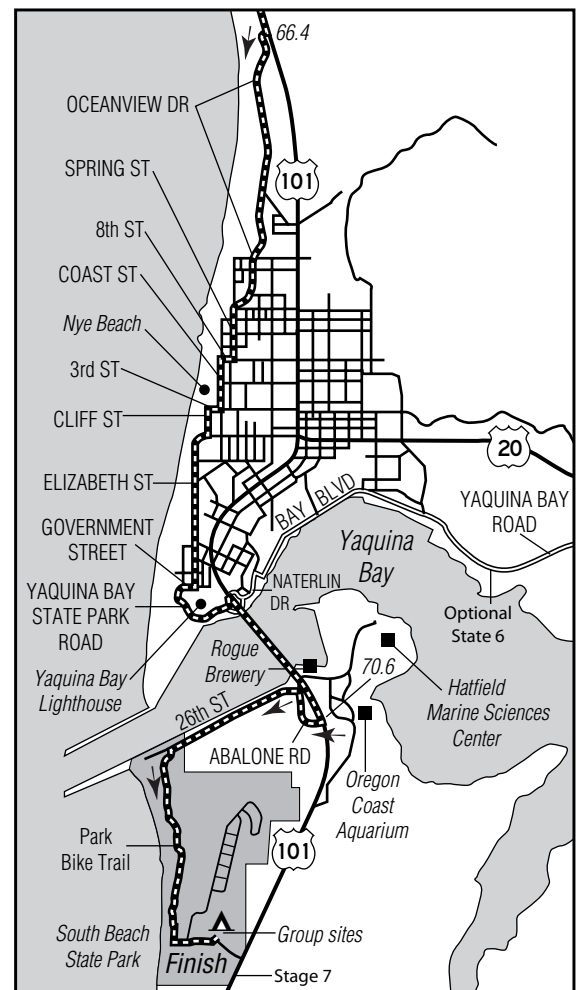
Lincoln City detail



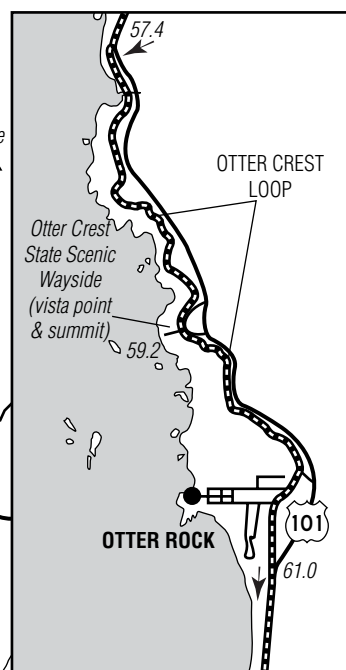
Salishan detail



Newport detail



Otter Crest detail



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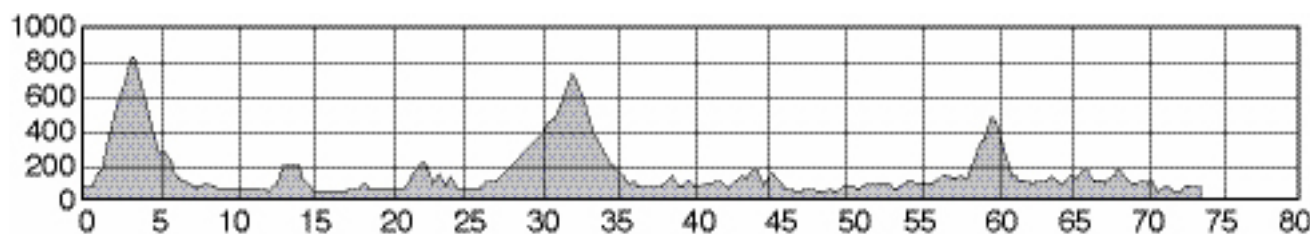
The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 5: Cape Lookout SP to South Beach SP

73 miles, 4800' up and down

R on camp road (50')	0.0
R on Cape Lookout Road	0.2
Climb ahead...	
Summit (832')	3.2
R on Sandlake Road	6.5
L to stay on Sandlake Road	12.9
Becomes Ferry Road, village of Woods	14.9
L on Resort Drive	15.2
R on Hwy 101 (Oregon Coast Highway)	18.0
Town of Neskowin (rest stop)	25.1
Possible bonus-miles circuit around town; adds one mile total.	
L on Slab Creek Road	30.8
Summit (730')	32.0
R on 3 Rocks Road	35.6
L on Hwy 101	36.3
L on Devils Lake Road	38.5
Cross 101, straight on 12th Street	42.9
Town of Lincoln City (4')	
Bear R on Fleet Drive, then L on 11th Drive	43.1
Becomes Coast Avenue	43.3
Jog L on 32nd Street to R on Hwy 101	44.5

R on Gleneden Beach Loop	49.3
Resorts of Salishan, Gleneden Beach	
Jog L on Wesler Street to R on Hwy 101	50.2
Town of Depoe Bay (58')	55.3
R on Otter Crest Loop	57.4
Summit (468'), vista point	59.2
R on Hwy 101	61.0
R on Oceanview Drive	66.4
Into town of Newport (177')	
L on Spring Street	67.8
R on 8th Street	68.1
L on Coast Street	68.1
R on 3rd Street	68.4
L on Cliff Street	68.4
Nye Beach neighborhood, Sylvia Beach Hotel	
R on Olive Street	68.6
Bear L on Elizabeth Street	68.6
R on Government Street	69.4
Becomes Yaquina Bay State Park Road	69.4
L, uphill, toward bridge	69.8
R on Hwy 101 along bridge sidewalk	69.9
R on Abalone Street, exit bridge	70.6
L on 26th Street to South Beach State Park	70.9
L on State Park bike trail	71.6
Into South Beach State Park group sites	72.6
Finish	73.0



Stage 6: Optional Newport Layover Rides

The map illustrates three proposed roadway options for the City of Lincoln. Option #1 is a route that starts at the north, passes through the city center, and ends at the south. Option #2 is a route that bypasses the city center to the east. Option #3 is a route that bypasses the city center to the south. The map includes labels for existing roads like Yasek Loop Road, Siletz Hwy, and Highway 20, as well as proposed roads like Skyline Drive, Arcadia Drive, and Burgess Road. Distances are marked along the routes.

Option #1

- YASEK LOOP ROAD
- 229
- 24.4
- 17.7
- SILETZ HWY
- 16.9
- WESTERN LOOP ROAD
- 15.9
- BAY ROAD
- YAQUINA

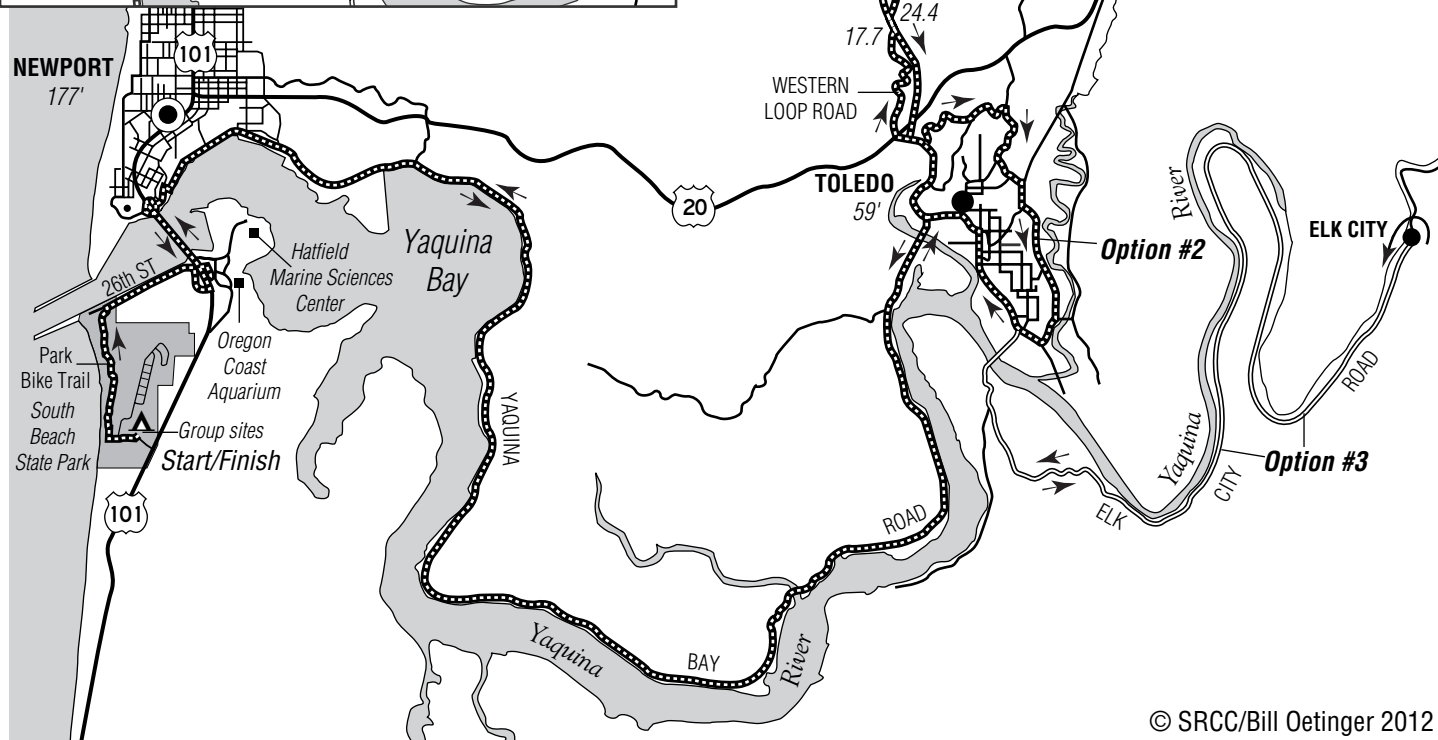
Option #2

- 20
- SKYLINE DRIVE
- 26.1
- ARCADIA DRIVE
- BURGESS ROAD
- 26.9
- 27.0
- 20 BUS
- A ST
- 1st ST
- BUTLER BRIDGE ROAD
- 28.4
- 10th ST
- STURDEVANT ROAD
- SLOPE ROAD

Option #3

- Becomes ELK CITY ROAD

A detailed map of the Yaquina Bay area. The map shows Yaquina Bay at the top, with Yaquina Bay State Park Road along its western shore. To the east of the park is the Rogue Ales Brewery. The map includes several streets: Bay Blvd, Bay Street, Naterlin Dr, Jetty Road, 26th Street, Abalone Road, Pacific Way, and OSU Dr. A dotted line with arrows indicates a bike trail route that starts near the park, goes south along the coast, and then turns inland. A compass rose in the bottom left corner points North. Labels for 'To South Beach State Park Bike Trail' and 'To YAQUINA BAY ROAD' are also present.



The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 6: Optional layover day ride

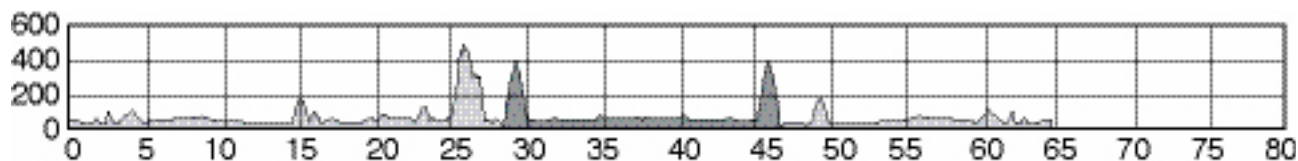
33-46-65 miles, 2000-3000' up and down

Through camp to State Park bike trail	0.0
R on 26th Street.....	1.0
Straight on Jetty Road	1.8
R on Pacific Way.....	1.9
R on Hwy 101, over bridge	2.0
R on Naterlin Drive, exit bridge	2.6
Bear L to stay on Naturlin Drive	2.7
R on Bay Street.....	2.8
L on Bay Blvd.....	2.9
Becomes Yaquina Bay Road, around the bay...	
L on Hwy 20 (business loop)	15.9
Town of Toledo (59')	
Bear L on Business 20 to join Hwy 20	16.8
L on Hwy 20 (Corvallis-Newport Highway) ...	16.8
R on Western Loop Road.....	16.9
L on Hwy 229 (Siletz Hwy).....	17.7
R on Yasek Loop Road.....	21.0
R on Hwy 229	24.4
Cross Hwy 20 to briefly retrace Bus. 20.....	25.0

L on Lincoln Way (steep climb)	25.2
Becomes Skyline Drive.....	25.5
R on Arcadia Drive	26.1
L on Burgess Road	26.6
R on Bus. 20	26.9
L on East Slope Road.....	27.0
R on Butler Bridge Road	28.4
Optional out-&-back here...see note at end...	
L on 1st Street	29.1
R on A Street.....	29.2
L on Bus. 20.....	29.3
L on Yaquina Bay Road	29.6
Retrace route to Newport, over bridge, and into South Beach State Park.	

Optional out-&-back out of Toledo:

At East Slope Road-Butler Bridge junction...	
L on Butler Bridge Road.....	28.4
Becomes Elk City Road	29.0
At Elk City, pavement ends.....	37.7
Retrace route along Yaquina River to Toledo...	
L on Butler Bridge	47.0
Rejoin basic route...	

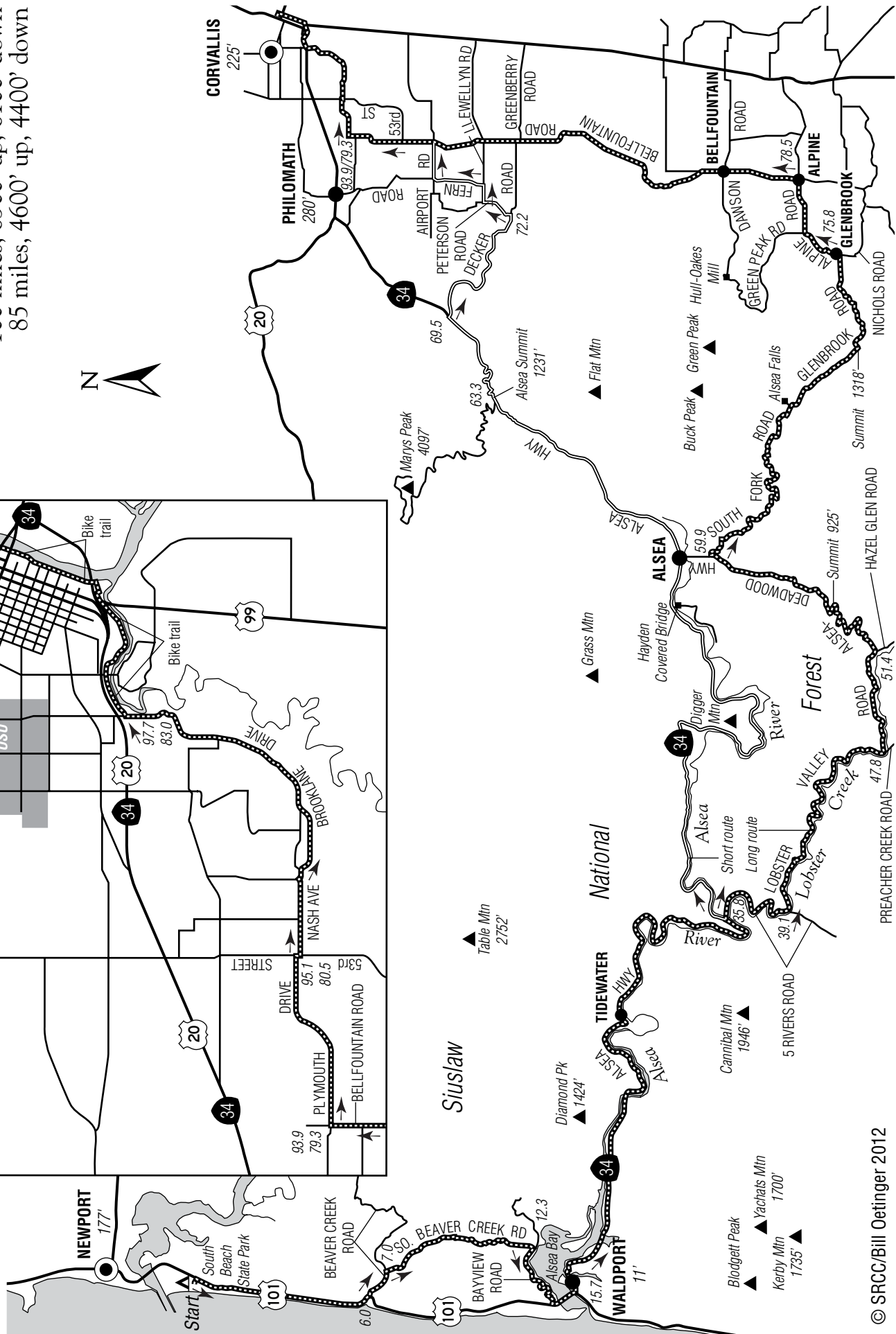
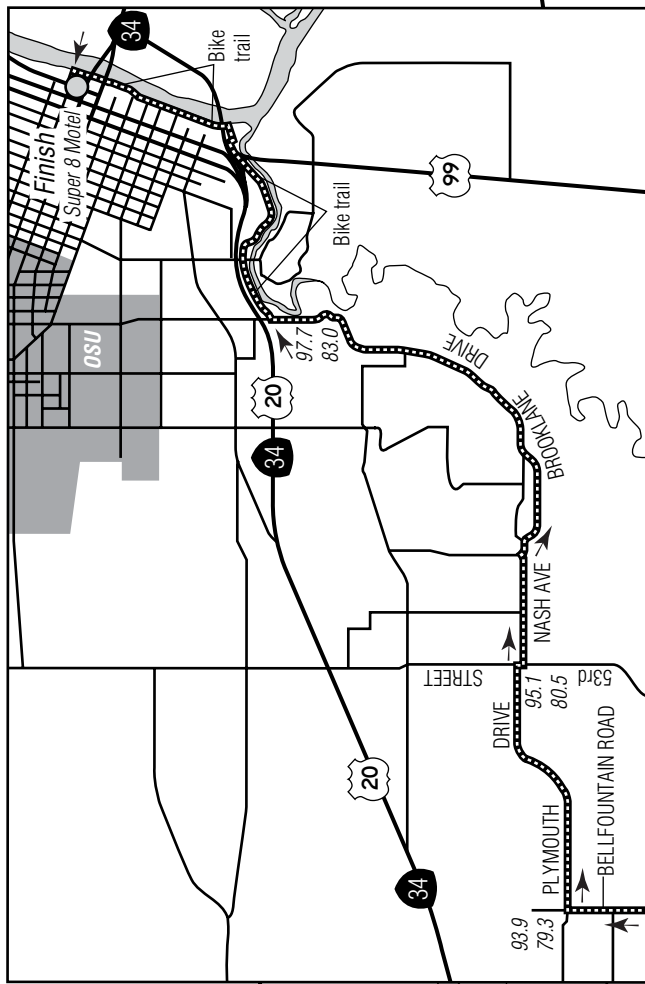


Optional Elk City out-&-back is darker section in center of profile.

Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 7: South Beach to Corvallis
100 miles, 6300' up, 6100' down
85 miles, 4600' up, 4400' down

Corvallis detail



The Northwest Oregon Tour

Stage 7: South Beach to Corvallis

100 miles, 6300' up, 6100' down

85 miles, 4600' up, 4400' down

Through camp to Hwy 101.....	0.0
R on Hwy 101	0.1
L on North Beaver Creek Road	6.0
R on South Beaver Creek Road	7.0
R on Bayview Road	12.3
L on Hwy 101.....	14.9
Cross Alsea River to town of Waldport (11')	
L on Hwy 34 (Alsea Highway)	15.7
R on Five Rivers Road.....	35.8
AKA National Forest Development Road 33	
Short route stays on Hwy 34.	
Bear L on Lobster Valley Road	39.1
Bear L on Lobster Valley Road at Preacher	
Creek Road junction.....	47.8
Bear L on Alsea-Deadwood Hwy at	
Hazel Glen Road junction	51.4
Summit (943')	54.6
R on South Fork Road.....	59.9
Becomes Glenbrook Road	
Summit (1318')	72.8
Bear L on Alpine Road	75.8
L on Bellfountain Road.....	78.5
R on Plymouth Drive.....	93.9
Jog R on 53rd Street to L on Nash Avenue ...	95.1
R on Brooklane Drive (Corvallis suburbs)	95.7

R on bike trail..... 97.7
Just before Brooklane tees into Hwy 20/34;
Follow bike trail through Pioneer Park and north
along Willamette River waterfront.

L at Tyler Avenue, leaving bike trail one block
past Hwy 34 undercrossing 99.5
L into Super 8 Motel 99.6

Short route:

At Five Rivers Road junction...
Continue on Hwy 34 east 35.8
Short out-&-back to Hayden Covered Bridge 53.5
Town of Alsea (303') 55.4
Alsea Summit (1236') 63.3
R on Decker Road, climb ahead...
Summit (718') 69.5
L on Peterson Road 72.2
R on Llewellyn Road 73.2
L on Fern Road 73.7
R on Airport Avenue..... 75.4
L on Bellfountain Road..... 76.5
R on Plymouth Drive..... 79.3
Jog R on 53rd Street to L on Nash Ave..... 80.5
R on Brooklane Drive (Corvallis suburbs) 81.0
R on bike trail..... 83.0

Just before Brooklane tees into Hwy 20/34;
Follow bike trail through Pioneer Park and north
along Willamette River waterfront.
L at Tyler Avenue, leaving bike trail one block
past Hwy 34 undercrossing 84.9
L into Super 8 Motel 85.0

