

# MID-VALLEY BICYCLE CLUB SPOKESMAN

August 2007

The 2007 Covered Bridge Bicycle Tour is here. Sunday,

**Up front**  
*by Jim Gau, President*

August 12<sup>th</sup> is the day and the Linn County Fairground is the start site. It is Mid-Valley Bicycle Club's face to the public and it goes back to the foundation of the Club. The Tour supports the Club and helps support other bicycle causes, including bicycle education. Lacking a director this year, **Tim Corbett** and **Joe Monteleone** took over the leadership, aided by **Dan Youngberg** and **Jim Lawrence**. They have done yeomen's work but still need our support in pulling off the event.

The overall planning phase involved Tim and Joe deciding that the Tour was not going to languish for lack of a director. Others, in addition to Dan and Jim, were solicited to help out as needed. Volunteers with rudimentary experience and an attitude of service and reliability were and are still needed. The committee established milestone dates for the brochure, the web site, etc. as well as a budget to establish fees and determine cost per participant.

The marketing phase required meticulous planning and execution. Previous brochures served as templates for the new brochure and involved a decision about theme, redesign of the logo, and revision of text that took into account liability issues. Then there was the crush of getting the brochure to and from the printer and finally the simple gathering of people to fold and prepare brochures for mailing to previous participants, to bike shops and bike clubs in Corvallis and other north-west cities. Before the committee had finished the brochure, requests were coming from Oregon and surrounding states wondering when our web site would be updated to include information about the tour and for online registration. This led to getting **Brian Cripe** the information that he needed. T-shirts, while a nice touch for the Tour itself, have advertising benefits for future tours, and they needed to be designed and printed in long and short sleeves in proper quantities.

The route planning phase demanded contact with the Linn County Roadmaster and Sheriff's office. The building of a new bridge in Scio necessitated close con-

tact with the Roadmaster and the Sheriff's office and the committee had to get permits from Marion County, Linn County, ODOT and the cities of Albany and Scio. Then one of the committee members took care of reserving rest stops at Timber Linn, Roaring River, and Golden Valley campgrounds and at Scio High School and the Jordan Fire Station. Rest stops mean the purchase, distribution, and presentation of food. This has always been a strength of the Tour, especially the lunch that goes with the longer rides. Thanks to Dan for his good work. While route maps and cue sheets for previous Tours served as patterns for this year's Tour, the possibility of the route having to change because of the Scio Bridge being unusable by us caused the committee some consternation. On last hearing, participants will be able to walk their bikes across a makeshift bridge and the work of redesigning courses for the four distances was avoided. The marking of pavement with color-coded arrows for the various distances and the setting up and removing signage is left for the day of the Tour.

Finally, we come to the phase of the execution of the Tour and once again the need for volunteers. Sag riders are crucial to the success of the Tour because they are ambassadors of the event and of the Club. To be a sag rider all one needs is a friendly disposition with some mechanical skill. Sag riders will carry cell phones or some

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other communication device to coordinate with home base and to get help with any critical incidents. One of the committee members will spend some time preparing them. Other volunteers will work the registration desk and pass out ice cream at the end, will be at crucial spots to help with directions, will help with the food at rest stops, etc.

'Tis the season! Crater Lake Tour is also coming on August 24-26. **John Hebda** has graciously taken over the job of tour director from **Nancy Meitel**. While Crater Lake is exclusively a Club tour, many of the same concerns of Covered Bridge pertain to the Crater Lake

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Tour. Some of the food stuffs from Covered Bridge will be used for Crater Lake but John and his crew will also need help. If you haven't already volunteered to help with the Covered Bridge or with Crater Lake, raise your hand now.

Thanks to the organizing committee for both Tours. Since we are expressing gratitude, a word of thanks also goes to **Joellen Jarvi** and to her husband **Vladimir Baicher** and crew for the work they did in organizing and executing the tour of historic buildings on July 14<sup>th</sup>.

## Advocacy

Walt Prichard

The building boom has sure slowed down. So my overseeing is not doing much. There are several developments in a holding pattern waiting for the supply of building lots to go down a bit. The City bike advisory committee is in a somewhat hold pattern also. I am sure that will change soon as we start hearing about the Evans Products offer of the river-front property to complete the multi-use path to the southern city limits. I am sure there will be a lot of questions to answer before it can be completed but it sure is a great chance for some small changes in the Greenway boundaries. This project won't do everything for everyone but would sure make a great linear park for our community. In my recent travels around the country many cities are doing this with great results and much pride. Others haven't a clue about livability.

As you have probably noticed there are a lot of little construction projects going on this summer. Several of them help us out directly. Country Club east of 49<sup>th</sup> to Starker Arts Park is going to eliminate that pinch point where the bike lane ended. I am not sure how this got funded but I think they borrowed from some rich fund to be paid back when that land is developed. It is sure needed. South 35<sup>th</sup>

from Western to the railroad tracks will include bike lanes and sidewalks and has been needed for years to get kids to school walking or on their bikes. Again I am not sure where this financing came from. We tried 3 times to get the state to do it and they just wouldn't do it. Let hope they get it done before school starts. The work being done on Fern Road has a little history. The roadbed was failing badly with water and mud under the asphalt and the trucks were just going thru it. The county got the grinding from the City of Corvallis (9<sup>th</sup> St and Grant I think) and used that to rebuild the base. I think they got a few grindings from the city of Philomath as well. You could say that this is a recycled road at about 1/2 the cost of new rock. Other roads they have done this way seem to be working better than building new. It will be paved as soon as it has settled and a little more shaping is done. By the time you get this, Decker and Peterson roads should be finished. These culverts are being paid for with federal fish enhancement funds with about a 10% match from the county. When finished they will add several more miles of spawning creeks for salmon. I was a bit skeptical of some of these jobs but within a year or so there are documented fish using the tiny creeks in similar situations. So the fish win and the County gets new and better culverts and less flooding and the public gets an upgrade on some small parts of the roads we ride and drive on. Until next month may all your hills be down. Keep the rubber side down.



*When people wondered what it was like to ride day after day, our response became, "It's like eating an elephant one bite at a time." You take it slow, live in the moment, and don't fret over things you can't control.*

## TO THE END OF THE ROAD

*The Mostly True Story of a Baja Bicycle Adventure*

*Ken Ash*

### **In The Beginning**

It was bright and sunny October 29 (2006) when Lee the planer, Enrique the translator, George the fish taco guy and Yours Truly, Ken the chronicler deplaned in San Diego. We got off to a good start having the bikes road-ready by 10:30. We were already sweating. The expeditious beginning was quickly blown in search of a bike shop to replace a forgotten part and the bike route out of town. Although never really certain we were on the Adventure Cycling route, we did manage 39 mi and 3200 vertical ft of cityscape and desert hills, often to the accompaniment of heavy traffic, before failing light halted progress at Alpine. One day into the trip and already a day behind schedule! The only motel proved expensive enough to crowd the four of us into one room. The saving graces were a hot tub and a near-by deli.

### **Long Miles, Short Day**

Oct 30 dawned bright and sunny with the promise it would soon be warm. By mid-afternoon we had wound thru 50 mi and 5200 vertical ft of small canyons sprinkled with oak, pine and an occasional small town. The next 45 mi went considerably faster, including a 30+ mph stretch buffeted by worrisome cross winds. We definitely should not have been on the road the last 8 or so miles, (the legs were willing but the light was weak) however it was ride on to Calexico or sleep in the alfalfa.

### **South of the Border**

Oct 31 dawned bright and sunny. A short ride brought us to Mexico where we exchanged miles for kilometers and Halloween for the Day of the Dead. Traversing the dreaded Mexicali turned out to be much easier than expected. We celebrated at a roadside taco stand south of town. Many had warned us about Mexican trucks and shoulderless roads. All too true but...traffic was light and polite so...not a problem. A dry (several places we had counted on for water no longer being open) 115 km (72 mi) brought our thirsty company to La Ventana; a grubby, junk strewn, inventory challenged cantina/store. However, they had bottled water, beer and tacos so we set up camp happy and dozed off to the sound of the Mexican desert and a gasoline-powered generator.

### **Mariscos (Seafood)**

November 1 dawned bright and sunny and quickly warmed. A brisk, lonely 87 km (54 mi) bordered by black mountains and salt flats brought us to San Felipe in time for a fish taco lunch. We rented space at an RV park and went sightseeing. For dinner, Enrique fried shrimp purchased from a fisherman on the beach.

### **Manly Men Ride Motorcycles**

Nov 2 dawned bright and sunny and soon grew warm. The road is newly paved most of the 85 km (53 mi) to Puertocitos! We were pleased but wary of the morrow. Puertoci-

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## Max Headwind

Summer days can be too long  
when spent at work  
and seem too hot to go out for a ride

But as the sun sets  
and cool breezes come  
I manage a short ride

Returning home  
the sunset in front of me  
as I come downhill

Somehow the day  
has a perfect end

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tos is a scattering of dusty hovels and crumbling ruins on a rocky hillside. The locally famous hot spring and the seaside pools they feed are now restricted. Fortunately, our camping fee included access of which we took full advantage. The village commercial ventures consist of a plywood and plastic tarp micromart and a surprisingly good one-man restaurant. A biker dude camped nearby informed us that we had it easy as loaded motorcycles are difficult to handle on the coming dirt roads. This prompted several less than charitable comments about dirt bikers.

### **A Hard Day's Ride**

Nov 3 dawned bright and sunny. Several persons had assured us that the next 90 miles were, "Dee ruffess road een all Mehico." We attributed this to hyperbole. A couple days later we would not be so sure. Above mentioned road climbed steep and rocky out of Puertocitos, then deteriorated. Said road is composed of boulders partially buried in packed dirt and covered with skittery rocks of all sizes. Pockets of sand and loose gravel lay in wait of the unwary. In compensation, the scenery was spectacular. The road clung precariously to rocky slopes which plunged precipitously into the azure Sea of Cortez on our left and supported tall saguaros to the right. Scenery was best admired at a dead standstill, it being necessary to watch the next 5 feet of road like a hawk or crash. Actually, we all crashed anyway. Hills were frequent and usually necessitated walking, both up and down. We were passed by an occasional pickup, dirt bike or Baja buggy practicing for the Baja 1000. The latter could be heard for miles. It was best to be well out of the way when they passed. The day grew uncomforta-

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bly hot. The only shade, in the lea of road cuts, disappeared as the sun ascended. About mid-day we arrived at Punta Santa Isabel, several kilometers of sand strung with a score of unpretentious shacks. George and Enrique bolted for the beach. Lee and I searched for the store our information indicated to be here. The information proved incorrect but we did encounter a father/son duo waiting to be struck by an urge to go fishing. They plied us with cold beverages while we exchanged stories. Seems the son retired upon graduation from college...or high school...depends on whose version you believe. We departed with water bottles topped off, a block of cheese and a tin of corned beef. We arrived at Cinco Islas (Five Isles) not much before dark. A hard day's ride had brought us 44 km (27 mi). I spent the entire day (the 1st of 3.5) on the small chain ring. My maximum speed was an impressive 6 mph. Cinco Islas boasts four unoccupied huts, but no other amenities, people or fresh water. We swam in the sea, ate corned beef hash with dehydrated potatoes and slept on the beach.

### **Road Angels**

Road Angels look a lot like people in pickups. We had encountered our first the previous day. It wasn't till she smiled and started passing bottled water out the window that we noticed the halo. But, that was yesterday and today, November 4, dawned bright and sunny, threatening serious heat...and our water supply alarmingly low. The road was not quite as steep or rocky as yesterday but sandier. The route either threaded high above the Sea of Cortez or wound thru cactus covered hills. Biking this austere country gives one time to ponder such moral questions as, "If one likely has insufficient water to make the next oasis and certainly insufficient to get everyone there, is the proper course to continue sharing to the end and hope for the best or go ahead for help?"

Papa Fernandez was a diminutive Mexican gentleman who once had his

photo taken with John Wayne. This picture proudly hangs in a cantina on the edge of Gonzaga Bay bearing his name and operated by his descendents. It was there that those of our group who chose practicality over morality found no bottled water...but did find cervesa fria (COLD BEER). After knocking back a couple of desperately needed quick ones a pleasant American couple was located who graciously offered their vehicle to mount a rescue expedition. By the time said expedition reached its goal, the Road Angels had intervened. All made it under their own power. Papa's served a very passable lunch which was washed down with prodigious quantities of cervesa and soda. A few more kilometers of rocks and sand brought us to the town proper. Actually not so much a proper town as a modest collection of modest vacation homes...but supporting a café and store. The store's profit policy seemed to be based on short changing gringos. We arrived short on daylight having eked out 42 tough km (26 mi).

### **Coco**

Nov 5 dawned bright and sunny and quickly grew hot. On the plus side the road was marginally better, the scenery the best so far and we had all the water we could carry. We cycled up an arroyo growing brush tall enough to make shade in which we gratefully lunched. The arroyo turned into a canyon containing all sorts of neat plants. By mid-afternoon we spotted Coco's Corner some kilometers distant. You can see buildings a long way off in the desert, partly cause there aren't many to see. The day's ride was 39 km (24 mi). The buildings turned out to be not what they seemed.

Baja is probably one of a few places on earth with an official map bearing a name like Coco's Corner with Coco still in residence. Coco is a character and there ain't no other word for it. He's a stout fellow with an artificial leg hardly hidden by his ragged cutoffs. He teased us unmercifully in profane Spanglish. His stated goal in life is to own this unremarkable patch of nowhere and decorate it to his own eclec-

tic taste. The décor included nonfunctional televisions mounted on flag poles and an elaborate entryway constructed of strung beer cans. We were offered Coco's hospitality in the form of a Mexican shower (a bucket of water and a dipper in a defunct camper with holes in the floor), dinner (Lipton's Cup-o-Soup), accommodations (more derelict campers), a seemingly endless supply of Tecate (retrieved from the only true structure, a shelter for the generator powered cooler) and clouds of flies which swarmed our various slowly scabbing over wounds earned in various crashes. We listened to, and even understood some of, his stories around a campfire of apparently non-combustible wood upon which was occasionally poured gasoline from a gallon jug. He asked us to pay whatever we thought fair.

### **Numero Uno**

November 6 dawned bright and sunny. From Coco's we cycled on up the canyon and hillside thru really cool cactus and other desert plants. Even sighted the amazing wild boojum, arguably the strangest tree(?) in since the Cretaceous (picture a skinny, green, inverted 25 foot ice-cream cone with 8 inch willow branches and tiny leaves). The road seemed to be getting better, or maybe we were just getting used to it. Once over the crest the rocks and sand traps grew further apart allowing me to attain 9 mph at one point. Unfortunately, the scenery was so-so the rest of the day. Fourteen miles into the ride we joined Mexican Highway #1! We halted at the first llantera (tire shop which are numerous enough to make one question the quality of Mexican tires) to blow dirt off our chains and lube them with 30 wt motor oil. Mex 1 has no shoulder but is paved. Traffic was courteous and not overly heavy. We exercised caution not to be on a blind curve or hilltop the same time any trucks were.

Went thru a small town, Punta Prieta, and past several lonely stores and cantinas. Brunch was huevos rancheros in one of these and lunch tacos

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## MVBC EVENT CALENDAR: August/September 2007

Saturday rides meet at Circle Blvd. **BEANERY**. Sign up roster is available until ten minutes past the hour. Rides begin at fifteen minutes past the hour. An ANSI/SNELL approved helmet is required. Recommended equipment: Frame pump, spare inner tube, patch kit, minor adjustment tools, full water bottle, and clothing to fit the climate because we ride rain, or shine. Because of the range of abilities, rides usually break into groups riding at different paces. Group sizes and abilities vary depending on who shows up. Ride Captains: Henry McCarthy and Lyle Dalton. 9 am Ride Leader: Jerry Rooney 752-6588

Show and go rides start at 9:00 am at Osborn Aquatic Center

**August 11, Saturday, 8 am: Harrisburg/Irish Bend/Decker Road**

- **Long Ride:** Bellfountain Road to Harrisburg, return via Peoria Road. 61.2 miles (B480)
- **Medium Ride:** Bellfountain Road to Irish Bend, return via Bellfountain Road. 53 miles (B360)
- **Short Ride:** Bellfountain Road to Decker Road, return via Philomath. 35 miles (B220)

**August 12, Sunday, Featured Ride: Covered Bridge Bike Tour, Linn County Fairgrounds -Join the fun!**

**August 18, Saturday, 8 am: Kings Valley/Monmouth (featuring Parker and Old Fort Roads)**

- **Long Ride:** Monmouth to King's Valley, return via Philomath. 66.9 Miles (C570)
- **Medium Ride:** Maxfield Creek Road to King's Valley, return via Philomath. 58 Miles (C400)
- **Short Ride:** Independence Hwy to Monmouth, return via Hwy 99W. 44.3 Miles (B275)

**August 25, Saturday, 8 am: Stayton/Knox Butte/Albany/CRATER LAKE RIM TOUR**

- **Long Ride:** Jefferson to Stayton, return via Albany. 82.2 Miles (B670)
- **Medium Ride:** Albany to Knox Butte, return via Tangent Drive. 47 Miles (B300)
- **Short Ride:** Palestine Road to Albany return via Riverside Drive. 30.2 Miles (B100)
- **Featured Ride:** CRATER LAKE RIM TOUR, Diamond Lake, OR.

**September 1, Saturday, 8 am: Alsea Falls/Decker Road**

- **Long Ride:** Alsea to Alsea falls, return via Alpine and Bellfountain Road. 69 miles (C590)
- **Medium Ride:** Hwy 34 to Decker Road, return via Smith Loop and Llewellyn Road. 46 miles (B265)
- **Short Ride:** Philomath to Decker Road, return via Bellfountain Road. 33 miles (B170)

**September 8, Saturday, 8 am: Scio/Crabtree/Albany**

- **Long Ride:** Scio via Peoria Rd/Tangent/7 Mile Dr back via Crabtree/RS Drive 73 miles (A600)
- **Medium Ride:** Crabtree/Jefferson via Peoria/Tangent/7 Mile Rd back via N. Albany 61 miles (B490)
- **Short Ride:** Albany via Peoria Rd/Tangent back via Riverside Drive 35 miles (A160)

**September 15, Saturday, 8 am: Kings Valley/Decker Road**

- **Long Ride:** Philomath to Monmouth via Kings Valley back via 99W. 61 Miles (C510)
- **Medium Ride:** Philomath to Kings Valley back via Airlie. 46 Miles (B280)
- **Short Ride:** Philomath to Decker Road back via Bellfountain Road. 33 miles (B170)

**September 22, Saturday, 8 am: Brownsville/Harrisburg/Decker Road**

- **Long Ride:** Brownsville via Harrisburg, Bellfountain Rd, return via Tangent. 76 miles (B610)
- **Medium Ride:** Harrisburg via Bellfountain Rd, back via Peoria. 60 miles (B440)
- **Short Ride:** Decker Road via Bellfountain Rd, back via Philomath. 35 miles (B220)

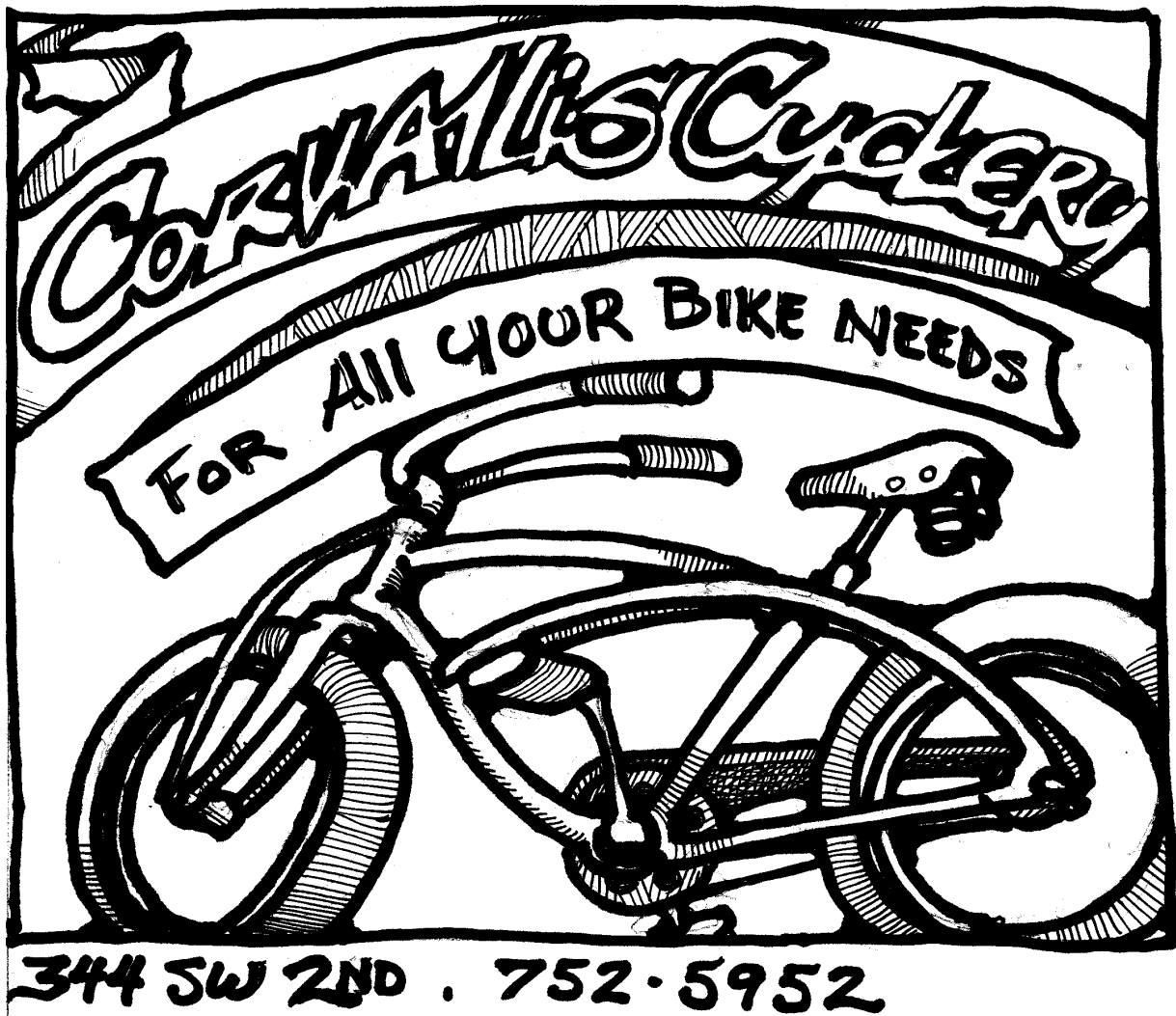
**September 29, Saturday, 8 am: Waterloo/Lebanon/Saddle Butte**

- **Long Ride:** Waterloo via Shedd, back via Tangent. 61 miles (A520)
- **Medium Ride:** Lebanon via Shedd, back via Tangent. 52 miles (A340)
- **Short Ride:** Saddle Butte via Harvest Dr, back via Seven Mile Lane. 37 miles (A230)

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**Announcements:** (Note that the rides below are "Show & Go" style.)

- *No host goodies and banter at Circle Blvd. Beanery half an hour before the Saturday rides. Please, only go inside if you plan to buy something.*
- *Every Tuesday/Thursday at 5:15 pm: Meet at the Aquatic Center for a moderate to fast-paced hammerfest. Bring your own body bag.*
- *Every Wednesday at 9:30 am: Meet near Camp Adair Road --first gravel parking lot east of Hwy 99W. Ride at an easy to moderate pace.*



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and Tecate at another. Arrived in Rosarito just before dark. Set up camp near a very nice (by local standards) restaurant and what appeared to be the town bathroom...which did have a shower. Our day was 129 km (76 mi) 23 km of which were dirt.

#### **Character Building Kilometers**

Nov 7 dawned bright and sunny. Our campsite turned out to be between the generator which ran till 10:23 and a chronologically challenged rooster who started crowing at 3:37. We asked at the restaurant if we could have the rooster for breakfast. We were informed that we would not want him as, "He is loco." After 10 miles of hills the road flattened out. Other than a few stands of cactus, the scenery consisted of unimpressive shrubbery. Including a detour into Guerrero Negro for food and an ATM, we pedaled 158 km (98 mi). We rented rooms in the dusty little nowhere of Visciano Junction whose only excuse for existence appeared to be the junction for which it was named.

#### **A Pretty Good Day**

Nov 8 dawned bright and sunny. The town café/bus stop dictated our breakfast would be an extended affair. Not a big deal as we had only scheduled 79 km. We boxed up

everything we would no longer need or should not have brought in the first place and sent it to Cabo via bus. Baja has a great bus system. We know. We'd been dodging 'em every 2 hours for several days.

Baja experienced two hurricanes this year which dumped 25 inches of rain on this part of the desert. It was the most verdant desert any of us had ever seen, all the way to the raggedy mountains in the distance. Everything green that ever tried to grow there was making up for lost time. It was soon hot, fortunately not oppressively so. The road was level and smooth. The only building in those 49 lush miles was an isolated cantina of the scenic variety selling cold drinks. Baja cantinas are either scenic with see thru ocotillo stick walls and thatched roofs or sturdy with cinderblock walls and corrugated metal roofs. Our goal, San Ignacio, turned out to be a picturesque colonial Spanish village on the banks of an oasis lagoon flowing gently thru a forest of date palms. After all those kilometers of desert, we were properly impressed. We had burritos at a ritzy hotel then checked into a cheap place at the edge of town. We admired a gloriously orange sunset, then walked to a café where we had fish tacos on the veranda under a thatched roof to the

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accompaniment of Herb Alpert. Yeah, a pretty good day.

### **Verdancy**

Nov 9 dawned bright and sunny. The weather gods have smiled upon us. Despite unrelenting sunshine the desert was even more brilliantly green than yesterday, thanks to last months tropical storms.

All morning we watched the impressive Volcan les Tres Virginees (Three Virgins Volcano) grow slowly larger on the horizon. We climbed over a pass in fog, the only weather variation of the trip. I was wildly cheered by a bus load of school kids hanging out the windows during the brake burning descent of a snaky canyon to the Sea of Cortez. We lunched at the “Royal Chicken“ in Santa Rosalia, after which Enrique and George asked and received permission to spread their tarp and siesta on the floor. The other patrons walked around them. Things work different here. Spent the rest of the afternoon cycling sometimes along the wonderfully blue sea, sometimes thru a wonderfully verdant desert(?). At 137 km (85 mi) we entered the oasis town of Mulege (Moo-la-hay). The campground had plenty of mosquitoes but no place to camp due to a recent rise in the river which emerges full blown from the desert here. The proprietress spent some time telling us the story of her narrow escape (saving naught but her husband) from the flood, after which she described, with a straight face, the once in a life-time investment potential of the still soggy cabins. We found a motel in town then spent the time till dinner lost in quaint streets and twisting alleyways.

### **Serendipity**

Nov 10 dawned bright and sunny. It was 139 km (85 mi) of naught but two cantinas and a lot of green desert to Loreto. The first couple hours, along the Bay of Conception, were reminiscent of calendar pictures of the Spanish Mediterranean...except for the cactus. Mid-day found us sweating up a steep mountain under a broiling sun. Just

when we thought we could take no more; a long coast, a fast downhill pedal and a cantina revived us for the mostly level remainder of the day. We encountered a couple of Portlanders who were alternating between bike and bus. At one of the cantinas George had what he thought was a pleasant conversation with a local about how pretty it was. The local seemed to think he had traded a goat for George’s bicycle. He later told Enrique, “ That guy don’t understand s\_\_\_.” There was one last hill before we reached Loreto, a pretty vacation town where we rented rooms and wandered the streets in search of tacos and ice cream.

### **A Day Without A Bicycle**

Nov 11 dawned bright and sunny but we weren’t up. When we did rise it was in an exotic place with lots of manicured greenery. At breakfast we met Elmar, a German who migrated to California to become a surfer. He is traveling Baja with Cody, at 130 lb possibly the worlds largest German Shepard, in a converted ‘73 van. Afterwards, we walked to the bikitaller (bike shop) to purchase new pedals (my old ones had failed at Cinco Islas). In a moment of weakness induced by having pedal clips which actually clipped, I claimed a 20% efficiency increase. My companions caused me to regret this remark more than once. The rest of the day was spent swimming, laying on the beach and wandering the streets...oh, and getting pesos to lend George who cannot show his ATM card in this town again on threat of incarceration. But, that’s another story. CNN reports that Oregon is having a rain storm worthy of mention on the international news.

### **Four Quarters**

Nov 12 dawned bright and sunny and hot. Fortunately there was a breeze. The ride was divided into four segments. They were: a beautiful roll along the coast, a steep scenic climb up the spine, a downhill stretch of boring desert and a flat section of boring semi-farm land. At a store between segments 3 and 4 the bikes were swarmed by

kids. Lee’s camera came up missing. Remembering a near spill several miles back, he and Enrique hopefully hired a local to drive them back. George and I waited at the very busy store. Several hours later they returned...in the back of a pickup...with about a dozen Mexicans. Seems the mishap had been a bit further than Lee remembered. The Samaritan’s car ran out of gas. Lee gave him \$20 and a six pack of Tecate and they hitched back. We had to hustle to beat nightfall to Ciudad Constitucion. Our accommodations were so-so but we were lucky to find anything as we were informed the Olympics(?) were in town. By the way, Lee found his camera along the road, unfortunately somewhat flatter.

### **Who’s Crazy Now**

Nov 13 dawned bright and sunny. It got sweaty hot in the forenoon but a cooling headwind rose in the afternoon. The ride consisted of 134 km (83 mi) of uninteresting desert. The cantinas were no longer quiet. The Baja buggies were gathering . A Baja buggy consists of a roll cage mounted on large tires and very impressive shocks carrying a 100 kilobuck engine. A day after (thankfully) we finish this ride, 1000+ of these will roar, day and night, through the desert at speeds averaging over 80 mph. Less than half will finish. Had thought this a crazy young man’s sport but there were a lot of gray haired crazies out there too. Several of these looked at my bike and opinioned, “You are crazy, dude.” Crazy or not, we camped among goathead thorns and discarded junk behind Rancho Conejo, a grandiosely named cantina on the slope of Arroyo Conejo. On the positive side, the food is good.

### **Best Laid Plans**

As November 14 dawned bright and sunny we watched Lee pull goatheads from a toughly flat tire. Our plans had changed from an leisurely 77 km jaunt to La Paz to a more challenging 148 km (92 mi) to Todos Santos. This so we can see the wives earlier. As the day wore on, the traffic grew heav-

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## Mid-Valley Bicycle Club Corvallis 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversay Tour of Benton County Historic Sites

Joellen Jarvi

The Tour was successfully held on July 14<sup>th</sup>.

Twenty-nine people, about half MVBC members and half from the community, rode our tour. The day was warm and sunny. We had only one chain problem at the ride beginning and NO flats, the entire ride! The cyclists loved the old homes, barns, schools, and cemeteries that we visited. They were able to stop and walk around each of the sites, with Joellen as the narrator, giving background to supplement the historical tour brochure information. The group particularly loved stopping at two places, the Cooper House (1895) and the Vaughn Barn (1900), where the



owners came out and talked to us.

The Bicycle Tour was approximately 17 miles in length, starting and finishing at Starker Arts Park's Peffer Amphitheatre. Fortunately, the planning was perfect for the number of riders, the weather was great, and the riders were happy. John Hope-Johnstone, of Corvallis Tourism took this picture of the group. Our MBVC tour helpers were: SAG (Walt Prichard), 2 sign placement/pickup people (Vlad Baicher and Milt Cardwell), sign ups (JoVanna Petri) and group "shepherds" (Betsy Reid and Jim Munford). Special thanks to all of them! The Benton County Development Department and the Historical Society & Museum were particularly helpful in providing the route information, even making the map for our use. Without them we couldn't have accomplished what we did. Thanks to everyone for a great ride!



*(Continued from page 7)*

ior and less considerate, a bad combination on a road without shoulders. We did not get into central La Paz but did feel its influence as it has pushed many kilometers into the desert. It grew distressingly hot as we left the sprawl to climb over Baja's spine for the sixth and final time. The good news is that we had a tailwind. The bad news is that it exactly matched our pace. We wilted under the Baja sun. Fortunately, as the sun descended the heat moderated. Unfortunately, the lowering sun was in our eyes, worse it was in the eyes of passing drivers. We raced the setting sun to Todos Santos. It was a tie.

Todos Santos is a nice little town, perhaps too many souvenir shops and gringos for our taste. We rented rooms for the usual 350 pesos (\$32) just around the corner from The Hotel California. With an 8 pack in hand, we dined at a sidewalk taco stand.

### **Dodging Trucks**

Nov 15 dawned bright and sunny. We spent the early morn arguing over breakfast eateries during a walkabout, finally settling on an upscale place where we had a leisurely meal. No great hurry as it was only an 85 km (53 mi) day. The road was okay and the scenery not bad but the traffic grew ever thicker and more aggressive. Everyone experienced near misses and I was hit...by a thrown bottle. We labored up the last hill at 5 mph along side a string of loaded dump trucks doing 6. Cabo San Lucas turned out to be a confusing place where no one understands maps. Still, we survived, found our hotel, found our wives by the pool, exchanged sweaty hugs and jumped in.

### **On Vacation**

The next five sunny, bright days were a blur of beaches and snorkeling, tacos and beer, street vendors and pushy timeshare hawkers, seafood and margaritas, ATV rides into the mountains and bus rides to nearby towns, then we got on an airplane and flew home.

During 18 days of often difficult and sometimes dangerous cycling the four amigos experienced no serious mechanical, physical or psychological problems. I returned feeling pretty smug and continued to until a bagboy expressed serious doubt about the advisability of my carrying groceries to the car unaided.

This ride is recommended to any adventure-minded persons who have at least 38mm tires, can carry 5 liters of water and look forward to a bit of adversity. It also helps to be a little crazy.



### - Club Information -

The Mid-Valley Bicycle Club is a recreational touring club for cyclists of all ages. We ride rain or shine! Helmets are required for all riders. Social and educational meetings are held regularly. Check this Newsletter or our website at [www.mvbc.com](http://www.mvbc.com) for current information.

I (We) want to join the Mid-Valley Bicycle Club. Enclosed are annual dues as checked below.

Membership:     \$20.00 Individual or     \$25.00 Family

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Family member names: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Please check here if you wish to be added to the MVBC-announce list  (MVBC-announce is a monitored email list which screens for spam.)

In consideration of my application, I hereby, for myself, my executors and administrators, waive and release any and all rights and claims for damages I may have against the Mid-Valley Bicycle Club, its officers, and members, prior to, during, and after my membership or association with the club or any event. I agree to accept all rules and regulations of the club.

Signature(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature of parent or guardian if under 18: \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: MID-VALLEY BICYCLE CLUB, P.O. Box 1373, Corvallis, OR 97339-1373

### MVBC Represented at Da Vinci Days



This is our Kinetic Sculpture team for the da Vinci Days race. The vehicle is pedaled by 7 pilots (all MVBC members), and runs with a combination of mechanical power and self-generated electric power. Pictured above are Tom Sauret, Matt Mathews, Susan Christie, Larry Plotkin, Charlie and Becky Steinmetz, Melissa Boyd, and Don Reid. (Not pictured: Mark and Grant Thackray.)

We had a great time, finishing the entire race in spite

### Classified

#### 2 Beautiful Bikes - 1 Can Be Yours

MERLIN Titanium Road Bike, 55cm  
Custom built in Sept. 2006  
Merlin Agilis frame w/ Ouzo Pro carbon fork  
Dura-Ace, Ultegra and Thomson components  
In perfect condition - rides like a dream  
\$3500 build cost, sell for \$2500

JAMIS Eclipse Road Bike, 54cm  
Reynolds 853 and carbon fiber frame  
Black & silver w/ lazer cut lugs  
Easton EA70 carbon fork & seatpost  
Mavic Ksyrium Elite Wheels  
Campy Centaur shifters, brakes & derailleurs  
Truvativ Roilleur carbon compact crankset  
Brand New 2005 model. MSRP: \$2500  
Sell for \$1550  
Call Vic Russell at 758-0430, or  
e-mail [vrussell55@yahoo.com](mailto:vrussell55@yahoo.com)

of some unscheduled breakdowns. Our sculpture won an award for the "Most Innovative" vehicle.



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**MID-VALLEY BICYCLE CLUB**  
P.O. Box 1373  
CORVALLIS, OR 97339-1373

**Address Service Requested**

## ***Meetings & Announcements***

### **Future Events**

**August 5** - BlackberrybRamble, EugeneGears.org  
**August 12** - Covered Bridge Bicycle Tour, MVBC  
**August 12-18** - Oregon Bike Ride, Oregon-bikeride.org  
**August 18** - Alpine Half Century, www.orbike.com  
**August 19** - Yaquina Lighthouse Century, Yaquina Wheels Bicycle Club  
**August 24-26** - Crater Lake Rim Ride, MVBC  
**Sept 8** - Picnic, Sandra Hufsmith, Alsea  
**Sept 8** - Oregon Coast Cycling Festival, Oregon-coastcyclingfestival.org  
**Sept 8-15** - Cycle Oregon, 20th Anniversary, www.cycleoregon.com  
**Sept 15-27** - Cycle Japan, Ruthy Kanagy, <http://livingabroadinjapan.com/cyclekyoto.htm>  
**Sept 22** - Ride the Rogue, www.ridetherogue.org  
**Sept 23** - Peach of a Century, www.salembicycleclub.org  
**Oct 6** - CASA's Annual Ride Through Paradise, Klamath Falls, www.klamathfallscasa.org

### **General Meeting**

**August 20, 7 pm, Osborn Aquatic Center**  
Jerry Rooney will be talking about the Bike Diversion Program that he and Jim Mumford do for the District Court. Also, he will also talk a little about his past month in Washington D.C. without a car and the use of public transportation and his bike. This should be a very interesting program and very informative if you ever plan to go see the Smithsonian museums.

### **IMPORTANT SUBMISSION INFORMATION**

Submit articles, stories and photos for the September MVBC Spokesman no later than August 31.  
Please send this material to the editor in Word format:

Lloydvswanson@comcast.net