

Benicia Bicycle Club

P.O. Box 141

Benicia, CA 94510

707-644-0074

BBC members on the go	2
RAGBRAI 2009	3
Bay in a Day - North Loop	4
Pedal the Peaks	6
Club Stuff	7
Rides	7

The Road Marshal: Message from the President

September is here, and with the opening of the new bike path on the Benicia —Martinez bridge comes a lot of new ride options. With our regular Martinez loop comes the option of a shortcut home after our rest stop at Starbuck's. Or if you're late for the ride, you have a short cut to our rest stop, and you can ride home with the club. And that's just a couple of options, with a lot more to come. I hope to see all of you out riding. Remember we still have a lot more rides to come. Keep training and be ready to ride. Ride safe and always enjoy your rides.



Prez "Sugar Joe" Marks & wife Juliet

Thank you. Joe Marks.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR!

The First Wednesday of every month: BBC Time trials: at 6:30 p.m. on Lopes Road.

September 6 (Sunday) at 1:30 p.m BBC Recumbent Clinic! , with ride to follow, Benicia State Park Parking lot.

If you're interested in trying recumbents of different sizes and shapes come out for the recumbent clinic. Let Bruce Crisp blchrisp@gmail.com know if you're coming and if you have any particular styles of bikes or trikes you'd like to try. Also, let him know your height, so we have your size available. Zach Kaplan Cycles will have several 'bents to try and there will be other recumbent owners there to let you try theirs as well.

Last Friday each Month: Girl Friday Activities For more info: Carol.Day@solanopacific.com

From your Intrepid Editors

It's been a great summer of riding so far. We're very excited to have the pedestrian/bike path on the Benicia/Martinez Bridge opened. Our own Bruce Crisp was the first cyclist across the bridge during the opening ceremony on Saturday, August 29. Benicia Mayor Patterson was welcoming us all as we came across the bridge. It was quite a well organized and well attended event. Please check it out if you haven't already done so. Also, kudos to Riva Flexer, Juliet Marks and Lisa Villarreal for their first ascent of Mount Diablo! Great job girls! Keep riding, and stay safe!



Welcome New Members!

- Michael & Evelyn Schreiner
- Joseph Lansing
- Ray and Lorraine Burciaga
- Dee Hopfenspirger
- Aldo Magri
- Larry & Adrianna Lewis
- Rachel and Dave Deal

Printing Compliments of



SOLANO PACIFIC

Newsletter Contributors

Thank you for your articles, photographs and your moral support! Our August/September Newsletter is a team effort, as always. Thanks to David Garcia, Joe Marks, Mark Birnbaum, Steve Bahr and Barbara Wood Keep those articles coming!

BBC Members on the Go!

Barbara Wood's Cheese Factory Ride - Peter Rathmann

Editor's Note: This is an account of a Valley Spokesmen ride led by BBC's Barbara Wood with BBC members Riva Flexer, Nancy Lund, Bob Klosterman from BBC participating. For one of the other riders, Jerry Manifold, it was his first bike ride in 10 years. Two other guests, Lorretta Clarke and her friend Karen Hein, both from Orinda, were introduced to the art of touring in a group. Thanks to Kathy Manifold who provided SAG.

On Wednesday, Barbara Wood led the ride from Novato to the Cheese Factory on Pt. Reyes - Petaluma Rd. Our start was delayed a bit since the shopping center is being extensively renovated and much of the parking lot is unavailable, so we had to find parking on the street nearby. The Safeway anchor store is being replaced by a Paradise Foods store and construction should be completed sometime in October.

The climb to the rock at the summit of Lucas Valley Rd. got us pretty spread out, so we regrouped there and then headed down the lovely descent through the redwoods to Nicasio. There we noted additional two-hour parking limit signs on weekends, but there still appeared to be sufficient space along the side of the road for future rides that start there - just a little farther from the store and ball fields. Then it was on to the second hill of the day up Pt. Reyes - Petaluma Rd. This was being resurfaced with only one lane open to cars so traffic was alternating directions. The new surface was wonderfully smooth - not the awful chip seal treatment which has been so widely used lately.

Along this stretch we noticed another bicycling group headed in the opposite direction. Turned out they were from an organization called 'Bike and Build' which seems to be a cross between a bike touring group and a Habitat for Humanity type of group. They had started in Rhode Island on their way across the country with various stops along the way for building projects.

Then it was on to the Cheese Factory for our lunch stop next to their pond before starting the downhill stretch back to Novato.

The route and very few pictures (camera problems) can be seen at www.everytrail.com/view_trip.php?trip_id=311553



Geese hoping for leftovers. Photo credit - P.Rathmann

Tour de Napa - Riva Flexer

With its distinctive yellow jerseys, the BBC puts on a fine show at the Tour de Napa, and this year was no exception. Two large groups took off from the Veterans' home in Yountville, the Imperial Century riders at 6:30 a.m., and the Metric century riders at 7 a.m. The weather was gorgeous, almost no wind, moist and cool in the morning, and sunny and temperate by 11 a.m. I rode with the metric crew until the first rest stop, and then started climbing on my own. Many riders recognized my yellow jersey.



The Metric Riders Photo Credit D. Garcia



Century Riders . Photo Credit L.lisa Villareal

By Aetna Springs I started seeing Century riders. Something I ate at that rest stop haunted me for the rest of the ride. Climbing Ink Grade with indigestion is not recommended. I was very thankful to see White Cottage Road. I met up with Mick W on Silverado, and hung on his back wheel until we returned to the Veterans' home in Yountville. An appetizing lunch of proteins (veggie burgers, hotdogs and chicken breast), delicious salads and ice cream awaited us. The country-rock band was fantastic, inciting people to table dance. If you haven't 'done' the Napa Tour, yet, make sure you mark your calendar for 2010!

RAGBRAI 2009 - Barbara Wood

Also known as the Des Moines Register Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa, what started in 1973 by two newspaper columnists and a few friends is now referred to as "the oldest, largest, and longest multi-day bicycle tour in the country." It is also known to have set the standard by which all other multi-day tours are measured.

A different route is selected every year. This year, we started in Council Bluffs and ended in Burlington. We covered 472 miles with 22,000 feet of climbing. Rolling hills – lots of rolling hills. You were either going up or going down the entire trip, trying to find space among the 9,999 other registered riders. (not counting the 3,000 or so "bandits" as the unregistered riders are called)

I decided to sign up for RAGBRAI last November. My step-daughter, Cindy, and her husband, Chris, planned to ride it with me. Well, not exactly with me as they rode a tandem. We wouldn't know until May if we were selected via the lottery. That's how popular the ride is. We were, obviously, selected and began planning our trip.

We arrived on Friday before the ride and stayed at a hotel in Omaha. We had signed up with a private carrier to take our bags to the campsites each day and also to bring us back to Omaha for our return flight. Saturday morning, we decided we wanted to ride to the campsite so we loaded our bags on his truck and hopped on our bikes. There



is a beautiful bike/ped bridge over the Missouri River connecting Omaha with Council Bluffs and we wanted to see it first-hand. (picture) As we crossed into Iowa, we dipped our rear wheel in the Missouri River and headed for the campsite. About a 10 mile ride – so far, so good.

Day 1 Council Bluffs to Red Oak, 53 miles, 3,700' climb. After a night of trains and trucks roaring by, we were awakened by a low flying helicopter. But the weather was perfect. We packed up our tents and were soon on our way to find breakfast. RAGBRAI doesn't feed you. You buy your food along the way. You would find the local PTA selling coffee and cinnamon rolls, a vendor selling breakfast burritos, etc. Front yard stands were everywhere, selling water and Gatorade. Fresh home-made pies and cook-

ies were standard fare. Yes, one eats one's way across Iowa. About 15 miles into the ride, I stopped for breakfast. I got in line and who was in front of me? Four people who had ridden cross country with me the year before. I couldn't believe it!! I joined them for breakfast and lots of conversation. Their goal is to do a century ride in every state. My goal is to ride my bike in every state. The three miles from the hotel to the bridge in Omaha counts!!! (picture)

That evening we camped next to a church with a very tall steeple. When I arrived, there was a fire truck blocking the entrance to our campground. I couldn't figure out what was going on as there was no fire, no hoses, just a tall ladder. Ha! A gust of wind had caught someone's tent and carried it to the top of the steeple. They had to call the fire department to come and retrieve it.

Day 2 Red Oak to Greenfield, 73 miles, 5,100' climb. Once again we were awakened by the buzz of the helicopter. We quickly packed up and were on our way. Just as I was thinking about stopping for breakfast I saw my cross-country friends again. How lucky – twice in a row! The weather held up nicely all morning. However, it rained most of the afternoon. Not hard, just wet! On the good side, when I got to camp, Cindy and Chris had my tent all set up for me. The rain continued through the evening and on and off through the night.

Day 3 Greenfield to Indianola, 77 miles, 3,500' climb. In the morning, the rain broke long enough for us to pack

(Continued on page 5)

Bay in a Day - Mark Birnbaum

Participants: Junior and Mark

It had been over a year since I'd done the north loop, and the weather prediction was for clear skies. It was time to do it again. At 7:35, we pulled out of the driveway, loaded down with 5 bagel/almond butter sandwiches, two bananas and two water bottles. In 35 minutes, we were getting onto Hwy. 37, heading across the north edge of San Pablo Bay towards Vallejo. After the initial tension-producing crossing of the Petaluma River Bridge, which has an extremely narrow shoulder, the ride settled down to a pleasant cruise. With a wide, well paved and not too littered shoulder, there was time to enjoy the views of the East Bay, the marshes and fields next to the road, and to check out the many birds, mostly ducks of some sort, that were on the water. About the time the noise of the traffic finally started to become annoying, the Mare Island bridge came into view, and at 8:52 we left Hwy. 37 and turned south on Mare Island.

The north end of Mare Island is still pretty much of a ghost town, now that the Navy base is closed, with only occasional joggers and even more occasional cars to break the stillness. After a few minutes, we crossed the bridge into Vallejo proper and began heading south along the waterfront. Vallejo has done an excellent job of rejuvenating the waterfront, with wide sidewalks, grass, trees and restaurants. There were people of all ages, shapes and sizes walking and jogging. This is always one of the most pleasant parts of the ride. For a city in bankruptcy, Vallejo looked pretty good. Pavement was excellent and clean and the drivers were mellow. We continued south, got on the Zampa Bridge, enjoyed the fantastic views and made landfall in Crockett at 9:18. We were now entering our fourth county of the ride.

As we climbed west along San Pablo, heading towards Rodeo, Hercules and Pinole, the views looking back at Mare Island, Vallejo and the mountains surrounding the Napa Valley were truly breathtaking. The ride thru the oil refineries of Rodeo always reminds me of what hell probably looks like, with mazes of pipes, odd noises and probably toxic fumes. Entering Rodeo itself, it was nice to see that the reconstruction of San Pablo, which had been going on since I first surveyed the Bay in a Day route in 2004 was finally complete. They even put in bike lanes. At this point we ran into the first of the many cyclists we'd see, heading in the opposite direction. Hercules was next, then Pinole and at 9:45, we rolled into the gas station that was the unofficial potty stop, at the corner of Tennant and San Pablo.

I took out the first two bagels, as we pulled out and ate as we cruised south, thru town, heading towards Pinole Valley Rd. I was surprised to see that Pinole now has both a Trader Joes and a Peet's coffee. The place is coming up in the world. We passed thru the remainder of Pinole and came to Castro Ranch Rd., where large signs and course marshalls announced that a bike race was in progress. In a minute or two, we saw the first of many racers heading towards us, going at full tilt. There were men, women, singles, tandems, and what appeared to be both single sex pairs and mixed sex pairs of riders. It made for interesting watching. At San Pablo Dam Rd. we turned south for the long uphill run to Orinda. More racers were on the first half of the stretch, then occasional non-racers heading north. The pavement on Castro Ranch and San Pablo Dam Roads was new and in much better shape than it had been

when the Bay in a Day ride actually ran in 2005 and 2006. Oh well. At 10:45, we pulled into Orinda BART station. At mile 47, this was more or less the halfway point of the ride. Having ridden BART the previous weekend, I remembered how to work the ticket machine, and in less than a minute, the ticket to Daly City popped out. As I grabbed the ticket, I could hear the sound of a westbound train pulling in. In the past, I've had to wait 20-30 minutes for a train at this station. The first commandment of BART, for cyclists is "thou shalt not use the escalator under any conditions". Feeling brave, and risking the wrath of God and every employee of BART from the general director on down, I ran to the escalator and clamored up as quickly as I could. We made it onto the train just before the doors closed and were on our way. That will probably never happen again in my lifetime. The trip on BART seemed to go a bit faster than usual, and provided the opportunity to kill off the first banana as well as bagel #3. By 11:35 we had arrived at Daly City BART and were on our way out the gate.

The sun was shining brightly in Daly City and it was cool and crisp. A short ride down John Daly Blvd. brought us to Skyline (Hwy. 35), where we turned to head north. The views of the ocean were stunning, as usual, and traffic seemed a bit lighter than I remembered it from past rides. In a few minutes, we had crossed the San Francisco City Limit line and a bit after that, we turned west for a short ride to the Great Highway. Riding along the beach is always pleasant, and today, it was made even better by the fact that I managed to hit every single traffic light green. Another once in a lifetime experience. The Farallones were barely visible in the mists to the west. At JFK Dr. we turned east to go thru Golden Gate Park. As the day had progressed, we had encountered more and more cyclists. Everyone, it seemed was out for the day. As we passed the bison pasture, I even saw several bison, for the first time. Leaving the park on 30th Ave., we made our way to Cabrillo, then turned north on 25th Ave. for the run to the Golden Gate Bridge. At some point, I had decided it would make the ride more interesting, if I could knock off the whole thing without changing gears. The first real test would be the ascent of Lincoln, just south of the toll plaza. It was marginal, but we made it and were soon on the bridge, heading back towards Marin.

The views of the Marin Headlands, from the bridge were some of the best I remembered, and the East Bay was quite clear as well. Coming off the bridge, the downhill into Sausalito was excellent, as always. Sausalito was crowded with tourists, as well as many cyclists heading in both directions. We passed thru Sausalito quickly and headed towards Mill Valley on the bike path, which was full of joggers, walkers and cyclists. From the end of the path, it was a short ride east across the freeway to Tiburon Blvd, where we began the Paradise loop portion of the ride. I'd been thinking of stopping for goodies at Sweet Things Bakery, in Tiburon, but I still had 2 bagels and a banana left, and a stop at the bakery would involve two crossings of Tiburon Blvd. I decided to make this a 100% self sufficient ride, and do it using just what I had brought along. It was time for bagel #4.

Tiburon Blvd. took us to and thru downtown Tiburon and then onto the loop itself, with the stunning views of Angel Island, San Francisco, and the East Bay. There is never much car traffic on the loop, but today for some reason, it was practically zero. The loop was a most mellow and enjoyable experience as the road curved and swooped up and down and the vistas changed from SF and Angel Island to the Richmond Bridge and the Corte Madera/Larkspur areas. All good things must end and we came off the loop into Corte Madera, headed north past the Larkspur Ferry Terminal, San Quentin, and finally over the hill to San Rafael. Now we were on my daily commute route, where every crack and pot-

(Continued on page 8)

RAGBRAI (Continued from page 3)

up and get underway. But it returned, cold and windy. The afternoon, however, was lovely. We camped in a lovely city park, had a "real shower" at a local college and walked downtown in the evening. Dinners were always at a local church. (every church in town was serving dinner) On this night, we joined the Catholics. Yesterday we ate with the Methodists. A dozen or so hot air balloons flew overhead as we settled down in our campsites. It was a nice way to end the day.

Day 4 Indianola to Charilton 44 miles, 2,200' climb. Since it was such a short day, we decided to relax and have breakfast at the college before we left. That was fine except I almost missed the luggage truck! Need to pay better attention to time! Oh yes, Iowa has cornfields. Cornfields and more cornfields. Some of them had fences around them. Others were used as emergency bathrooms. They also raise a lot of pigs. Luckily we didn't go by many pig farms. One very clever vendor sold grilled pork chops. They were the big thick juicy type. He had an old school bus, painted pink, with pig ears on the front which he used to transport his supplies and grills. He was somewhere along the route every day. (picture) Tonight we dined at an Amish meeting house. Great pie.



Day 5 Charilton to Ottumwa 77 miles, 3,400' climb. I was out and about early. 6:30 AM and I'm underway. No chance of missing the luggage truck. (a thunderstorm rolled through about 5 - we didn't need the helicopter.) About 15 miles into the ride, I heard someone yell "hey Barbara, join us for breakfast!" It was Dick and Geoff from Valley Spokesmen. It was nice to see them. They were going to ride to Minneapolis after RAGBRAI to join the VS Minnesota tour. Our campsite would have been really pretty if it weren't for the mud and puddles. Again, Cindy and Chris got in early and found some high spots.



Day 6 Ottumwa to Mount Pleasant 75 miles, 2,800' climb. It was hot and muggy. There was a cool breeze which made it bearable. Unfortunately, the breeze was in our faces all day.

Some enterprising farmers would take a picture of you with a cow, for a small donation. Girls from a riding stable would take your picture on a horse. Again, donations accepted. Another farmer trucked in the "largest bull in the world." I went for the home-made ice cream.

We passed through Johnny Carson's home town, John Wayne's home town, and Radar's (from MASH) home town. In Radar's home town, folks dressed up as MASH characters. (You could have your picture taken with HotLips Hoolihan.)

Day 7 Mount Pleasant to Burlington 43 miles, 1100' climb. It was our final day. I was underway at 6:10. It was cool and the wind was quiet. I pushed hard to take advantage of it while it lasted. It worked. I arrived in Burlington just a little after 9. I dipped my wheel in the Mighty Mississippi and started looking for our truck. I found it the easy way. Call Cindy. After all, she and Chris were way ahead of me! We

packed up our bikes and got them loaded on the truck, found our way to our bus and we were off to Omaha for our flight home. It was a happy/sad feeling.

Pedal The Peaks - Steve Bahr

Editor's Note: BBC participants Bob K, Steve B, Carol D, Mick W, Bill B, Bill deW, Mike D, Cousin Jake. Organized by the redoubtable Dennis Beltram June 5-7, 2009

Drove up to Etna Thursday afternoon, Carol Day and me in the Element, split driving duty, nice trip up and back.

Friday morning, got a phone call @ 5:30 AM, plant tripped. Bob K. uttered an expletive. Was talking to my boss when Dennis was giving out the critical info. Should have been listening.

After climbing Scott Mt. 5400' waited for Carol. We headed down, Lee had flatted, I stopped to help, he said his pump was not the best. We struggled with the new tube, and it did not hold air. Johnny showed up in the sag, by then, not only was Carol long gone, but Mick had flown by. I tossed Lee one of my 2 spare tubes, and said "see ya."

Was thinking I might catch Mick on a downhill. Right. Missed the left turn at the bottom of the mountain. Easy mistake, if you were not paying attention to the morning meeting. Pedaled maybe fifteen miles, looking for a left, finally got to Coffee Creek. Stopped, and checked map. Headed back, got to the Trinity Creek road, and started to climb. Got to 100 yards of a cement bridge, saw the SAG truck turning around. Yelled, but it was too late.

By 2 p.m., I had ridden for five hours without a break, and was dead. The weather was getting bad, intermittent rain and cold. Flagged down a guy in a jeep, and talked him into giving me a lift, over the top, and down to the highway. Weather got worse; we drove through a downpour. He dropped me off very close to Hwy 15; he was headed to Weed to a hardware store. Dan, the disgruntled mechanical engineer from Toledo OH who was off the grid in Coffee Creek doing sustenance farming. Saved me from who knows what.

Rode up to Gazelle - no stores, was out of water, had two gel packs since breakfast, got the post office guy to fill my water bottles from the bathroom toilet valve. Started up Gazelle Callahan, knew I could not make the climb. Flagged down a woman, Barbara Lee Jordan, a lawyer for an Indian tribe. She lived up the hill a mile, but after my short story said she would drive me up the mountain, after dropping off fast food at home. We went to her house, changed cars twice, and eventually she hauled me up to the top. On the way up, we passed two riders, Mike Dunn and Tom, both declined a ride. At the top, both SAGs were there. All were surprised to see me.

Thanked Barbara much, great lady.

Rode down the mountain, and again the weather got bad, was approximately ten miles from Etna when a major deluge was hitting. Had passed Chuck, and was looking for shelter. Ducked into a large barn, there were two guys were avoiding the rain. We chatted about their buddy moving trout he farmed in the adjacent ponds. The older of the two pulled out some Copenhagen, and offered me a pinch. Almost tried it. Storm lightened so I hit the road. Was pouring again by the time I got to Etna. Clocked approximately 108 miles and lots of altitude, but the biggest bang was getting the help I needed, when I really needed it.

Saturday we did a great century, a few minor climbs, lots of big rollers, some headwinds, but beautiful scenery, great roads, little traffic, and the traffic we experienced was very courteous. I paid full attention to the morning meeting, which helped. I got major hot foot, but did the whole ride, and only really stopped once, at the lunch break, which I enjoyed more so since I had missed yesterday's. Clocked almost exactly 100 miles.

The accommodations were fine, decent beds, good food, the pool was not clean, and the hot tub was cold. The biggest annoyance was the proprietress, Heidi; every inquiry was met with a frown or a curt reply. If you run this kind of place, you should try to enjoy it. Dinky soap and the weakest coffee ever were items of note.

Sunday after the info meeting, I was first on the road. About 400 yards along, I saw 4 elk, two cows, and two calves, gazing next to the road. Missed getting a picture, but did get to maybe 50 yards from them before they ran. After 14 miles, I drove the SAG for 12 miles, and then pedaled over to the bottom of Mt. Etna, where we lunched. Eight declined to make the climb. Several, Mick, Bob K and I got out further up the mountain. I did the top 900'. Top was approximately 6000', and the base was at approximately 2300'. Jake, Bill DeWolf, Bill Buckalew and Mike Dunn all did the whole climb, not sure how steep it got, but much of it seemed like the very top of Diablo.

On the descent, which was major, I flatted; luckily it was on a straight section. Front tire, was going between 35 to 40 MPH, and was very lucky to be able to stop without a crash. I clocked a little less than 40, so almost 250 for the weekend.

Major thanks to Dennis Beltram for running a great event, one that I will not soon forget.

Regular Club Rides

Tuesdays and Thursdays @ 9:30 AM: Meet at Starbucks at the top of First Street, next to RiteAid, in Solano Square. Tuesday rides go to Martinez via the Zampa Bridge, and Thursday rides go to the Valley Café in Fairfield. Both have optional distance rides. These are no-drop rides.

Saturday @ 8:00 AM: Meet at Benicia St. Park, at the end of Military West. The ride goes through Benicia to Lake Herman Rd and then to Fairfield ending at the Valley Café. There are alternate longer routes and routes for the recreational rider as well. This is a no-drop ride.

Sunday @ 8:00 AM: Meet at Benicia St. Park, at the end of Military West. This is a 40-mile ride to Martinez with 2,000 ft. of climbing, stopping at Starbucks to refuel before returning. This is a no-drop ride.

Slower riders: If you are feeling intimidated and prefer a slower pace, Sunday morning rides often have slower riders. For info, contact Riva at riva.flexer@mail.mcgill.ca

BBC Monthly Meeting: Held on the first Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m. at Farnsworth Cycles, located at 979 Lincoln in the Benicia Arsenal Industrial Park.

Looking for more rides? More company?

Valley Spokesmen www.valleyspokesmen.org
Diablo Cycling Club www.diablocyclists.com/
Eagle Cycling Club www.eaglecyclingclub.org/

Upcoming Rides Sept. 09 — Nov. 09

9/2/2009 and 9/7/2009 White Rim Tour Bonneville Cycling Club

9/5/2009 That Which Does Not Kill Us Makes Us Stronger Cycling Escapes

9/6/2009 Tour of Big Sur & CA Coast Cycling Escapes

9/11/2009 Emigrant Trails Bike Trek American Lung Association

9/12/2009 Amtrak Century Orange County Wheelmen

9/12/2009 Auburn Century Auburn Endurance Events

9/12/2009 Audi Best Buddies Challenge -- Hearst Castle Best Buddies International

9/12/2009 Everest Challenge Stage Race Eastside Velo

9/12/2009 High Sierra Fall Century Sierra Cycling

Foundation

9/12/2009 Hoodoo 500 (RAAM Qualifier) Planet Ultra

9/12/2009 Waves to Wine Northern California Chapter NMSS

9/19/2009 Knoxville Fall Classic Double Century Quack-cyclists

9/19/2009 Tour Des Lacs Round and Round

9/19/2009 Tour of Utah - Color Country to Canyonlands Cycling Escapes

9/19/2009 Unknown Coast Weekend Chico Velo Cycling Club

9/26/2009 Lighthouse Century San Luis Obispo Bicycle Club

9/26/2009 Mt. Whitney Classic Cycling Event Summit Adventure

9/26/2009 Tahoe Sierra Century Tahoe Sierra Century Ride

9/26/2009 White Mountain Double Century NdZONE

9/27/2009 Peach of a Century Salem Bicycle Club

10/3/2009 Amgen California Coast Classic Bicycle Tour Arthritis Foundation, Southern California Chapter

10/3/2009 Bicycle Tour of Utah Cycling Escapes

10/3/2009 Furnace Creek 508 Bicycle Race Adventure Corps, Inc.

10/3/2009 Hemet Double & Single Century Watrous Cycling Enterprises

10/3/2009 No Hill Hundred Churchill County Cyclists

10/4/2009 Tour de Poway Cycling Promotions West

10/10/2009 Bass Lake Powerhouse Double Century Fresno Cycling Club

10/10/2009 Condor Classic Pinnacle Partnership

(Continued on page 8)

Benicia Bicycle Club

P. O. Box 141

Benicia, CA 94510

TO:

President: Joe Marks

Treasurer: Steve Bahr

Editor: Riva Flexer

Ride Coordinator: Bob Klosterman

PR Director: Mick Weninger

www.beniciabicycleclub.org

Spring on Lopes Road

BENICIA BICYCLE CLUB

Membership Dues: \$15.00 for individual or families.

Membership runs for 1 calendar year.

Further information and application forms can be found at

www.beniciabicycleclub.org

Please Complete and mail application, waivers and check to:

BENICIA BICYCLE CLUB

Make your check payable to: BENICIA BICYCLE CLUB

P. O. Box 141

Benicia, Ca. 94510

(BIAD Continued from page 4)

hole were known on a personal basis. The ride thru San Rafael was uneventful and soon we were heading east on San Pedro towards China Camp, the last shoreline loop of the ride.

After a few miles, the Richmond San Rafael Bridge, and the Bay Bridge came into view, followed shortly thereafter by a Vallejo Ferry in the distance, heading towards Vallejo. As we went along, I saw that the first poppies were out and blooming. At the China Camp parking lot, we got off the road for the last potty/food stop. The last banana was devoured here. Getting back on Junior, to continue on the loop, I realized that aside from the ride on BART, and the various traffic lights, I'd been off the bike less than 15 minutes the entire ride. Probably a record for me. The remainder of the loop passed pleasantly, as I finished off the final bagel, and we were soon in the Terra Linda portion of San Rafael, where we turned north for the final stretch of the ride. The final 11 miles were like the daily commute home, but made nicer by the lighter bike and lack of baggage. A headwind had sprung up, but it was too weak to impede progress to any great degree.

It felt good to make it up the final hill in Novato (barely) without changing gears, and do the final few miles on Novato Blvd. to the western end of town and home. At 4:05 we pulled into the driveway. The ride had been most mellow and enjoyable, with all the outstanding views, generally excellent riding conditions, and the great feeling of accomplishment of having done it "my way".

Pedal the Peaks (Continued from page 7)

10/17/2009 Harvest Ride for Literacy Ventura Rotary Club

10/17/2009 Quincy Weekend Ride Chico Velo Cycling Club

10/17/2009 Salton Sea Century Shadow Tour LLC

10/17/2009 Solvang Autumn Double Planet Ultra

10/18/2009 Solvang Wine Country Cycling Escapes

10/24/2009 Death Valley Century and Double Century - Fall Adventure Corps, Inc.

10/24/2009 Spooktacular Kern Wheelmen

11/1/2009 Giro d'Vino Bicycle Wine Tour Delta Velo

11/7-8/2009 Tour de Julian_R&B Bicycle Club

11/7/2009 Solvang Prelude SCOR Cardiac Cyclists