



SISKIYOU VELO



August 2009

NEWSLETTER

Chillin' It



In the early days of automotive travel, engine overheating was a major problem because radiators weren't efficient. Motorists driving across country in summer would frequently use radiator water bags. These bags, commonly made from Scottish flax, were soaked in a water trough, then filled with water and hung over the radiator cap or emblem when traveling during hot weather. The wet surface of the bag would evaporate while driving, wicking more water into the flax as well as cooling the water in the bag. This in turn cooled the radiator, as well as providing cool water to drink.

Ingenious-- and it also illustrates how we cool off as cyclists on these super hot summer days. We fill our bodies with water, which leaks through our pores, then evaporates in the air flow, thus cooling our skin and its contents (us).

There is even more to this story. As water leaks through the pores, it must be replaced or the blood gets too thick and refuses to flow properly, eventually causing circulation failure (commonly known as death). If we are leaking electrolytes (sodium, potassium and others) along with the water, we must replace those as well, or our muscles do not work properly, causing muscle cramping.

So, several easy lessons we might take from the old desert water bag.

First, you need to put water inside before using. Good hydration might involve drinking a little extra water before going out on a hot day.

Second, the water needs to leak through our pores and be evaporated by the air passing over the skin. This could mean exposing more skin surface to the air (although nude cycling is generally in poor taste and can result in too much UV exposure). Wearing fabrics that promote wicking of water from the skin promotes cooling as well as providing protection from the sun.

Third, water needs to be replaced as it leaks from the body- somewhere in the vicinity of a quart per hour. This can be carried in water bottles or in a backpack such as a Camelbak. I like the Camelbak system because it is more convenient. If your mouth begins to feel dry, it is time to drink. Also remember to replace electrolytes, which can be in the form of an electrolyte capsule, or by drinking electrolyte rich drinks such as Gatorade, or by adding powder such as Cytomax to your water. Generally, if you are extremely thirsty after a ride, this indicates you should have drunk more water. If you lose weight on a long hot ride, each two pounds of loss was one quart of water. Another indication you didn't drink enough water during a ride is cloudy urine.

Finally, there the soaking bit. Pouring a little water over the head occasionally will help to cool the noggin. Sometimes it is so hot, and we are losing so much water through sweat, that our skin becomes hot, dry and salty. Dry skin means we are dehydrated, and salt crust means we have lost much of our electrolytes. This is a sure sign that we must get off the bike, into a cool shady spot (I prefer a refrigerated beer cooler for this) and quickly re-hydrate, including electrolytes. Failure to do so is inviting disabling cramps, as well as heatstroke.

Stay wet, stay cool,
Mike Smith, President, Siskiyou Velo

New Members

Roxy Barnett
Debbie Cheevers

Michael Bruno

Renewing Members

John Burns
Lee Johnson
Anna Arispe
Dee Parcel & Aryn Duncan
Nicki Simmons Ford
Tim Sargent
Bill & Harriet Dorris
Rebecca Ostrom & Bill Reeves

Time to Renew

Tita Soriano
John Fricker
Scott & Cindy Coash
Gary & Carol Klouda
Richard & Jan Anderson
John Baxter
Gordon Kriefel
Rick & Barbara Taylor
Richard Hogan
Rick Molarore
Di Sly
Martha Howard-Bullen
David Ingalls
Joel Hodge & Tamara Abbott
Robert Seibert
Ed Mills
Ruth Tabinovitch & Tom Treger
Buzz & Julie Skov
Larry E. Gagon
Joseph Kuo
Vicki Confer
Ron & Elizabeth Zell
James Daniels
Jenna Stanke
Jay Reeck
Paul & Mary Korblic
Daniel Bogdanoff
Robert Babbitt

Siskiyou Velo Club Officers 2009

P. O. Box 974 Ashland, OR 97520

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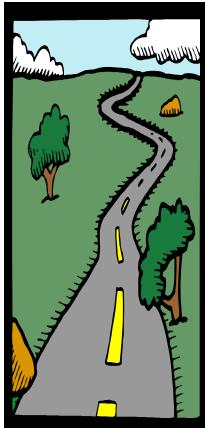
Webmaster Spencer Gray 621-3743 webmaster@siskiyouvelo.org

Visit us on the Internet: <http://www.siskiyouvelo.org>

Newsletter contributions accepted until the 15th of the month. Contact the editor for further information. **Members are welcome submit letters, stories, opinions, cartoons, recipes, tips or other notices of interest to the club.**

Support Our Member Shops

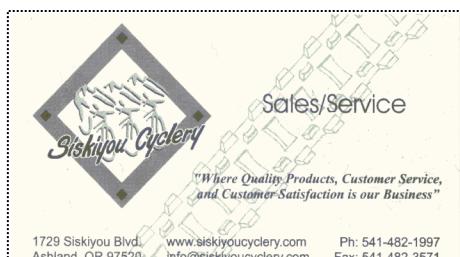
The bike shops with ads in the newsletter are business members of the Siskiyou Velo. Show them your membership card and receive a 10% discount on parts and accessories.



Members' Ads

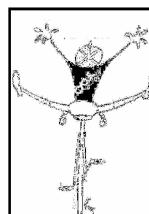
WANTED: Looking for a used Burley child bicycle trailer in good condition. Contact bkorfhage@charter.net or 541 535 5276.

FOR SALE: Trike Catrike Speed, orange, new \$2100. Call 512-2155



CYCLE
analysis

535 N. Fifth St
Jacksonville, OR 97530
899-9190



Quote of the Month

"The best rides are the ones where you bite off much more than you can chew, and live through it."

Doug Bradbury



My “Death Ride” Experience

By Mary Pritchard

129 miles, 5 passes (all over 8000 ft) and a total of 15,000 ft of climbing. Though renamed the Tour of the California Alps, it's always referred to by its original name, the “Markleeville Death Ride”, or just “The Death Ride.” I first heard about it 18 years ago and have had it kicking around in the back of my brain somewhere ever since. There's a mystique about it that engenders a combination of both intrigue and terror. The idea of attempting it lay dormant for many years with the occasional fleeting thought that I might try it “someday” (terror no doubt trumping intrigue). Advancing age has an interesting way of providing the impetus to take stock of life goals and somehow “The Death Ride” bubbled to the surface last fall.

This is a very popular ride and I soon discovered that registering for it would be almost as difficult as training for it and actually doing it. There is fierce competition to register for the limited number of spaces. Tenacity paid off and after 40 minutes of steady clicks on the registration site, I was shocked and elated when I was actually able to get one of the 3000 available spots. This was in January. July seemed like a long way off so my elation continued for several weeks until it was time to start training...what had I gotten myself into?

Thanks to many words of support as well as great company on my training rides, I managed to build up my climbing strength. May and June were nothing but climbing rides which we are so lucky to have right from our front door. After completing the triple peaks ride a few weeks before my date with destiny, I reached the point where even I thought I might be able to do this ride.

I had hoped to peak enough interest in the ride to attract at least one other person to do it with me, but for some strange reason no one stepped forward. I was on my own. I planned not only to do the ride by myself, but to travel and camp by myself as well, another personal challenge that was out of my comfort zone. I made the drive down without incident and spent the next day just taking in the setting and event. I've never seen so many fit, buff people in one place before. All were exceedingly nice. Some do the ride every year (and were very free with advice) while others, like me, were first timers.

Finally, ride day. I thought I was doing well being up and dressed at 4 am and ready for the breakfast being served. Then I noticed the stream of riders with front and rear lights taking off...I'm behind already! 5:30 a.m. and it's start time. Happily it was almost 60 F at that time so I didn't have to worry about being cold. The forecast was for sunny, warm and windy conditions all day with no prediction of rain.

This was the hardest ride I've ever done. The climbs were much steeper than what I'd expected or trained on. Monitor, the first of the passes, is a 12 mile climb with sustained sections of 9-10%. I was in my usual climbing gear and had the sickening realization that I was not going to be able to finish the ride when I remembered I had a triple. I popped into my granny gear and felt the instant relief. I was in my 30 x 25 or even 27 much of the time and was so happy that I had a triple. The view from the summit was stunning and the descent thrilling. I was often doing 35-40mph and had riders screaming by me, I'm sure at 50-60 mph. Once at the bottom, we turned around and started the climb back up...a pattern to be repeated on the next

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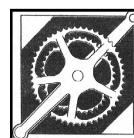


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climb, Ebbetts, a 14 mile climb with even steeper sections, though mercifully shorter. I was in a good climbing rhythm by then and doing a pace I felt I could sustain all day so I actually found this climb easier. The ride up the back side of this climb was the shortest at 6 miles and the easiest. A lovely lunch break was the reward at the bottom. I think at this point everyone was contemplating whether or not the reserve was there for not only the final 15 mile climb up to Carson Pass, but also the 14 mile ride in some stiff head winds (definitely not my friend) to get to the climb. En route, we passed the starting point where my car was parked and calling to me...a difficult moment. At last...the start of the last climb. It was sunny and hot and riders were being hosed off with cold water. But what a difference 13 miles can make. Two miles from the summit, the dark clouds that had slowly been gathering let loose, the wind picked up and the temperature dropped. I was OK while climbing but within minutes of reaching the summit, I was wet and shivering uncontrollably and I knew it was only going to get worse on the descent. Everyone had mentioned that the big reward you receive when you complete the final climb is ice cream and they rave about how good it tastes. I had no trouble turning it down and would have killed for a cup of hot chocolate. As I was still feeling strong, I really wanted to keep going but I knew that I wouldn't be safe...my bike would be shaking in beat with my shivering and my hands might be too cold to brake. I, along with several others, opted to ride down in a van. As a friend later said, better to be safe so you can ride another day.

Though I would have preferred a different ending, I was able to complete the 5 passes without injury or mishap (there were some accidents, broken spokes, etc.) and I'm very grateful. Would I do it again? Right after the ride, I would probably have said no but euphoric recall kicks in and thoughts run something like "that section wasn't that hard", "I know I could do that part faster", "I'd love to do that descent again." Who knows...

Why Do I Ride?

"I need a break from my math."

Don Parker

Trivia of the Month

Perhaps 112th or 129th place in the 2009 Tour de France doesn't seem overly significant, but across the *other* ocean it is. Fumi-yuki BEPPU (112) and Yukiya ARASHIRO (129) were the first Japanese cyclists ever to finish the Tour. *Banzai!!*

Attorney:
Carlyle F. Stout III

Secretary:
Remedy Hovermale

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541-776-2020 .

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215 Laurel Street, Medford FAX: 541-776-9841



McKenzie Pass—a perfect ride: beautiful views, ideal weather, good company, wildflowers and lava fields, and best of all—a road closed to cars!

Ice Cream Social Ride

WHAT: 3ND ANNUAL HOMEMADE ICE CREAM RIDE 2 Rides: 1 Hilly/1 Flat

WHERE: JOHN & TISH HARLOWS

2200 HULL RD., MEDFORD 245-8598

WHEN: SATURDAY, August 8. 9:00 AM START



Homemade Ice Cream will be provided by: John Harlow, Dan Wooton, Tom Wooton, Randy Wooton

PLEASE BRING THINGS THAT GO WITH ICE CREAM: Pie/Cookies/Cake/Fruit/Toppings, etc

No one has to ride to attend the Dessert!

Zell's Geezer Tour Update

June 29: So it's my turn to write again. In case you've been wondering, Ron and I alternate writing the emails; and, sometimes, we both put our two cents in when we feel so inspired.

We have now reached Carbondale, Illinois. This was quite a feat; because, contrary to popular belief, it is indeed possible for humans to melt. Ron and I (mostly me) both poured forth gallons and gallons of sweat on the Missouri back roads and then dragged our decrepit, dehydrated forms into Illinois to be reshaped on this, our glorious rest day. I'm certain there's a trail of salt marking our passage through the Ozarks. We had a difficult time getting out of Wichita. In our efforts to get back on our route, we found ourselves going down a gravel rode to a locked gate that led to an interstate with a sign designating a town we knew we wanted to get to. We unpacked our bikes, threw the panniers over the gate, I climbed over and Ron handed the bikes over. We repacked and made a mad 6 mile dash for our exit on the Kansas Turnpike. We were pulled over by a road maintenance worker who advised us to turn back and mentioned that the trooper had already been alerted as to our illegal whereabouts on the freeway. We decided to face the risks, rather than backtrack over 10 miles into headwinds, and made it to our exit and around the tollbooth. Somehow I couldn't envision headlines like, "Geezer Cyclists Arrested on Kansas Turnpike."

So another 1-2 days in Illinois and it's on to Eastern Kentucky where we hear the dogs are all pitbulls the size of Great Danes with teeth the size of ice picks and they all have a special affinity for the sweaty, exposed skin of cyclists. We're off to buy pepper spray, boat air horns, and dog treats. Might as well make this an experiment. We'll report back later on which method works best.

July 7: We are in Berea (burreeee), KY Berea is the gateway to Appalachia, and its gut-busting mountains, mysterious people and mad dogs (so we are told). Kentucky has felt like one, big roller coaster - you are either going up or going down - usually with grades in the 9-10% range. Our totals to date are: miles = 3125, and elevation gain is 124,000 feet. We can almost say that we have enjoyed every pedal stroke. This has been an amazing adventure.

After leaving Carbondale, we ventured to a place Elizabeth was really fond of - Elizabethtown (E-town to the locals). At our next stop, we met the Guardian Angel of Cyclists, Violet Hardison. Violet and her husband, Bob (Brother Bob to the locals, and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Sebree, KY.) have been taking care of cyclists since the Transamerica Trail was opened in 1976 for the bicentennial. For over 30 years, they have been housing and feeding cyclists using the route. They provided us with a room, dinner and some wonderful conversation. There was no religion involved except for their request to say prayer for us as we left for bed. The prayer was all about cycling, the bike working well and our being safe. They love cyclists, and we benefited from their wonderful ministry.

July 17: Hi y'all or you-uns (as we've heard ourselves called out here),

We are currently absorbing the fact that our trip will soon be over. We only have five more riding days to Yorktown. We have been thinking about how much of a lifestyle this has become--eat, drink, sleep, ride. Not bad! What a shock it will be adjusting to our former selves and life. On the other hand, we are looking forward to visiting family in the East and returning to all of "you-uns" whom we have dearly missed.

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Since leaving Berea, we have been climbing endlessly in the Appalachians, covering 490 more miles and 30,000 feet of elevation. Our grand totals now are 3,616 miles and 155,000 feet of elevation.

The Appalachians are divided into old and new, separated by the Great Valley. We found the old Appalachians of Kentucky to have some of the steepest climbs we've ever encountered. I told Ron that I now was finding 8-11% grades too be "relaxing" as compared to the 11+% sustained climbs we were sweating up.

While riding on the remote roads in the Appalachians, we saw much squalor with seemingly abandoned looking houses with wistful, little child faces peeking out doors and windows. We also saw grand houses out in the middle of nowhere. We have seen the coal mines and coal trucks sharing the road with us.

We have survived the Eastern Kentucky canines and boy are they ugly! (Sorry dog lovers). We were chased daily, but found that Ron's "primal scream" was the best repellent. (Don't ask for a demonstration). Ron stayed behind me and took the brunt of the attacks. What a guy!

July 27: Well, we finished off our trip with a 26-mile "out and back" to Yorktown from Williamsburg on Wednesday, July 23, 2009. We arrived at the Victory Monument, the official terminus of the Transamerica Bike Route, at 9:30 in the morning. It was absolutely a bitter-sweet experience, and was far more emotional than either of us imagined. It was bitter-sweet because, while we had achieved our goal and realized our dream, we were going to have to give up a lifestyle that we had learned to love. The utter simplicity of cycling day after day leads one to believe that life should be a lot simpler. It was emotional, well, because it was emotional. We had been together 24/7 for 73 days, had conquered many challenges, enjoyed much in the way of beauty, learned a great deal, had a fantastic time, and now, it was over! We fell into each other's arms, cried for a bit, laughed at each other a bit and set about documenting our achievement. We will likely never experience anything as profound, again, as a couple.

Since last writing to you, we have ridden 320 miles and climbed 14,500 feet. Our totals for the trip are: 3,936 miles, 168,495 feet of elevation gain, 365 hours in the saddle and over 200 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches consumed - not bad for a couple of geezers! On the cheezy side, our hearts are flooded with pride and joy, but we are slowly coming back down to earth.

When we returned to Williamsburg after our very exciting, but emotional trip to Yorktown, we decided to visit Colonial Williamsburg, and get a "cold one" to celebrate our accomplishment. We went to Chownings Tavern (in continuous operation as a tavern since the early 1700's). Our server, dressed in the garb of the time, was a real kick of a person. Of course, we told her why we were there, and soon, the whole tavern was aware of our accomplishment, and we were celebrities once more. I had a couple of beers, Elizabeth had one, we had our picture taken and were ready for our check. When we asked for it, our hostess said, with a pleasant grin on her face, "There isn't one. It is on the house. We are all very, very proud of you and what you have done. Good luck, and God Bless!". Well, we almost shed tears for the second time that day.

Thursday, we sent off everything that we wouldn't need and then went to Bikes Unlimited. There we parted company with our transportation for the last 73 days, by shipping the bikes off to Jeff Rubin at Siskiyou Cyclery in Ashland. When we left the bike shop, we felt absolutely nude, or maybe more appropriately, empty. Everything that had been vital to us for so long, was now in the hands of someone else. Now, this was just too simple!

We now look forward to returning to our lovely home and many wonderful friends in Ashland on August 7. WE ARE HOMESICK!



Elizabeth and Ron in Wichita

Siskiyou Velo Meeting Minutes for July 8, 2009

There was no business meeting held. The quarterly Siskiyou Velo Social Activity was held at D&S Harley Davidson with 27 attending. The meeting provided a wealth of information from exceptionally qualified experts.

Mike Smith opened the meeting by introducing Jade Wilcoxson, Jenny Slawta and Renee Rickert, our guest speakers.

Jenny spoke on healthy diets, nutrition for performance and training for performance. She added many of her personal tips from her racing experience. Mmmm, chocolate milk!

Renee spoke of the effects of what cycling does to our bodies and the way to help our muscles through exercise, stretching and muscle strengthening.

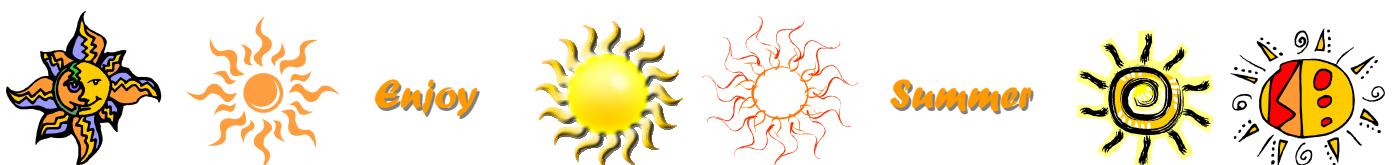
Jade talked about the basics of bike fit including posture and feet positions, seat positions, stem length and height, handle bar width. She also covered correct pedaling methods and bicycle stretches.

The meeting adjourned at 9:10 PM

James Williams



Watching the Cascade Classic Crit in Bend on July 25



EXERCISE THE MIND

72 bikes show up for a local ride. Some are tandems and the rest are single bikes (a few of them are recumbents). In total, there are 200 legs pedaling. How many tandems are there?

Answer? See next month.

July's Question: Below are four Tour de France winners. The vowels have been removed and the consonants scrambled for each of them. The missing number of vowels is listed (in parentheses). Who are they?

Five-time tour winner: DGLMNRR (7) *Miguel Indurain*

Three-time tour winner: BBLNST (6) *Louison Bobet*

Two-time tour winner: CFPST (5) *Fausto Coppi*

One-time tour winner: CHJLLNR (3) *Jan Ullrich*

Why Do I Ride?

"I ride for exercise and I love it! I intend to continue riding for as long as I can."
Kent Clinkinbeard

SISKIYOU VELO RIDE SCHEDULE – August 2009

Approved helmets required on all club

Unless otherwise noted, rain/wet pavement cancels ride

Date	Time	Start Location	Route	Pace	Miles	Contact
Sat. August 1	8:30AM	Hawthorne Park in Medford	Ashland Brunch Ride	Moderate	20-30	Sarah 621-9083
Sun. August 2	9:00AM	Hawthorne Park in Medford	Show n Go	TBD	TBD	No Leader
Sat. August 8	9:00AM	2200 Hull Rd	Ice Cream Ride	Moderate	40-50	John Harlow-Dan Wooton 245-8598
Sun. August 9	9:00AM	Dog Park in Ashland	Show n Go	TBD	TBD	No Leader
Sat. August 15	9:00AM	Colver Park in Phoenix	Meadows-Antioch Loop	Moderate	65	Jerry Rhoads 512-2155
Sun. August 16	9:00AM	Hawthorne Park in Medford	Show n Go	TBD	TBD	No Leader
Sat. August 22	9:00AM	Trail {Town}	Trail/Tiller/Trail	Moderate	55	Jodi Weber 301-6880
Sun. August 23	9:00AM	Colver Park in Phoenix	Show n Go	TBD	TBD	No Leader
Sat. August 29	9:00AM	Hawthorne Park in Medford	Shady Cove & Return	Moderate	65	Mike Smith
Sun. August 30	9:00AM	Hawthorne Park in Medford	Show n Go	TBD	TBD	No Leader
Every Saturday	10am	Cycle Sport	TBD	Race Pace	Varies >20	Alex Hayes 857-0819
Every Saturday	10am	Varies	TBD	Mellow	20+/-	Phil Gagnon 488-4289
Every Sunday	9am	Bike Path behind Bad Ass Coffee	TBD	Race Pace	Varies >20	Glen Gann 779-6986
Every Monday	9:30am	Colver Rd Park	Jacksonville coffee ride	Group B4	25	No Ride Leader
Every Wednesday	10am	The Roasting Company	Show N Go	Regroup C4	25-40	No Ride Leader
Every Tuesday	5:30pm	2200 Hull Rd	TBD	TBD	TBD	John & Tish 245-8598
Every Thursday	5:30pm	2200 Hull Rd	TBD	TBD	TBD	John & Tish 245-8598
Every Monday	10am	Varies		Mellow	TBD	Sarah Paul
Every Thursday	10am	Varies		Mellow	TBD	Sarah Paul

Ride Rating:

A- Basically flat with no steep hills.

B- Gently rolling terrain with one or two short steep hills

C- Moderate terrain, with rolling short, steep hills or moderate sustained climbs.

D- Difficult terrain with longer, steeper hills.

E- Extreme terrain with steep sustained climbs.

Ride Pace: (average range on level ground)

1- Slow < 10 mph

2-Leisurely 10—12 mph

3-Moderate 12- 15 mph

4-Brisk 15 -17 mph

5-Hammer 18+ MPH

Group - Riders will stay together.**Regroup** - Riders will spread out and regroup along the route.