



## VELO CLUB ROUND UP

Not enough water and too much smoke. The September 11 **Lake of the Woods Campout** has been canceled due to low interest.

The Ashland and Talent **Family Fun Rides** were well-attended. Children and adults got a dose of bike education and a lot of fun. The next one is Sep. 12 at Tom Pearce Park, Grants Pass, starting at 10:30. The series winds up on Oct. 11 in Medford. Velo Club members are encouraged to volunteer to help lead rides and help out with the education/training. Email Gary at [bandgfam@jeffnet.org](mailto:bandgfam@jeffnet.org).

The Club has expanded its website resources regarding Club insurance coverage. See our "[insurance overview](#)" as a part of the Club's Rider / Ride Leader Resources page. This explains coverage that all members have while on a Club ride, as well as non-members on their first ride. Riders are welcome to ride once with a Velo Club group ride; subsequently they will have to become a member to join rides.

Club members are also encouraged to visit <http://www.siskiyouvelo.org/advocacy/portfolio/> for a wealth of information on education and training. Give it a look and see if there's anything you don't know already. I bet there is!

Our October membership meeting will feature Amy Drake, Exhibitions Curator for the Southern Oregon Historical Society. She will present **Windows In Time: Bicycling History in Southern Oregon**. This will be a fabulous presentation of Amy's research over the course of a few years into the fascinating history of the bike in our area. She will bring a few items of interest, including a bicycle tax ledger from 1899. Don't miss this one.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### September

2	Velo Club Board Meeting	Standing Stone Brewery	<a href="mailto:president@siskiyouvelo.org">president@siskiyouvelo.org</a>
11	Family Fun Ride	Grants Pass	<a href="http://rvtd.org/">http://rvtd.org/</a>
12	Umpqua Velo Vineyard Tour	Roseburg	<a href="http://thevineyardtour.com">thevineyardtour.com</a>
19	Ride the Rogue	Rogue River	<a href="http://ridetherogue.org/">http://ridetherogue.org/</a>

### October

7	Velo Club Board Meeting		
10	Family Fun Ride	Medford	<a href="http://rvtd.org/">http://rvtd.org/</a>
15	Velo Club Membership Meeting	Talent Fire Station	<a href="mailto:president@siskiyouvelo.org">president@siskiyouvelo.org</a>

-denotes a Velo Club event - all Club events for the coming month are highlighted elsewhere in this issue

### AUGUST RIDE LEADERS



Ray Forsyth  
 Dennis Cramer  
 Ken Kelley  
 Bob MacCracken  
 Jennifer MacCracken  
 Donald Coker  
 Mo Rousso  
 Purk Purkerson  
 Ginny Jensen  
 John Grimbergen  
 Chris Daniels  
 Gary Shaff

On August 22, there were a record number of Velo Club bike rides offered. Long-time ride leaders Dennis Cramer, Purk Purkerson, Mo Rousso and Ginny Jensen were joined by newcomers Don Coker and Chris Daniels. Riders were offered all over the Valley, from 10 to 20 mph.

The month of August has also had a record number of rides. Thirty-four Velo Club rides were offered, despite some canceled for smoke. Well done!

Our members value club rides more than anything else we offer, and members who step up and offer to lead riders are integral to the Club. Our website has a wealth of information available to riders who are considering becoming leaders. Visit <http://www.siskiyouvelo.org/advocacy/club-rider-and-riderlead-resources/>.

## NEXT VELO CLUB MEMBERSHIP MEETING

6:30 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 15

Fire District 4

5811 South Pacific Highway, just north of Talent

## Windows in Time: Bicycling History in Southern Oregon

Amy Drake, Exhibitions Curator, SOHS



# ICE CREAM SOCIAL



Tom Ryan, Velo Club Events chair, reported 75 riders gobbled ice cream on August 15. Five different rides finished up at Colver Park for a cool down, free ice cream and plenty of socializing.





## INTERNATIONAL SELKIRK LOOP

This is a scenic 280-mile route that winds along magnificent lakes and river valleys through the Selkirk Mountains. The route includes Idaho, British Columbia and Washington. Ken Kelley and Frank Correia were my companions.



We started our adventure in Sandpoint, riding 34 miles to our first "landfall", Bonners Ferry. Once on the highway, I was troubled by an endless rumble strip. Being on the trike, I had to occupy the lane which at times raised a toot from a passing ingrate. A high point of this ride was a 10-mile detour, quiet with little traffic roving downhill through pastoral scenes.

A touch of anticipation always precedes entering a new town. Bonners Ferry is right on the highway. As such, it has no downtown. We camped on a large lawn area behind the Carriage House Motel and RV Park which was very nice. Two Canadians showed up on their bikes at the same time. Don and Rick were doing a bike tour and fit in nicely with the three of us. It's often a delight to engage with other touring cyclists, and you can predict the inevitable questions: "Where ya going?" "Where'd ya come from?"

Each leg of the tour held its own fascinations and distractions. To ride alongside lakes banked by mountain overlooks and blustery cloud formations was grand to see; however such vistas fade quickly as the mind turns to the immediate. Constant peeks at the mirror to see what may be coming and also to eye what lies ahead makes one easily forget the grandeur of a past sighting. Surrounding scenery soon becomes the norm, no longer prized as before. Traffic, road conditions and the next long climb become the norm. Heavily loaded with camping gear, my e-assist motor enabled me to pump up climbs with ease. I quickly learned to charge the battery at every opportunity to extend range. Also, on long, fast descents, I'd click into the battery's regenerative mode to add voltage.

On Tuesday, we crossed the Canadian Border. The stern border officer told us to remove helmets and then asked if we were carrying liquor, guns, drugs or over \$10,000. I felt like asking, "Are you serious?" One doesn't tease border officers.

An art gallery with a porch roof saved us from a drenching in Creston, CA. That night we opted for a motel and were invited by the owner to park our bikes in the motel's "Conference Room". How nice was that?

From Creston, we came to Valley View, an aptly named road that led to a tunnel opening into a long valley that brought us to the shores of Lake Kootenay. For the rest of the day, we rode in forest areas with frequent glimpses of the lake. After 48 miles we arrived at Crawford Bay to pitch our tents at a lovely campground, alas with mosquitoes.

The next morning we rode 4 miles to the ferry terminal (3 miles uphill) to catch the 9 a.m. ferry.



As the ferry was late, we waited in a café and were surprised to spot Don and Rick, our Canadian friends. Ken occupied a picnic table and with his trusty Pocket Rocket little stove, brewed tea and oatmeal. The 40-minute ferry boat ride across Kootenay Lake in bright sunshine was sheer splendor. Incidentally the ride was free as the Province considers it part of its highway system. Balfour was our landfall; however we followed our route to Nelson. Among the little towns we camped in, Nelson was both good and bad. Good because we stayed in the town's campground which was well located and bad because we ended up with a sloped site—the only one left. Frank said he kept sliding off his sleeping pad all night. Nelson reminded me of Ashland. It's a vibrant town with sidewalk cafés, lots of shops and striking architecture.

Leaving Nelson the next morning was not a pleasant experience as we encountered a six-mile climb. I absolutely hate starting a ride with a long climb. As we climbed, so did the temperature—in the 90's. My concern was that the battery would retain enough power to get me to the day's destination, Metaline, 56 miles away. Aside from one more long climb, the day's ride was mostly flat and battery power ample.

Saturday called for a 60-mile ride to the Old American Campground in Newport, Washington. Ken decided not to attempt the 60-mile ride. He chose another campground 42 miles away, as he intended to take a day longer to get back to Sandpoint. Frank and I stopped for breakfast in Lone, a one store, one table town—occupied by three farmer-type seniors. "Where ya goin?" led to their telling us to switch from the highway to Le Clerc Rd., on the other side of the Pend Oreille River which would take us to Usk. This was a great suggestion, as the road and scenery were ideal. Usk has one hamburger place next to a bridge. This is native Kalispell Indian territory.



Frank, our fast rider, wasn't to be found when

I got to the Old American Campground. I was told all tent sites were taken which explained Frank's absence. I suspected he simply continued on—another 30 miles -- to Sandpoint—a 91-mile day. Did I feel I could do another 30 miles? Although fatigued, it was only 4 p.m. so I decided to go the next 30 miles. While I munched on a deli sandwich, who should show up but Frank. He did return to Sandpoint to pick up his car and came back to Newport to camp with me at the Old American Campground. When I explained the problem of not having a tent site available, he proposed driving me back to Sandpoint—an offer I couldn't refuse. I was never so happy to see my car.

The companionship was wonderful as was riding in new environs. When Ken was asked by his wife if he'd want to repeat this tour, he told her he sure would -- as driver of a sag wagon. I seconded that. Frank is ready to do it again with his wife, Linda. I feel more attuned to a 4- or 5-day tour. I also find that on some tours, there's a point at which it becomes anticlimactic. On this one, it happened when I left Nelson and started heading south. I felt each day became repetitious; I was no longer eager to see what was around the bend. Frank and Ken, on the other hand, thrived with each day's ride to fully enjoy all of nature and, as Frank put it, the confidence gained from the overall experience.

— Phil Gagnon

## NEXT VELO CLUB BOARD MEETING

Wednesday, Sep. 2, 6:30 pm

## STANDING STONE BREWERY

101 Oak Street, Ashland

## All members are welcome

**For minutes of previous meetings, contact the Secretary at [coyotexing@gmail.com](mailto:coyotexing@gmail.com)**



# 41

## # of crash-free days

## SISKIYOU VELO CLUB COMMITTEES

## ADVOCACY

Edgar Hee

[ejhee@juno.com](mailto:ejhee@juno.com)

## EDUCATION & TRAINING

Gary Shaff

[president@siskiyouvelo.org](mailto:president@siskiyouvelo.org)

## COMMUNICATION

ML Moore

[mlmoore97520@gmail.com](mailto:mlmoore97520@gmail.com)

## FELLOWSHIP & EVENTS

Tom Ryan

[bicyclerider857@gmail.com](mailto:bicyclerider857@gmail.com)

## MEMBERSHIP

Matt Walker

[membership@siskiyouvelo.org](mailto:membership@siskiyouvelo.org)

## RIDE COORDINATION

Dennis Cramer

[touring@siskiyouvelo.org](mailto:touring@siskiyouvelo.org)

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

or at [www.facebook.com/siskiyouvelo.bicycleclub](http://www.facebook.com/siskiyouvelo.bicycleclub)

Newsletter contributions are accepted until the 20th of the month.

Contact the editor at [mlmoore97520@gmail.com](mailto:mlmoore97520@gmail.com) for more information. Members are welcome to submit letters, photos, stories, classifieds or other notices of interest to the Club.

Siskiyou Velo Club PO Box 974 Ashland OR 97520

## A DAY ON THE ROAD

***This is the last article of the series on touring written by Bill Heimann.***

From the previous articles we know what gear to take, how to pack and the process of defining a bicycle tour. But we have not really discussed what a day on the road is like. What happens, how far, how long and what setting up and breaking down camp requires.

My normal day begins around daylight. When the sun comes up so do I. My clock is the sun. When it is up I am, and when it sleeps I follow its example.

Before exiting my tent I pack up my sleeping bag, mattress, pillow and everything inside the tent and place it all beside the door. I then crawl out and check out the day. Sunshine, rain, wind or snow, how is it going to go today?

Once on a late spring tour in the Blue Ridge mountains, I noticed that it was very quiet when I awoke. No birds singing, no wind rustling, just very still. The temperatures had been running in the low to high 70's, and I was in summer gear. This was, after all just a month-long run. No need for more than one season's clothes. As I pushed aside the fly door, the ground revealed itself as white. Snow had fallen over night and left about 2 inches blocking my exit. I was free camping, and town was about 10 miles down a steep, twisty mountain road. This was going to be a fun morning. Each day brings its own surprises while bicycle touring, and this day had outdone itself. No worries, just ride into town in shorts and polo shirt in 35 degree temps. One of the joys of touring is pushing aside the tent door in the morning to begin to understand the unknown day.

After taking care of nature's needs, I fire up the stove for coffee. While the water is heating up, I pull out the items by the door, installing them in the panniers. Then I wipe off the fly and let it begin to dry. I put the coffee in the French Press and pour in the water. As it brews, I pull the stakes and turn the tent over to wipe off the foot print (ground cloth.) The coffee done and a cup full, I stop to enjoy the morning and have a bite of breakfast.

Now, the real packing begins. The packed tent and everything else goes in the bags except my breakfast needs. Soon they too are packed. The bike gets checked over to ensure all is working. The wheels run free, the chain is lubed, the tires are inflated properly and nothing is as it should not be. Mounting up, I roll out of camp after checking the map for the day's plan. Just before I leave sight of camp, I stop and look back over the campsite for anything that may have been left.

After a couple of hours of riding, a stop for a snack is in order. I try to find a local place to talk a little and learn about the area. It has happened that the day's riding will end right there. Sometimes things do not go according to plan, but that is ok. With no schedule, I cannot be late. The freedom to let the road decide the day is one of the aspects of bicycle touring I most enjoy.

Back on the road it begins to look like lunch. Yeah, I know I just had a snack. I eat small amounts often. No hitting the

wall for me. In my handle bar bag there is always something I can munch on without stopping the bike. GORP (good old raisins and peanuts), fruit, energy bars, gopher jerky, whatever is available in the local markets.

Lunch can be at a local café or just a nice place on the side of the road. It depends on what is available at the time. If there is a store, I purchase my needs for dinner and breakfast as well as lunch ingredients. Also buying any supplies I might need to replace. Sometimes I will sit on the curb or somewhere just outside the store and make my lunch. It is a great time to meet locals and often find a place to put down for the night. Even in countries where the language is foreign to me, meeting and learning is possible. In the high Andes I came across villages where Spanish was not spoken, but that did not prevent wonderful communications.

On the day goes seeing new places, meeting the people, overcoming challenges while learning about me and all that is around. I remind myself to "Look where I am!" This is an expression that I have used for many years to keep me aware of how wonderful traveling can be.

Now it is late afternoon and time to find a place to lay my head. I like to give myself a few hours before sunset to set up camp, clean up and prepare my dinner. Sometimes I "free" camp, others an organized campground works best. At least once a week I like to find a hard roof and sit down for an extra day. But that is a story for another time. Camp found, I set up my tent first thing. I want a sure shelter for the night before anything else occurs. Now I clean my body and change clothes into my camp outfit. Yes, every day I clean myself and if possible the riding clothes I wore that day. It is great to have dry clean clothes. In addition, the clothes I wore that day are wet from perspiration and will be cold to sleep in. My clothes line up, my clean riding clothes up to dry, my chair comes out along with a bottle of wine, cheese and whatever else I can find to snack on. As the afternoon becomes evening I make dinner, clean up and get ready for bed. Time permitting, I will sit and talk with you for a while by writing about the day. The sun is going down as I crawl into my fabric home to read a little and then my eye lids find each other, just as it seems day-break pushes them apart. Another day of discovery begins.

Cycle touring is a wonderful way to really "see" the world. The effort put into climbing that 50 mile mountain road, fighting those head winds for 3 days, the cold rain all are rewarded with the making of me. The confidence I gain from moving myself and accepting those challenges that the process brings make me more comfortable with me and because of that self-confidence, others. Approaching strangers in strange places is easier. I am comfortable with who I am and therefore not afraid. My mind does not build false barriers.

Captain James Cook, the first man to sail around the world, said, *"Do just once what others say you can't do, and you will never pay attention to their limitations again."*

Step out of your comfort zone, do what others and your own mind say you cannot do, come join me finding the world from the seat of your bicycle. The road is waiting, but not until "someday."



## REGISTER YOUR BIKES

at

<http://www.ashland.or.us/FormPage.asp?FormID=145>

or

<http://www.ci.medford.or.us/FormPage.asp?FormID=58>



## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Gary Shaff, President

Viki Brown, Secretary

Dominic Barth, Treasurer

Dennis Cramer

Edgar Hee

ML Moore

Tom Ryan

Matt Walker



**Eric Michener**  
Owner/Lead Mechanic

**The Rogue Bicycle**  
1660 Siskiyou Blvd.  
Ashland, OR 97520

541.482.3440  
theroguebicycle@gmail.com  
www.facebook.com/theroguebicycle



The businesses above are Siskiyou Velo Club sponsors and offer members a 10% discount. You must present your Velo Club membership card .