

## **Pacific Coast**

On this trip the days are ordered from North to South. I could not find my record of biking from San Francisco, CA to Santa Cruz, CA. I'm pretty sure I did it, someday I might go back and do it again to make sure!

I cycled the Pacific Coast from Port Angeles, Washington (first ferry stop South of Vancouver Island, BC, Canada) to Tijuana, Mexico. It was not a contiguous ride. I finished the first portion of the ride in 1988 and completed the last section of the ride in 2002. The portion from Port Angeles, Washington to Aberdeen, Washington was completed on August 6, 1988 on my way back from Alaska.

The log for biking from Aberdeen, Washington to Tijuana, Mexico goes as follows:

## **Washington Coast**

### **Aberdeen, Washington to Raymond, Washington**

Day 1, Saturday, April 29, 2000

I woke up around 6:00 AM after 4 hours of sleep. I wanted to get an early start and bike a long distance. I packed my car and left for Aberdeen by 7:00 AM. I then drove to Aberdeen and biked to Raymond. On the way to Raymond, I meet 2 young (about 25 years old) girls that were biking to Astoria; they started in Vancouver, BC, Canada. I talked with them for about 15 minutes then finished biking to Raymond. I decided to bike a loop trip and biked back to Aberdeen via the coast. Near Tokeland, I stopped at the Casino for lunch. I ordered a burger and while I was waiting for my burger, I put a dollar in the slot machine. I used up my dollar and my burger was still not ready, so I put another dollar in the machine and my burger was done. I wanted to quickly finish gambling so I could eat my burger. I up my bet to \$.40 (8 nickels). I was winning and losing small amounts; suddenly I had 7 of a kind and won 800 nickels (\$40). I decided it was time to quit and eat my burger. I won \$40!!!! I biked through Grayland and stopped at a store near Westport to eat a 6' meatball sub. Then I biked back to my car that was parked at a mall in Aberdeen. I called my brother Dave from the mall and told him I was on my way over. Then I drove to Dave's place and we went to dinner (Ellen and Natalie also came) in Tacoma. Next, we went back to Dave's to drink beer and watch a movie. I ended up going to sleep around 11:30 PM. I was very tired and fell asleep immediately. (Bike miles 78.8 miles/ car miles 236.3 miles)

**Raymond, Washington to 30 miles South of Raymond, Washington (highway 4/101)**

Day 2, Saturday, April 22, 2000

I woke up around 11:00AM and called my brother Dave to tell him I might be heading up his way. He told me that he would be gone on Sunday; he was going on an interview in Medford. I then drove towards Grayland and stopped at the intersection of Highway 4 and Highway 101. This was the place I biked to the previous weekend. I then biked north to Milepost 38 and back to my car. Next, I drove to Grayland beach and set up camp at the State Park. It cost \$16/ night for camping and I paid the self-registration fee. Then I went to the beach, it was starting to get dark. I went for a walk on the beach and found 12 sand dollars. Then I biked to the local tavern for dinner, I was too late for dinner. They quit serving dinner at 9:00 PM, I think I just missed it because people were still in the kitchen. I had a beer and then biked back to camp and went to sleep. (Car miles since Friday April 21, 2000 188 miles/ bike miles 20.85 miles; 99.65 Total bike miles)

Day3, Sunday, April 23, 2000

I woke up around 7:30 AM after a very rainy night. On the way to the restroom a man walking his dog called the previous night's storm a squall. He said the hail was loudly hitting his motor home roof all night. In my tent it only sounded like a good rainstorm. After the restroom I biked out to the beach. It started raining hard and it was cold (sleet). I found 4 good sand dollars and biked back to camp. Next I packed my gear in the rain. It was very wet. I then drove to Raymond and ate breakfast. I did not want to start biking in the rain. After breakfast I drove to South Bend and it stopped raining. I parked at a little park on the south end of town and started biking south. A little distance from the car it started pouring, I almost headed back to my car. I ended up continuing to bike and the rain stopped and started periodically. I biked about 15 miles south to mile marker 38 (the place I biked to the previous day) on highway 101 in Washington State. I then biked back to my car and continued to Raymond. I biked to the intersection of 101 and Washington State Road 105. I saw a sign that said 25 miles to Aberdeen and biked back to my car from there. I then put on some dry shoes and socks. Next, I drove to Rainbow falls, not very exciting, it should be called little rapid. Then I drove to Vancouver, bought gas and checked my PO Box. I drove back to my apartment in Portland and called Ellen. I told Dave that I might stop at his place and told Ellen that I was not coming. (Car miles since Friday April 21, 2000 395 miles/ bike miles 46.84 miles; 146.49 Total bike miles)

### **30 miles South of Raymond (highway 4/ 101) to Pioneer Cemetery South of Fort Steven's, Washington**

Day 4, Saturday, April 15, 2000

I woke up around 8:00 AM and got ready for camping. I ended up taking a break before I left and fell asleep for 2 hours. I didn't leave my apartment until around noon. I drove to North Plain and bought gas. I figured it would be cheaper than waiting until

I got to the coast to buy gas. I was wrong, it cost 167.9 in North Plain and only 164.9 in Seaside. I drove to Astoria and parked at the Fred Meyers at about 2:00 PM. I biked to Pioneer cemetery and then back to Astoria. Then I biked over the bridge to Washington State. I continued along 101 to a historic spot ½ mile from Fort Columbia. Before leaving Astoria, I stopped at the visitor center and talked with the nice-looking ladies running the center. I told them about my bike riding. Then I drove to the campground at Fort Canby State Park, Washington. The entrance said that you had to pre-pay for camping, but no one was at the front gate. I then drove to the campground and selected site 176 for camping. I biked to the campground entrance to see how I could pay for camping. I stopped the ranger and he told me to wait until the morning to pay. Normally I pay at the self-registrations and they did not have one at this campsite. I walked on the beach and drank a couple of beers while watching the sunset. That night I sat by my lantern and filed out my censor paper work. (Car miles since 4, 14 126.8 miles/ bike miles 30 miles; 176.49 Total bike miles)

Day 5, Sunday April 16, 2000

I woke up at about 8:00 AM and biked around the campground. I noticed the ranger driving around collecting camping fee. I was at site 176 and a little in front of him. I was planning on paying for camping, but the ranger did not show up by the time I was ready to leave. I left the campground and saved \$12 by getting out of there before the ranger arrived. Then I drove to the entrance to Fort Columbia and park my car outside the gates. I biked through the tunnel to the historic marker that I biked to the previous day. The tunnel required pushing a button (activate a blinking light) to let cars know that I was in the tunnel. I then biked around Fort Columbia. After that I biked to Long Beach and back to my car. I noticed a couple of nice-looking girls smiling at me, one in Long Beach and the other in Chinook. I drove to Seaview and biked to the junction of highway 4 (30 miles from Raymond). Next, I biked back to my car and drove to the Fred Meyers in Astoria to buy a camping mattress. I saw it the previous day and it cost \$12 that day. I ended up getting it for the sale price of \$9. I then drove to Vancouver, checked my PO box and bought some gas before returning to my apartment in Portland. (Car miles since Friday, April 14th 325.6 miles/ Bike miles 62.99 miles; 239.48 Total bike miles)

## Oregon Coast

### **Fort Steven's, Oregon (past Pioneer Cemetery), Oregon to Cannon Beach**

Day 6, Sunday, May 16, 1999

I wanted to get to Cannon beach while the tide was low. I stopped at one beach (Oswald State Park) and walked along the beach. I found one small sand dollar stuck in a rock north of the old ocean side road. I did not know it was an old road until I was

returning to my car and this 83-year-old lady asked me if it was easy to go to the other side of the old road. I said it looked like a very old road and she said the road was there before her time. I ended up driving to the first parking lot near the south entrance to Cannon Beach (about 2 miles south of town) and parked my car. I walked along the beach and checked out the marine life near the Haystack rock. I saw a lady with some small sand dollars and asked her where she found them and she said that they were on the beach. I then walked along the beach and found a few broken small sand dollars. A nice-looking lady from Portland was smiling, so I went over and showed her my small broken sand dollars. She found me another small broken sand dollar and we talked a little. Then I went back to my car and took my bike out. I biked from the parking lot 2 miles south of Cannon Beach to Seaside and then back to my car. As I was biking away from Cannon beach, I saw an elk in the woods. Then I drove my car to Seaside and biked to the turn off to Fort Stevens. I then biked back to my car and drove to Fort Stevens. I biked on some of the trails at Fort Stevens. I biked to the Peter Iredale boat wreck and then on the beach to the break wall of the Columbia River (about 8 miles on the beach). Then I biked back to the Peter Iredale boat wreck and continued biking back to my car (it was parked at lake Coffenbury Lake / it cost \$3.00 for parking). I loaded my bike into my car and drove back home to Vancouver. (Biked 55.59 miles/ car 203.5 = 350.8 - 147.3 miles; 295.07 Total bike miles)

### **Seaside, Oregon (North of Cannon Beach) to Hug Point State Park, Oregon**

Day 7, Sunday, April 2, 2000

I woke up around 8:00 AM, did a few things and then drove to Cannon Beach. I arrived at the beach around noon and biked to Seaside, ate lunch and then biked back to Cannon Beach. I made it back to Cannon Beach around 3:30 PM and started biking towards Arcadia beach. I noticed that Haystack rock was out of the tide and decided to go to the beach. I think it was about 3.5 hours before low tide. Since it was already very low I biked to Haystack and then biked along the beach for about 5 miles. The southern end of Cannon Beach, I found about 7 medium sized sand dollars. I continued biking through Arcadia beach and at one end I was expected to find fossils. It was the beach I told Greg Weidinger I found fossils at; it was the wrong beach. I continued biking to the far south end of Hug Point Beach State Park. I then biked back to Cannon Beach on 101 (instead of taking the beach). After that I went back to my car and noticed that all except 4 of my sand dollars broke while in my pocket, oh well I have plenty of them. I then drove to Indian beach and did not find any sand dollars. I started driving back to my place in Portland. About 20 miles before I made it home, I saw a few cars ahead of me stopping. It was an accident. It must have happened about 1 minute before I arrived. I am not sure if anyone was hurt, one car was about 100 yards down the road from the other car. Seemed like a strange accident. I made it

home at about 9:00 PM, watched TV and then went to sleep. (Weekend car miles 314.8 miles/ Bike miles 37.52 miles; 332.59 Total bike miles)

### **Hug Point State Park to Tillamook**

Day 8, Sunday, May 21, 2000

I left my apartment a little before 6:00 AM and drove to the coast. I parked at Oswald State Park, checked out the campground and biked to Hug Point. Then I biked back to the car and continued to Tillamook. I stopped and took a few pictures and also bike a short distance on Rockaway Beach. Then I stopped at the Tillamook cheese plant and ate free cheese samples. Next, I biked to 3rd street in town and I stopped at Dairy Queen to eat. On the way back to my car it started raining. I got very wet and I made it back to my car by 5:30 PM. I drove home on US-53, bad choice to curvy and a slightly longer distance. After getting home, I biked to the store and got a pop and a newspaper. Then I went home and watched TV and typed in this log. (Car miles 162.9 miles/ bike miles 74.85 miles; 407.44 Total bike miles)

### **Tillamook, Oregon to Depoe Bay, Oregon**

Day 9, Saturday, June 3, 2000

I left my apartment around 10:30 AM and drove to Tillamook. I went to the cheese factory and tested free cheese. Then I parked my car at the Safeway and started biking towards Cape Meares lighthouse. A little ways down the road I saw a person with a bike packed with camping gear. I went over and talked with him, he was from Germany and was biking from Vancouver, BC and headed to San Francisco. Then I biked towards the lighthouse, and stopped at the first place with people. I wanted to make sure the road was open all the way to the lighthouse (a few weeks earlier it was closed due to a land slide), so I stopped at garage sale, the sale was related to a closed oyster cannery (was open from 1946 to 1996). They told me the road was opened all the way to the lighthouse, so I biked there. I went into the lighthouse and asked if it was closed when the landslide was on the road (Greg and Jenny told me it was closed, but I went to it when the land slide was there). Well, she said it was not closed. Then I stopped at the Oceanside Beach and walked through the hole in the rock to the hidden beach. I stopped to eat in Netarts and saw the German biker again and said hello. The lady with a Costa Rica T-shirt on at the store was very good looking and friendly. She commented on how nice of a day it was for biking. As I was leaving the store, I smiled and she smiled back. I continued biking for 3 miles south of Pacific City (40 miles from Tillamook) and then started heading back to Tillamook. It was already 5:00 PM. I took the short route (101/ 25 miles) back to my car. At Hebo, I stopped to see what the bus schedule was and it was not to arrive until about 7:30 PM. I figured I could make it back to my car by then, so I biked the rest of the way. I asked the lady at the store about the bus (she was very nice looking and friendly) and I told her about

my days bike ride. The lady's young daughter (about 6 years old) was spying on me through the mail slot in the door. People often honk and, on this day, someone honked, smiled and flipped me off, so I smiled and waved. I made it back to my car about 7:30 PM and drove to the Pelican Brew Pub in Pacific City. On the way I stopped at a Waterfall State Park and a van was parked with a guy waiting. I hiked up the trail and a very nice-looking girl in a short dress was walking by herself back to the van. I ate a very tasty, expensive (\$16 meal) meal at the pub. I camped at the "Webb Tillamook County Park" across from the brewpub. There were rabbits all around the park. (Car miles 100.9 miles/ bike miles 65.51 miles; 472.95 Total bike miles)

Day 10, Sunday, June 4, 2000

I woke up around 6:50 AM and walked to the beach. I was checking out the tide pools and a nice-looking lady with her son pointed out all the starfish. The boy said they counted 150 starfish. I went back to camp, packed my gear and drove to Lincoln City. I gambled away \$2 and then parked at the Safeway. I biked north to the point I left off on the previous day (3 miles south of Pacific City). On the scenic route I saw the German biker from the previous day. He was biking downhill and did not recognize me. I then saw a man with 2 nice, healthy looking ladies biking. Before reaching my turn around point, I saw 3 young camping bikers. On the way back to Lincoln City, I stopped and talked to the 3 young bikers. They looked like they were about 20 years old and told me they live in Baltimore. They were biking from Seattle to San Francisco and then to Arizona. On the way back I took the shorter, steeper route (17 miles verses 22 miles on the scenic route) back to Lincoln City. As I was biking up the steep hill (walking my bike at the time) a man on the other side asked me how far to the next town. I saw the man that morning when I was leaving town, I guess he had already walked 8 miles (he did not appear to be hitch hiking). Back in Lincoln City, I was eating at the food mart and noticed the boys from Baltimore arriving in town (they did not see me). I then biked south to Depoe Bay (Milepost 128) and stopped at a store for a snack. Outside the store I meet a guy (probably about 40 years old) that had hitch hiked to Depoe Bay and was doing odd jobs. He told me about his freight train riding and we talked while I ate. He was originally from Delaware and recently was living in Grants Pass. I then started biking back to Lincoln City and stopped at Fagarty Creek State Park. A very nice-looking lady with her 2 young daughters smiled and said hello. I ended up getting back to my car and then gambled another \$1 away. Then I drove back to my apartment. (Bike miles 70.54 miles/ car miles since Saturday 228.8 miles; 543.49 Total bike miles)

### **Depoe Bay, Oregon to Florence, Oregon**

Day 9, Saturday, June 3, 2000

I left my apartment around 10:30 AM and drove to Tillamook. I went to the cheese

factory and tested free cheese. Then I parked my car at the Safeway and started biking towards Cape Meares lighthouse. A little ways down the road I saw a person with a bike packed with camping gear. I went over and talked with him, he was from Germany and was biking from Vancouver, BC and headed to San Francisco. Then I biked towards the lighthouse, and stopped at the first place with people. I wanted to make sure the road was open all the way to the lighthouse (a few weeks earlier it was closed due to a land slide), so I stopped at garage sale, the sale was related to a closed oyster cannery (was open from 1946 to 1996). They told me the road was opened all the way to the lighthouse, so I biked there. I went into the lighthouse and asked if it was closed when the landslide was on the road (Greg and Jenny told me it was closed, but I went to it when the land slide was there). Well, she said it was not closed. Then I stopped at the Oceanside Beach and walked through the hole in the rock to the hidden beach. I stopped to eat in Netarts and saw the German biker again and said hello. The lady with a Costa Rica T-shirt on at the store was very good looking and friendly. She commented on how nice of a day it was for biking. As I was leaving the store, I smiled and she smiled back. I continued biking for 3 miles south of Pacific City (40 miles from Tillamook) and then started heading back to Tillamook. It was already 5:00 PM. I took the short route (101/ 25 miles) back to my car. At Hebo, I stopped to see what the bus schedule was and it was not to arrive until about 7:30 PM. I figured I could make it back to my car by then, so I biked the rest of the way. I asked the lady at the store about the bus (she was very nice looking and friendly) and I told her about my days bike ride. The lady's young daughter (about 6 years old) was spying on me through the mail slot in the door. People often honk and, on this day, someone honked, smiled and flipped me off, so I smiled and waved. I made it back to my car about 7:30 PM and drove to the Pelican Brew Pub in Pacific City. On the way I stopped at a Waterfall State Park and a van was parked with a guy waiting. I hiked up the trail and a very nice-looking girl in a short dress was walking by herself back to the van. I ate a very tasty, expensive (\$16 meal) meal at the pub. I camped at the "Webb Tillamook County Park" across from the brewpub. There were rabbits all around the park. (Car miles 100.9 miles/ bike miles 65.51 miles; 472.95 Total bike miles)

Day 10, Sunday, June 4, 2000

I woke up around 6:50 AM and walked to the beach. I was checking out the tide pools and a nice-looking lady with her son pointed out all the starfish. The boy said they counted 150 starfish. I went back to camp, packed my gear and drove to Lincoln City. I gambled away \$2 and then parked at the Safeway. I biked north to the point I left off on the previous day (3 miles south of Pacific City). On the scenic route I saw the German biker from the previous day. He was biking downhill and did not recognize me. I then saw a man with 2 nice, healthy looking ladies biking. Before reaching my turn around point I saw 3 young camping bikers. On the way back to Lincoln City, I

stopped and talked to the 3 young bikers. They looked like they were about 20 years old and told me they live in Baltimore. They were biking from Seattle to San Francisco and then to Arizona. On the way back I took the shorter, steeper route (17 miles verses 22 miles on the scenic route) back to Lincoln City. As I was biking up the steep hill (walking my bike at the time) a man on the other side asked me how far to the next town. I saw the man that morning when I was leaving town, I guess he had already walked 8 miles (he did not appear to be hitch hiking). Back in Lincoln City, I was eating at the food mart and noticed the boys from Baltimore arriving in town (they did not see me). I then biked south to Depoe Bay (Milepost 128) and stopped at a store for a snack. Outside the store I meet a guy (probably about 40 years old) that had hitch hiked to Depoe Bay and was doing odd jobs. He told me about his freight train riding and we talked while I ate. He was originally from Delaware and recently was living in Grants Pass. I then started biking back to Lincoln City and stopped at Fagarty Creek State Park. A very nice-looking lady with her 2 young daughters smiled and said hello. I ended up getting back to my car and then gambled another \$1 away. Then I drove back to my apartment. (Bike miles 70.54 miles/ car miles since Saturday 228.8 miles; 543.49 Total bike miles)

### **Florence Oregon to Crescent City, California**

Day 13, Friday, May 26, 2000

After work I went to REI and bought a small 20+ degree sleeping bag for \$149.00 and drover to Florence, Oregon. I arrived in Florence a little before midnight and walked around. I then took a short knap in my car.

Day 14, Saturday, May 27, 2000

I was only ½ sleeping that night, so I could catch a bus at 2:40 AM. I ended out getting out of my car around 2:00 AM (I was parked in front of some apartments real close to the bus station. Actually, it was only a sign on a back road. The sign said greyhound bus stop.). I took my stuff to the bus stop and waited near the sign for the bus. It was humid (very light sprinkle) and the bus showed up across the street from the sign. I took my boxed biked and gear to the bus. The driver said he might not have enough room for my bike (They always say that) and then people got off the bus. One of the people getting off the bus had a boxed bike and gear. Even before the guy's bike was removed, I could tell there was plenty of room for my bike. The guy getting off the bus with the bike and bike trailer said he was biking to Virginia. I had already bought my bus ticket, but did not have my bike ticket. I bought the bus ticket in Portland the previous day and decided to pay for the bike in Florence. Well, Florence did not have a bus station, so I had to pay for my bike at the next bus stop. I sleep for part of the bus ride to Crescent City, California. I probably only got about 4 hours of sleep that night. When we arrived in Crescent City it was pouring down rain. I took my bike out of the box, assembled it and packed my gear on my bike. Then I noticed



that I did not have my biking gloves, so I biked to the nearby K-mart. By the time I arrived at K-mart I was soaked through. The rain even went through my old Gortex raincoat (I guess that Gortex doesn't last forever). I bought fishing gloves (they did not have biking gloves, I did buy gloves latter at Fred Meyers in Brookings, OR), plastic bags (rain shoes) and a new raincoat. I double bagged my feet and then started biking north. I stopped at a state park in California and talked with a man that told me the previous few days were very nice. Then the man went over to the mobile home (his place) and I continued biking north in the rain. It was very rainy and I was staying pretty dry with my new raincoat, old rain pants and double plastic bagged feet. However, I was sweating a little inside. I stopped for lunch at the KFC in Brookings, Oregon and a girl outside the restaurant told me that it had been raining every day lately. That was the opposite of what the man in the State Park told me. Somehow, I think she was not telling the truth. I bought some bike gloves at the Fred Meyers across the road from the KFC. I continued biking and the rain slowed way down that afternoon. I stopped at a Dairy Queen in Gold Beach for dinner. I noticed that people looked funny at my feet wrapped in plastic. They looked bad, but at least they were dry. Leaving town, I noticed a \$25 per night motel. I almost stopped, but decided it was too early (6:00 PM) to quit biking. I was very tired; throughout the day when I stopped, I would practically fall asleep standing up. At one point, I stopped and tried to sleep on a rock, but it was like a puddle (too wet). I ended up stopping at Arizona Beach and paid to camp. It had stopped raining and I had a slice of microwave pizza for dinner. The lady that ran the campground also gave me a free piece of fudge. I set up my tent at site T-6 and went to sleep around 9:30 PM. (Car miles 232.9 miles/ biked 74.89 miles; 723.63 Total bike miles)

Day 15, Sunday, May 28, 2000

I woke up around 6:30 AM and it was rainy so I decided to stay in my tent. I did not actually get out of my tent until about 8:30 AM the rain soaked through my tent. The rain was slowing down; I packed up very quickly and then started leaving. On the way in I saw another biker, so I stopped by her camp to see how she was doing. She started in Vancouver, BC (her home) and was biking to California. I was on the road in a light misty rain by 9:30 AM. By noon the rain quit and it was only cloudy. I took the plastic bags off my shoes and ate at a Circle K in Port Oxford. While I was in a visitor center a small boy knocked over my bike. His father apologized and I told him no big deal. I also ended up getting an Oregon Coast bike trail map. The map shows all the short cuts, neat map. Then I biked the scenic route to Bandon, Oregon (very nice ride). I ended up taking highway 101 to Coos Bay (I missed the scenic route). I had a great Halibut fish and chips meal at an express seafood restaurant in Coos Bay. I stopped at a motel that advertised \$29 rooms and asked the lady if she had any \$29 rooms left. She told me she just gave the last people the last room at that price. It looked like she only had 10% of her rooms full. She told me she could give me a \$32

room. The price was good, but I felt the advertisement was misleading so I did not stay. I wanted a reason not to stay. I wanted to continue north even though it was getting late. I stopped at a KOA near the Sand dunes and they said it was full. I told them I would only use a small space, but they said no. I could have easily found a place to camp. It was very crowded and noisy at the KOA and I found a quite campground down the road. I stayed at Firs RV Park. The park was a very quiet mobile home/ RV Park with a small area for tents. I was the only one there with a tent. It was not advertised as a tent park. It cost \$10 per night + a \$3-bathroom key deposit. I was about 10 miles north of Coos bay and I went to sleep around 11:00 PM. (bike miles 79.49 miles; 803.12 Total bike miles)

Day 16, Monday, May 29, 2000

I woke up at 7:22 AM, turned in my bathroom key (to get my \$3.00 deposit), and was biking by 8:00 AM. I cycled the Scenic Winchester route to Reedsport. I had a great fish lunch at the dock in Reedsport. I saw 2 bikers and then a third biker asked me if I saw 2 other bikers. I told him that they were about 3 miles down the road. About 10 miles down the road I saw 2 more bikers looking for a single biker carrying a trailer. At first, I told them that all I had seen was a group of three bikers. That's when they asked about someone with a trailer. I then told them that I told their friend that they were ahead of him. I thought the third biker was with the first 2 bikers, but it ended out that he was with these 2 bikers. I explained it to these guys and they seemed glade that he was ahead of them. These guys told me that they were headed to Austin Texas and then we talked about Lake Travis and 6th street in Austin (places that I went with my brother Greg). I stopped at Bob Creek Wayside (Might be north of Florence) and found Agates, shells and neat tide pools. I stopped at a game park (could have been previous day) and checked out the animals. I arrived in Florence around 2:30 PM. This was the first real nice day (sunny and cool). As I was driving home, I stopped at a viewpoint a little north of the sea lion cave and showed people at the rest stops the sea lions on the rocks below. It's a place I have often seen sea lions. I stopped at several beaches on the way home; I was getting tired and stopped at Grande Ronde Casino for free coffee and diet Pepsi. I also gambled away one dollar. I made it my apartment in Portland at around 10:30 PM and then took my film to Win Co for developing. I went to sleep around 1:30 PM. (bike miles 43.22 miles/ car miles 405.35 miles since Friday; 846.34 Total bike miles)

## **Bike California - part 1**

Day 17, Monday, September 9, 2002

I went to Paul's house with my boxed bike and gear. We tried putting my bike box in Paul's car, but it would not fit. I put my gear in Paul's car and drove my bike to the greyhound bus station; I bought a ticket for my bike and self for Crescent City,

California. Then I drove my car home and took the max to the Hollywood exit. I meet Paul across the street from the Hollywood Transit center and we ate Pizza and had a couple of beers. Then Paul dropped me off at the greyhound bus station and I took the 9:35 PM bus to Crescent City, California. I sat towards the back of the bus and a bunch of young kids talked for most of the trip. The boy behind me nicely asked if I would move my seat up slightly. I moved it up, but it made it a little tougher to sleep. I took an over the counter sleeping pill and slept for most of the bus ride.

Day 18, Tuesday, September 10, 2002

I arrived at the bus station in Crescent city around 7:30 AM and assembled my bike. I loaded all my gear on my bike and talked with a man from Eugene before departing on my bike ride. I started biking south and had a beautiful ride through the Redwoods. I camped at Patrick's point State Park. It only cost \$1.00 for biker/hiker camping (the biker camp sites were closed for the season, so they let me stay in a car campsite for \$1.00). Another man on a bike was camped next to me. The other man was named Michael Sylvester and works at the bike gallery on Sandy Avenue in Portland. He had biked from Portland and was going a lot faster than me. He had already biked 1 day over 100 miles and another day of about 90 miles. He was biking to San Francisco and Yosemite before biking back to Portland. I showed him my bike book and map. He seemed very interested in planning his trip based on my book. Mike told me about a lot of his bike rides and I gave him one of my cards with my web site. We were planning on getting together for dinner when we both return to Portland. (Biked 57.58 miles; 903.92 Total bike miles)

Day 19, Wednesday, September 11, 2002

I woke up around 6:56 AM and hiked to Ceremonial rock and Mussel rock. Michael came over to my tent and looked at my books again. We decided to meet for breakfast in Trinidad. I took off first and as I biked heard a lot of sea lions along the road on the way to Trinidad. I stopped at a viewpoint to see if I could see the sea lions and had no luck. I waited for Michael at a restaurant about 0.5 miles before the town of Trinidad. He did not like the restaurant so we biked to town. In town, we stopped at the coffee shop to see if we could get breakfast and they told us to go the seaside restaurant at the bottom of the hill. We biked by a restaurant/ hotel and asked another person about a place to eat and she recommended the seaside restaurant at the bottom of the hill. So we biked down to the recommended restaurant and ate breakfast. I had 2 eggs, hash browns and toast for \$5.95. We biked back to highway 101 and Michael took off at his fast pace. In Eureka, I cycled the route through town that was suggested in my Cycle USA west coast book. The book route took a lot of turns and required a lot of time looking at the directions. It would have been a lot easier to stay on highway 101. The ride through the Redwood Forest was excellent. I felt like a small speck with respect to the enormous trees I cycled past. I saw a couple of deer near the big trees. I

ended up camping at Humboldt Redwood bike/hike campsite. It only cost \$1.00 per night. I met a 69-year-old biker from San Diego and he was biking part of the coast. He was a retired construction worker and was complaining about back pains. He was a very nice man and gave me some beer. There was also a hiker at the campground, so I went to talk with him and found that he was not very friendly. He was from Los Angeles. I walked to a nearby store and found that it was closed. I then went back to camp and went to sleep around 9:00 PM. (Bike miles 78.93 miles; 982.85 Total bike miles).

Day 20, Thursday, September 12, 2002

I wasn't sleeping very well. I heard some noises and thought it might be raccoons, so I put my bike on top of the camp cabinet. I saw one of the camper's flashlights. I assumed someone else heard the raccoons, well in the morning I found out it was a new camper. I ended up waking up around 7:30 AM and talked with the new camper. He was from Palo Alto and had been unemployed for 7 years. He was only 40 years old and babbled for about an hour. He was complaining how the doers and people with power always need to compete in a work environment. He said the power people always win. That day I stopped at 2 drive through trees. The first one was supposed to be the world's largest live drive through tree. It did not seem as healthy or as large as the second drive through tree. At both trees I was charged \$1.00 to bike through the tree. This was a lot less than the price for cars. The first tree would cost a car \$1.50 and the second tree charged cars \$3.00. At one point in the day, I stopped at a small town and touched a museum train and a loud horn sounded. I think the horn was set up on the train, however it could have been a lunch bell from the factory across the road. The ride through the Avenue of the Giants was excellent. I then biked to the pass after Legget. It was a steep climb and I ended up getting a flat on the way down the other side of the pass. When I fixed the flat, I found my front bike rim was split. For the rest of the ride to San Francisco I was worried that my rim would collapse on a downhill. After I fixed the flat it started getting dark and I was a long distance from a campground. I ended up camping very close to the road between a big dead tree and a barbed wire fence. (Biked 67.67 miles; 1050.52 Total bike miles)

Day 21, Friday, September 13, 2002

I woke up at 6:58 AM, packed my gear and departed from camp around 7:15 AM. The day started with light traffic through rolling hills and then following a very nice coastline road. The traffic was a little heavy in Fort Bragg. I took the slight detour that was recommended by my travel book to the historic town of Mendocino. It was not that exciting. Most of the day the traffic was light and the highway shoulder was not very good. Good thing the traffic was light. At the town of Elk, I saw a very scenic arc rock in the harbor. I met a couple of abalone hunters in Elk. I also met a man from Ashland, Oregon that was a big international biker. He was on a trip in his VW bus. I

stayed at Manchester Beach State Park for \$1.00 at the / night biker/ hiker campsite. There were 3 other touring bikers at the campsite. Two of the bikers were from Switzerland and I ended up seeing them again at Angel Island in San Francisco. The other biker was named Richard and he was an unemployed 49-year-old guy from the Lake Tahoe area. He told me he was fired from his 9-5 job in 1992 and now worked odd jobs. I guess he really was homeless and lived off his bike. He told me he survived on \$300/ month. I went to sleep around 10:00 PM. (biked 68.29 miles; 1118.81 Total bike miles).

Day 22, Saturday, September 14, 2002

I woke up around 8:00 AM, hiked to the beach, packed up my gear, talked with the bikers from Switzerland and then started biking south. I stopped at the first store south of the campground and drank chocolate milk. As I was drinking my milk Richard from the campground caught up to me. He doesn't look like a fast biker, but is a little faster than I normally bike. I normally bikes slow (I normally average about 10 miles/hour). Richard biked with me to a hardware store and I went inside to see if I could get a bike rim. No luck I then biked to the grocery store that Richard told me about, he seemed to know where everything was on the coast. I guess he spent a lot of time cycling the coast. I ate lunch with Richard at a nearby state park, he was planning on camping in a nearby canyon. Richard was very nice; he even shared ½ of his melon with me. I felt a little strange taking his food, but he insisted. I'm not sure how Richard was able to earn his \$300/month for living. It was funny he was ready to stop after only 25 miles and it was only noon. I guess he had no schedule, seem sort of nice. The road didn't have a shoulder and dropped off to the ocean. The road seemed a little scary. It was like I was holding on to the edge of the earth. I arrived in Bodega Dunes campground around 7:15 PM and stayed at their \$1.00 biker/hiker campsite. The other 2-hiker/biker campers were interesting people. One of the people made jewelry and pipes in Hood River, Oregon in the summer and sold his jewelry at an RV park where he worked during the winters in Quartside, Arizona. The other man was a laid off C programmer from Beaverton, Oregon. I ended up seeing that guy a few times at Beaverton Bailey Gym when I returned to Hillsboro. (Biked 70.63 miles; 1189.44 Total bike miles)

Day 23, Sunday, September 15, 2002

I woke up around 7:00 AM and walked towards the restroom. The laid off C programmer from Portland had already packed his gear and left the campground. He got an early start! The hitchhiker from Hood River was still asleep; I packed my gear and was on the road at about 7:45 AM. The scenery was boring and the road had no shoulder and a lot of traffic. I had lunch at Samuel P Taylor State Park. I entered the park from a trail and left through the entrance. I think I was supposed to pay to enter the park, there was a stop sign as I was exiting and the guard was busy, looked at me

and gave me the OK head shake as I left. When I arrived in the northern San Francisco suburbs I bought a bike rim at the first bike shop. I asked the man at the bike shop for directions to the golden gate bridge. He showed me on a map and it looked like all I needed to do was follow Sir Francis drive. The map cost a few dollars and I decided to be cheap and not buy it. I ended up getting a little lost and stopped at a gas station. The man at the station showed me directions on his map and I decided to buy one of his maps. When I arrived at where I was expected to see the Golden Gate Bridge, I had to ask a couple of nice-looking ladies on bikes for directions to the Golden Gate Bridge. They told me I still needed to bike along the water way for another 2 miles. They were sitting next to the road when I asked them for directions and a little distance down the road, they passed me. When I arrived at the Golden Gate Bridge, I found that it was covered in clouds. I had Japanese tourist take a photo of me using my camera. Then I biked across the bridge. On the other side of the bridge a man from Sacramento asked me how far I had biked. He ended up telling me about some of his coastal bike rides and gave me directions to the Bart (Train station on Market Street). I biked to the fishermen's wharf and asked for directions to Market Street. I was pretty sure I was going in the correct direction, but the person I asked pointing me in the other direction. After going what seemed like the wrong direction for a few blocks I asked a man in a store and he told me to go back the way I came. I went back and easily found Market Street. I then took the Bart to Pleasant Hill. I had to ask someone for direction to Main Street and once I was on Main Street, I had to ask for directions to Sunnyvale Road. I finally made it to Mark's place around 9:30 PM. I talked with Mark for a while and went to sleep around midnight. (Biked 81.32 miles; 1270.76 Total bike miles)

Day 24, Monday, September 16, 2002

I woke up around 7:30 AM took a shower and woke Mark up. We took the Bart to town and biked to the Angel Island ferry terminal. We caught the 11:30 AM ferry to Angle Island and biked around the island and checked out all the sights. When we were waiting for our return boat a ferry from Tiburon arrived. I noticed a couple of people with camping gear getting off the boat and realized that it was the people I had met a few days earlier (at a biker camp spot north of San Francisco) from Switzerland. I talked with them and we then boarded the other boat back to San Francisco. We biked over to pier 39 and found a lot of sea Lions on the docks. We ate dinner at a restaurant on the pier and then biked to Union Station. We had a beer at an Irish pub on Market Street and took the Bart back to Mark's place. I was still worried about my unemployment, so I changed my flight time back to Portland. It ended up costing more to change the flight than the cost of the original ticket. It was an additional \$186.00 to change the \$130.00 ticket. I went to sleep a little after midnight. (Biked 13.59 miles; 1284.35 Total bike miles)

Day 25, Tuesday, September 17, 2002

I woke up around 7:45 AM and repacked my gear for my flight back to Portland. Mark and I took the Bart to Berkley and biked around. We biked up to the Botanic Garden. It cost \$3.00 to go into the garden so we didn't go in. We went back to Mark's and I got my carry on gear. I left my bike and some of my gear at Mark's place. Then I took the Bart to the Oakland airport stop. A man at the Bart stop showed me where to pay my \$2.00 shuttle ticket. Then he asked me for spare money and I told him no I just lost my job. He seemed mad that I would not give him money. I then took the shuttle to the airport and found that the plane was only ½ full. I probably could have gotten on the plane by going standby and I might not have had to pay the additional \$186.00 for my flight. I had my carryon bags totally searched 2 times in the airport (Once at the normal security and once before boarding the plane). The lady at security even checked my shoes. She told me that she was about to get laid off. She said that all the airport security was going to be replaced with federal workers. (Biked 7.02 miles; 1291.37 Total bike miles)

## **Bike California - part 2**

Day 26, Thursday, September 26, 2002

Jay gave me a ride to the airport for my 7:30 AM flight to Oakland. I got onto the plane and then they announced that they had a mechanical problem. Everyone had to get off the plane so they could fix it. We re-boarded and left Portland a little after 10:30 AM. While I was waiting for the shuttle from the Oakland airport to the Bart, I was reading my Cycling USA West Coast book. When I got on the shuttle, I decided to look up something else in my biking book and I could not find it. I thought for sure that I left it at the bus stop. I figured if I went back, it would take a long time and it would probably be gone. Since I looked everywhere for the book, I was sure that it was gone. While I was waiting for the Bart, I was looking through my stuff for something and I found my book. I was glade; the book was very helpful for cycling the coast. By the time I made it to Mark's place in Pleasant Hill it was already 3:00 PM. I figured by the time I got my bike ready I would not be able to get on the Bart with my bike (they have times that you cannot take bikes on the Bart - rush hour). The delay in the plane really messed up my plans. I then decided to see if I could talk Mark into going camping near Santa Cruz and he decided to go camping. I then bought him dinner at Fud Rockers and filled his car with gas. I also paid for camping; I figured without his help I would have had trouble making it to San Lois Obispo in time for my train trip back to Portland. We didn't leave Pleasant Hill until about 4:00 PM and we had a lot of rush hour traffic. The worst part was when we had to go through a tunnel that had a shared lane. The lane was used for North bound traffic at that time of the day and we were headed south. Overall, the traffic was not bad. When we crossed the highway-92 toll bridge the traffic became a lot lighter and by the time

we made it to Half Moon Bay we had no more rush hour traffic. We stopped at Pigeon Point Lighthouse and thought about staying at the youth hostel. We decided not to stay there and head to Santa Cruz. The restaurant we ate at had a picture of a man on the lady's restroom and a lady on the men's restroom. Neither restroom had a sign telling you which restroom it was. Well, I went into the lady's restroom and saw a lady at the sink. I felt confused and looked at the door again and it seemed wrong. I then slightly opened the door with a lady on the door and noticed a urinal, so I decided that must have been the men's room. I then took a leak. I ended up telling Mark about the signs and when he went to the restroom, he agreed that the signs were totally misleading. We then went to an Irish pub and Mark bought me a beer. After that we went looking for the Henry McCormick Redwoods State Park campground. We ended out getting a little lost, but we finally found the campground. The funny thing is that it is a Redwoods State Park, but it was mostly Pine and Oak trees. There was one Grove of Redwoods in the park, but it was a long distance from the campground. We went to sleep around 11:00 PM. (Biked 0 miles)

Day 27, Friday, September 27, 2002

I woke up around 7:30 AM and walked around camp. Mark got up around 7:55 AM; we packed camp and drove to the Redwoods grove. We hiked the small trail and then ate at a small restaurant in Fenton. Then we went looking for the Natural Bridges State Park. We walk to the arch on the water and I unloaded my bike and gear from Mark's car. I started biking towards Monterey at around 11:00 AM. I needed to use my Cycling USA West Coast book to navigate my way south, it helped a lot. At one point I thought it would be short to go directly to highway 1, so I went that way. When I made it to the highway, I found there was no on ramp and the road continued in the wrong direction. At that point, I backtracked to the last point in my book and continued following the directions in the book. As I was biking along the highway a biker rode up to me and asked me where I was headed. Then I asked him the same question and he told me that he had started in San Francisco that day and was planning on making it to Big Sur that night. He told me that his plan was to bike all the way from San Francisco to Los Angeles in 3 days. He also told me that earlier in the year he had biked from Portland to Los Angeles in 9 days. He was not carrying much gear and had a support vehicle. He told me that he was training for a 500-mile bike race. He said he did the 500-mile race in 32 hours the previous year. I arrived in Monterey around 5:30 PM and went to the visitor center. I made it just before it closed; it closed at 6:00 PM. The lady gave me a free visitor's map and showed me the directions to the campground (Veterans Memorial Park) and the brewpub. I went to the brewpub and they had run out of pint glasses, so I decided not to stay for a beer. I like going to the brewpubs so I can collect pint glasses. I then biked up the steep hill to the campground and paid \$5.00 for a night at the bike/hike camp area. I called my home answering machine and found no messages. I then wrote in my journal and ate.



At one point in the day Andrea's camera was not working correctly, I'm not sure what was wrong, but it worked for the rest of the trip. It seemed a little scary since the last time I borrowed her camera it quit working. I went to sleep around 9:30 PM (Biked 57.74 miles; 1349.11 Total bike miles)

Day 28, Saturday, September 28, 2002

I could hear the campers in the next tent having sex. It seemed like it didn't last very long. I woke up around 6:45 AM, took a shower, packed my gear and left camp by 7:40 AM. Biked to cannery row in Monterey and then biked the 17-mile drive. It cost \$8.00 for cars on the road and it was free for bikes. I saw a lot of bikers on that 17-mile road. I stopped at the lone cypress tree and noted that it was the same tree as the mascot for pebble beach golf course. I noticed a lot of the same people at all my stops on the 17-mile road. A bus full of Japanese tourist and 2 nice looking ladies seemed to make all the same stops as I made. I biked through Carmel and when I was walking my bike up the hill from town a jogger that was going up the hill asked where I was going and then she suggested a different route. Her route did not require the hill climb and went past an old mission. I decided to abort on my Cycling USA West Coast books route and took the route the lady described. I stopped at Point Lobos State Park and did some hiking. It was a place that Bill (Andrea's live in friend) suggested visiting. I hiked to both the cypress forest and the Sea Lion loop while at Point Lobos. It was a nice hiking spot, but took too much time. I then biked to Big Sur and asked if there were any bike camp areas 20 miles south of Big Sur (that was my goal for the night). They told me I could camp at their state park, but I was not ready to stop. They said I could find biker/hiker camping at Limekelin State Park, which was about 20 miles south. I continued cycling the scenic coast south. I stopped at Julia Pfeiffer Burns State Park and checked out McWay falls. This is the only waterfall that runs into the ocean in California. I left the falls around 6:50 PM and biked to Limeklin State Park. I arrived at the park around 8:00 PM and the gate was locked shut. A sign said the campground was full. It was already dark and I had been biking using my emergency LED light. It gave me just barely enough light to see the road. I went over the locked fence and checked out the campground. It was packed and not very scenic. I talked with a couple of people about camping, I was hoping someone would offer to let me setup my tent in their site, but I had no luck. Some people told me there was a nice campground (Kirk Creek) a little south with biker/hiker camping. I cycled the 2 miles to Kirk Creek and found the biker/ hiker camping. It was the only place with camping; all the car camp spots were taken. I talked with a hiker camper, Christian and he told me that there were no payment envelopes at the self-register camping spot. I ended out drinking beer with Christian. He had a lot of extra beer and was from San Francisco. I had left my bike at a picnic table while talking with Christian, I went and got my bike and drank beers with him until about 1:30 AM. Some other people that Christian had met also showed up. The friends of Christian were Radiology

Technicians and they told me how much money they earned and how easy it was for them to find work. Since I was unemployed it made me think it could be a good time to have a career change and become a Radiology Technician. When I returned to Portland I looked into what it would take to become a Radiology Technician and it sounded like it would take a long time and the salary was not as good as my engineering salary. I think Christian friend's higher pay was based on living in California. We saw some raccoons coming right up to Christian's Camp site. He shot at the raccoons with a pellet gun and they did not return. I think the Raccoons were after my bike; I believe they had gotten my bread while I left my bike unattended. I went to setup my tent around 1:30 AM and found that the Raccoons had gotten into my packs and eaten part of my bread. (Biked 79.45 miles; 1428.56 Total bike miles)

Day 29, Sunday, September 29, 2002

I woke up around 8:00 AM and went to pay for camping. It was \$5.00 per night and I could not pay, because the camp host was gone and there were no payment envelopes (like Christian said). I ended out camping for free and did not leave camp until 8:45 AM. It was a very nice camp spot. I had a great view of the ocean and the sites were large. I went to a grocery store in Gorda and I think they overcharged my stuff. I'm pretty sure my stuff should have cost \$1.00 less. I noticed the price was wrong outside the store, I figured it would be tough getting the money back, so I forgot about it. The road was boring and after biking through Ragged Point a Big Horn sheep darted into the middle of the road about 20 feet in front of me. It startled me. I stopped at the Elephant Seal Colonies near Piedras Blanca and got some great close-up photos of Sea lions. I was a little south of Hearse castle and a very nice-looking lady from Florida had me take her photo with her camera. She took my photo with my camera. I should have taken her photo with my camera! I ended up camping at Morro Bay at a biker/hiker camp spot with 3 homeless bikers. The first guy seemed a little honoree; his name was Tim. The man named Pat did not seem to be the homeless type, but apparently, he was. The third man showed up later that night and was praising the lord. The group seemed a little different from my engineering friends. I went to sleep around 9:20 PM. (biked 69.22 miles; 1497.78 Total bike miles)

Day 30, Monday, September 30, 2002

I woke up around 7:00 AM and walked around camp. I talked to one of the homeless bikers; Tim and he recommended that I took Los Osos Valley Road to San Luis Obispo. His route was similar to the books route and I followed the books route to San Luis Obispo. It was an uneventful ride. I left camp at 8:15 AM and arrived in San Luis Obispo at 10:00 AM. I ate breakfast at McDonalds and found a bike shop next door. I picked up a free bike box and asked for directions to the train station. I had to stop again to ask for directions to the train station. I then biked into town and noticed signs the information center. It was a chamber of commerce where I was able to get

directions to San Luis Obispo brewing company and the train station. They gave me a tourist map and highlighted the thing that might interest me. I then biked to the train station and they let me store my stuff for free. I left the train station around 11:15 AM and biked around San Luis Obispo. I stopped at the brewpub and bought a beer and a pint glass. I biked back to the train station at around 2:00 PM and boxed my bike and gear. I was ready for the train by 2:45 PM and boarded it at 3:10 PM. The train was ½ empty and they had me sit next to this funny old lady. When the conductor went by, we asked if I could be moved to a seat that had an empty seat next to it. They ended up moving me to another train car and I ended up having my own pair of sears all the way to Portland. I watched the 2 movies on the train - Show time and Spiderman. I took a sleeping pill around 10:00 PM and slept until the morning. (Biked 22.63 miles; 1520.41 Total bike miles)

Day 31, Tuesday, October 1, 2002

It was a long train ride. I was sitting in the solarium and talking with an Electrical Engineer from Seattle. He was complaining about how late the train was running and was wishing that he had flown. We arrived back in Portland a little over an hour late. I assembled my bike and put all my camping gear on the bike. I then cycled to the max stop near Pioneer Square and just barely caught the train to Hillsboro. I then biked home from the Hillsboro Airport to finish leg 2 of my California coastal ride. (Biked 2.52 miles; 1522.93 Total bike miles)

## **Bike California - part 3**

Day 32, Wednesday, December 25, 2002

We woke up around 6:00 AM and Andrea gave me a ride to the airport. I flew to San Francisco and the plane arrived early, so I figured I had plenty of time. When I arrived at the gate for my flight to San Louis Obispo (SLO) I found out I had to take a shuttle to the commuter plane terminal. When I arrived at the terminal, I heard them calling my name; I was the last person to the gate for the commuter flight to SLO.

Somewhere along the way to SLO I lost my California State Parks map. At the SLO airport I unpacked my bike and the security lady asked me if I was coming or going. I told her I had just arrived and we talked about my biking plans. Then she helped me get rid of my bike box. I ended out asking her about maps to town and she gave me verbal directions to the train station in SLO. I had a man take my photo at the airport parking lot and he asked me how far I biked per day. I told him about 60 miles per day. He told me that he did a lot of biking, but not 60 miles per day. My guess is that he was about a 10 miles per day biker. I then biked the 4 miles to the mission in SLO (I needed to bike back to a point where I had biked to on my last stretch of the pacific coast). I then biked south past the airport. It was an extra 8 miles to get back to where I had left off before. I then biked to Pismo beach and continued south. I follow my

West Coast biking book's directions. It looked like I could have avoided a hill climb if I would have taken the alternate route about a mile past Oceano. There was a sign that pointed out the alternate road for the pacific bike route. I often was able to find the turns that matched my book by looking at the green pacific bike path signs. A short distance before Lompoc the signs pointed me towards Vandenburg Air Force base. My book took me a shorter route over a hill climb. I decided to take the hill climb, it looked like the short cut was worth the climb. I biked over the hill and since it was dark, I had to start using my headlamp. As I was biking towards town, I noticed a nice spot to camp under a tree. I decided to setup camp, since I was not sure that I would be able to find a campground in Lompoc. I was about 4 miles north of Lompoc and the spot was not very level, so I did not get a very good night sleep. (Biked 55.4 Miles; 1578.33 Total bike miles)

Day 33, Thursday, December 26, 2002

I woke up a little after midnight thinking it was already morning. Since I was awake, I updated my journal. I dreamed I was talking with my old boss, Mike Wille, he was telling me that he thought I screwed around too much. I then showed him all the different things that I had accomplished. He was impressed. I went back to sleep and woke up at about 5:30 AM to a dream were I was talking with another supervisor from Credence. I guess it was just a bad night for sleeping. About 6:00 AM I heard a large animal outside my tent. It sounded like a deer. It may have been a coyote. I got out my tent and looked around with my flashlight, but the animal was gone. I went back to sleep and got up at 7:00 AM. I packed my bike and started biking at 7:00 AM. I stopped at the McDonalds in Lompoc for breakfast. I then biked up a gradual assent to about 1000'. From there I biked downhill to a rest stop that was a little north of Gaviota. At the rest stop a man from a car told me that he was a biker and then told me I should check out Refugio State Beach. I biked to Refugio and found a very nice beach with palm trees. It was a nice spot so I ate lunch and took a break. Then I continued biking towards Santa Barbara and then through Ventura to Oxnard. By the time I arrived in Oxnard it was starting to get dark. I put on my headlamp and continued biking. I was planning on stopping for a meal at a fast-food restaurant. I only wanted to stop if the restaurant was on my side of the road. Well, the town was pretty large and a Navy base was normally on my side of the street, therefore I made it through town without stopping to eat. I stopped at the Missile Park south of town. It was a neat park with some fancy old rockets. Since it was night, I could only see them with the light from my headlamp. I ended up taking a few flash photos of the missiles at the park. I was out of water (I should have stopped for water in Oxnard) and saw a man fixing a flat tire so I asked if he had any water and he said no. I continued to a campground (I think it was Sycamore Canyon) near the highway and asked a man in an RV for water. He filled up my water bottles and we spent about an hour talking about long distance biking. He was 63 years old and lived in the Northern part of LA.

He wanted to bike the Oregon Coast and have his wife drive the RV as his support vehicle. He mentioned having biked about 50 miles in a day. He was thinking if he cycled the Oregon coast that he might bike about 30 miles per day. I told him he should go for it. His son was also camping with him and we talked about me biking with his dad the next day. His dad mentioned that he did not want to wake up too early. We also talked about the tent camping at the campground and the fathers told me were to camp. He didn't seem to think I would need to pay the \$7.00 camping fee. I decided to take his advice and went looking for the tent camping. I went to the end of the campground that was closed and went over a pile of dirt to an empty structure. A guy came over to see what I was doing and told me that he was camped on the beach and I should have no problem camping in the shelter. I was using my headlamp to look around and eat dinner. A cowboy from the other end of the campground saw my light and came over to see what I was doing. He asked me if I had any herb, I told him no and we ended out talking for about an hour. He told me that he was in an RV and that the RV was infested with rats. He mentioned that it was the second RV that he had owned that got infested with rats. The man seemed very young (about 20 years old). That seemed young for someone that had already owned 2 RVs. He was from a wealthy town north of Los Angeles. I think the town was named Ojai (East of Santa Barbara). When the cowboy left I setup my tent in the vacant building and went to sleep around 10:00 PM. (Biked 117.54 Miles; 1695.87 Total bike miles)

Day 34, Friday, December 27, 2002

I woke up at around 6:30 AM; I was expecting my alarm to go off around 6:00 AM. It looked like it was set, I'm not sure if I slept through the alarm or if it didn't go off. I packed up my stuff and as I was leaving the campground, I ended up talking with the man that was camped on the beach near me. He was from Los Angeles and was originally from the Portland area. The ride to Los Angeles was past some very expensive houses in Malibu and was an easy ride through Santa Monica. Then I got onto a bike trail traveling through several beach towns. I stopped and walked my bike through Venice beach; it's a neat beach side hippy community. I stopped for lunch at a Chinese outdoor restaurant on the pier at Redondo Beach. The bike trail ended at Palos Verdes estate and I followed my book's directions through Los Angeles. I ended out missing the turn to Anaheim Street and found myself biking along the Port of Los Angeles, I had to ask directions to Newport beach several times. When I finally arrived in Long Beach, I had biked an extra 10 miles. I then followed the Pacific Coast highway and took a bike trail to Newport Beach. From my US West coast cycling book, it looked like there was a campground at Crystal Cove State Park just south of Newport Beach. Since I had heard that Newport Beach was very expensive, I decided to bike to the Crystal Cove State Park and found that there was no camping. I went to a beach trail in the closed State Park and found a place to sleep. I then looked at the nearby road and noticed blinking lights and it looked like a spot light was

pointed in my directions. I'm pretty sure it was just a tow truck getting ready to tow a car, but it made me a little nervous, so I decided not to setup camp. I then went back to the Pacific Coast highway and started biking south. I saw a motorcycle police on the side of the road and asked him where there was a campground. He told me about 10 miles down the road at Dana point. I then biked to Dana point using my LED headlamp for light. The LED headlamp worked great for biking. I arrived at the campground around 8:00 PM and asked if there was any open biker/hiker camping. The guy told me they were over booked and that the biker campground was very small and they already had 5 bikers in a spot designated for 4 bikes. I asked him if he could squeeze me in and told him I would only use a small space. He told me that I could maybe get a camping spot in San Clemente. He called up the state park in San Clemente and found out that there were spots available at the campground. I then biked to San Clemente and meet some nice people at a 7-11 that gave me directions to the State Park. Well, I didn't see the park so I stopped at a liquor store and asked for directions. They didn't speak good English and gave me bad directions. I realized I was south of town and biked back to town and stopped at a Jack in the box to see about getting directions to the state park. The lady at the restaurant did not speak good English, but she was able to give me good directions to the park. I saw a man walking down the street near where I thought the park was and he pointed to a fence with an open gate and told me that the park was there. As I was going through the gate a homeless lady told me that I needed to register to camp and pointed to the registration building. She said I would need cash. The funny thing is it only cost \$1.00 to camp. I went to the registration building and it was closed, I then started biking toward the campground and saw a park ranger. I asked him where the biker/hiker camping was and he gave me directions. I asked him about paying and he told me I would need to wait until the morning. He also said since it was only a dollar that it was not a big deal. I biked up to the parking lot near the biker/hiker camping with my blinking vest and LED headlamp. I asked these guys that were drinking beer if they knew where the biker/hiker camping was, they didn't know. They were talking about aliens before I showed up and thought I might have been from outer space (Because of the blinking lights). They gave me a Miller's beer and we talked for a while. The one man had lived in Spain and other parts of the country and told me that he thought San Clemente was the nicest place on earth to live. He said the climate was ideal and that there was plenty to see and do. The ranger came over to us and told the local people that they needed to leave the park. They said the park closed at 10:00 PM. I then went and called Andrea to tell her I would be in Carlsbad the following day. I setup my tent and went to sleep around 11:30 PM. (Biked 132.54 Miles; 1828.41 Total bike miles)

Day 35, Saturday, December 28, 2002

I woke up around 6:30 AM and walked to see if I could see the harbor (The man that gave me a beer the previous night told me there was a very scenic Harbor in San

Clemente). I couldn't see it from the hill near the campsite and decided it was not important enough to make a special trip. I went back to camp and said hello to the other biker that was camped at the biker campground. He was already asleep when I arrived the previous night. He wasn't very friendly; he just ignored me and walked away. Maybe he did not speak English. However, he looked like a California person. I packed up my gear and was on the road at 7:30 AM. About 5 miles out of town I had a blowout. Since I did not have an extra tire, I taped and patched the hole. I had to bike 15 miles to the nearest bike shop (in Oceanside) and bought a new tire. It looked like my tape was still holding together, so I continued biking towards Carlsbad (another 2 miles) and called Andrea. She was making lunch and was not ready to leave Jeff's place in Encinitas. We decided to meet on Pacific Highway on the way to Encinitas. She wanted to meet at Encinitas Road, but I did not think I would get there in time. Well, I arrived at Encinitas Blvd before I saw Andrea. I then biked to the 7-11 up the hill and called Andrea. She did not answer so I left a message on her cell phone. I then started fixing my tire and Andrea showed up. I put my wheel back on my bike and meet Andrea at the beach. I then changed my tire, the taped-up tire made it about 20 miles with a hole in the side of the tire. We ate the lunch that Andrea had prepared and decided that I would cycle to Imperial Beach where we would meet in about 4 hours. I biked to La Jolla and went for a short hike. Then I continued to the ferry terminal to Coronado Island. When I arrived at the ferry terminal and bought a ticket, I realized that I would not make it to Imperial Beach by 5:00 PM (my ferry left at 5:00 PM and arrived about 10 miles north of Imperial Beach). She told me that she had dinner reservations at a restaurant near the historic Coronado hotel. It sounded like she was at the restaurant and I would be able to find her if I biked around the hotel. Well, I biked around the hotel and did not see her. I did not remember the name of the restaurant and asked at the only real fancy restaurant that I saw and they had her down for a 7:00 PM dinner reservation. Since I did not see her, I did not feel like I was at the correct place until she showed up at 7:00 PM. I went to the car and changed my stinky shirt and we ate our expensive dinner. It cost \$80 for the 2 of us. Then we went to Andrea's cousin Jeff's place in Encinitas and went to sleep around 11:30 PM. (Biked 70.2 Miles; 1898.61 Total bike miles)

Day 36, Sunday, December 29, 2002

We woke up around 7:00 AM and had a large breakfast at a restaurant in Encinitas. It only cost \$4.00 per person and was a very good-sized breakfast. Then we started driving towards San Diego and Andrea remembered that she had left her passport at Jeff's place. We then drove back to Jeff's so Andrea could pick up her Passport and Umbrella. Andrea called to see if she could bring her rental car into Mexico and they said that she would need to get Mexican insurance. We drove to the Avis place at the Carlsbad airport and they ran out of the Insurance forms. She found out she could get the insurance at the Avis place in Coronado, so we drove to Coronado. I didn't start

biking until 11:00 AM. We agreed on meeting on the US side of the Mexican border in 2 hours. I quickly biked to the boarder and crossed into Mexico. I then struggled through security back into the US. I had trouble figuring out that I needed to take everything off my bike and put it through the X-ray machine before I could get back into the US. When I got back into the US, I called Andrea and she accidental went into Mexico. She thought there was a parking lot at the boarder like in Canada. But I mentioned a parking lot and I meant a park and walk into Mexico. She then gave me directions to where she would wait for me. I biked back into Mexico and went down the road where I expected to find Andrea (She was supposed to be next to a beige colored bank). Well, I didn't see her. Then I asked a couple of people where the roads that Andrea mentioned on her phone call (Where she was waiting for me). When I figured out where I was headed a man in a taxi tried to get me to take a ride. I refused the ride and he drove around the block, got out of his car and walked up to me and asked if I was looking for my wife. He then convinced me that I should get into his car and he took me to Andrea. I think I would have found her, but it made it a lot easier to have him take me to her. She had told the taxi driver to chase me down when she saw me bike past her on the main road. She ended up giving the taxi driver \$5.00 for bringing me back to her. I was glad I didn't need to go back into the US to call Andrea, the boarder people would have remembered me, since I had so much trouble figuring out what I was supposed to do the first time I went back into the US. We then drove to Ensenada, Mexico and went shopping. I bought a cool dart gun for \$30.00 and a miniature tequila bottle with a worm for \$5.00. I was able to bargain on the liquor bottle, but not the blowgun. After shopping we ate dinner at La Vendinia (A restaurant that was recommended by the guy at the shop where I bought the blowgun). It ended out costing \$46.00 for the 2 of us to eat. Andrea had steak and Lobster and I had Linguini. I also had 2 beers and Andrea had 2 glasses of Chardonnay wine. We then drove back to Jeff's and arrived at his place around 11:00 PM. (Biked 22.41 Miles; 1921.02 Total bike miles)

Day 37, Monday, December 30, 2002

We woke up at 7:00 AM, ate breakfast at Burger King and drove towards Sea World. I wanted to get a bike box so we went to a bike shop in pacific Beach. It was the same bike shop that I had stopped at to ask for directions on my way to Coronado Island. We had to wait a few minutes for the bike shop to open at 10:00 AM. The guy did not have any empty boxes, but was able to find one to empty. We drove to Sea world and arrived at the front gate around 10:30 AM. It was not too crowded and we were able to check out all the shows and exhibits. Then we drove to Old Town and Andrea took me to the Mexican Restaurant that she ate at with her cousin Jeff. While she waited in line I walked around old town. It's a neat place with a lot of old historic shops. We drove back to Jeff's and arrived at his place around 11:00 PM. I then boxed up my bike. The box was small and my bike barely fit in the box. I had to even remove the



back rack. The box was about 2 inches shorter than the bike box that I got in Portland. (Biked 0 Miles; 1921.02 Total bike miles)

Day 38, Tuesday, December 31, 2002

We woke up at 7:00 AM and drove to the greyhound station. I shipped my bike for \$42.00, it cost \$80.00 to fly the bike. Then we ate breakfast at McDonalds and we drove to the San Diego Wild animal park. We arrived at the park around 10:30 AM and immediately got into the train line. The line took about an hour and we took the full hour loop tour. Then we took a short walk around the park and drove to the Carlsbad airport. We arrived at the airport around 4:00 PM, turned in the rental car, went through security and boarded our plan for a 4:41 PM departure to Los Angeles. We changed plans in LA and arrived in Portland Oregon around 9:00 PM. Ardors (Andrea's son) picked us up at the airport and gave us a ride to Andrea's place. He wanted to use Andrea's place for a new Years party, so we went to my house and watched a movie for New Years. We went to sleep around 1:00 AM. (Biked 0 Miles; 1921.02 Total bike miles)