



Chain Reaction

Fall 2023



A Quarterly Publication of



Orange County Wheelmen



OCW CLUB LINKS

HOME PAGE: www.ocwheelmen.org

CALENDAR: www.ocwheelmen.org/page/show/418357-calendar

OFFICERS: www.ocwheelmen.org/page/show/418687-officers-directors-2020

EVENTS: www.ocwheelmen.org/page/show/418365-events-site-map

SUPPORTING MEMBERS: www.ocwheelmen.org/page/show/424483-support-members

MONTHLY BOARD MEETINGS

Check website for location, day and time. All Officers and Directors are expected to attend. Other interested members may also attend.

GENERAL MEETINGS

Held typically the fourth Wednesday every other month at Irvine Ranch Water District, Sand Canyon Ave. in the city of Irvine. Light dinner starting at 6:30pm with meeting starting at 7pm. Different speaker each meeting.

REGISTRATION FOR OCW EVENTS

All Registration for OCW events require the registrant to be logged in. Be sure to always check for discount codes. You will only see the discount code if you are a current member of OCW. The discount code if applicable will be located on a separate page in the specific event area. To confirm if you are current, check the membership data base. If you do not see the link for the membership data base, your membership has expired by at least a month or more.

The new website, registration code, and discount codes are only visible to current members. Our website constantly updates new and different ways of maintaining privacy for our members from email skimmers and other nefarious internet hacking. The website continually upgrades to protect your personal information along with having it available for our members to connect to each other.

Thank you for your continued support and membership to OCW!

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On the cover: Selene Yeager and Amy Wolff riding bikes for [Machines for Freedom](#)

Photo credit: Trevor Raab for Bicycling Magazine

Editors Musings

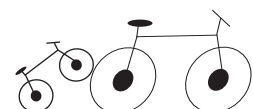


Michelle Vester

As I edit this edition of Chain Reaction I am sitting in my new home office at 5,500 feet in Prescott, Arizona, where Alan and I can hop on our mountain bikes right out of our garage and ride the trails around Willow Lake or finally dust off our kayaks to paddle Watson Lake and the Dells just down the street. One thing about Prescott (pronounced "Preskitt") is it's only a 6 1/2-hour drive from Orange County. So not to worry, we will still be doing our usual duties for OCW.

Now on to this edition of Chain Reaction which, as always, is packed with great articles from our members! Also, don't forget to count all the bikes and see if you can get the correct count! And, try your hand at Word Search. In this issue I have added a new section called "Recalls" which you will see from time to time if there is a significant recall on road or mountain bikes and/or equipment.

Have a wonderful fall season and be sure to keep the rubber side down!





Bob Fairfield, ICI

The President

Welcome to Fall!

We had our Summer Metric at a new place, with new routes. Our away rides (5th Sunday, OCW does Cool Breeze) have been well attended by OCW members. It might just be the season, but there are more folks out on bicycles these days.

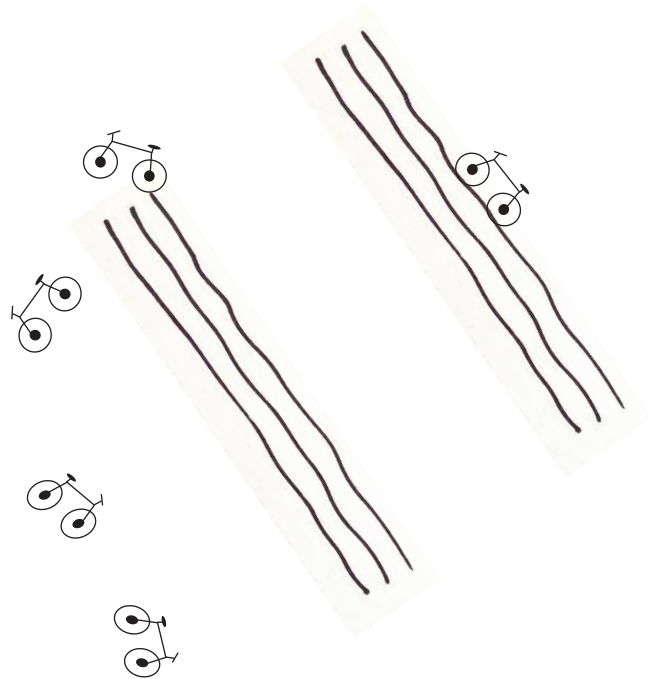
According to the League of American Bicyclists, California is 4th (out of 50 states) in being a bicycle friendly state. Part of that is through bicycle safety, which OCW continues to offer as a training course, along with “reminders” at the start of the rides we have. If our riders know how to ride safely, that’s ½ of the equation of riding on roads with cars and trucks.

Something else that’s popular these days are electric bicycles or e-bikes. There are different styles, and different classes of e-bikes. If you’re thinking about purchasing, or have just gotten an e-bike, you might want to check out a new E-Bike Smart cycling education video series, from The League of American Bicyclists and People for Bikes. You can view this simple video, and take a quiz on e-bike knowledge at <https://www.ebikesmart.org/>

We will have other events, social meetings and parties during the year, so stay tuned to the club newsletter, the Chain Reaction, and emails from us for announcements of events.

We are still looking for other ideas of events to have so email me, or attend one of our board meetings, with your ideas and suggestions.

This club is not just to have meetings, so I encourage every member to participate in the events and parties we have, and if you can’t ride, then volunteer to help with our activities. You are also welcome to stop by one of our board meetings, to see how we spend your membership dollars.



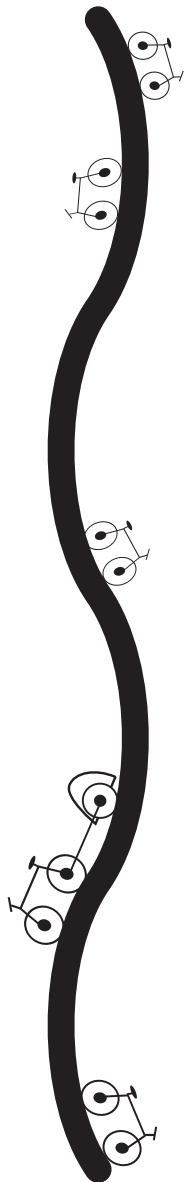
Find all the bikes!

BOARD
meeting
minutes



There are SEVERAL "stick figure" bikes, including the ones below, all throughout this issue. Can you find them?

The answer is on the bottom of page 21. Did your numbers match??



WORD SEARCH

WORDS CAN BE FOUND FORWARD, BACKWARD AND DIAGONAL

A	S	C	T	U	K	L	Q	Z	V	B	B	N	O	P
N	M	J	Y	F	L	A	N	N	E	L	H	J	H	L
Q	W	A	T	R	F	B	H	J	K	P	F	U	A	G
E	L	F	N	C	S	Y	R	V	M	A	L	I	R	N
W	U	A	U	T	U	M	N	V	L	X	C	N	V	I
P	F	O	O	T	B	A	L	L	O	H	C	I	E	V
E	K	O	B	Q	W	R	E	R	T	G	Y	K	S	I
C	N	U	L	E	A	V	E	S	I	U	O	P	T	G
A	A	C	H	I	L	L	Y	E	N	S	L	M	P	S
L	H	I	E	V	A	G	H	J	Z	T	M	U	Y	K
P	T	D	T	Y	U	G	L	K	J	Y	P	P	I	N
E	X	E	A	P	P	L	E	S	C	B	L	L	O	A
R	N	R	B	L	U	F	R	O	L	O	C	G	T	H
I	S	P	O	O	K	Y	F	G	H	J	K	L	J	T
F	W	E	E	R	T	Y	V	G	K	F	C	V	N	M

Breezy	Harvest	Pumpkin	Fall
Autumn	Gusty	Chilly	Spooky
Colorful	Leaves	Flannel	Fireplace
Nippy	Foliage	Bounty	Apples
Football	Thankful	Cider	Thanksgiving



Find the solved puzzle at the back of this issue



the *VICE* President's Message

Dan Ignosci, Vice President



**UC IRVINE
TRIATHLON**

I am proud to announce that OCW has two new sponsors - Bike Legal and the UC Irvine Triathlon Team. Each of these sponsors will have their logo on future OCW club jerseys.

The UCI team has agreed to provide over \$750 of volunteer labor over each of the next two years. We anticipate the team offering support at each of our metric centuries, while the UCI students are in school.

In return, OCW has recently donated \$300 to the UC Irvine Triathlon team to help them offset club expenses. Additionally, OCW has agreed to host bike education clinics for UCI cyclists, and our members will volunteer to support the annual UCI Zot Trot triathlon fundraiser on Sunday, February 4, 2024.



Our second new sponsor, Bike Legal, will be presenting at our October General Meeting.

The Bike Legal corporate foundation is built around "cyclists representing cyclists." Their attorneys understand cycling accident cases more than most other lawyers or law firms out there. Why? Because they solely focus their practice on these types of cases.

We encourage you to join us on October 25 starting at 6:30pm, to learn more about Bike Legal at the Irvine Ranch Water District Community Meeting Room.

It has been great to see the highly attended Summer night rides originating in HB and Irvine.



The rides from Huntington Beach concluded in early September and the Irvine-based rides will be stopping at the end of September. Be on the lookout for when both of these rides return in 2024.



OCW had a strong turnout at the Cool Breeze Century in Ventura, CA. Thank you to Terry Kessler for coordinating a training series leading up to the September ride.

We do not know the exact number of our members that participated at Cool Breeze, but we do know that the ride organizers were appreciative of our attendance.



Thanks to everyone that rode in the Summer Metric!!! We had 71 members and 15 guests participate in the ride, had pizza and apple pie and maybe had a beverage or two at BrewHouse Brewery.

We would also like to thank everyone that worked at registration, rest stations, SAG wagon and serv-



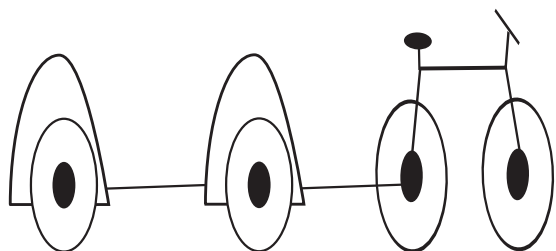
ing food after the ride. Thanks to the Loughrans, who secured the BrewHouse for our post-ride seating and providing cold post-ride beverages.

After listening to member feedback, OCW is now able to accept payment via Venmo for day of the event needs. You are not able to utilize Venmo for the payment of annual dues and or clothing orders. We also hope to be accepting day of the event payment with Zelle in the very near future.

Be on the lookout for an email with details about OCW Going To The Huntington Beach Airshow on September 29. Anticipate leaving from the Anaheim Regional Transportation Intermodal Center (ARTIC) around 11 am and taking the Santa Ana River Trail toward Huntington Beach. Once we get to Huntington Beach, we will pull up a chair at one of the beachside restaurants to watch the show for a couple hours and then head back to the ARTIC.

We will be having another Fifth Sunday of the Month Remote Ride on October 29. Our remote rides tend to be in the range of 40 to 70 miles. Previous rides included Oceanside to Coronado, Oceanside to Torrey Pines Gliderport out and back, Palos Verdes, as well as an Inland San Diego Loop. More details about our upcoming Fifth Sunday excursion to follow via email as we get closer to the ride. If you have any rides that you are wanting to do, please contact me ASAP.

As always, please feel free to reach out to me for any OCW matter at danignosci@cox.net.



Welcome to the 2023 Back to You Bike Ride Presented by Hoag Orthopedic Institute in partnership with OC Wheelmen.

Saturday November 18th 2023

We are excited to host you and your family with several different bike routes around Irvine and the surrounding areas. Start and end at Hoag Orthopedic Institute in Irvine while taking pit stops at HOI clinics and surgery centers.

We will have multiple ride distances: Metric (65 miles), half Metric (39 miles), Short (26 miles), Family Ride (17 miles). Ride cost is \$100. Check out the routes [here](#).

Proceeds will be donated to Hoag Orthopedics, a nonprofit organization designed for the promotion of orthopedic research, education and community outreach.

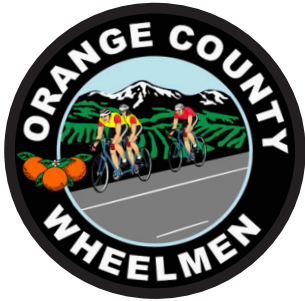
Start Location:

16250 Sand Canyon Ave., Irvine 92618

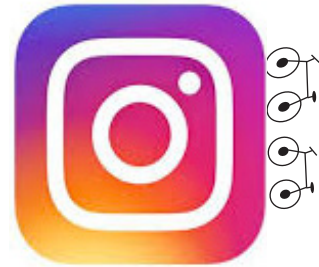
Start times will vary by route so all rides finish around the same time and can partake in post ride food and beverages.

More information at www.ocwheelmen.org

Join or Renew Your Membership



↑
Just
Click





The Hungry Eyelist



Baked Crunchy Maple Dijon Chicken

INGREDIENTS

6 cups cornflakes (use gluten free, if needed)
1/4 cup grated parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon smoked paprika
1/2 teaspoon onion powder
1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
2 large eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons hot sauce
2 pounds chicken breast tenderloins
extra virgin olive oil, for drizzling
fresh thyme or parsley, for serving

MAPLE DIJON SAUCE

1/3 cup maple syrup
1/4 cup Dijon mustard
2-3 tablespoons hot sauce
3/4 teaspoon chipotle chili powder
1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
1/2 teaspoon onion powder
1 tablespoon fresh thyme
sea salt

INSTRUCTIONS

Preheat the oven to 425° F. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper.

2. In a food processor, combine the cornflakes, parmesan, paprika, onion powder, garlic powder, and a pinch of salt. Pulse until you have fine crumbs. Alternatively, you can crush the crumbs in a ziplock bag by stepping on them. Dump the crumbs into a shallow bowl.

3. Beat the eggs in a bowl, add the chicken, and toss well to coat.

3. Dredge the chicken through the crumbs, covering fully. Place on the prepared baking sheet. For a thicker coating, dip the chicken back through the eggs, then through the crumbs a second time. Place on the prepared baking sheet. Drizzle with olive oil. Bake for 20-25 minutes, until crisp all around.

4. To make the sauce. In a sauce pot, warm together the maple syrup, Dijon, hot sauce, chili powder, onion powder, and garlic powder, plus a pinch of salt. Stir in the thyme.

5. Drizzle the warm sauce over the chicken. Top with herbs. If the sauce thickens, warm for 5 seconds in the microwave. Enjoy!



Two Rides in San Diego

By Peter Gerrard

“You really should do “Bike The Bay,” we hear from riding friends, but we’d never signed-up. Cycling across the usually-closed-to-cyclists Coronado Bridge on a Sunday morning piques our interest.

The late-August weekend is clear, and the ride isn’t prohibitively expensive. So, we sign up. “We” being me and my spouse/cycling/Pickleball/skiing partner, Kimberly.

A curiosity about cycling parts of San Diego we’ve never visited is tempered by a small complication. Lodging options within rideable distance of the “Bike The Bay” start have two-night minimums.

Our choices: make sure we’re on the road to San Diego by the crack of dawn on event day; or commit to the extra expense and not sweat the unknown variable, a.k.a The Apocalypse on I-5.

You’ve seen the cars all stopped or barely moving when you cycle south from San Clemente. Or passed traffic that’s not moving much (if at all) if you ride your bike on the freeway’s shoulder between Las Pulgas and Oceanside.

Staying Saturday night to be at the main event’s start—at least relatively stress-free —makes the most sense. There’s a bonus benefit, too: The friends mentioned earlier are meeting at the Embarcadero on Saturday morning at 11, to ride a loop to Point Loma and back.

We opt to stay on Coronado Island, and purchase tickets with our ride entry for one of the two early-bird ferry transfers across the bay to get us to the ride’s start.

We leave Irvine early on Saturday. The fog bank that looms menacingly when we reach San Clemente, as if permanently bonded to the entire stretch of coastline south of us, starts lifting when we get closer to San Diego.

Miraculously, we breeze all the way to the USS Midway’s parking lot, next to our Saturday ride meeting point. The fees are not great, 4 hours for \$20 or \$26 all-day. The other nearby options we scoped out have 3-hour limits.

A group of five of us rendezvous as planned, and depart the Embarcadero, crossing Harbor Drive and working our way east and north into

the Mission Hills District. This part of San Diego is older, and it doesn't give off the same sense of anxiety and stress as much of Orange County does. But is "mellow" scenic? I'm not sure.

The route gets us on the San Diego River bike trail, which runs to the ocean. The first section is a mess. Picture a roused homeless encampment, with a collection of mattresses and scattered worldly possessions on and around the paved path, and no people.

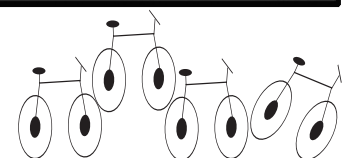
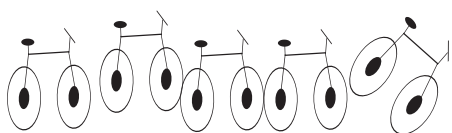
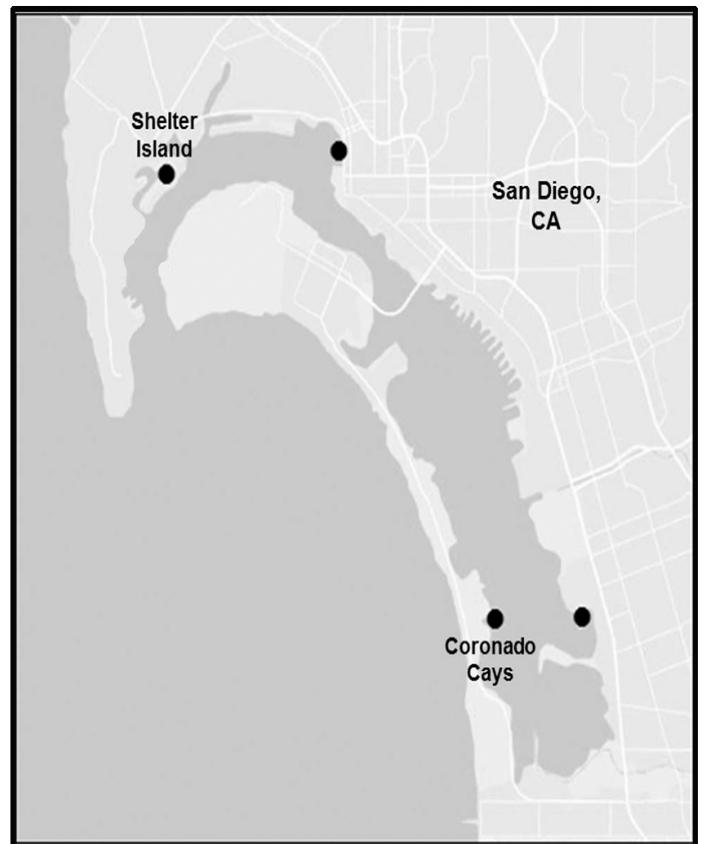
The bike path along the river is narrow and not well maintained. There are legions of sea birds nesting and roosting on the islets and sandbars as you approach the river's outlet to the ocean. They produce an impressive decibel level of chattery sound that would challenge the sonic output of a tropical rainforest.

The route turns off the bike trail at Robb Field and winds south on surface streets towards Point Loma and The Cabrillo National Monument.

The Main Gate marks where Catalina Boulevard becomes Cabrillo Memorial Drive. The gates are up, and no one's manning the guard shack. The fog starts rolling back in, it's quiet and eerie.

Traffic is light, and its sound muted by the fog. To either side are cemeteries with endless rows of white headstones. We pass a collection of free-standing walls housing crypts and columbaria. Beyond are the cliffs of Point Loma, and an outstanding view of the North Island Naval Base and San Diego's harbor and downtown. I remember the aura of grace and solemnity when Kim's uncle, a WWII Naval aviator, had his service and interment.

We abruptly hit a traffic jam. There's a long line of cars idling at a new gate or entry station we hadn't heard about. It now costs to visit the Visitor's Center and ride the descent to the lighthouse and tidepools. There's also a sign: "Walkers And Bicyclists, \$10." It's unexpected, jarring, and we don't wait in line to see if any of our National or State Park passes will be accepted.





We backtrack. Past the unmanned gate we drop towards the harbor. It's a terrific descent to Shelter Island, on a perfect road with gentle undulations and curves that must have been choreographed.

Lunch is at "Carnita's Snack Shack," they are credit-card only, and we order at one of several kiosks. If you're not electronic media savvy, you might starve. Everything's outdoors, with plenty of seating. There's an impressive bar at the north end and the beer is good.

One rider leaves, he was not staying for Sunday, and we decide to ride the 1.7 miles to what turns out to be the packet pick-up from hell. The Google route is not very direct, we find out.

Mission Brewery on 14th Street spans most of the block, and there's a crowd waiting for the "event" to get started. It's running late, and we're told there are only three people checking entries and giving out packets.

The Brewery faces directly into the sun, it's hot, and the line creeps along in agonizing fits and spurts.

Across the street are trees and shade...and tents. From the sound and fury emanating towards us, taking turns to seek relief is not feasible.

We rotate watching our bikes when we get to the front door, and finally get our materials. The volunteers are nice but a bit clueless. The tickets for the next morning's special ferry are not offered unless you remember to ask. Not everyone does.

To get back to the Midway and our cars, we punt on Google's suggested route and take what we think is the logical alternative. We are right.

We get a preview of Sunday's marquee ride element when we cross the bridge to Coronado Island. Our accommodations are on Orange Avenue, which seems to be the main drag.

The Crown City Inn is quaint and doesn't have enough parking. The entry clearance is low, low enough we feel compelled to take the bikes off the roof rack. We asked for and receive a room on the first floor.

There's a "Happy 85th Birthday" party for an old cycling friend whose family had moved his wife and him from Mission Viejo. Their new digs are a condo right on the bay, adjacent to the ferry's pier, across from the Embarcadero. We catch up with old riding pals.

We walk to the bayfront when the festivities wind down. The sun is setting, sending red reflections off the taller buildings, with the Midway and other Navy ships sharp silhouettes at the water's edge. We wind down, too. It's the most relaxed we've been all day.

It's 6:20 the next morning and not quite light. Our Inn is a few minutes from the ferry pier. It's less than a mile ride. We grab a coffee and an energy bar from a shop at the pier and get ready to board.

The sunrise is absolutely spectacular. This little slice of land on Coronado Island is the only place I've ever seen such dramatic starts and ends to the day from the same spot.

The crewman who lets us on board is checking for tickets, but waves through anyone who claims they paid for and didn't get one on with a noncommittal shrug. The ferry ride is quiet and quick.

The landing dock is adjacent to the "Bike The Bay" start line. Coming to San Diego on Saturday was a good call. Even with parking relatively nearby, road closures and construction make getting to the parking an adventure in anxiety. We find this out later from harried friends who were detoured to death and almost missed the ride's start.

At the start area, there are close to 3,000 riders, ready to be sent off in waves. As we look and try to see where the line ends, a course marshal separates the wave directly in front of us to let some pedestrians pass. We take it as a sign, and merge into the front group which is now clipping in and on the move. The course marshal doesn't seem to care.

We meander, riding slowly because it's crowded and not every rider seems to be a skilled or even a semi-competent cyclist. It's a bit of a climb on the approach to the partially closed Coronado

Bridge. The ride info expressly prohibits stopping on the bridge to take photos. This is generally ignored.

We're on the south/east lanes, the ones that lead from Coronado Island. The roadway on the other side has two-way vehicle traffic. The guardrails that separate the traffic lanes make it difficult to see anything in the harbor. The view southward is much better. The bay is very still, and the end of the harbor distant enough to appear mysterious. I see a sailboat heading towards an unknown destination. Yes, I stop and take a picture.

The road downhill from the center point of the bridge is smooth and fast, and abruptly we're off the bridge. and just like that the magical element of The Bridge is past. The marquee centerpiece of the ride is over so quickly that I experience a bit of disappointment. Now we're funneled the wrong way through the entrance gates and we're briefly on Coronado Island. Which technically isn't an island. According to The Coronado Times, it's a "tied island," which is "an island connected to the mainland or to another island by a tombolo." A tombolo is defined as "a bar connecting an island with the mainland or with another island."

The Island's shape and tombolo remind me of a Tomahawk Steak. I must be hungry; the breakfast energy bar's juju is done.

We note the abundance of volunteers wearing orange vests or bike club regalia. They are everywhere at this section of the ride, smiling, keeping cars honest, and shouting words of encouragement.

Then we're on a nice off-road dedicated bike path tracing the narrow sliver that's the Silver Strand to Imperial Beach and we're half-way done. Finding the rest stop involves figuring out it's around the building and down a street.

We talk to some of the local volunteers. There's frustration over Mexico's lack of environmental concern with the polluted effluence that doesn't recognize borders.

We tack along the bridge and causeway marking San Diego Bay's south edge. A foul odor perme-

ates the air. Is it rotting seaweed and vegetation in the swampy muck next to us? Or sewage? We don't know. We just pick up the pace.

Now we're heading back up the east side of the bay to the start. We realize this ride has two personalities. Coronado Island is Dr. Jekyll, and we've just run into Mr. Hyde.

This side of the bay is all business—tough, industrial, and well-worn. We're mostly on roads, which are torn up. The dedicated bike paths are no better. It's not as full of happy volunteers as the first half of the ride. Here, they are few and a bit sullen. One listlessly waves at us from a lawn chair, as if saying, "Nothing to see here, move along." There's a rest stop but it's down a side road and at this point our appetites and thirsts aren't interested.

The endless rows of warehouses fade into apartments, small businesses, parks and schools. There's a pack of us now, winding through a collection of intersections that seem to arbitrarily change direction. There's no direct path to the end of this ride, we seem to be aimed at the Coronado Bridge that dances tantalizingly ahead and not getting any closer.

We're at it, under it, and abruptly back at the harbor and the finish area.

Here are food trucks, vendors, and a beer garden. With not even one congratulatory free frosty malted beverage.

We find our friends and wander back to the ferry. It's eight bucks a head, and the only option to get back to Coronado Island.

There's time to decompress and take in what we've done on the boat ride across the bay.

Over two days, we cycled about 50 miles, and inadvertently transected communities that reflect a few of the many different worlds in this country. That's part of the mystery and reward of travel. You see things you weren't expecting to encounter.

Kim notes there wasn't one piece of trash on Coronado and its "clean as a whistle" perfect roads and trails. Almost a too-good-to-be-true fairy tale world. It was jarringly different after the half-way point. The day before we'd also encountered radically divergent worlds, coasting and pedaling from one social diorama to the next. It strikes us that maybe what we've seen and ridden through during this bike trip mirrors the make-up of America. And all we wanted was to see things we hadn't seen. We get that and more.

We debark, ride back to the Inn, change, and take a shuttle bus (a free service for the residents and tourists) back to the waterfront and a highly rated restaurant, "Tartines."

It lives up to its laurels. And, no, I do not order a Tomahawk Steak.





Mountain Bike Dude

By Alan Vester

**Mountain and Gravel
Bike Riding
Geared Toward
the 50+ Rider**

Welcome to Prescott, AZ

Much has changed in my life (and Michelle's) this summer. We decided to take advantage of the ridiculous OC housing market and put our home in Placentia up for sale. It only took about 48 hours to get a qualified buyer and into escrow. It then became a somewhat stressful experience to travel to Prescott for 3 days and find a home. We did and it was almost all luck, because in Prescott, just like California, the housing inventory is very low. We found a home, made the purchase and moved in the end of August. We are going back and forth between California and Arizona as I'm still working here in Orange County until January of 2024, then we will both be in Arizona full time.

One of the big draws to Prescott is the mountain bike trail network and the local MTB club, PMBA (Prescott Mountain Bike Association.) The major trail systems are Spence Basin, Metate Trail system, Pioneer Park just to name a few. I have been riding in the OC for decades, but even though we can ride year-round here, the trails have become somewhat boring and overgrown and very dry and dusty. Prescott mountain bike trails are like the ones you see in YouTube videos. Very fun and flow well, lots of Blue/Green level trails and there are also plenty of Black Diamond trails for more technical riding. Just this last Saturday, we rode Pioneer Park for the first time, and the trail head is about 5 miles from our new home, so in the future we could start the ride from the house. It was so much fun, miles of flowing wide, well maintained single track that seemed

to go forever. It does snow lightly in the winter in Prescott so maybe we'll take up Fat Biking with wide snow tires.

Prescott is located towards the middle of Arizona, and we are only about an hour south of Sedona which means we will be attending the Sedona MTB festival in the Spring of 2024. We are about 2 hours north of Phoenix/Tempe area which is the home of Pivot bikes and has more technically challenging trails such as the ones at South Mountain.

I have not decided what to do with Goat Hill, so maybe the next ride will be here in Prescott. Another event we are looking forward to is the Whiskey Off-Road MTB festival, which is a huge event attracting both the Pro's and amateur riders for three days in April. Michelle and I will be volunteers for the event and looking forward to it.





By Brad Hontz

In June 2023, Gwen and I took a month-long car camping trip through multiple northwestern states, looking for opportunities to bicycle “rail to trails” along the way. One of our favorite routes on this trip was the Hiawatha trail, which technically begins in Montana, but is predominantly located in Eastern Idaho just south of Interstate 90.

The trail is the aftermath of a 1900s railroad project linking Chicago with the Pacific Northwest. It is an amazing feat of engineering with several tunnels, including one nearly two miles long, and with trestles hundreds of feet off the ground among the abundant pines. Largely abandoned for its original intent in the 1970s, the route was repurposed as a “rail to trail” bicycle route beginning in the late 1990s and completed in the early 2000s.

As we experienced it, the trail is a polished

“concession” primarily designed for casual riders and families looking to experience the spectacular views. Most riders begin at the Montana portal, where you are required to purchase a pass and an optional bus return. You can also rent a bike at the portal. On weekends, defined by the concession as Friday through Sunday, you have to purchase a combined pass and bus return, even if you are not intending to return by bus. Pass prices were \$20 per person with the bus return an additional \$20. Unfortunately, as our travel schedule required visiting on Friday, we ended up paying \$40 per person even though we elected to ride the trail in both directions. The trail is just 15 miles one way, with a gentle downhill grade as you head west.

Was it worth it? We certainly enjoyed the experience; the views were absolutely amazing and it

was fun riding along with families enjoying themselves along the way. The trail was very busy; we were rarely out of sight of other riders, although we noted only one other pair of riders returning back up the trail rather than taking the bus.

The trail starts with entry into the nearly two-mile-long St Paul Pass tunnel, where you will cross from Montana into Idaho. Front and back bicycle lighting is required within the tunnel; the tunnel bends slightly and is completely dark throughout most of its length. It's also a consistent 45 degrees within the tunnel and very drippy with regular and deep puddles on the sandy / muddy road surface. Consider fenders!

Along the way you pass through eight more tunnels, with one additional tunnel closed due to a rock slide (there is a detour around this tunnel).

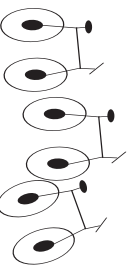
The other eight tunnels are much shorter, though we still felt the need for headlights.

The trestle views were breathtaking. The trail snakes back on itself in a few places, so as you cross trestles you can see other riders on similar trestles a mile off in the distance. All along the way, there are pull outs with signage explaining the history of the trail's construction and the trains and crews that traveled the line.

We would certainly recommend this experience if you have a half a day free while visiting Yellowstone or Missoula, in particular if you're traveling west towards Coeur d'Alene as we were. You can always rent a bike if you aren't traveling with yours. In addition to renting at the trailhead, you can also rent bikes in nearby Wallace, Idaho which includes transport to the trailhead.



Turn to page 18 for more pictures of Hiawatha Trail ride



PRODUCT RECALL



Shimano recalls [HollowTech II](#) cranks which was introduced in 2005 and is used on a great variety of Shimano's cranks, per [Bicycling Magazine](#). The recall goes back to Dura-Ace 9000. No mountain bike cranks, including the XTR 9100, with HollowTech II are part of the recall per Bicycling Magazine's Matt Phillips, Senior Test Editor.

Glacier/Waterton Inn to Inn Bicycle Tour



We arrived in Whitefish, Montana to begin our tour with the Adventure Cycling Association. The group met for dinner and to hear the logistics of the trip. There were eleven riders consisting of people from all over the country and one guide from Adventure Cycling.

We would be traveling unsupported and self-contained but staying in lodging provided by Adventure Cycling. Also, all meals were included. Since we were not camping, we were traveling light.

Our panniers contained a few sets of bike clothes, some rain gear, a set of street clothes, toiletries, and our usual assortment of tools. There was no support vehicle or anyone to assist if a mechanical issue occurred. We were on our own in that respect.

Our route was a 360-mile loop starting in Whitefish heading north into British Columbia and Alberta, Canada, though the Canadian

Rockies, Waterton Lakes National Park, through Glacier National Park and finishing in Whitefish.

The day we arrived in Whitefish, a huge storm came through the area with rain, hail, thunder and lightning. We looked at each other and said, “Let’s hope that’s the only storm for the next ten days”. And, as it turned out, we had fantastic weather for the entire tour. We were worried about the numerous fires in Canada. There were nine hundred wildfires burning as we crossed the Canadian border. For the first day and a half we had some smoke issues and unhealthy air quality, but a southern wind picked up and blew out the smoke-filled air for the rest of the tour. We got lucky.

Riding the backroads of the Crowsnest Highway in British Columbia, we came to a small-town farmer’s market. As we pulled in and parked our bikes, one of the vendors said, “Welcome

to Canada. If you want to leave your bikes and check out the farmer's market, I'll keep an eye on them for you". We found the people of Canada to be extremely friendly. Everyone we met had a kind word or a friendly greeting.

Entering the town of Fernie, British Columbia, we saw a huge amount of bikepackers in town. Fernie is a major resupply town for bikers who are riding the Great Divide Mountain Bike Route. There are three major bicycle stores in town to support the riders.

Leaving Fernie, we rode through the town of Sparwood. Sparwood is a mining community and is home to Titan, the world's largest truck. It has a payload of 350 tons and the vehicle itself weighs over one million pounds. Needless to say, it was enormous. As we crossed into

Alberta, Canada, we stopped for lunch at a roadside turn out. Across the highway we noticed a pipe coming out of the hillside with water pouring out. Several cars pulled up and drivers proceeded to fill plastic jugs with the water. We asked one of the drivers what he was doing. He said, "This water is from an underground natural spring. It has been coming out of the hillside for years. It's the best tasting water you have ever had. I use it to make my morning coffee". As we ate our lunch, we continued to watch cars come and go. It was obvious that the locals took advantage of this natural resource.

We continued riding through the Canadian Rockies. The views were spectacular. We stopped often to take photos of the surrounding mountains. We could not help but notice the lack of trash and debris on the roads in





Canada. The roads were spotless. As we approached the town of Blairmore, Alberta, our eyes caught sight of the Cinnamon Bear Bakery. We had heard that it was worth stopping for. The triple berry scone did not disappoint. We met Doug and Harry, two old friends, that were relaxing and enjoying a Danish and coffee. They talked about life in Canada and how much they liked the American travelers they have met. They wished us well before heading off on travels of their own.

Outside of Blairmore, we came to an area called Frank Slide. On April 29, 1903, at 4:10am, a massive landslide dumped 90 million tons of limestone on the town of Frank. Witnesses reported that the slide happened in only 100 seconds. Many lost their lives. It remains the largest and most deadly landslide in Canadian history. We decided to take a side trip, off route,

to the Lundbreck Falls. It was worth the detour. The falls were like a mini-Niagara Falls with the water cutting its way through the rock into the canyon. We were able to hike down to the water's edge and feel the spray from the falls as it pounded against the rock. We knew this was going to be a windy day. We fought headwinds until the road turned onto Highway 507. Our headwind became a 33-mile-an-hour tailwind. We barely pedaled the rest of the day to the town of Pincher Creek. Strong winds often blow off the mountains and Pincher Creek can be extremely windy.

The next day we had a 36-mile ride into Waterton Lakes National Park. We arrived early and had time to sightsee and explore the Canadian National Park. A rest day was planned, and several members of our group went hiking in the pristine forests and around the beautiful

lake. We opted to go horseback riding. Crossing streams, riding through meadows, and through the woods reminded us of how much we enjoyed horses.



Leaving Waterton Lakes, we had a fairly long and steep climb that overlooked the park in the distance. The top of the climb brought us to the US-Canadian Border Crossing where a slightly grumpy border guard welcomed us back into the United States. At least we think it was a “Welcome back”. We spent the night in the town of St. Mary’s, which is a community on the western boundary of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation and adjacent to the back entrance of Glacier National Park. Entering the park, we were treated to some of the most beautiful landscape that we had ever bicycled through. Riding up the iconic Going-To-The-Sun-Road, we had a seven-mile climb to Logan Pass.

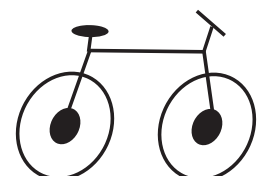
Meeting up with some of our touring companions, we crossed the Continental Divide. Descending the backside, we took advantage of the many turnouts to stop and enjoy the incredible views. We were not in a hurry. Seeing this National Park by bicycle is an outstanding way to experience the natural beauty instead of being enclosed in a vehicle. The park was doing road

construction as we headed west. Because of the gravel road, that was full of potholes, and the dust being kicked up from passing cars, several members of the group decided to take a park

shuttle for the last few miles to the Visitor’s Center. We did not feel it was safe riding along this stretch. The Park Rangers also recommended that we take the shuttle. We continued riding out of the park to our night’s stay at a gorgeous lodge in West Glacier.

Our final day, we rode backcountry roads to Whitefish where we had left our vehicle. In total, we climbed 17,000 feet, saw stunning landscapes, meet friendly people, and bonded with our travel mates. It was everything you could ask for in a bicycle tour. We hope you get some ideas for a trip of your own. Bicycle touring is a wonderful way to see the world. If you would like to see more photos, visit our Blog at AnselAdventures.com and our YouTube channel at youtube.com/@anseladventures/videos.

Until next time....



WORD SEARCH

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* Number of stick figure bikes is 51