

# Ride to Camarillo

This is the last installment of the Darwin Riding Award.

As some of you know the Amgen Tour de California passed through Lake Casitas with all the cars and fanfare, I saw the police cars from Dennis' van as he gave me a ride home from Las Posas, where I bailed out of the ride. The story is an old one, it started when I was born, and went into convulsions from then on.

I won't lie, here is the story.

Sascha just landed a job in Laguna, in the Wyland Galleries, BRAVO! He obviously is responsible for this sad story, because he has the PT Cruiser, and as I learned on the "Paul & Larry Show"; "It's not what the problem is, but who can you blame!" Which emanated from a very young rider, oh, so now we get into riding. I decided that it was only about 70 some miles to Ojai, an easy bike ride up the coast. I didn't have my 30 year old Raleigh iron racing bike, nooo, I had my 1956 (my 57 year old Cast Iron) Raleigh Touring Bike (the good one was in Ojai) to start this trip. As I left the house quietly, because I didn't want to awaken the sleeping realist, Ms Ganea, and on closing the gate I realized I didn't have a patch kit, so back I go.

As I'm blasting up Barrington, my front bag keep rubbing the tire, so I push it up, and think, this will take a lot to hold it up (with finger) all the way to Ojai. I stop and jiggle it a bit, OK! so I begin again, this time two biker pass me, a young woman on a three speed with fenders and an electric bike not in the power mode. So I speed up a bit and turn left on Gateway (Ocean Park), and decide to fix the front bag. The "fenders" passes me. I find a lighting stanchion where the large bolts and nuts are visible, and proceed to bend the T-6 aluminum rod, to a more uplifting configuration. That done I proceed west looking for a source for duct-tape or electrical tape. Pull into a gas station on Lincoln and Ocean Park, "Do you have duct-tape, NO. Do you have electrical tape, NO". I move on, thinking it will hold and not rub the tire for 80 miles.

Now, I'm riding down the California Incline, hoping my brakes are OK. At Rustic Canyon, I wait for the light and a bike pulls next to me, and continues on. I thought I would ask how far he was going? Too late. Ask him when did he buy his bike? So 57 years and I still own it, why?

Peddling on, I'm getting to my first Radar sign, 11 no 10 mph, not a good sign.

Get through Malibu, and hit the Pepperdine hill, and decide to walk the bike.

An older rider passes me and asks "Are you OK?" I say yes, but that is the first lie.

The shifter isn't working too well, at Ocean Park it did a complete lock-

up on the chain, or didn't I mention that's why I stopped, pulled the chain out and screwed the Phillips head on the de-railer in a bit, not knowing whether I was helping or hindering the shifting.

So now I'm not using the heel shifter for the bottom bracket gears and hardly finding any gears on the side shifter.

At Malibu radar I'm doing 18 mph, better.

At Zuma beach I'm doing 25 mph, down hill.

I hit a few more hills, and that's when my shoe heel (racing shoes from 1989?) starts de-laminating, not good. I find an old trashed backpack, cut the nylon strap with buckle and make a belt for the shoe. Nice! Next hill, the toe comes unglued too.

Find a ny-tie from the Telephone company and make another belt, but the sole keeps riding forward. OK to ride, but flapping while climbing hills on foot.

Went to the porta-potties at the Neptune-Nest, and almost fell in as the toe stayed on the outside of the toilet and I stumbled in. There were a pair of flip-flops outside, but no they were a girlish style, not for the rugged outdoorsman.

I check in with Ganea at the big sand dune at Thronhill Broome Beach State Park. You know what she said!

I had eaten one of Raja's stash of Power-Bars, out dated, but good. Second bottle of water gone, one last one to go.

Pulled onto Las Posas and called Dennis, please help! He will be there in 45 minutes. It took me 40 minutes to get to the 101, and sit in the sun, the van arrives.

I make a hat out of the red mechanics cloths, four knots at the corners. We don't talk much. He admitted he doesn't know a way to get from Las Posas in Camarillo to Main Street in Ventura without a lot of back tracking, zig-zagging.

We hit the Amgen traffic delays 2:30 pm to 3:30 pm in Ojai on May 15th! Seven hours in the saddle, wow, what a day.

I fit the bike in the MBZ trunk and take off toward home, missing all the way. Traffic jam started at Malibu Canyon. Slowed into LA.

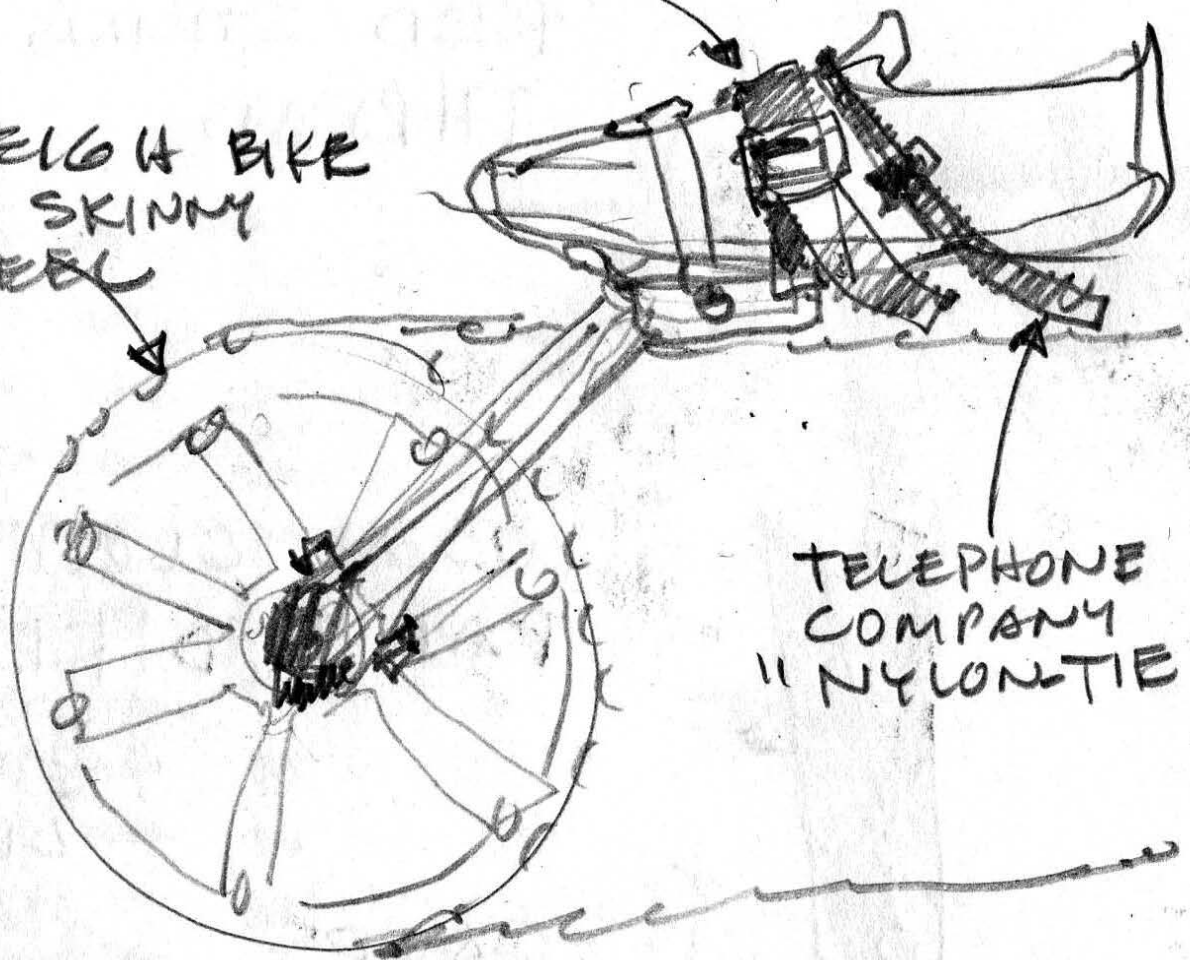
I forgot to say how sore my bottom became; aching arms, palms, wrists, neck and shoulders. I couldn't stand to peddle, knees would have gone out; couldn't sit! That's when I called in the sag wagon. Fortunately, Dennis was there. If I had thought it out, I never would have done it! Sometimes you just get lucky! Maybe riding is only a memory.

2015

Ahde Lahti

STRAP FROM RUN-OVER "BACK PACK"

RALEIGH BIKE  
1957 SKINNY  
WHEEL



TELEPHONE  
COMPANY  
"NYLON TIE"

CRANK AND PETAL DETAIL