

On the Road Again

by Glenn Jarrell, CVV Vice-President

It's nice to be "On the Road Again." The effort put towards creating a ride schedule in February is in full swing now. The first few rides of the season took place under less than desirable ride conditions--high winds. But the rides were executed anyway regardless of the weather, thanks to our intrepid ride leaders. It is still early in the season to knock down some miles and get in shape, so if you are teetering on making a decision to start riding, then start now if you want to be in shape for the BIG rides of the season.

Have you checked out the "Cache Valley Veloists Bicycle Touring Club" web site? <http://www.cvveloists.org/> This web site had a face lift and deserves a visit for its content (Thanks, Dana). The standard/expected content includes a printable version of the ride schedule as well as a membership form to download. If you haven't as yet joined for 2004, be sure to get a membership for filled out and sent it, along with the annual dues, which are still amazingly cheap. Things you might not

expect to find on the web site are ride photos and ride statistics. How many miles have you logged with CVV this season? Click on "Club News" for information on ride statistics as well as ride photos.

Our weekday rides have started! Choose a weekday ride that suits your interest. Join us Monday nights for a faster paced A/B ride, or Wednesday nights for a shorter, more relaxed paced C ride. Or come out for both the weekday rides. Both rides leave Merlin Olsen Park at 6:30 PM sharp.

Quick fact: If you lined up all the mountain bikes in America, tire-to-tire, and then rode a bike along that line, it would take you 36 weeks (riding 40 hours per week, 15 miles per hour) to get to the end of the line (<http://www.bikewebsite.com>).

Ride safely. How? Ride with a group.

Moab Skinny Tire Festival

by Cecelia Melder, CVV Treasurer/Publicity

Getting away from all the snow and an opportunity to ride my bike somewhere other than my basement was all I needed to recruit some friends and head to Moab for the Skinny Tire Festival. Four days of riding to help the Lance Armstrong Foundation.

I left my office, with bike in hand, at 2, snow in the forecast. I stopped at Eric's office and we covered our saddles and handlebars with plastic in the hopes of keeping them dry and the salt spray out of the shifters. Pat's bike was taken apart and put in the backseat of their car and mine and Eric's went on top of my car. A stop for gas on the way out of town and we were off. The weather was perfect.

The trip was uneventful except for two gigantic boulders that decided they didn't want to be attached to the mountain any longer. They came to rest in the middle of the road. Fortunately it was still light enough and we saw them and missed them. We finally reached Moab and were in settled in our room around 9. After a glass of wine we were able to relax and get some sleep.

We were up early and decided to go out for a real breakfast then picked up our ride packets. The sun was shining with a few clouds in the sky. We went with fingerless gloves, at least our knees covered and long sleeves. We made our drinks, loaded our bars in our bags and out the door to line up for the mass start at 10. There were people there from New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado, Vermont as well as Utah and California. 420 registered riders with more people registering daily. We ran into a couple more friends from Logan.

The first day was a 43 mile ride through Moab to Potash, with the police holding up traffic at the intersections for us to pass on the way out of town. There was minimal elevation gain and a beautiful ride for the first ride of the season. There were some head winds on the way back and Bob was kind enough to help pull me, somewhere on the way back, just before a hill I lost my legs. Ah you laugh, not funny, a group was riding by me and I asked if they had seen my legs and one woman said "spin, drop down to your next chain ring". It works! Up and over the hill I went. Fortunately the ride back into town was uneventful, we put our bikes up and headed over to the Brew Pub for lunch and some carbohydrates. We showered and took a walk to the other end of town and back.



Cecelia Melder, Eric Gese, and Bob Jardine at Moab Skinny Tire Festival

The second day we decided on a hot breakfast again. Today was going to be 57 miles along the Colorado River, 2,000 foot elevation gain. Our Sys Admin and his wife decided to come down to ride Saturday and Sunday. They rented bikes and drove down Friday night. She spins at the Sports Academy regularly and he doesn't. It was an overcast and dreary day. My bike and I still have not become one, I shouldn't have tried to adjust my saddle over winter. Today was another mass start, this time at 9. Still fingerless gloves but windbreakers and knees covered. Sarah and John decide to go to the end of the mass start, Bob, Eric, Pat, Carol, Deb and I were up front. We headed out of town and by the time we turned right the guys are long gone and the 4 of us ladies were pretty close together. Pat loves hills and head winds so she was having a great ride. Deb was somewhere behind me and Carol and I tried pulling each other. We make it to the rest stop and I meet up with Pat. She and I tried working together but with head winds and hills I fell back. I got to the lunch stop/turn around and no lunch. The lunch stop was changed because of snow, and there were people on phones trying to locate the lunch. We were sent back to the rest stop and told lunch would be there, if they can find the caterer. By the time Pat and I got to

the rest stop Eric and Bob were heading out. Pat and I got our lunch and found a spot to eat and Deb and Carol followed close behind. Ironic that in Moab they have the same wind patterns that we have here in Logan, head wind heading up the canyon and a head wind heading back down. We saw John and Sarah still heading up as we were leaving the lunch stop. Deb hooked up with a group and was off, Carol fell behind and Pat and I played leapfrog all the way back. We were pretty slow getting our showers and I took the time to adjust my saddle. We took a ride, in the car, for some site seeing and then met up with John and Sarah for dinner. They had decided not to ride on Sunday but had ridden the entire 57 miles.

Sunday, another hot breakfast and load the bikes onto the cars for a start outside of town. Today was Dead Horse Point, 12 miles straight up hill! It was a 44 mile ride with 1,700 foot elevation gain. About 10 miles into the hill a woman rides by me and says "a friend told me that hill is just hell misspelled". Who can argue with that, it got me to lunch. Lunch was great, fresh vegetables, chips, salsa, pita breads, curry rice, hummus, and couscous with a miso dressing. Bob and I decided we needed to get this guy for the Century. Lunch was done and a

chill was setting in so off Pat and I went, 10 miles of rolling hills and 12 miles of downhill. I was so looking forward to it until I turned the corner and there was a head wind, we had to peddle the downhill. Fortunately my saddle and I were getting along just fine.

The guys headed back to Logan and Pat and I headed for the hot tub. We showered then headed across the street for a burger and a beer. Later that evening we went to one of the workshops they were offering. We chose "Nutritional Needs of Women" and were very disappointed, it turned out to be

some sales pitch for some guy who makes compounds, complete with a plant in the audience. We should have gone to the bicycle maintenance workshop.

We had an early night and Pat headed to St. George early Monday morning. I took my time showering, packing my car and loading Pat and my bikes. I stopped at the Slick Rock Café on my way out of town for a cappuccino and had a leisurely ride home with a stop in Salt Lake for a late lunch with my son. It was a good weekend. Would I do it again? In a heartbeat.

First Ride of the Season: Hurricane!

Cecelia Melder, CVV Treasurer/Publicity

April 3rd started the Cache Valley Veloists 6th season with its traditional ride up Logan Canyon to Right Hand Fork. There were only 5 of us that showed up at the park for the ride. With 20 mile per hour winds, up rooted trees and branches down all over, the 5 of us headed up the canyon with the understanding that if it wasn't safe we would turn around.

At First Dam we decided to continue up to Second Dam from there we continued up to Zanaavoo where Glenn and Ace

decided to turn around. The Yeagers and I continued up to Right Hand Fork. It was a slow go up the canyon, with the head winds, but what a ride out. I tried to keep up with the Yeagers on their tandem but when I got up to 41.5 miles per hour and almost had my bike blown out from under me survival instincts kicked in and I slowed down. When I got home I found out that we had had wind gusts to 30 miles per hour. What a way to start the season, at least it wasn't snowing!