



The Spokin' Word



Newsletter of the Lompoc Valley Bicycle Club

February 2006

Presidential Introduction

By Gene Pritchett

Welcome all to the World of Cycling on the Central Coast! It is truly my pleasure to be the president of the Lompoc Valley Bicycle Club for 2006.

Perhaps as a way of background I'll tell of how I came to be a cyclist. One cold, dark day in the depths of an Iowa winter as I was lying huddled under a blanket trying to stay warm while keeping the thermostat at 55 degrees, trying to save money as a starving college student, I read about the wonderful cycling experience of 10,000 people traversing the state of Iowa during the hot humid days of July while enjoying festivals and food in every town. The ride is RAGBRAI, the Des Moines Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa. Shivering under my blanket, I dreamed of heat and sweat and food and fun and decided, Yes! I could do that! Hmmm, was my next thought, how do you ride a bike 500 miles?

So began the mission to learn everything I could about cycling, specifically about long distance touring. I joined the Quad Cities Bicycle Club, (3000 members strong), and started riding with the group whenever I had a chance. Questions, questions, questions. Everyone I rode with was barraged with questions about cycling: what to wear, what to ride, how to ride? Everything!

The bike I brought to Iowa from California was a basic

low level touring model that my dad had given me. I quickly learned that it was great for riding to and from the store or work, but not nearly up to the task of long distances. So squeezing pennies together I bought a Schwinn Voyager and began to train in earnest. The calendar was outlined with weekly mileage goals. I learned to be confident enough to wear tight lycra shorts in public, gasp, without underwear! The weeks wore on and the days grew longer as my mileage increased and my confidence grew. Then came the first test. I signed up for an organized ride. The mileage options were 20 miles, 65 miles or 100 miles! Wow, there were people who could ride a hundred miles at one time. I just couldn't fathom the idea of a hundred miles. These people were crazy. The longest day on RAGBRAI was going to be an incredible 75 miles and I was nervous about that. A hundred miles, wow. So I signed up for the 20 mile option. I was a little nervous and started out kind of fast, you know the adrenaline thing, and got to the first rest stop before they were ready. They handed me a banana and chuckled as I told them this was my first

ride. Then I shoved off and pedaled on to the finish. The whole loop took me about an hour and fifteen minutes. My next purchase was a cycling computer, a Cateye.

RAGBRAI is always held the last full week in July and travels west to east across Iowa, from the Missouri River to the Mississippi. The route is different every year and all the little towns along the way compete to be on the route. For some of the small towns it can be the

major fundraiser for the whole year. Imagine 10,000 hungry locusts descending on Flower Festival and you can get an idea of what it is like with the food and festival atmosphere. This year marks the 33rd year of the ride. They have visited every county in the state of Iowa and most of the towns. I rode with 250 other members of the Quad Cities Bicycle club, camping and celebrating along the way. They have 2 large Ryder trucks that carry all our gear and help us find good camping spots each evening. Yep, camping. Tent camping. In July. In Iowa. I truly learned to keep my tent zipped at night to prevent excess blood donation by the



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mosquitoes. I also learned to sleep with sweat dripping from every pore on my body. I kept a journal on the RAGBRAI trip. It is entertaining to read it occasionally and remember the towns, the people, the festivals and most importantly the food!

The finish was in Bellevue on the banks of the Mississippi. It was a truly incredible finish. There were hundreds of cheering and clapping people lining the road on the way down to the river's edge where everyone who finished was dunking their front tire in the Mississippi river. (7 days before we had all dunked our rear tire in the Missouri River). It was an experience I'll never forget. I had set a goal months before of doing the ride, trained for months and now had completed the goal, with hundreds of people cheering for me!

I remember the passion and excitement I developed in training for that first big event; As president of the bike club I look forward to helping other people experience or rekindle the excitement and passion of cycling and ultimately in achieving their goals for the future.

Bob Goebel's Profile

NAME: Bob Goebel

BUST: 44" WAIST: 34" HIPS: 34" HEIGHT: 5' 8"
WEIGHT: 180 BIRTH DATE: 3/8/59
BIRTHPLACE: Cleveland, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To beat Larry Michaels up a hill, to beat Lieven anywhere, and to beat, just beat the snot out of anyone French. I also pray for world peace and to lead a peloton of desperate super models.

TURN ONS: Naked women on bicycles and free beer.

TURN OFFS: Naked men on bicycles and paying for beer.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: Me!

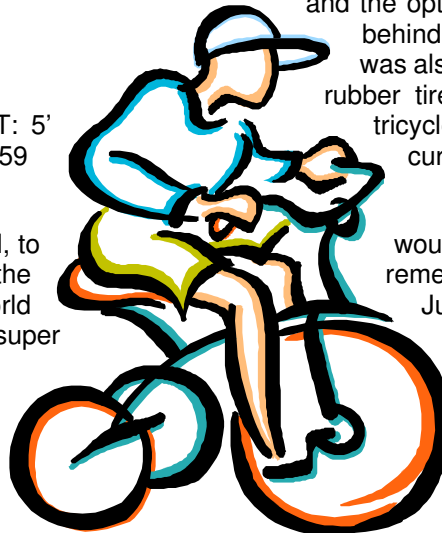
WHAT I LOOK FOR IN A MAN: He has several cute single sisters, an endless supply of Samuel Adams, a Hawaiian time share with no friends except me, season tickets for the Browns and a chauffeured RV.

FAVORITE FANTASY: To beat Lance Armstrong in the Tour de France and claim Sheryl Crow as my prize and then put on a rock concert during the Super Bowl half time. Or....., get a roll of toilet paper where the

very first sheet is free and not attached to the first three turns. You know when you have to rip through three or more layers before it is all free and loose.

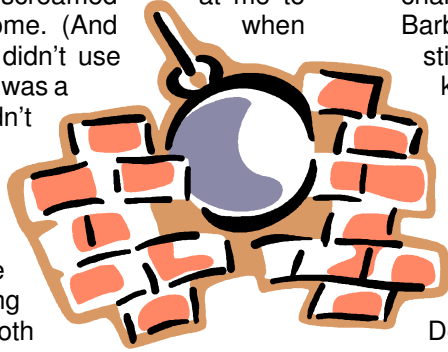
Autobiographies should start at the beginning. So, without further ado here I go. I'm the son of Anthony and Marianne Goebel. My father was a P-51 Mustang pilot in WWII assigned to the most decorated squadron in the European Theater, the 352nd Blue Nosed Bastards of Bodney. Ok, back to me now, I was born and raised in Cleveland, and that's Ohio, not Tennessee! I'm the oldest of three oopses! I was a natural blond and now would be more than happy to be a natural purple or green as long as it came with more hair!

My first bike was a red and white tricycle. It had a red frame, white fenders and a white steel seat. In fact the whole thing was made out of steel except for the solid rubber tires. At some point I traded in that model and moved up to my sporty model. It was sexier, a little lower to the ground and it was metallic blue, my favorite color! This model was a 1963 Sears Blue Legend. It was equipped with full-on fenders with flared tips, a bell and the optional and quite handy rear step behind the blue metal seat. This trike was also all steel construction with hard rubber tires. Now that I think of it, my tricycles had more steel than my current car?



I loved my Blue Legend and would never leave her unattended. I remember one fateful day in June or July when a tempest was brewing over Cleveland. Sometime in the late afternoon the skies turned black, thunder crackled in the distance and lightening began to strike. I headed home, knowing at the ripe old age of five that we were going to be hit with a big storm. I was coming around the corner of my block when the winds picked up from calm to 40 mph with gusts of God knows what! Still no rain, but the lightening was flashing with impunity. The cracks of thunder coincided with each flash. Even though the thunder was deafening and the wind was howling I heard the cries of my mom. "Bobby come home!" I looked up and saw her yelling out the propped open front screen door. The next thing I heard and saw has stuck with me my whole life, my first witnessed lightening strike. For whatever reason one of our neighbors had an obscenely tall brick chimney. I saw

the electric spear shoot from the sky and take out the entire thing. It exploded before my eyes and bricks flew through the air like shrapnel. Fortunately bricks are fairly heavy and don't fly well; I was far enough away not to be struck. Mom was frantic and I kicked the Blue Legend into overdrive. She screamed at me to leave the tricycle and run home. (And when she screamed at me, she didn't use any profanity whatsoever. It was a more civilized era.) I couldn't leave my ride, my wheels, my freedom, my male extension of my.....? At that time I hadn't figured out that yet, but I knew the Blue Legend was coming home with me and we both made it.



Let's fast forward. I went to Assumption Catholic School in Cleveland, and later public high school, then Cuyahoga Community College, and finally joined the Air Force. During my high school years I had a powder blue Columbia 10 Speed English racer. Between the ages of 15 and 19, I would go on several solo "bike hikes". My farthest excursion was from Cleveland to Wooster, Ohio. It was just over 100 miles round trip, my first Century Ride. We had, and continue to have a great park system in Cleveland. It is called the Metro Parks or Emerald Necklace. It is called the Emerald Necklace because the park system surrounds the entire city starting at Lake Erie on the west side and continuing around the city/county back to the east side on Lake Erie. Several parks and a non-interrupted scenic park road connect them to make one of the best park systems in the country and an exquisite well maintained bike route. I rode the "Necklace" a lot.

I trained as a firefighter in the Air Force and was stationed at Vandenberg in January of 1979. I was later hired as a Hot Shot firefighter in 1981 and in the same year became a full time shift firefighter. In 1983 I met this real desperate and gullible girl and married her in 1984. Seventeen years and four kids later we really knew each other intimately and she divorced me. Oh, did I tell you that in 1982 the FAA gave me a pilot license. It was one of Reagan's lesser known programs. He was famous for the "Star Wars" stuff then but not many people heard of his "Bonzo Can Fly Project." I was the lead in that one.

In 1986 I became bored with being a firefighter and decided to go into law enforcement. Being a married man I became frustrated with always losing an

argument and I knew as a California Highway Patrolman I would always win or I'd just shoot them. Well the hours on that job were killer so after a little more than a year I resigned, and got hired by the SB County SO as an inmate crew supervisor. I was in charge of inmates building the new morgue in Santa Barbara. The benefit of that was even though it was still under construction they brought over the fresh kills to that facility. I won't tell you what I saw. I needed to get a better gig so I applied for and got the job as a Correctional Officer at the Lompoc Pen. What a bunch of wonderful guys! Finally the light went on and I figured out that my calling was and still is a firefighter. (Or maybe a rap artist?) So I'm back with the guys and I'm now a station Captain with the Vandenberg Fire Department.

My ex and kids moved to Alabama in July of 2005 and I live alone. So alone, really.....alone. I'm so alone I have names for the bugs in my apartment. So alone, I have a sign on my door that says "Jehovah's Witnesses Welcome".

I decided to join the Lompoc Bicycle Club because of the great local reputation and to be part of a worthwhile organization. Ok, you got me. That's not it. I joined because I know it is better not to get lost alone.

You are a great bunch of folks whom I'm getting to know and I really enjoy our rides together. I haven't been doing the Sunday rides because of the NFL, but that will soon come to an end and I look forward to many more rides. Since I am a new member I am asking for the Club's advice and guidance. I don't want to fall to the powers of the "Dark Side", so please let me know if anyone from the "Dirt Bags" infiltrates one of our rides.

CYCLING MEMORIES

By Lucy Massey

The first cycle I remember was a red and white tricycle. I loved it. I'd pack my most precious treasures in a little white train case and tie it on the back of my trike. On would go my cowgirl hat, I'd call Dixie (a wonderful red Pomeranian dog who looked more like a fox than the puff balls you see at dog shows) and off we would go to find adventure. We would enjoy birds, flowers, weeds and all matter of wonderful things along the way.

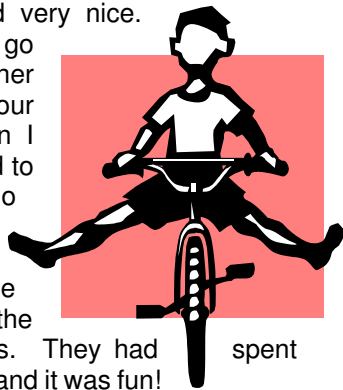
The next cycle I remember was a black, used boys' bicycle. I immediately named him Black Beauty! What else! What fun we had. I'd put on my cowgirl hat

and grab my beebie gun (I never shot anyone's eye out. I never hurt an animal with it; however, I did aggravate a few trees and rocks.). We "galloped" around the mill pond, up Eyesee Road and down to Camp Creek. There were many side trips and stops to see if Daniel Boon was anywhere nearby (I thought he was soooo cute on TV). On days when the mill wasn't working, I could ride up and down and all around it. The thing I remember most is that riding my bicycle was so much fun.

Fun. It finally dawned on me a couple months ago what is missing now. My daughter, Megan, has never really enjoyed her bicycles – even though they have been brand new and very nice.

Then she was invited to go spend the day with one of her friends at a ranch nestled in our beautiful mountains. When I went to pick her up, I arrived to shouts of "I don't want to go home yet! I'm having too much fun riding bikes!"

They had ridden around the vineyards, over to play with the rabbits and watch the cows. They had spent the day riding and exploring and it was fun!



As I think about the Ride Stories we hear at club meetings, most of them involve accidents and pain – lots of it! Perhaps it is because of my gender, but that just does not tempt me, let alone sound fun. Now if competing to see how fast and how far you can go is fun for you, more power to you! Go for it! But perhaps there is room in the club for people like me who find fun in moseying along looking for beauty and adventure.

THE EUROPEAN INVASION

By Scott D. Shaw

On Saturday, Feb. 11, I had to ride to Orcutt to retrieve my car. I decided to go 246 to Drum Canyon. As I was descending on the Los Alamos side, I turned a corner and saw a large group of riders heading up the hill. At first I thought they were the Tailwinds because of their pink jerseys but as I passed them I realized they weren't wearing helmets and those weren't Tailwinds jerseys! It was Jan Ulrich and T Mobile. We saw them again on Sunday riding down Alamo Pintado Road.

The Tour of California is here next week so take the opportunity to watch the elites of the cycling world ride our favorite roads.

Ride Calendar

- ❑ **VAFB Mountain Bike Ride Sunday Feb 19th**
Join Bruce Massey for a ride around some of the best trails on the Main Base. **Bring ID!** Meet at the main gate at 8:30 and **Bring ID**. Ride leader is Bruce Massey 733-2564.
- ❑ **President's Day Ride – Monday Feb 20th**
Larry has proposed a "Show and Go" Ride for the holiday. Meet at Southside Coffee Company at 8:30
- ❑ **Poker Ride – Saturday Feb 25th**
Meet at Miguelito Park at 9am. It will be a 30 mile ride with 5 stops along the way to collect a playing card from a deck carried by Bob and Gene. At the end of the ride the best poker hand will win a prize. Pot luck BBQ following the ride with hamburgers and hotdogs provided by the club. Call Bob Grant for info 736-5919
- ❑ **Yeah! The Coffee Pot – Sunday Feb 26th**
Road ride in SLO to Morro Bay. 40 miles of easy rollers. Meet at Starbucks at 8am to car pool or Laguna Middle School on Los Osos Valley Road in SLO at 9am. We'll ride to Morro Bay for the infamous thick coffee at "The Coffee Pot". Ride Leader: Bob Grant 736-5919
- ❑ **Mother Hubbards – Sunday March 5th**
Bob will lead us all to breakfast at Mother Hubbards in Buellton. I understand they have an incredible seafood omelet! Meet at Southside at 8:30 for the under 40 mile round trip. Bob Grant 736-5919
- ❑ **Solvang Century – Saturday March 11th**
Solvang Century. Get info at www.bikescor.com
- ❑ **FREE Solvang Century – Sunday March 12th**
Gene will lead a century ride following a similar route as the Solvang Century. We'll provide our own food and rest stops. We'll meet at the Solvang Outlet Mall parking lot at 7:00 am. For those who don't want to do a full century there will be an opportunity to return on a shorter route. Ride Leader is Gene 733-2684.
- ❑ **Camping at Montano de Oro – March 17-19**
This will be a great opportunity to hike and mountain bike the trails of Montano de Oro. Gene and his family will head up Friday after work with their trailer to establish a "base camp" to ride from. The camping is without hookups. Ride Leader is Gene 733-2684
- ❑ **Solvang Double Century – Saturday March 25th**

So far we have 4 riders getting ready to ride the Solvang double century with 2 of those planning on completing the California Triple Crown this year. The website for info is: www.caltriplecrown.com/ any questions contact Gene.

Standing Club Rides

- ❑ Thursday Night Road Ride meets at the corner of V and Ocean by J's Glass, (but not in the parking lot) at 6:00pm. Bring a light or stay behind Bob and his 150 watts of portable daylight.
- ❑ Saturday Morning – 8 am
Meet at Southside Coffee Company on South H Street.
Easy road ride to Surf as a group and a quicker return to town
- ❑ Sunday Morning Show and Go (Unless there is an otherwise scheduled ride)– 8am
Meet at Hi! Let's Eat Restaurant
400 E. Ocean in Lompoc
Road or Mountain Bike Ride
Easy or Epic – you decide

The next meeting of the Lompoc Valley Bicycle Club is 7pm Tuesday, March 14th at Baker's Square. Come early if you want to eat dinner. See you there!

Check us out on the web at www.bikelompoc.com

If anyone has ride proposals, stories, articles, comments, jokes, or cartoons they would like to share or bicycle things they would like to sell, please contact me (Scott Shaw) at 735-3602 or e-mail at sdsdvm@netscape.net for entry into next month's newsletter.

