

1986 USA - Seattle to Los Angeles

This is the report of a biking holiday. I reconstructed the story from my original diary and photographs, as I did earlier for the 1984 trip report. The original story is in Dutch, I translated this to the best of my abilities, and left “nothing out” unless also I had no clue what I was writing about earlier. Again, please keep in mind this is far before the age of computers, internet, cell phones and Google maps, low riders weren’t invented yet, and we didn’t have much money. From that perspective, especially when now writing this trip report and “looking back” (2021), we did surprisingly well. We met lots of nice people, enjoyed our adventure most of the time, and returned back sound and healthy.



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July 19, Greenland. Up at 03.00, left Doetinchem at 03.45 and arrived at Schiphol Airport at 05.45. When our bikes were packed, we heard that our flight was four hours delayed. We got breakfast and lunch, and Annelien a headache. Plane left at 14.30. Annelien was sick and vomited. Nice people changed seats so that Annelien had a window seat, beautiful views of Greenland.



July 19-21, Eatonville, Washington. Long day. Took us two hours to leave the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, problems with a front brake. Excellent brakes, but never take them apart.



Via Des Moines, where we bought bread and jelly. Tried camping free of charge. In vain. Slightly grumpy. Finally ended up in Saltwater State Park. Real American campground, big “recreational vehicles” (RVs) and BBQ facilities. Gloomy, wet, and green. And fully booked. Shared a spot with an American man, free of charge, 400 cc Honda, red dome tent. He was looking for a job, also in vain. Toilets with surprisingly small doors. Pitched up our tent and slept well despite the noise. Up at 07.00. Saw a Rufous-sided Towhee and left at 08.30. Biked over the two-lane 509 along Puget Sound to Tacoma, with a view at Mt Rainier. Enjoyed coffee in the outskirts of Tacoma. Briefly biked over Interstate 5, very busy. Over the 7 via Spanaway to Graham.



Camped at a farm near Graham, between old tree trunks, thistles, rushes, view at Mt Rainier and nice weather. Also Annelien enjoyed herself. Me too. Bought a large cantaloupe at a supermarket, "lekker". Saw an Oregon Junco and Western Tanager. Dinner of lentils, onion, tomato, garlic and bell pepper. Also "lekker". While cooking, Annelien guided some cattle to the next meadow. Typical American fence. To bed at 21.00. Damp and foggy.



During breakfast of bread and Cheddar cheese, a bull appeared behind our tent. A friendly bull, fortunately. Left at 08.15. Nice weather and two-lane roads to Eatonville. Annelien had strawberry pie, for me coconut cream pie. Giant slice with whipped cream. Feeling "at home" between men wearing cowboy hats and caps. "Shirts and shoes required". Yesterday bought gasoline for USD 0.06, day before for USD 0.04, so now in total for USD 0.10. By the way, gasoline stove works fine. Just heard our first Belted Kingfishers. Great sound. Happy that dollars are cheap, exchange rate in our favor this time, a big change compared to 1984. About 15 km (July 19), 66 km (July 20), and 67 km (July 21).

July 22, coffee at Randle, Washington. Yesterday biked via Alder and Elbe to Morton. Fine two-lane roads. Logging trucks everywhere, nice weather. Lunch at Elbe, at the porch of a supermarket, meanwhile enjoying the sight of a steam train for a scenic drive to Mt Rainier. A very fat train operator, cap and very greasy, American tourists either too fat or too slim, cowboy hats and boots, giant buckles and broad belts, trousers with wide legs, catchy colors. In short, beautiful. Biking goes fine, steady going. Bought groceries in Morton. Finding a spot to pitch up our tent went smoothly, first stop. Seedless grapes. Dinner of spaghetti, one tomato, one bell pepper, two onions, and "sharp Cheddar". And a can of "Rainier". Annelien discovered a cherry tree with tasty cherries. This morning

Awake at 05.15 and up at 05.30. A broken rivet of Anneliens' bike bag replaced by a bolt and nut. After breakfast a long but not steep climb, many logging trucks on their way to Cougar. Saw a House

Finch. Was a long day, especially for Annelien, so I pushed her a bit now and then, just like yesterday. Then rain started, heavy clouds, all together didn't run too smoothly. But after 32 km, finally, we are enjoying our coffee! Large wooden tabletops made from sliced trees. Looks great inside. Neon lights ("Rainier", "Pepsi", etc.). Plenty of wood, big ceiling fan. Coconut cream pie with the coffee, very nice. Towards the Columbia River.

July 24, Vancouver, Washington, 11.45. Bought bread at the second grocery store, beef sausages and corn nuts. A White-crowned Sparrow joined for lunch. Via Amboy to Battleground. For Amboy a few steep climbs. At a viewpoint to see Mt St Helens, still invisible due to clouds, my knee hurting badly. After a while the pain got less. Cramp? Especially the last stretch to Amboy went smoothly, where we bought groceries at the Safeway. Sun came out, and we tried to buy a flag pole, in vain. In one of the outskirts of Battleground we were allowed to camp. Cooked an odd dinner of brown rice, green beans, one onion, Italian herbs, a sachet of rather fishy Japanese spices, and mixed nuts plus raisins. Not too bad. Talked a while with the house owner, a guy owning a plumbing company. Nice house, 7.5 acres, a swimming pool, sauna, etc. Allowed to use the bathroom. When Annelien entered, the guy was sitting there naked! Great. The guy can buy the neighbors land, 8.5 acres for USD 33.800. To bed at about 21.00. About 83 km.

Slept to 06.45. Our goal is to visit Mr. and Mrs. Eldred today. Just visited the AAA at Vancouver. Served by a creep, fat, plenty of gold and a high voice. Also asked for a bike shop. Eleven km only, and they sold flag poles for USD 5.31. Now Annelien has three flags too: a signal flag, a Frisian flag and a Dutch flag! Road kills this morning included Possum and Steller's Jay. Seen a few Blackbirds. Weather is improving, and we should start looking how to travel South.

July 25, Skamia, Washington. Coffee at 13.10. Yesterday we had a very warm welcome by the Eldred family. Finally a picture of the famous mole-gun. Gave them the coffee as a present from Mrs. Tigchelaar. Dinner together and in the evening bird watching and a shower. Real fun.



Plenty of birds in a local marsh, Scrub Jay, Great Blue Heron, and two female Wood Ducks with five chicks, Black-capped Chickadees, American Robin, Cedar Waxwing, American Gold Finch, Mourning Dove (afternoon), American Bittern (heard), Vaux's Swift, Bushtit (common), White-crowned Sparrow. About 48 km.

We had breakfast together. Lots of pancakes, bacon and fried eggs. Even Annelien tried bacon. Had a great time and talked about almost everything. Got a Rand McNally road atlas. Pretty big, try to bring it along.



This morning we finally biked along the Columbia River. First part busy, but before Skamania the traffic became less. Sun came out, there is still a lot of green, and great views of the gorge. Probably saw a male Mountain Bluebird, some Turkey Vultures and Hawk species. Even though we were spoilt and got a packed lunch, cookies and pickles, we nevertheless enjoyed coffee and apple pie. In Camas we asked directions from an elderly lady with a headscarf and giant sunglasses. Although she didn't have a clue about directions, she gave us a travel magazine which we will discard soon.

July 26, Lyle, Washington. Yesterday along the Columbia River! I didn't recognize the scenery when we started, even couldn't remember the historical markers. Via a large, deep and forested canyon we entered the volcanic scenery. Scenery is changing very fast, trees disappeared and we saw the first sage brushes. Yesterday biked about 85 km. Nice road, strong tail wind. Many vultures and one Osprey. Camped here earlier with Jan Jaap but can't remember.



Last evening we were lucky. Just before entering Bingen. Annelien asked for a place to camp at a very nice house. Fine to camp, neighbors weren't home so they wouldn't object. Nice lawn and a little dog called "Peanut". They allowed to use the bathroom and shower, and then they asked us for dinner. Great! Their daughter, friend and two dogs were also present. The entire family was running a fish hatchery. The men were talking about Steelheads and Chinooks only. Great food. BBQ chicken legs, cantaloupe, watermelon, cold salad, green beans with bacon and a Miller's beer. All American beers seem to taste similar. Also Annelien had a great time. Roasted marshmallows for desert.



The house has a nice view of the Columbia River and Mt Hood. We still have macaroni, onion, bell pepper and tomato in our bags. My earlobe starts to hurt again from sunburn. The road is very beautiful. Will try to call "heit en mem" later. Another fine coconut cream pie today served with Country & Western music.

July 27, Moro, Oregon. Coffee at 09.30. Yesterday, after coffee, we biked along the Columbia River with a tail wind. Behind us Mt Hood. Plenty of surfers. Sage brush and a dead rattlesnake, about a meter. In Wisham we passed a rock shop, with an incredible number of stones on display outside, mostly petrified wood, USD 2 per pound. Nice but heavy. Got a small piece of opalized petrified wood from the owner. Annelien was grumpy, cold due to the wind. The wind become stronger, occasionally clouds, not really warm. And then, to enter Oregon, crossing the Dallas bridge over the Columbia River to Biggs. The US 197. Due to a very strong head wind, even the descent was tough. Last part we walked. Just before entering the bridge there is a road sign "wind gusts". Well, we had no gusts but the wind nevertheless bothered us. When entering the bridge I put my glasses in my bag because I was afraid of losing them. The flag pole was almost horizontal, what a wind. Think I never encountered anything like this before.

On the Oregon side a few gasoline stations, a small supermarket, and a few cafés. Coffee and a doughnut at Dinty's Café, apparently a well-known establishment when looking on the many old black-and-white pictures inside. According to Annelien the waitress could have been a sister from the (earlier) AAA guy. Very obese, slow and a "big swing". Bought a few antique-looking postcards. By the way, the doughnuts clearly were dry, dry... When we left, I noticed small pieces of flint in a huge flowerpot, which were flint tools including a drill and scraper, and small fragments. Collected a bag full. Needs to be selected, too much to carry. Then about eight miles biking over nice volcanic hills covered with sage brush. Pretty and a tail wind. Looked for spot to camp in Wasco. A lady told us to go to the city park. Cold and windy. What a wind. Cooked diner of macaroni with instant cheese sauce, onion, bell pepper and a slice of bacon. Went to bed at 20.00. The wind was so strong we even could feel it inside our double-walled tent. Went outside to check the tent pegs. This tent doesn't have ropes to secure, which is fine when there isn't much wind. Slept soon, Annelien took her time. About 81 km.

This morning still cold and windy. Seen nobody in the entire village. Not a surprise, a windy, cold and gloomy place, brrr. Left already at 08.00 and biked eight miles mostly uphill in a vulcanic scenery (plus cattle and corn) to Moro. Nice café with excellent cinnamon rolls. Having our second. All together for USD 3!

July 28, Wilowdale, Oregon. Almost 11.00, coffee. Yesterday we climbed steadily before coffee. Getting warmer. Saw a Coyote just before Grassvalley. Very pretty, along the side of the road, at a distance of about 10 meter. In Grassvalley there was a sign on the supermarket indicating that there are no groceries for the next 67 miles. So we bought groceries. Kent resembled a ghost town, everything was "for sale". Fortunately we found somebody to get some water. After lunch to Shaniko.



Shaniko is also a ghost town. "Population 40" seems optimistic, in reality about 15 in total trying hard to make Shaniko "booming" again. Selling postcards, souvenirs, stones, fossils, books, etc. Friendly people.



A couple was restoring the old hotel. She suffered from a stroke, which she had a few years ago, but nevertheless did quite well. Shaniko is at the crossing of two roads, and really in the middle of nowhere. We were allowed to camp behind a caravan near the gasoline station and grocery. Dinner of chicken peas, kidney beans, pine apple and onion. A bit alternative? But accompanied with the last strips of bacon. The lady who works part-time at the gasoline station owns a ranch with 300 cows and 300 calves on 30,000 acres, i.e. about 100 acres per cow. About USD 40 per acre. Beautiful sage brush country, about 73 km.



Left at 08.15 with a head wind. Impressive scenery with sage brush. A few minutes we could see Mt Rainier, Mt Hood and Mt Jefferson. The Three Sisters and Broken Top. Beautiful scenery. Seen about eight Common Raven. Now, after a descent of four to six miles, in the hills. Plenty of sage brush.



Very pretty. In a café again. Tasty butter role with plenty of butter and “lekker groot”. Coffee is a bit thin. Happy they have a café, Annelien seems tired and has a sun burn. Long trousers, cycling gloves with paper in them. My ears suffer from sun burn. To Madras.



July 29, Bend, Oregon. Coffee at 14.45. Pfff. Finally. Yesterday biking went well, 93 km. Annelien went pretty fast. Hot, no clouds, not much happened. At the end, before Terbonnes, I grew grumpy. To improve matters, we had difficulties in finding a camping spot. We found one at a farm just for Terbonnes, but there were many “buts”. We could get water at the house, but mosquitos were

driving us crazy. A stupid irrigation system, puddles everywhere. Farmer not really friendly. The camping spot was between sage brush, dust, stones, branches, quite horrible. So we continued. First time ever this happens to me. In Terbonnes we finally found a spot. Behind one or another "clubhouse" with a view at Smith Rock State Park and without mosquitos. Pitching up the tent failed, Annelien was dizzy, so pitched up the tent in my own. Cooked a healthy meal of lentils, broccoli, cauliflower, carrot and grated cheese. Was fine, to bed at 21.00.

This morning things didn't go too well. De US 97 was busy, heavy traffic. A long road, for sure for Annelien, and still tired from yesterday. Decided to take a day off. Coffee in a shopping mall. Just before leaving the village, Annelien bought new lightbulbs for the flashlight at "Coast to coast". One broke down yesterday while reading the bible. Sitting now in a truck stop (Jake's), coffee with pie, feeling a bit sorry for ourselves. We have to decide whether we stay here or go to Sunriver, about 20 miles. Dark sky, getting overcast.

July 30, Crescent, Oregon. Coffee at 11.45. We had a nice day yesterday, no rain, but... We tried in vain to find a camping spot in Sunriver. In Bend I had asked what kind of place Sunriver is. A resort for (retired) dentists and doctors. Looked fine. During the descend to Sunriver (US 97) we were overtaken by a lorry with golf carts. Promising? Before I forget to mention, Sunriver was not indicated at the "97". Well, it wasn't much. Large expensive houses in a forest, especially lots of forest. That wouldn't work for us, so we continued on the US 97 with a tail wind, fine weather again. A few miles before Lapine a spring broke in my rear gear shifter. Borrowed a few tools in a pub/grocery/hardware store. Just about when I was going to quit and was thanking the lady for using the restrooms (toilet, washing hands), there were two guys sitting, not too clean, caps, about my age. One of them thought he might be able to fix the problem. He could, a giant toolbox in the rear of his pickup truck. A free state park, Rosmund. At 20.00 pitched up our tent and cooked dinner of clam-chowder, hash browns and lentils.



Finished the left overs this morning, and yoghurt. Last night was very cold last night. Left at 09.00 after adjusting the brakes and checking the cranks. Fine coffee and a doughnut at a bakery for USD 2.15. This morning biked a straight road through Deschutes National Forest, still the US 97 but less traffic than yesterday. A nice two-lane road. Endless forest gets a bit boring. Tomorrow to Crater Lake. Curious. The left peddle of Anneliens' bike is making a nasty sound, but can't figure out what is wrong. Hopefully not "chronic". Saw Golden-mantled Squirrel at Sunriver, Chickadees, Swainsons Hawk, and Red-tailed Hawk.



July 31, Crater Lake, Oregon. 14.45. Can't remember much from yesterday. Had coffee in Crescent, biked to Beaver Marsh. The US 97 was relatively quiet, nice towns and fine weather. All went fine, found a place to camp at 17.00. Just after washing ourselves, the guy who owned the land came telling us we could use the shower... About 73 km. Checked the bikes. Annelien did some washing, including my socks! We could dry the wash at the neighbors, who also gave us a slice of melon. And an invitation for coffee. Nice inside, extremely ugly furniture, on the wall a Grizzly, Black Bear, two Mule Deer, one large antler and huge and massive wooden tables. Yuck. After we finished our cup of coffee (got only one), went for cooking – mushroom soup, canned spaghetti with fresh onion, garlic, hashbrowns and melon. To bed at 21.00, cold last night, about 5 °C?

Up at 06.30 and again fine weather. Watched birds including Rufous Hummingbird, Mountain Bluebird, a female Yellow-rumped Warbler, Red-breasted Nuthatch, and possibly an immature Townsend's Solitaire. Biked over the US 138 to Crater Lake.



Beautiful road. Made some pictures. Biking not too hard due to the presence of multiple 'steps'. Plenty of Chipmunks. Via the North Entrance entered Crater Lake. The lake itself is very scenic with a great view. Clarks Nutcracker, Gray Jay and Chipmunks were common, Common Raven and possibly a Red-tailed Hawk. We got plenty of attention. Elevation of the island in the lake is 2,100 meter, probably its top, so we are at about 2,000 meter. Annelien climbed very well today, except the last part just before the lake, which we walked.

August 1, Prospect, Oregon. 10.45. After we finished our coffee yesterday, we had a look at the souvenirs, had an ice-cream, and continued our journey. Were stopped by a ranger, a rookie, who told Annelien that she should stay more on her side of the road (especially at the straight parts) while descending. Mwah, a long descent, about 39 km. About 91 km. A well maintained two-lane road, hardly any traffic. In Union Creek bought groceries at a souvenir/grocery store. Two cans of beans, one vegetarian and the other with pork, a can of Olympia beer (sweet!), and yoghurt. Then we looked for a place to camp. State-parks everywhere. Asked a guy, who worked at the Department of Forestry, and was a member of the forest fire brigade. Were allowed to take a shower. He had very pretty prints of ducks, including one with a pair of Mallards. Beans were awful, Annelien went for the non-vegetarian ones. Brand "Friend's. Slogan was "You never make better Friend's ". Recipe unchanged for 300 years. Would be about time then. Had an immature Oregon Junco at my handlebars. Made popcorn, Annelien went for a can of Budweiser. Anyway, we had a nice evening and went to bed a little late.



Up at 06.30. After breakfast of popcorn and old bread went shitting behind the bushes before calling "heit" and "mem". Also talked a while with a guy who was fishing using salmon eggs. While watching he caught two large trout. Behind the house there were plants resembling broomrape, about one meter high. Very large Fir trees, and a Sequoia here and there. Many logging trucks. Also peculiar trees with a rather smooth trunk with grooves, leaves resembling those of a Rhododendron. When the bark is off, green or red, very pretty. Started biking at 09.15. When we see a post office box, we will send some films and postcards home. Curious! Celebrating today our first 1,000 km, Greenham is one year ago, and my first 10,000 (holiday) biking kilometers (6,500 km + 2,500 km + 1,000). Have to bring some coffee away, in the urinal they have a "bulls eye". Supermarket sells sleeping bags, waders, statues of Jesus, billiard tables, cutlery, etc.

Aug 2, Wonder, Oregon. Coffee at 14.25. Hot, about 100 °F. Yesterday biked along the Rogue River to Shady Cove. Got pretty warm, stopped at 15.30, 54 km. Were lucky to find a camping spot in the front garden of "Maranata". Only disadvantage is close the road, busy with logging trucks and other

traffic that makes biking less fun. Scenic but hot. Guess the people in whose garden we camp are strict churchgoers. We asked the girl living there for a nice restaurant. She worked in a Mexican restaurant, lots of food for little money. Only disadvantage that I don't like Mexican food, but there will also not be too much else here. Dinner turned out to be excellent. Paid USD 8.75 for the both of us! Excellent food, way too much. I had a "La Grand Nacho", really great. Strolled through the town. The pet dealer had built a concrete wall with stones, including petrified wood, agates, pretty stones and gems. A true pity. Slept well last night, heat wasn't too bad.



Up at 06.30, left at 07.30. During breakfast an Acorn Woodpecker, Yellow Warbler, Oriole sp., Robins and Scrub Jays. Via US 234 to Good Hill. Had coffee in a not so nice Mexican restaurant. Luke warm apple pie and a not-too fast but very well rounded waitress. Nice surroundings, saw a Sage Grouse, farms. Collected cans, including two Coors for refund of USD 0.70. At the Rogue River were 10-15 Common Merganser swimming, females. Ice-cream at Rogue River, a giant scoop for USD 0.40! So I had two. Very good ice-cream, nice lunch, good alternative for bread. Via the US 99, Grants Pass, to US 199. Getting warm, noticed from the way Annelien was biking that she became tired. Stopped at 14.30. A can for "puffs" next to the urinal. About 80 km.

Aug 3, Gasquet, California. 14.00. Fine weather. Yesterday afternoon it was hot, about 37-38 °C. Difficult to find a camping spot. Signs everywhere with "No trespassing", "Trespassers will be...", "Beware of dog", "Keep out", etc. After many attempts finally found (probably the only green) lawn where we could camp. The town is dusty, sand. Dinner was a can of tomato soup, a can of clam chowder, and bread. And a beer and popcorn. Went to bed at 21.00. Horrible place, the only thing to cheer us up was a second hand store, which was permanently closed after today. Saw a nice antique hand drill with a screw instead of a regular "head", about USD 20-30. Awful here. The hill behind the house has hardly any birds, only crickets.

Up at 05.00, left at 06.15. Pleasantly cool. First had a nice climb of about one-and-a-half mile to get over Hayes Hill, 1,640 ft. In a café in Schling we had another hardly warm (microwave-heated) apple pie and three cups of coffee for USD 2.30. Bought groceries at a supermarket for tonight's dinner, pancakes. Saw a Mountain Quail in Kerby. Nice road, farms, open scenery. Via Cave Junction to O'Brien. Just when we had passed O'Brien, we thought to see a café but it turned out to be a grocery store. Got free coffee and a card from the lady in case we would encounter an interested rich 50+ guy in Holland. Soon after entering California, we saw a shop where they sell wooden utensils made from Redwood and Myrtle wood. Pretty but expensive. Along the Smith River. Long and scenic

descent via a narrow canyon. Saw one Hummingbird sp., nice curvy road. Friendly drivers, holiday visitors, large Fir trees, Sequoias, red flowers, etc. Didn't seem to be as hot as yesterday. Tomorrow entering the Redwoods. About 80 km.

Aug 4, Crescent City, California. 13.30. Fine weather, cold. Quickly found a camping spot yesterday, in the garden of Mr Elliot (PO Box 6, Gasquet, CA 95543). He wasn't dressed as one should on Sunday. His wife had a night shift. Were invited for dinner, cooked by their daughter. Fried squash, meat and coleslaw. Tasted well, but wasn't too much. Talked for a while, he was baritone in a barbershop choir of about 25 members, and member of the local fire squad. Soon after the alarm went off, a motorcycle accident, which turned out not too bad. Made some buckwheat pancakes topped with fake maple syrup to fill up. Annelien was rather cuddly, perhaps due to the two glasses of wine during dinner. Got awful cramps, painful, had to almost vomit from the pain. By the way, beautiful sky full of stars.



Up at 06.00, left at 07.00. Breakfast with the Elliots. Last stretch of the US 199. Pretty. Saw a Great Egret. This morning Mr Elliot invited us to visit the chipboard factory. We visited the factory at the Elk Valley Rd. Giant dryers, presses, etc.



Cold. Many flowers. Now coffee at McDonalds in Crescent City. With something they call apple pie but in fact is a tiny apple flap. Not a single good café here. Pretty awful place. Saw a road sign with "San Francisco 359 miles". Biked through the Redwood National Forest. Very impressive. Incredible

trees. Impossible to make pictures that give a real impression of the enormous size of the trees. In a minute we will start biking the US 101 South! About 60 km today.

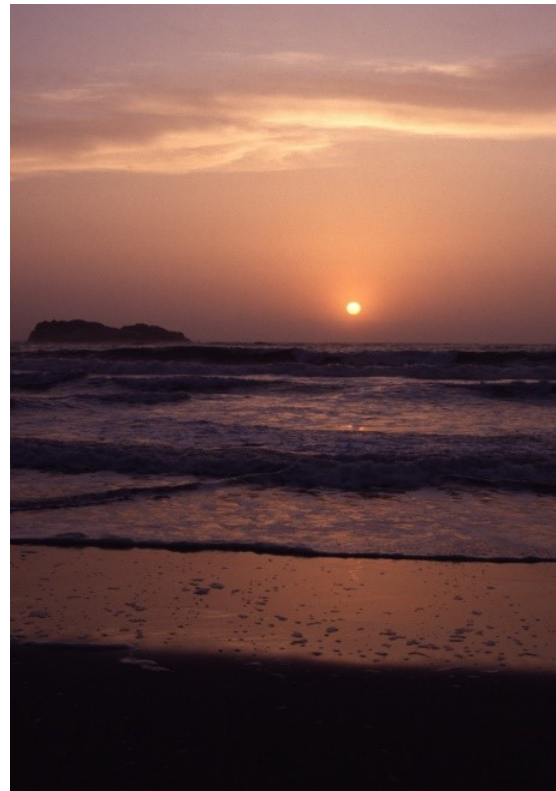


Aug 5, Orick, California. 12.30. Nice weather, coffee and a cinnamon roll. Yesterday we started biking over the US 101. Heavy traffic, many trucks and RVs. A few Brown Pelicans and likely Pigeon Guillemots. A long climb from Crescent City. My knee started hurting again, so used my smallest gear. The Sequoia forest here is not very nice, lots of ferns and lilies. Just before Klamath the 101 passes a lagoon, a salt water marsh with Great Egrets. At the end of the descent, arrived at Klamath, around 18.30. Very pretty. Brown Pelicans, Cormorants, Gulls, and at least two Californian Sealions in the surf. At the start of Klamath there is a church on the left side with a beautiful (dry) lawn and a house.



Nobody home except a cat, five kittens, a dog and a small snake. Also a few small houses on the other side. An elderly man walked up to me and asked me where I was looking for. Allowed to pitch up our tent anywhere we liked. Many Hummingbirds, busy with feeding in Fuchsia and chasing each other. The old couple, Eduard and Evelyn McNaughton (Box 626, Klamath, CA 95548) invited us for coffee with toast and home-made jelly. Eduard found our stove very funny. She had a pacemaker and

was not as she used to be. He had been a truck driver for over 30 years, nice people, reminded me of my grandparents. We had breakfast together. Toast with fried eggs, not completely “done”, not my favorite. The toast with jelly was much better. Trimmed their too fat poodle. What a smell. About 09.00 we started biking to Orick.



Many salmon fishers at the Klamath River. Many Sequoias. Found a piece of wood that I took along, will look later. Again a long climb of about 15-20 km, followed by a long descent, and again plenty trucks and RVs. Makes biking less fun. When traffic continues to be like this, we may have to leave the 101. A nice Redwood forest at Prairie Creek. Saw ten Elk, including two males.

Aug 6, Arcata, California. Coffee at 10.30, wet. Last night in Trinidad we camped behind the post office, laundromat and real-estate. The 101 passed the Humboldt Lagoon State Park. Saw a beautiful field guide for birds from National Geographical Society. But very expensive. Annelien bought it for me as a (future) birthday present. Quiet. Quickly cooked dinner of clam chowder, mashed potatoes, peanuts, pineapple and sauerkraut. Annelien had some yoghurt and I had a can of beer, “Old English”, Pabst, not too bad for US beer. Then walked through the village to the bay. Trinidad looks a nice little town, somehow a bit of an English atmosphere. Lots of flowers, nice houses with awful colors, green, turquoise, etc. In the bay many boats, Cormorants, Cedar Waxwings, Whimbrel, and one Heermann’s Gull, Brown Pelicans, two Californian Sealions at a rock, sunset. To bed at 21.00, about 68 km.

Up at 09.00. Fog. Getting a bit annoyed by the 101 by now. Will leave at the US 36 to Eureka, and then south. Now in a not too nice doughnut shop, but doughnuts and apple fritters are great.

Aug 7, five miles before Bridgestoneville, California. 10.45. For one reason or another, I was grumpy yesterday. In Eureka, Annelien tried to exchange the field guide for flowers but failed. When I told we

were from the Netherlands in the next book store, it worked. They had a great edition of Audubon's but still USD 75. As said, I was grumpy and annoyed that we weren't making any progress. Which I told. Again heavy traffic at the 101. Many Egrets and likely Willets along the coast. Foggy, no sun. Bought groceries in Fortuna, plus coffee and an ice-cream. Camped in Hydeville next to some houses. Not too flat. After dinner of chick peas, kidney beans, tomato, garlic, pepper, salt, Italian herbs, onion, sweet pepper, sharp cheddar, and cantaloupe, some time for bird watching. Two Wrentits, an unidentified raptor or owl, White-crowned Sparrow, one Californian Quail. About 72 km. Very damp. Slept at 20.30!

Up at 06.45, very damp, low hanging clouds. At 08.00 we left, rather quiet road through Sequoia forest. Before Bridgestoneville we saw Wilson Warblers, three males, and Chestnut-backed Chickadees. Annelien still crying, I am too much in a hurry and she is tired. So we have to slow down a bit. Weather improved, sun. To comfort ourselves a second piece of pie, for me coconut cream pie, Annelien Rhubarb pie.

Aug 8, Mad River, California. 12.45. Today is a resting day. After our coffee yesterday, the temperature increased very fast. There was a terrible climb, via Bridgestoneville. The end of this climbing and walking was a stretch of two miles 9%, which wasn't half as bad then the miles before. Just heard this is called McClien's Hill. What a climb. At the end we ran out of water, so we had to be sparesome and became thirsty. We passed a youth camp where they had water and a tame Steller's'



Jay, that liked the clip-on of my glasses. Bought food in Dinsmore. Found a camping spot in front of a fence, owned by an old guy who wasn't too friendly. Electric fence to keep the deer from eating his

roses. Still, we had a spot. Swore because I couldn't get the pegs into the ground. Dinner of Scotch broth soup, spaghetti with sauce, and yoghurt. About 62 km.

Left at 08.00. Immediately a detour after Dinsmore. What a mess, three and a half mile of gravel and mud (*picture on previous page, right*). Called heit from the Ranger station, whether he can find the name and number of the airport. In Mad River I was just making a picture of the local post office when I guy parked his guy just in front of it. Tom offered us to stay at his property and have dinner.



He just had to buy four bags of mortar. Wouldn't mind bringing us first to his home with his old Chevy pickup, but being stubborn, I said we could bike. He mumbled something like "pretty steep hill". Well, the Alps are peanuts compared to this hill. Steep, very steep, and incredibly steep. And very hot. Yesterday Annelien had her period, suffered from backpain and was tired. Even walking and pushing our bikes was virtually impossible. After a while Tom passed and stopped, and wondered whether he could get the three of us, the two bikes, and four bags of mortar uphill. He couldn't. Drove back, passed some ascending logging trucks, and then started the engine again. Uphill in his first gear, while I was in the trunk trying to keep the bikes on board. Nice people, Tom, Marilyn and their son Tony. And two dogs, one cat, chickens, geese and ducks, all walking around. Plenty of Acorn Woodpeckers seen from the porch through a mosquito net.



Aug 9, Mad River, California. We didn't do much yesterday apart from eating and talking. The family is apparently very religious, Roman catholic, they even have their own shrine in a separate room. Tom is also deputy priest, 61, vigorous, and has been some kind of observer in Spain, Middle East, and South America, and seems he hasn't done too bad. They are trying to be self-supporting with food, vegetables, fruits, honey, birds, eggs, etc., and have withdrawn themselves from society. Right now they are constructing a shed around a turbine to produce their own energy. This morning I helped preparing mortar and carrying stones. Nice work, sweaty and dusty. They live in a beautiful environment, in a house they build themselves and a rather barren inside. Last night, Annelien and I slept in their trailer. Blocked toilet and a dead lizard, but otherwise fine. Nice antler of probably a Mule Deer. At 05.30 Annelien had to go out for a leak, so I joined, and then "Blue" came in, a hunting dog, who slept with me in the trailer for another hour. He quite liked it. Annelien would like to have another resting day ("Unlikely we make it to LA anyway"). Let's have a look. Now 12.45 and still no coffee. Breakfast of scrambled eggs and pancakes. Tom made them with boiling water, the batter rose while watching....



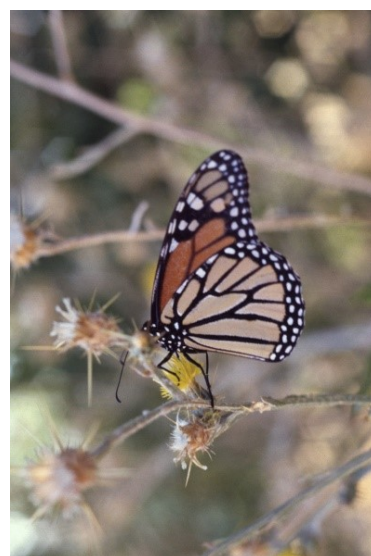
Aug 11, Red Bluff,

California. 12.35. Much to write. Saturday afternoon we went for a swim and eating a Sunday. Another mass in the evening. Sunday (yesterday) Blue woke us up at about 06.30. After breakfast Tom brought us with his



pickup to the top of South Fork Hill, 4,000 ft. Annelien had a pretty well sized lizard as a hitchhiker on her front bag. Nice descent to Forest Glen. The "36" is impossible to bike or only in the "1:1". Everywhere very steep. Before Wildwood we ran out of water, due to the climbing and high temperature, so we drank some water from a fast flowing stream. Delicious. Coffee in Wildwood. After Wildwood the road goes mostly downhill to Platina, very scenic. We saw lots of Mule Deer and one Jackrabit. Beautiful hills with sage brush, Eucalypts, Madrons, "white oak", etc.

In Platina we had a beer and found a nice lawn. The guy living in the house was a birder. Gregory Bushta (PO Box 47, Platina CA, 96706). He had two hummingbird feeders with Calliope's (small), Anna's and Allen's Hummingbird. Very nice, hope we made some pictures. Annelien and I invited him for dinner. He invited us to visit the local rubbish dump, trying to see a bear. Fresh droppings, just too late. Up at 05.00, coffee with Greg and left at 07.00 for Red Bluff, about 70 km of nothing. Greg told us to keep an eye open for Roadrunner. Very pretty environment. Made many pictures. Saw plenty of living and dead vultures, Acorn's Woodpecker, squirrels, Mourning Doves, Scrub Jays and a distant (and very fast) Roadrunner. Now in a dry valley. After Red Bluff towards Viva.



Aug 12, Elk Creek, California. 14.05. Sitting with our backs to the wall of the general store and post office. Now 100 °F and four logging trucks with idling engines, smells. Yesterday didn't go to Viva but stopped after Proberta. Biked through the valley, orchards everywhere, walnuts, olives, almonds. Soon we were on the lookout for coffee again. In Elsie's ... we had coffee, a pink interior. Rather dirty. Annelien had ice tea and I had cola. Nice and cool. We easily found a spot to camp. After finishing our soup, Manhattan clam chowder – not as tasty as New England clam chowder, and we were just starting to bake onion and bell pepper, we were invited for dinner. Tasted great. A sort of hamburger and a mixture of melon, potato chips and cottage cheese. A slightly odd family. The wife worked in a hospital, he was a mechanic of diesel engines. The youngest son was bloody annoying, likely because he needs all attention and is boring himself in the summer holidays ("and that stuff" as filler). The two other sons each had a giant pickup with poorly running engines. Inside small, not too clean, and quite a mess, including three Agapornis parrots. But very friendly! The dad, youngest son and Randall, the one but oldest, took us out for a drive, had a (yoghurt) ice cream (chocolate mint), very

tasty. Drove to the foothills of the Sierras. Nice sunset in the valley. Were invited for breakfast at 08.00, but we would like to leave at 05.00. Which we made by the way. Saw Hummingbirds, Black Phoebe and Yellow-billed Magpie. About 93 km.



Left at 06.30, sunrise. Valley not as boring as expected, plenty to see. Old volcanic scenery interspersed with river sediments. A quiet road via Corning. Had a good cup of coffee with a cinnamon roll, cheaper than yesterday and a lot bigger, and had a nice shit. While travelling to Elk Creek we got water twice, saw Black-tailed Deer, Meadowlarks, Flycatchers sp., vultures (including a flock of 24, made a picture), a female Northern Harrier, a Semipalmated Plover. Siesta now.

Aug 13, Guinda, California. Beer at 17.30. Yesterday from Elk Creek to Stonyford, 102 km. A new record for Annelien. Not much happened, only a car accident with plenty of firemen, police, etc. Hot. About 5 liter of fluid per person per day, 102 °F in Elk Creek.





We saw a nice green lawn in Stonyford, across the general store. Turned out to be a nice old guy, a nosy brother, a very tall women, and two dogs. Immediately got a large table.



Whatever we did, we couldn't get rid to the two guys. The owner, Phil, was really nice, we got fresh vegetables (tomatoes, zucchini). Thought he looked rather funny with his typical glasses and straw hat. Peculiar house. The new house was built over the old one, old doors still in place. Consequently, there was a corridor around the old house in which there were several huge freezers. He buys chocolate chips per 50 lb! Allowed to use the shower. Not unnecessary with all that sweating. California isn't too bad until now. After dinner (bulger, onion, tomato, bell pepper, zucchini, garlic). Quite good. Drawback was I smelled badly from it, although also the drinking water may be a cause for this. After dinner Phil told about his wife who died earlier. Sad story. Annelien and I went for a stroll. When almost dark, Annelien went to ask something, but didn't return. I checked. She had been copying a recipe for coconut cream pie. Got a piece of pecan pie. And got an giant bag filled with almonds and raisins, chocolate chip cookies, "crème tartar", almond tea (bit sad to drink this for our onion-tasting Lapland mugs, and a piece of cheese.



Up at 05.00, long time ago we were late, left at 06.30 after we watched semi-precious stones, petrified teeth and Indian arrowheads (Georgia). First 12 km to Lodoga the tarmac was very poor, followed by a small stretch of tarmac, 14 miles of dirt road. Couldn't make much speed. Fairly flat.



The start wasn't too bad, best to have some speed, but then there were deep tire tracks, horrible biking. Then a flat tire. Outer tire was clean, couldn't find anything, and replaced the inner tire. Meanwhile Annelien found a beautiful spear head of obsidian, just in the middle of the dirt road. A little while later a second flat. Two big holes in my inner tire, but again nothing to be seen in the outer tire.... Replaced by the new inner



and outer tires from Annelien. Biking was fine, but the road turned worse. We were extremely tired at the end of the dirt road. There was a fire station, and five Western Bluebirds, where we took a nap and had mushroom soup. Then, towards Rumsey, the road was mostly downhill into a (warm) canyon. Rumsey was nothing. Pushed Annelien last stretch. Dead tired. Now in a meadow with cacti. Somebody in the pub, who gave us a free round, offered a spot in his garden next to a swimming pool, but two more miles...

Aug 14, Winters, California. 14.25. In the end we didn't accept the invitation. After leaving the pub we pitched up the tent and had our dinner of kidney beans, two onions, tomato soup and pineapple. Went to bed already at 20.00 and slept to 07.00 this morning. We finally found a post office and dropped three film rolls and letters written by Annelien. Road through a valley. Fine tarmac and not too hot. Found a USD 10 bill, just along the road. Now in "Good Stuff", where they even sell English beer. Just had a bottle of Fullers and a "burrito grande". Annelien having a salad and orange juice.

Aug 15, coffee in Vallejo, California. 14.15. Yesterday after coffee and food we left Winters towards Vaccaville. Not too spectacular. Started searching for a camping spot at 15.00. First tried at a large ranch. First spoke to a Mexican guy who didn't speak English, then with the wife of the boss who liked us, and then the boss himself, who turned out to be a whiner. Drinking water was a problem. The next one we asked thought it was fine but was afraid that his neighbor would complain!

Especially that compassionate face... Then the next try, bingo. Two houses close to each other, of which Carl owned one. Yard sale, big mess. There was an old restored Buick. Beautiful, white and red. Were allowed to pitch our tent at the neighbors' house. While having a look at the car with a few acquaintances of Carl, we got a can of Coor's light and weed offered. Accepted only the first. When having our dinner, bread-pizza with tomato, onion and cheese, two friends of Carl came and offered us two bottles of ... beer. Likely because I told them that the American beer is a bit "thin". A while later Linda came with two glasses and two cans of Budweiser. Had a good time.



Didn't sleep too well last night. Four mosquitos in the tent. Linda brought us breakfast. Michael knew something of "artefacts" and was surprised that I also knew something about it. After breakfast, checked the road with Carl. Asked him for a souvenir, got a 30-40-year old bottle of mineral water. Everybody was super nice. After we left, around 09.00, we had some problems finding the road (like yesterday to Vaccaville, when I found two caps, including one of the WWF). Finally found the "12". Busy and narrow two-lane road, covered with new gravel, max speed 35 miles per hour. From the "12" to the "29", a four-lane road. Strong wind and now and then overcast. About 70 °F. Now coffee in a typical American dining place, "Jack in the box", coffee and cheeseburgers for USD 1. Writing a postcard to the Eldred family, who are married 50 (?) years today.

Aug 16, Davenport, California. Coffee at 18.25. Lots happened. Yesterday a very odd day. In Fairfield we had coffee and an apple fritter. Troubles in getting on the "12". Head wind and poor road signs. Then the "37". First we passed the bridge at Vallejo. Strong wind. Then entered the "37". Two lane road, small, and heavy traffic. In the beginning there was a small shoulder, later on there was nothing. Strong side wind. When a truck passed, my bike started shaking. Annelien and I considered this unsafe, and we walked back. In Dennis we bought an ice-cream at Dennis to cool down a bit. Then trouble started. The Golden Gate bridge was closed for bikes, a real pity. We heard this at the gasoline station where I filled up for USD 0.22 (now in total USD 0.64). The first guy we asked with a pickup: bingo! He drove us and our bikes over the Oakland Bridge, through San Francisco and we had a place to stay. Ron Parshall had a weak spot for Dutch people. He was into insurance and building. By the way. When entering San Francisco: seventeen lanes of traffic that merge into six lanes on the bridge, one way, into town, six lanes out of town are one "floor" down. Here and there we saw five "levels" of highway, one over the other. The city is beautifully located at the bay. Happy we didn't have to bike here. We were taken to his nice house in Burlingame. We had a shower and went out for dinner to an Italian restaurant. Also tried the local beer, not too bad. We slept really soft on a

couch (on the floor). This morning we had breakfast, and he brought us to Hwy 1. Passed the house of Bing Crosby. Not too bad. Before starting on the 1, the three of us had coffee.



Rather cool, hills, and also this road was rather busy. We saw a Phainopepla, Western Gulls, Californian Gulls, Heermanns' Gulls, Ruddy Ducks, female Cinnamon Teal, a female Northern Harrier, Brown Pelicans, and Marbled Godwits. Almost 19.00 and we still have to find a spot to camp. Coffee is good but expensive, and not to many refills (USD 0.85 each!). Personal record (for me).

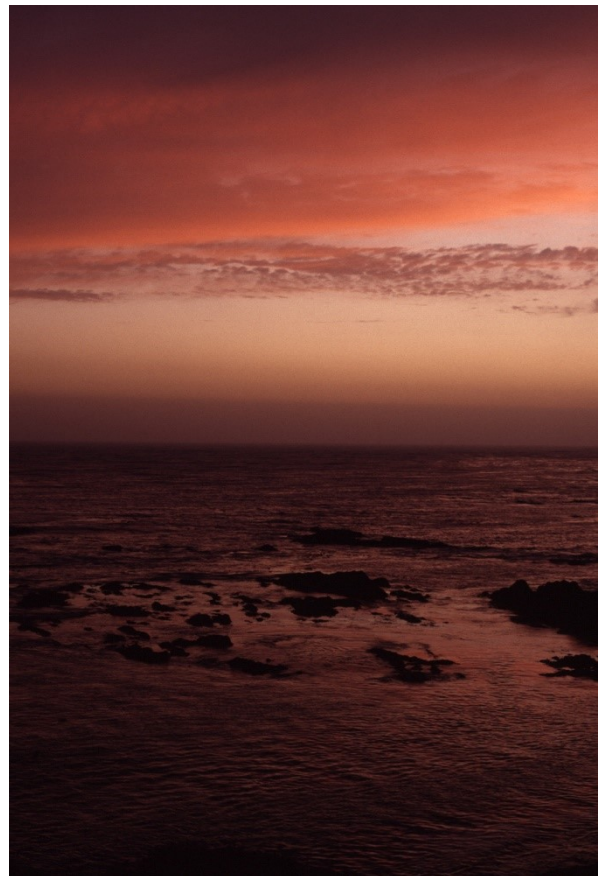


Aug 17, Moss Landing, California. Almost 17.30. Cold. After we finished our coffee yesterday, we soon found a spot in a rear garden with an aviary with chickens and peacocks. Cooked bulgar, almonds, raisins, and onion. Tasted well. Early to bed. A Great Horned Owl perched on a chimney. Later perched on the cross of the church. Not too much happened today. After Santa Cruz it was annoying to find our way. The US 1 is an interstate, on which bikes are not allowed. But we enjoyed a proper cup of coffee and a waffle in Santa Cruz. Phoned heit and mem. They were just watching the slides we send. Look great according to heit. Along the San Andreas Road and further on there are plenty of fields with sprouts, cabbage and strawberries. Now writing a few cards, including one for the Eldred family. Annelien looked tired last two days, belief that for her it will be good that this trip is (almost) over.

Aug 20, San Simeon, California – 10.25. Coffee. Last days too busy to write. Evening of the day before yesterday we had lots of trouble finding a place to camp because we were in a military zone. Finally found a spot in Seaside, in somebodies garden.



The "1" is very busy, heavy traffic. In the afternoon made pictures of pelicans. Hard to find your way because we are not allowed to bike over some stretches of Interstate 1. Went via Monterey and Carmel to Big Sur. Beautiful road but heavy traffic. Again no camping spot. Shit. Finally decided to camp on a campground. We could share a spot with a mother and her two daughters. Dinner was fine, clam chowder, hash-browns, and a salad of bell pepper, tomato, and onion, one liter of yoghurt and one can of Budweiser that we had found along the road, and a bottle of Porter's Anchor Steam beer, tastes a bit like Guinness. Early to bed.





Yesterday morning over the "1". Scenic. Less traffic. Hardly any places to drink coffee during the last days. After breakfast we had some coffee at the camp shop. In Lucia there was only one place to buy coffee, USD 1 without refills. Robbery! So no coffee. Before Lucia made a few pictures of a Sea Lion colony.



Great sight. Between Lucia and San Simeon every other seven or ten miles there were little towns. Stopped in one of those for coffee and pie, USD 2.50. Tasty. Lots of bikers. Yesterday afternoon Annelien (with luggage) overtook an American guy without luggage while going uphill! Made a picture of it. Again hard to find a place to camp, but close to the water we found a great spot. Very cold and windy, but.. plenty of Seals and Pelicans. Also Patellas, Chitons, and Barnacles. Dinner of kidney beans, mixed vegetables, onion (business as usual), and a bit of cheese. And two not so nice tasting peaches.

Up at 07.00. Fog, which disappeared fast. By the way, fine weather during the last couple of days. When opening the tent, lots of Seals, Pelicans, and one Coyote! Walking over the pebbles. Very pretty. Rather short legs and more yellow than the one we saw earlier. Also Turnstones, Whimbrels, Willets (supposedly so, although according the distribution map this is questionable). This morning Annelien phoned her parents, meanwhile watching hummingbirds, including Anna's. Now delicious coffee and three large buttermilk pancakes for USD 5. Finally "full". Compensates a lot. Los Angeles is

about 250 miles. One dead Badger, road kill. In Morro Bay Annelien bought two guest books and in Cayucas a bought a real Maglite, small, for USD 13.95.



Aug 22 Orgutt, California. 10.10, fog. Again a lot happened. Day before yesterday we were “picked from the street” by Jan, a real Rotterdammer. Build his own house, still working on a windmill. Nice wife, kids, four horses, about seven cats, and one dog. Were invited for dinner of Kentucky fried chicken, chips, etc. Was very nice but still hungry. Very damp in the evening. Toast and coffee for breakfast. Great intentions, but remained slightly hungry. Then the shit hit the fan. In San Simeon we had coffee and pancakes. Found out that I had forgotten my field guides, diary, sweatband and biking gloves. Fortunately, the daughters’ boyfriend had to visit Morro Bay and would pass San Simeon. After a few phone calls and a drive to Morro Bay, I had my stuff back. Left Los Osos at 11.00, very hungry and dying for a cup of coffee. In San Obispo we had coffee and not so good pie for USD 5.83! Crooks! Bought an ice-cream and some groceries (peanut butter, honey). Sunny but cold. Again difficult to find a camping spot, but finally found a nice lawn in Guadeloupe, after 59 km. Really cold. Enjoyed a bottle of Anchor Steam and cooked an excellent dinner of spaghetti, olives, mushrooms, onion, bell pepper, tomato, and plenty of garlic. Town seems inhabited by mostly Mexicans.

Left this morning at about 08.30, low clouds and damp. First coffee in a Mexican restaurant, and then really left. The US 1 goes more inland here and there is much less traffic. Now coffee and a snack, three buttermilk pancakes, in a nice café. Great views of a Coopers’ Hawk yesterday. And made some pictures of Eucalypt trees.

Aug 23, near Santa Barbara, California. Evening. Biking went smoothly yesterday after finishing the coffee. Nice road, quiet and a tail wind. Difficult to find a camping spot. First a granny who told us honestly that she didn’t want any overnight camping, then a lady with horses, and then an old guy who told us that he thought his wife wouldn’t like it.... Too posh neighborhood, near Santa Ines. After we passed this town, bingo. We were allowed to camp on a lawn. The lady, Sandy, was a birder who had just moved. In a spacious but empty room, only bins, stones everywhere and wooden birds. Very nice, kind and friendly person. Started with coffee and chocolate chip cookies. Then Jack came home and offered us a shower. Next we were allowed to stay overnight in the apartment downstairs, and were invited for dinner. Great shower and great food, spaghetti Bolognese, baguette and salad... Talked a while and went to sleep around 23.00.



Also Annelien enjoyed herself. At 08.00 or so Sandy made a bikers breakfast (we told her that Jan had served us two slices of toast, which we liked but which wasn't enough). Well, fried potatoes, bacon, toast. Delicious. Talked a while with Bryan. About his not so happy love life, his clerical calling, and this trip through the US with a "Christian opera". Left at 11.00. The 154 is a nice road, scenic but busy. A long climb before Santa Barbara. Didn't went smoothly, Annelien suffered from cramps. Stopped for coffee and tea. Then it was my turn, my left knee started hurting. Finally a nice descend to Santa Barbara. Santa Barbara is very tidy, plenty of palm trees, sand beaches, and motels with "No vacancy" signs. Then not! Walked through the shopping street, and biked further.



Biked to Summerland, where an asshole of a large orange orchard refused us an overnight camping spot. Annelien finally managed to get us a spot, within a wall. The "garden" of Dave.



Beans, pineapple and green (not so nice) olives, onion, bell pepper, and corn. Wrote a while when it was getting dark, got a couple of chairs. Finished a bottle of Guinness and to bed. Slept for ten hours.

Left at 08.15, fog. After some searching and fighting, we had coffee and cholate pie in Carpenteria. Road to Carpenteria, the 192, is nice, oranges, lemons, avocado's, palm trees, etc. Nice doughnut shop. Entire day damp and not too warm. Before we entered Ventura, we ate grapes along the side of the road. Meanwhile dolphins, seals, squirrels and gulls, beautiful. Enjoyed a tasty ice-cream in

Ventura. Peculiar biking routes that stop all of a sudden. After Ventura I found a huge bicycle helmet. Way too big but still a nice souvenir. In Oxnard I talked with a Carin, a lady biker, about 35. We were offered to stay overnight in an empty apartment. Beautiful. Living room, shower, two toilets, two bed rooms, and one swimming pool. Never “camped” so luxurious in my life. Black-necked Stilts and a female Cinnamon Teal before Oxnard.

Aug 26, Los Angeles International Airport. 15.10. After waking up in “our” apartment, including a dish washer, etc., we toasted some bread and had tea. Evening before we were invited for dinner, pizza. Was really nice. Dan had been sailing in the Pacific for four years, when, during the night, the ship was wrecked at a coral island. Very nice people, Carin was involved in a divorce. Finally tasted Mexican beer, tasted well. In Oxnard we had coffee and a Mexican sandwich at a real Mexican café / shop. The road to Malibu was very scenic. The left side of the Santa Monica Hills, actually mountains, are covered with agaves or yucca’s, and cacti on the right side, along the ocean. Towards Malibu nice houses along the ocean with plenty of Mercedes Benz, BMW, and sand beaches.



In Malibu we were enjoying coffee and an ice-cream, when a nice American guy paid our bill. After we passed Malibu, I assumed that campgrounds would be full, so just before entering Tapanga Beach we took a side road. Found a hard spot under Eucalyptus trees. After dinner, spaghetti according the well-known recipe, early to bed. The tent was not too level and the soil was really hard. Moreover, lots of noise including chatting hikers in the middle of the night, cars, and animals. My flashlight gives a nice beam of light by the way. Didn’t sleep well. At about 07.30 we left, batteries of both the alarm clock had my watch had died. In Santa Monica, plenty of palm trees, beaches and beautiful weather, we had coffee and three pancakes. Great. The airport was relatively easy to enter via a rather winding road over the beach and a six-lane road at the airport.



After some problems in getting bicycle cartons from TWA, we went to the Tom Bradley terminal. Checked our luggage, packed our bikes, changed clothing and checked-in. Pretty early. Annelien has a window seat, her favorite spot. Took the bicycle helmet as hand luggage, can wear it when we arrive at Schiphol!