

Day Six

I am starting to catch up on the past notes that I made to myself during the trip. On my way out of Calistoga, I stopped by Doctor Wilkinson's office to see what a D.C. was (see first attachment, Dr Wilkinson). "Doctor of Chiropractic Medicine" was the answer.



Then the nurse offered me a variety of detoxification therapies, including a mud bath and a colonic irrigation. She said that they really work to reduce toxins.

I considered asking how she knew whether or not that was an important thing to do, but instead I found myself asking, "Hey, if I drink massive amounts of water for multiple days in a row would that reduce toxins?"

She said, "Yeah, sure!"

And I terminated the conversation explaining that I could not possibly have any toxins at this time.

I have received several responses to this BooBoo's Big Bike Ride Blog. Here are a couple of highlights.

"Gratuitously sexy," is how some of you described the picture of the bicycle on the bed.

This complaint came only from those who are daily bike riders themselves and felt compelled to defend the bike's honor. The rest of us only saw a bike on a bed in the picture.

With regard to responses, since emails bounce when they have large attachments or have other problems with their content I did get several "bounce messages" returned to me. I read them all. I wanted to know what routers, and particularly routers with firewalls, are thinking these days. Some of the error messages from the firewalls were revealing, such as:

"This email contains content that is way too fucking funny to even temporarily reside on any J.P. Morgan servers"

While driving I have seen what I would like to call "Clear Signs" during the trip. After breaking camp along the Russian River I passed a wall containing many large posters and painted plywood signs with big print. One was for the upcoming junior rodeo, others the pancake breakfast at the fire station, the musical at the playhouse, 4th of July parade and the family bicycle ride. I am pretty sure the goal of life used to be to attend as many of these as possible. Somewhere in the last hundred years filled with cities, TVs, suburbs, cigarettes, our many other addictions and automatically-installing web browser plugins we lost sight of these simple goals, but out here in the country they seem to still exist for now.



RUSSIAN RIVER RODEO



DUNCANS MILLS ★ **JUNE 24+**

www.russianriverrodeo.org



Some statistics have been gathered about the other people on this trip. Age range is a 14-year-old girl with her mom, and an 83-year-old Professor Emeritus in Physical Chemistry from Cal. One of the woman rode across country for 70th birthday with Bubbas Pampered Peddlers, which took 50 days, and then went back to her nursing job upon return. She is 73 now, and riding on this trip. There are 50 people who are in their fifties, about 50 more in their sixties but only 4 in their seventies and just that one in his eighties. Big drop off their but good going for those in their 50's and 60's.

We made it to the ocean, and thus, the heat wave is over.



Tomorrow Liz and her gang of riders peddle across the Golden Gate Bridge to have a catered picnic at Old Speedway Meadow. I have to find a place to stash the Winnebago and Uber in for the event, because I doubt anyone is going to dig me taking up my usual four parking places in the city.

Roger