

Bar Harbor
Bike Trip June 2001

Day 1: Newton, NH (Dan's house) to Old Orchard Beach

The ride started off at a fast pace, 16 + mph to Hampton Beach with Dominic leading the charge aided by a good tail wind. Stopped for a quick view of the beach and for Dominic to shop for cheap flip-flops . . . alas the flops were not cheap enough here. The ride up the coast offered views of amazing houses, the surf, and the occasional cool sea breeze. Stopped for a water refill and this time Dominic was successful in purchasing \$5 flip flops for the trip. Ride continued on with the first of many mile-adding detours taking us out to Nubble point lighthouse. Don got the first and only flat of the trip and was quickly given a lesson by the grizzled veterans in how to change it; one should always keep the following in mind when changing a tire:

- Lube the tube with baby powder.
- Slightly inflate the tube before putting it in the tire.
- Check the tire before putting the tube back in (Dominic saved Don another flat with this quick check!!)

Lunch was then had at Nubble point after a fast pace 62 miles. The waitress was possibly an escaped mental patient who adamantly refused to let us all order fries, because she claimed that if we did we would then have five orders of fries. After trying to understand how the four of us could order five servings of fries, we quickly gave up and Don ate Onion rings to keep the waitress from having a breakdown . . . of course the mystery remains: Why were onion rings acceptable and fries not?

The post lunch ride went on two detours to routes 130 and 9; both were great alternatives to route 1. Dominic pedaled with a poipose to a stop at Cape Porpoise (Nyuk, Nyuk, Nyuk) for some moose tracks and chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream. Our brief stop was almost met with disaster when Bob, enjoying his ice cream, noticed a large dump truck labeled "Cape Porpoise Fish Bait" back up to where his bike was parked and start to dump. As Bob ran to his bike, fortunately the truck stopped lifting its bed. It turns out they were just unloading salt used to preserve the day's load. . . the moral of this story is don't park your bike in an unloading area next to a fish pier.

The remaining afternoon ride was “Africa camels dying hot”; lots of pedaling while sucking down water and watching out for the motorized vehicles.

Got into camp just in time to set up tents before the rains came pouring in. The rain gave everyone a cool nature shower but after 15 minutes cool turned to cold. Bob found out that the showers had unlimited free hot water so everyone headed over to the showers and proceeded to use these to keep warm and finish washing up.

Dinner at the Lobster Claw greeted Don with the biggest pile of fried clams anyone had ever seen, it defied physics that they stayed on the plate. He managed to eat about 90% of the clams before calling it quits (of course everyone commented that Tony would have taken care of the remaining pile).

As the night came to a close Dominic, Dan and Bob were worried that Don was cracking up as they heard him talking to himself in the tent, but he was only talking to Christine on the cell phone.

The total stats for the day were 89 miles, one flat, four cold then hot showers, and an oversized pile of fried clams.

Day 2: Old Orchard Beach to Darmascotta

Ride started at 6:01 AM, Don caused the one minute delay to the scheduled start with some tardy packing of the Mt. Everest limited edition tent. Don bonked in the early morning hours and thus the team stopped for a quick cliff bar break before Portland. Don then lost his “drying” underwear in downtown Portland and Dan kindly retrieved them. The group stopped for a quick picture at the Portland Sea Dog statue. The ride continued onto 88 out of Portland, the nice rolling road lined with big homes and old stone fences proved to be a good alternative to 1. Next stop was a yummy breakfast at the Freeport Inn Café. The crew then headed into Freeport. Dominic and Bob bought magic towels at LL Bean, while Don picked up a spare tube. Pleasant Hill Road, leading out of Freeport and eventually into Bath, led through rolling farms with very little 4 wheeled. The bridge at Bath gave some interesting views of ships under repair at Bath Iron Works.

The group reached camp fairly early so Bob and Don went sailing, while Dan and Dominic relaxed in the Jacuzzis. The camp provided some natural encounters; first with a red fox sighting upon entering, next with close up views of some loons after everyone was settled.

Dinner at King Eiders Pub in Darmascotta was highlighted by some tasty Black and Tans. Dan, Don, and Dominic then built a campfire to the wonderful tune of Bob snoring in the background.

The total stats for the day were 84 miles, one dropped pair of underwear, two Jacuzzi baths, and one loud snorer.

Day 3: Darmascotta to East Orleans

Started from Lake Pemiquid, looking for a shortcut, but ended up on Rt 1. Cool and cloudy weather made morning commuter traffic tolerable. Up and down hills on Rt 1 to Waldoboro. Where's Waldo? Don and Bob didn't care, all they saw was neon "EAT" sign on Moody's Diner at top of a big hill. Looking for Dan and Dominic's bikes in parking lot, Don and Bob were pissed to see Dan's butt in the distance. Dominic was not to be seen. Yesterday it was 30 miles to breakfast, how long today? Left Rt. 1 onto Rt 90 to Rockland. Dominic met a 60 year old couple bike touring from Worcester to Bar Harbor. We had a great breakfast at the Rockport Family Diner, but the A/C was cold. We sat next to a big long table with about twenty gents ranging in age from 60 to 90. No women allowed! We figured this was the Waldoboro Men's Club. Where will we be in 40 years? A few drops of rain occurred while everyone was eating. We went to the end of 90 and on to Rt1 north in Rockport. Dan and Dominic took the lead, Don and Bob the rear. Don and Bob had a lovely leisurely ride, so did Dominic minus the leisurely part. Dan was in the middle trying to catch Dominic. Past beautiful stone castles and B&B in Camden with amazing views of Penobscot Bay and many islands, and rode past the Lincolnville to Isleboro ferry.

It was "Bearfest" time in Belfast. Handsomely painted and dressed wooden bears all around town. Everyone took a picture next to the bride bear that Dan was trying to pick up. Past the fish processing plant and some folks fishing off the old bridge under the new Rt. 1 bridge. Planned to eat lunch in Sandy Point, but nothing there, so continued on to Bucksport. Awesome overlook of the gorge and suspension bridge, and got to see a Bald Eagle soaring above river. Stiff cross wind, narrow two-lane bridge and big freaking truck made crossing interesting. Pizza for lunch in Bucksport while watching the logging trucks drive by. Dominic woofed 1/2 veggie pizza before Bob finished 2 slices. Don had repeated problems getting back onto his bike, which resulted in a grapefruit sized bruise on Don's hip. Trek up big hill slowed by pizza in stomach. Got to campground before minor sprinkle and enjoyed wild strawberries. Don and Bob paddled a canoe into the wind across the lake and enjoyed a view of a mansion on the other side. Dinner at Duffy's restaurant across the street was awesome. The waitress kicked ass at 900 miles an hour. You could hear her repeat the whole menu every few seconds. 3000 calories later we sat at the campfire as the fog rolled in.

The total stats for the day were 76 miles, 67 before lunch, 17 well dressed bears, one bald eagle, one scary bridge, and one hyped-up waitress.

Day 4: East Orleans to Bar Harbor via Cadillac Mountain

The fog rolled in overnight and visibility was about a quarter mile when we left East Orleans. Dominic and Dan disappeared into the fog, not to be seen until the big downhill into Ellesworth. Dominic and Dan wanted to go to Trenton for breakfast but Bob and Don insisted on stopping in Ellesworth. Excellent breakfast at Riverside Café. Met Dave from Arizona, biking alone from Providence, RI to Nova Scotia and New Foundland. Headed out from Ellesworth and found Goose Cove Road to cross Peninsula but made wrong right turn after onto 230 and added an extra 4 miles to the journey. Turned around and took Rt3 to Mt. Desert Island. The hills began prepping the group for Cadillac Mountain. After a stop at Rt233 the rain began. Wet, wet fun going up and down the big hills to get to Cadillac Mt. Rd. Dominic and Dan were sprinting up the Mountain to wait 40 minutes in the men's room for Bob and Don. Don was crouched under a tree at the bottom waiting for Bob when they began their ascent. The rain got heavier until eventually they were climbing in the pouring rain. Then the 30mph headwind hit as we took one of the switchbacks. Several bikes without bags whipped by us on the way up. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the view of the pouring rain and the fog from the men's room screen door. We put on our rain suits and started down. All of us were heavy on the brakes as we whipped down in the rain. After returning to 233 we enjoyed a nice descent into Bar Harbor. We parted at Main St., Dominic to the hotel and Don to his B&B. Bob tried to find an info booth when he ran into Dan who couldn't get into his room yet. We rode over to Dominic's hotel and found him asleep in the bathtub. Bob got a room at that hotel and Diane, Michelle, Andy and Marina arrived. We had a nice lunch down the street. Dominic's family and Bob took a car ride up Cadillac Mt and around the park. We saw Dave from Arizona again at several of the tourist sites. Christine made it up and we all got together for dinner at Ruppini's.

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And finally the total stats for the trip were 299 miles, 8 tired legs, one chaffed rear end, and 4 families happy to see everyone back home.

The only thing keeping the trip from being perfect was the people that could not make it. Thanks again to Tony for all the work he did in planning the route and getting everyone together.

Now where to go next year? . . . Finger lakes? . . . Upstate New York? . . . Lake George? . . . Lake Placid? . . . Philadelphia via the Delaware Watergap?

Day 1- Outside of Wells beach, the picture does not show the sweat rolling off us in the 100degree heat.



Day 2- Portland sea dog picture thanks to some dropped dirty underwear...



Day 2- Outside LL Bean in Freeport ..home of the cleanest public bathrooms in Maine



Day 2- Share the road sign on Pleasant hill road out of Freeport.



Day 2- ...Dan like it so much we were able to get a solo shot of the camera man.



Day 3- ...Who wouldn't marry her?



Day 3- ...On the bridge outside of Belfast..you can't see the fine smell coming form the fish plant off screen to our left...



Day 3- ...Watching an eagle soar over the bridge into Bucksport..



Day 3- Heading into the camp at East Orleans



Day 4- Pre dinner fun in Bar Harbor

