

Climbing Hamilton my legs reminded me I'd ridden West Alpine yesterday!



A group of way-too-enthusiastic cyclists at the top of Hamilton today. New Year's Day, which means it's time to climb Mount Hamilton again! Kind of a ritual, no, not kind of, but a serious ritual that I've done for a couple of decades at least. Don't even remember the first time, just that the idea was started a very long time ago by a good customer, David Harvey. He's still a good customer, but he's long since given up on Hamilton, far as I know.

Just me, solo again, as Kevin was with his girlfriend. Rode down to the train station, took it to San Jose and set off. Nice to have a bit of a warm up before hitting the hill; not so nice to deal with the endless number of stoplights along the way!!!

Beautiful morning to climb; started in the low-50s and warmed up to 64 near the top. Felt a bit overdressed but not too bad, and would rather be too warm than too cold! This was my first year up Hamilton that I didn't see a single cyclist I recognized, although I'll probably hear from a few that passed me in the other direction.

After yesterday's ride up West Alpine I knew it wasn't going to be fast or easy, but it really wasn't that bad. I had a goal of under 1 hour 50 minutes, and made it with a couple minutes to spare.

Perhaps the hardest part about this ride is making it back to the train station in time. I had to push harder than needed because I thought the train left at 2, and I was hitting every stop light on the way back (in Downtown San Jose). Made it by 1:57, only to find the train didn't leave until 2:38pm. Time enough to pick up some food and coffee from the train station café even!



The train arrives to take me to Mt Hamilton!



64 degrees and fairly heavy-duty leg warmers!



Have a Coke and a smile!



Note that the coke machine is now \$1.50, no longer \$1.