

Martin's Beach... Interesting place! First ride to the coast in a while.

It had been a while since I'd been to the coast, and it didn't seem likely that I'd be doing so yesterday (Sunday). I was expecting another ride through the foothills, stopping at Peet's in Los Altos for food and coffee. But ex-pilot had other ideas; he and Dave (ex-pilot's to the right, Dave to the left in the video above) had other ideas. How about heading up Old LaHonda, out to San Gregorio, and back Tunitas?

Why not. I needed a tougher effort. Not so sure I needed to watch people I'm riding with quickly getting out of sight as they ride away from me up the hills though. But hey, San Gregorio, stop for coffee right? Nope. This was an express (well, express implies fast; better to call this a non-stop) and we rode right past. No biggie; it's just Tunitas coming up. Just over a 40 mile ride. I can handle one more hill.

Only it wasn't just one more hill. Ex-pilot decided we ought to check out the waves (forecast at 15 feet), and when the fogged-in coast robbed us of any views heading down the hill into Tunitas, ex-pilot thought hey, let's check the waves out close-up at Martin's Beach.

Martin's Beach? It sounded familiar, but had to have ex-pilot connect the dots for me. This is the beach owned by one of the founders of Sun Microsystems, who decided to go up against the California Coastal Commission and try to prevent access to "his" beach. It's been in and out of the courts since 2009 I think? So you have to get around a locked gate (that isn't supposed to be a locked gate) and ride down this nicely-paved narrow road into the Land that Time Forgot. Old beach cottages, a few nicer looking places, basically a small community of largely-empty buildings, including a former hotel. Right. On. The. Beach. I mean, within 30 feet of water. When you think total Tsunami wash-out, think this place.

Unfortunately too foggy to get much of a view; the waves seemed to be breaking just out of sight. But absolutely this place is worth a visit. It reminds me a bit of the odd stuff you see riding up the back side (from 84) of Bear Gulch Road. A place where old Hippies go to die, and maybe there's someone playing dueling banjos on a porch.

In for an inch, in for a mile. We would be doing the "long" Tunitas route, via Los Lobitos Creek. Thankfully Dave had an extra Clif Bar, which was enough to fuel me up Tunitas. Must have been the slow-burn version of Clif Bar though, as it was a pretty slow slog up the hill for me, much tougher than I expected. But I made it, recovering a bit on the flatter section, a recovery necessitated by pride.

Overall a very nice ride, getting me back early enough to get most of the pre-Christmas family stuff out of the way. Tomorrow (Tuesday) is Christmas Eve, which means opening an hour earlier (10am), seriously cutting into Tuesday-morning ride time. Plus it's supposed to rain. So... tonight I set up the bike on the trainer and try to get a decent Zwift effort in.