



EBC Bikewriter

August 2002

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

2002 Triathlon Disaster Relief Benefit for the American Red Cross, Posey County

Distances: 500 m Swim, 18.5 mile Bike, 5 k Run

Date: September 8, 2002

Sign In: 7:30 a.m.

Location: Harmonie State Park, New Harmony, Indiana

Entry Fee: \$15.00 for individual participants, \$40.00 for a team of three

Participant Registration Deadline: 4:00 p.m., Friday, August 31

Participation is open to individuals or teams of three. Prizes will be awarded accordingly.

For more information contact: American Red Cross Posey County Chapter (812) 838-3671

Vision: To encourage participation in sports, encourage good sportsmanship and to raise funds for disaster and other emergency services provided by the Posey County Red Cross Chapter. Proceeds to benefit Posey County Disaster Relief.

Participants will receive a t-shirt. Participants must pay the Harmonie State Park gate fee of \$3.00 per vehicle to enter the park. Participants should then report to the event registration area at the pool. Participants must wear bicycle helmets when competing in the bicycle portion of the triathlon. Participants or guardian must also sign the release on the entry form.

PRESIDENT'S NOTES

Update on the Great Pumpkin Metric - October 13th

It does not seem possible that we are planning for another GPM already. The date of the GPM was changed this year due to a conflict with the Hilly 100. As many of you already know, it takes a team effort from the whole club to make this ride a success. Volunteers are need in all areas. Some of them are as follows: SAG Drivers - contact Bob Wefel; Registration - contact Rusty Yeager; Food Preparation & Clean-up - Contact Ronnie Lee; Rest Area Set Up assistant - two people needed contact Randy Silkie or Tony Titzer; Parking Directors - two people needed contact Darlene Wefel; volunteers are need to do two rest stops - contact Tony or Randy; Set-up Swine Barn - contact Gary Gardner, Marking the Route - two or three people who are experienced in marking routes are needed - contact Darlene Wefel.

Club meeting on August 8th

There will be a discussion on the survey response and any changes to the ride schedule. Please plan to attend.

Respectfully Submitted
Darlene Wefel

Yes, I'm Crazy Enough to do at Least One Century!
by Dorothy Niekamp

Who's crazy enough to get out of a cozy bed at 5 a.m. on a Saturday morning to ride 100 miles on a bicycle on a hot summer day? Moi! And, I'm proud to say that I've now joined the elite "century club"! For those who have done one or many centuries, for those who are aspiring to do their first centuries, and for those who vow never to do centuries, it's an accomplishment you'll be glad you challenged yourself to do! Why? Just because. Maybe it's similar to why people climb Mt. Everest--just because it's there.

At 6:30 a.m. on June 29, we met at Plaza Park Middle School on outer Lincoln Avenue and were on the road before 7:00 a.m. Some chose the Santa Claus Century, and others of us combined parts of the Ditney, Oak Hill, and Scott School routes. It being Thunder weekend, we decided not to do the touring/Dogtown route that would take us along the Evansville riverfront. As the sun rose and burned off the early morning haze, Cindy, Vicky, and I traveled north on Epworth Road, to Stevenson Station, around Ditney Hill, and into Elberfeld, where Jay joined us.

There is a particular camaraderie that comes from sharing a 6-8 hour bicycle ride with others. Chatter helps pass the time, and you become better acquainted. For example, Jay and I found out we work for the same company. Accomplishing the century becomes a team effort ... drafting off one another, the lead rider pointing out obstacles in the road, and the rear rider warning "car back". Words of encouragement take you mile after mile, around the next curve in the road, and boost you up and over the hills.

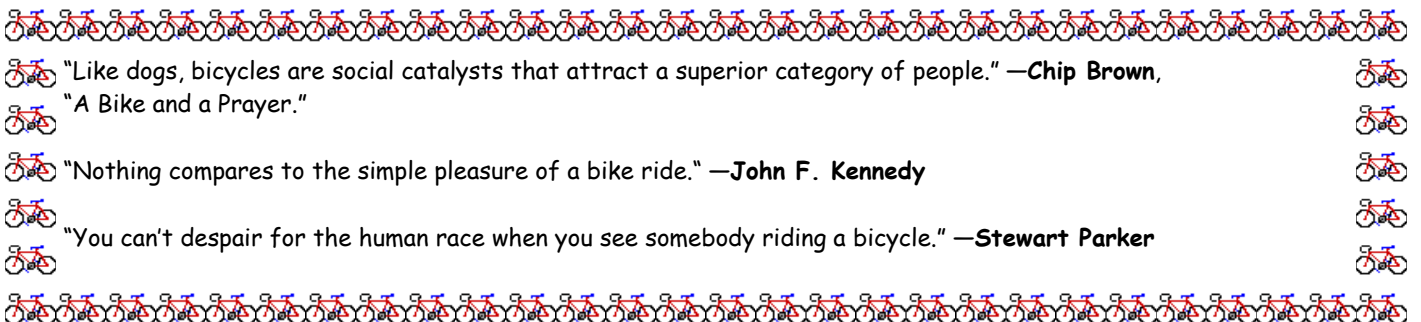
By the way, has everyone noticed how noisy but how cool it is when you zoom downhill and how quiet and hot it is when you're climbing one of those monsters? Fortunately, the day was for the most part a bit overcast, and there was a slight breeze, so it was bearable despite the 90-degree heat.

A century is manageable when conceptualized as five successive 20-mile rides. You have to break the 100 miles down into smaller segments, or it would be overwhelming. Every 20-30 miles we stopped briefly to rest and ingest Power Bars, Power Gel, or Gatorade and had a welcomed lunch break at the Subway in Ft. Branch. Of course, we drank gallons of water all day long.

Admittedly, for about the last twenty miles of the ride, we were quiet, not talking, but just concentrating on finishing. My legs were very tired--not so much strength-wise--but of the continuous up and down peddling motion. They seemed to want desperately to perform a different motion in a different direction. On the other hand, my arms were so stiff from being stretched out straight, despite my attention to flexing at the elbows, that I could hardly bend them.

We arrived victoriously back at Plaza Park Middle School mid-afternoon, hot, sweaty, exhausted, a bit nauseous, and exhilarated. This was also Cindy's first century, Vicky's second, and Jay's fourth.

So, what's next? In response to a non-cycling friend who thought he was being smart when I told him I rode 100



"Like dogs, bicycles are social catalysts that attract a superior category of people." —**Chip Brown**,
"A Bike and a Prayer."

"Nothing compares to the simple pleasure of a bike ride." —**John F. Kennedy**

"You can't despair for the human race when you see somebody riding a bicycle." —**Stewart Parker**

The Hill Hater's Ideal Ride by Kate Fuller

People who have ridden bikes with me know that I hate hills. I hated hills when I started riding, I hated hills when riding an upright bike, and I hate hills when riding a recumbent bike. I'm fat and slow, and I hate hills. I do, however, love riding my bike, so I deal with the hills. I get up them the best I can, huffing, puffing, blowing, stopping to rest, or even walking.

When we were looking for tours to do this summer, we found a web site for the Tour De Corn in SouthEast Missouri. It was advertised as being in the Mississippi River bottoms, and we figured you probably couldn't get much flatter than that so we sent in our pre-registration. Plus, who could resist that name?

Friday night as we were driving over, it became apparent that there was not a hill anywhere in the area - this was going to be my kind of ride! Saturday morning we arrived at the registration point in East Prairie to find many more riders than we would have expected for the first year of a ride. We picked up our maps, numbers, and shirts. Finally it was time to pull out in the mass start. We were out of town in about 5 minutes, and never really went into another "town" until the finish. I can't think when I've been in such a rural, low traffic area. This makes DogTown look congested!

The ride was as flat as advertised. We crossed the levee twice, once at the beginning and once at the finish. We went over one little ridge twice, in order to go all the way out to the river bank. That was it! No climbs, no time in the granny gear, no huffing and puffing!

The rest stops were plentiful and well stocked. They were staffed with friendly, pleasant, chatty folks. They were using our assigned numbers to track which riders had been through the stops, so I was able to determine that Andy (who we never saw again after the start) had been through, and was okay. The road surface conditions were often poor - this is not a populated, wealthy part of the state; but there was so little traffic that it was easy to dodge the worst sections. There were showers available afterwards, and food (for an additional fee). I'm planning to go back next year. If you hate hills too, I highly recommend the Tour De Corn.

Northwoods to Capitol Tour - Wisconsin 2002 Middleton to Sturgeon Bay By Bob Messick

Once again the Northwoods tour demonstrated the bike-friendliness of Wisconsin. Variation of terrain, trash-free roadsides, friendly towns, spectacular scenery, and smooth road surfaces are but a few of the qualities that greeted us on this well conducted tour that lasted 6 days and included overnites at schools in the following locations: Middleton (Madison suburb) - Baraboo - Waupan - West Bend - Manitowoc - Algoma - and Sturgeon Bay. West bend included a century option which brought the total distance of my ride to 389 miles.

As in the 2001 tour, we observed many dairy farms as well as heavily wooded pine forests, but the spectacular views afforded by riding the Lake Michigan shoreline gave this year's tour an entirely new perspective. I was fortunate to be accompanied by Ruth this year when she decided to join the team of SAG personnel who did an outstanding job. They provided ample water supplies and some much needed moral support to riders who were being tested by hot temperatures and hills, especially during the initial stage thru Baraboo.

The ride to Baraboo passed thru the Devil's Lake region which is adjacent to the Dells and included the hilliest miles (I exceeded 38 mph on at least three of the downhills near the lake).

[Continued on

[Continued from Page 3] Northwoods to Capital Tour

We were unable to use the less hilly south exit from the lake which remains flooded by heavy rains. The lake has no natural outlet and depends on evaporation.

On Day two, we were given the warmest reception possible by the city of Waupan which is the home of numerous prisons, parks, and statues. Waupan was selected after the school at our original destination of Bear Lake cancelled out. We were entertained from the moment we arrived by bands, free tours, and the mayor himself who signed free post cards to destinations of our choice. They did request we lock the school doors at night in case of a breakout. An interesting lecture by the local Horticulturalist alerted us to the unique topology of the Horicon marsh we would visit on Day three of the tour. It was formed by Glacier activity a while back and is now a wild life sanctuary.

The Day three ride to West Bend was routine and included a visit to the Horicon Nature Center to view birds including some newly arrived pelicans. The destination is a combination of West and East West Bend schools(?) which led to some confusion but featured a great pool and huge common gym for a bit of relief from sleeping close to snoring neighbors. Our entertainment was by a man who played harmonica, banjo, guitar, and percussion while singing and telling stories. He was good enough to keep me awake after 9 p.m.

We finally reached the Lake Michigan shores and cooler temperatures on Day four en route to Manitowoc. On the way, we rode thru the scenic area of the Kettle Moraines. Rest stops were strategically positioned to allow access to freshly picked strawberries. Ruth brought the house down at the evening rider meeting by telling a story of "Norb" who allowed the use of his farm for their SAG station. It made for a break in his loneliness to talk to the riders.

An evening storm in Manitowoc caused some excitement, but helped in the cool-down. On Day five, we stayed mainly along the shore to reach the town of Algoma. On the way, we passed through Two Rivers which is the home of the Hamilton printing press museum and other historic sites. We were too early for a visit, but did enjoy some great pastries from the local Pic-n -Save at one of the many parks at waters edge where cool temperatures prevailed.

On Day six, we did a 2-stage ride that took us into Sturgeon Bay after about 20 miles. An additional 30+ mile loop took us north into Door County on the Lake Michigan side which is mostly private homes. I noted a group of stopped riders at one point signalling me to slow down. We watched a pair of small fawns playing in the sand with no mother in sight. Cute!

The return South on the Green Bay (west) side was through Carlsville where Ruth's SAG location was at a winery and near a favorite coffee house which made great "Smoothies". We tried them all. The Sturgeon Bay harbor is equipped with huge facilities for loading cargo ships which we viewed on the way in. By spending a second night in Sturgeon Bay, we were able to sight-see much of Door County (by car) on Saturday. My favorite stop was Al Johnson's in Sister Bay for lunch where goats can be seen eating grass on the roof. Ruth enjoyed visiting a variety of specialty shops in Egg Harbor, Ephraim, and Fish Creek while my wallet shrank. We took in the outdoor production of "Loose Lips Sink Ships"

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS FOR July

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Eric Antey | Billy Boland |
| Chris Blubaugh | Roseanne Blubaugh |
| Joe Blubaugh | Frank Blubaugh |
| Rowland Peddie | |





We Didn't Go to TRIRI Ride by Dorothy Niekamp

Faye, Kate, and Wayne:

Thank you for organizing the "We Didn't Go to TRIRI Ride" on June 23 at 2 p.m., but I'm a thinkin' that with the high heat and humidity, an appropriate alternate name for your hosted ride could be "Hotter 'n a Firecracker on the Fourth of July"!

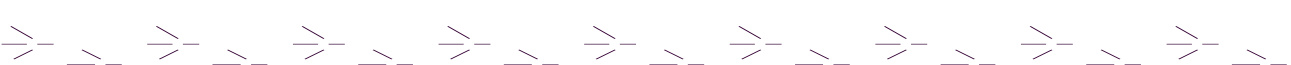
Vicky and I rode the 20-mile route, meandering along "gently rolling", quaint, narrow, rural country lanes, and past corn, wheat, and tobacco fields. The sights, sounds, and scents of the sizzling summer afternoon took me back to my childhood on a farm in Southeastern Illinois. White Queen Anne's lace, bright orange butterfly weed, and red-orange trumpet vines were in full bloom. Quail, calling "Bob White", red-winged blackbirds, and goldfinches serenaded us. The cool, earthy scents of the tree-shaded lanes made up for the not-so-pleasant odors of the chicken farms and cow lots!

Your route sheet and road markings were excellent, and we especially appreciated the spray-painted "dog" warnings. Most dogs were taking their afternoon siestas under the shade trees, but, thanks to you, we were prepared when one old brown, grizzly-bear-like dog tried to give chase. I *would* like to know what you meant by the "watch for cats"--what kind of cats do you have hidin' in them thar Kaintucky woods anyhow? Oh, and for some reason you neglected to mark the deer crossing. We were startled by a young buck and doe that charged out of a thicket and crossed the road directly in front of us! How's that song go, "Grandma got run over by a reindeer, cycling on State Route 138"?

Post-ride refreshments--especially the ice-cold watermelon--"hit the spot". The "Friendly Town of Slaughters" park shelter provided a nice respite for socializing. The twenty or so of us who didn't go to TRIRI enjoyed the mini tour of a part of Webster County, Kentucky.

Wayne, as I walked to my car to drive home, did I overhear you promise, "Next year we'll make it hotter and hillier!" Thanks, but you needn't bother! It was great just the way it was! ☺

Editor's note: Dorothy, being from Indiana, I figured most of the club might not think about the BAD cats in our neck of the woods. I should have used **BLUE** paint. We know to watch out for **WILDCATS** in Kentucky! — Faye



"Whoever invented the bicycle deserves the thanks of humanity." —Lord Charles Beresford

"It is no longer a beast of steel.....no..... it is a friend. Destiny has accorded man this new friend.....It is a faithful and powerful ally against one's worst enemies. It is stronger than anxiety, stronger than sadness. It has all the power of hope." —Maurice Leblanc, *Winds to Fly*

"The bicycle is its own best argument. You just get a bike, try it, and start going with the thing and using it as it suits you. It'll grow and it gets better and better." —Richard Ballantine



The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

Membership Application 2002

Name _____ _____ _____	Age _____ _____ _____	Release of Liability Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc. is organized for sole purpose of providing it's members with notification of central meeting points and times. Members freely elect to ride together as a group, following a route of choice. In signing this form for myself and/or my family members I understand and agree to absolve EBC, Inc. and it's organizers or sponsors for all blame for any injury misadventure, harm loss or inconvenience suffered as a result of participation in any ride or activity associated with or sponsored by the EBC, Inc. I further understand that I, as an individual am responsible to abide by all traffic laws and regulations governing bicycling and take full responsibility for my actions. Make Checks payable to: Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc. Mail to: Randy Silke 516 Sandalwood Dr. Evansville, IN 47715
Address _____	Individual \$12	
City _____ State _____	Family \$20 +	
Zip _____ Phone _____	\$1/child	
E-mail Address _____		
Signature _____		

President	Darlene Wefel (490-0686)	Membership	Randy Silke (437-9122)
VP	Dave Ashworth (426-2489)	Statistician	Rusty Yeager (402-1787)
Secretary	Bob Messick (842-0072)	Touring	Tony Titzer (490-1397)
Treasuer	Bob Willett (270 836-3546)	Website	Bob Wefel (490-0686)

EBC Bikewriter

EBC Mailing Address: PO BOX 15517 EVANSVILLE, IN 47716
EBC Web Page: <http://www.bicycle.evansville.net> "Provided by Evansville Online"
Submit all articles to Faye Carter, the Editor, by calling 270 821-2143 or e-mail chiapet@charter.net