



EBC Bikewriter

September 2002

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Ice Cream Social Ride — Dave & Vicky's Rivals Ben & Jerry's

By Dorothy Niekamap

"I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream!" may be a trite saying, but it's true. Thirty of us came running—er, riding—when David and Vicky Ashworth hosted their Ice Cream Social Ride on August 11!

Everyone would doubtless agree that Ashworth's homemade rivals any commercially made ice cream. I think that instead of sporting her Ben & Jerry's jersey, Vicky needs a "Dave & Vicky's" to wear! In addition to the homemade vanilla and strawberry ice cream, the post-ride meal included grilled brats, potato casserole, slaw, pasta salad, and desserts galore.

Co-hosting the ride with Dave and Vicky gave me a first-hand, behind-the-scenes perspective of the logistics and the art of hosting a ride. In addition to the food, a great deal of time and effort are put into preparing for and cleaning up after having a ride at one's home.

Dave marked the 12-, 20-, and 38-mile routes a few days prior to the ride. Not only were the directions of travel indicated, but road hazards were also noted. The morning of the ride, Dave drove the routes to double-check the Dan Henrys and ensure they were not targets of vandalism. He had also typed and copied detailed directions—route sheets—to guide the cyclists.

A threatening rain shower held off until the last rider returned, then a downpour forced everyone to gather in the family room. Many stayed quite a while to socialize and feast on the delicious fare. When leaving, they were heard giving Dave and Vicky well-deserved compliments of appreciation for a very well-hosted ride.

In addition to general cleanup, post-ride activities included retrieving Evan James' water bottle, which had jostled out of the holder at a rough railroad crossing. Also, the next evening, Dave and Vicky received a "thanks for the wonderful ride" call from Wally and Gayle Stremming. During the conversation, the Ashworths learned that the Stremmings left when it began to rain. "We didn't want to bring dirt into your house!" they explained. Dave and Vicky assured them they would not have minded and regretted that the Stremmings missed the homemade ice cream!

If Dave and Vicky host an ice cream social ride next year, I propose a contest for the engineering-minded among us to devise a way to harness our pedal power for cranking the ice cream. Who knows ... perhaps pedal-cranked is even better than hand-cranked!

BIKE FOR SALE

2000 Cannondale R1000 Aero Road bike for sale. Bright yellow color, 56 cm. Excellent condition. \$900. Call Dean Case (270) 926-2959

BIKES FOR SALE

2001 Trek 1000 , 57 cm, aluminum frame, red, white, blue color. Shimano Flight Deck computer. \$200
2000 Raleigh R500, 53 cm aluminum frame, red color. Shimano Flight deck computer. \$200 Kate/Wayne Fuller (270) 322 9091

WANTED: BICYCLE REPAIRMAN

United Caring Shelter has been given several usable bicycles, but they need a little work done to them. The bicycles are given to night shelter gentlemen who obtain jobs and hold them for a period of time. However, the bicycles cannot be used until the necessary repairs are done on them. The shelter is willing to pay for necessary parts to repair the bikes if the labor is free. Of course, they would appreciate it if the parts were donated also. If you or someone you know would like to volunteer time to help the shelter with providing transportation to those who have found gainful employment, please call the shelter and offer your services to them. The shelter phone number is 422-0297.

Tour de Solo
By Dorothy Niekamp

Occasionally, I do a club ride alone, either by choice or by default. A benefit of riding alone is that I have ample time in which to compose in my mind articles for this newsletter. That narrow little saddle has become my Winnie-the-Pooh-like thinking spot.

When riding the Reitz route solo on a Sunday morning in July, I was more than thinking ... I was dreaming. I imagined I was the female counterpart of Lance Armstrong in the Tour de France. In my mind, the straight-aways, hills, and curves of the West Side route took me over the windswept plains of Northern France, through the Beaujolais vineyard region, into the Pyrenees Mountains, and through the flat wheat fields of eastern France. St. Phillips and Parker became Metz and Reims, and New Harmony Way was the Champs de Elysses. For a fleeting moment, I wore the leader's yellow jersey.

Then reality hit. Cold, harsh, cruel reality. I was ahead of the pack only because I started fifteen minutes early. All too soon, the fast pack caught up with and rushed past me, and a few minutes later the next group flew by. Once again, I was riding alone, but in last place, wearing (pardon me) merely the yellow EBC jersey, and winding along Posey County roads among the cornfields.

There were other harsh reminders that I was peddling the 21-mile Reitz route around the West Side of Evansville: the challenging golden retriever that greeted me with his teeth to my ankle, so that I felt the hot saliva of his mouth through my sock, but fortunately didn't feel the sting of a bite; the driver in an apparent hurry to get to church on time that ran a stop sign and whose car nearly collided with, but missed my bike; and me foolishly shifting incorrectly and nearly locking the gears and throwing myself onto the pavement, but catching it in time to adjust.

What if any of these accidents had happened? Would they be less likely to happen had I been riding with a group? Surely, had they occurred, it would have been better to be with others, so they could offer assistance or call for help.

And then there was that giant anaconda snake swinging out of the overhanging branches of a tree that wrapped itself around my neck ... No longer was I thinking, or dreaming, but amusing myself with imaginings to help pass the time on my Tour de Solo. Sharing a ride with others is truly much more fun, certainly safer, and (ahem) saner!

Little River Tour—Another Good Ride May 18, 2002
By Wayne Fuller

For the second year, Kate, Andy, and I decided to do the *Little River Tour*. When we did this tour last year, we noted that it was one of the best tours that we rode. The markings were exceptional and therefore it was difficult to get lost. The Sag service was excellent and the rest stops had more than enough food and drink. This year the *Little River Tour* promised to be different because of a route change.

We started the ride in weather that was somewhat chilly and cloudy as well as windy. We left Hopkinsville traveling in a general southward direction. We traveled through such towns as Churchill, Peedee, Binns Mill, and LaFayette. We traveled eastward on the outskirts of the Fort Campbell Military Reservation before heading in a northward direction. We had the joy of a shifting wind, which never seemed to be in our favor. Kate and I took a leisurely pace while Andy thought himself to be a time trialist.

The one thing about riding through the rural areas of Kentucky is the wonderful sights that you get to see. Kate and I managed to see Indigo Buntings and Eastern Bluebirds. At one time, we thought we heard helicopters and pictured against a large white cloud were a score of what appeared to be Black Hawks. Later on down the road, we got to see paratroopers drifting toward the earth after watching them jump out of Hueys.

The route this year was hillier than last year. The Sag service, as was the case last year, was excellent and the rest stops were very well provisioned. The people running the sag service and operating the rest stops **[Continued on Page 4]**

Ride the Rockies 2002: Smoke on the Mountain - Fire in the Sky

by Gary Stiler

This year's RTR was haunted by fire, smoke and winds in a way that made it an unforgettable ride. The only element lacking was water. The Great Western Drought is terrible.

I first did the Ride the Rockies in 1994 on my new purple Trek OCLV 5200. Then, as a resident of Albuquerque, I was well acquainted with cycling at elevation, steep climbs, and fast descents. Eight years later, I found myself, now as a flatlander, ready to try it again. The Ride the Rockies is sponsored by the Denver Post and is one of the country's premier tours. The Post receives between four and five thousand applications from all over the world, but only accepts 200 riders. The route is painful yet at the same time offers some of the best vistas in the west. The State of Colorado and local communities go out to support the riders. Good food and good entertainment are found at each stop.

This year's tour started on Saturday, June 15, in Alamosa and ended six days and 500 miles later in the same town. The entire tour had us climbing nearly 30,000 feet, but the first leg out of Alamosa was entirely deceiving. After 70 miles of flats, a steep climb and a screaming descent brought us to Pagosa Springs for a total of 99 miles. Most of us camped on the grounds of the local high school or in the school's hallways and gym. Portable showers supplemented what the school had to offer.

On Father's Day, we left the kids behind and entered the fire zone. The Missionary Ridge fire was working its way northeast of Durango necessitating a change in route. As we got near Bayfield, ash fell like snow around us and the smoke carried the smell of burning pine. The detour around the fire brought us into Durango a few miles short of our scheduled 67 miles. At the high school, we shared our campground with hundreds of firefighters. Towards evening, the wind shifted, and we all got a fantastic view of a rising tower of smoke above the campsite. After dark, the column turned rosy pink from the fires within. We were told that there was no danger from the fire itself, but that anyone with respiratory problems could take a shuttle the next morning to Silverton and avoid the smoke. For the rest of the tour, we breathed smoke from the many fires then burning across Colorado. I know that it had an effect on me as I developed a dry cough. I guess there was no reason to leave the cigars at home after all!

As an aside, my beautiful eight-year-old purple Trek 5200 broke just outside Durango. It was the first time I ever rode in a sag wagon (really!). The right rear chainstay snapped in two. Luckily, a Trek rep with a trailer full of new bikes accompanied the tour. He looked at my bike, reminded me of Trek's lifetime warranty, and handed me a new US Postal 5200 for the remainder of the ride. Allright!

I was old friends with the next day's 51-mile ride from Durango to Silverton. My now broken Trek had carried me over the two passes several times. I knew the route as a nasty, deceiving climb. Three and one-half hours later, I rode into Silverton knowing that my "old friend" had once again kicked my butt. That night in Silverton, we got the news that the steam train from Durango was soon to be halted due to fire danger. Apparently, a number of cyclists decided to help out the town's economy by drinking and partying all night long. The beer tent reduced prices to 25 cents a glass and all hell broke loose. So much for a good night's sleep.

Wednesday's ride was a 60-miler into Montrose through Ouray. The morning was icy cold, and I kicked myself for leaving my finger gloves in my bag. We started by going up a long stretch of road that looked like it was going down -- not a fun way to start the day. Then we climbed to 11,000 feet as a prelude to a long, winding descent into Ouray. The vistas would have been great if it weren't for the smoky haze. On the downside of the pass, it was tough to keep my speed below 35 mph and some fellow riders were taking full advantage of their speed. Behind me I heard a screeching thud as someone went down and slammed into the canyon wall. The tour directors NEVER tell you about injuries, but they constantly reminded us to be safe and to watch our speed.

Montrose rolled out the red carpet for us. They wanted us to have a good time before we hit their notorious valley headwinds the next morning. Thursday's route was 65 miles from Montrose to Gunnison. I slept in, as advised, and thought that my 9:00 a.m. start would avoid the winds. Instead, I found myself grinding away against some of the

most demoralizing headwinds I have ever had to contend with. The 2000 feet up the first summit was miserable; the 1500 feet up to the second summit was equally tough. Finally, a descent and flat ride into Gunnison helped to make up for the wind and climbs.

Friday on the way to Salida, we tackled a 3000-foot climb up Monarch Pass. Topping out at just under 11,500 feet, I began to feel stronger and more confident about my climbing and breathing. By then, I was using a "pressure breathing" technique used by mountain climbers to maximize oxygen intake. A fellow rider said that I sounded like a steam train as I passed by him - but I DID pass him. The night in Salida was by far the most fun. The town is an old mining center with lots of western ambiance. We ate well and drank our fair share of Fat Tire.

Saturday was the home stretch. I thought it would be a short 83 miles into Alamosa as I knew the San Luis valley to be marked by fantastic views and a flat course. The morning climb was a steep 2000-foot ascent up Poncha Pass (I guess I forgot about this one). We then hit a headwind even stronger than the one from Montrose to Gunnison a few days earlier. Many of us found pace lines and pushed our way through the wind. I stopped at one of the rest stops and had a plate full of sushi. I figured the raw protein would be just what I needed. I looked for the mountains off to the left. They were totally obscured by the smoke and dust. A new fire was raging west of our final destination and the smoke, coupled with the wind-carried dust left us nothing to look at. I found another pace line and hauled my way into Alamosa. I had never cycled in an echelon formation before, but it seemed to be the only way to make headway against the 35 mph wind.

Alamosa was crowded with family and friends. The beer tent was open and lots of free stuff (shwag) was given out to the riders. The only problem with this was the fact that many of the weaker riders were still on the ride long after the "closing ceremony" ended. I think that they drew six different names for the Serrota before they finally found a winner in the audience. No Fair!

The RTR 2002 was a tough ride. It was physically and psychologically demanding. The tent got small, the smoke and my cough were aggravating, I worried about the bacteria from my unwashed water bottles, and the partying was much more intense than I remember from the '94 ride. But the ride was very challenging (that's what it's all about!) and I will do it again. This time my ride will be a brand new smoke colored OCLV 5200 that Trek gave me.

Love those lifetime warranties!

[Continued from Page 2] Little River Tour – Another Good Ride May 18, 2002

were all very friendly and there was a spaghetti dinner, which was very good.

After we got back, the four members of the Evansville Bike Club who did the long ride noted that it was actually 71 miles rather than the 65 miles advertised. The one draw back of this ride occurred at the end when we had to ride the last couple of miles on the bypass, riding on the shoulder. Although the shoulder was wide, it contained gravel, broken glass, and an occasional parked car. We felt that it would have been much better to be routed in a different way to the finish. Overall, we gave this ride an excellent rating and we feel that other members of the Evansville Bike Club should consider this a worthwhile ride.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS FOR AUGUST

**Brennan McReynolds
David Shrimpton
David Nelson**

**Morris French
Connie Brassard
William Pepe**

The "Hottest Ride of the Year" ... Roast de Corn

By Dorothy Niekamp

Shucks, Bobby did it again ... hosted the "hottest" EBC event of the year, the Roast de Corn! Comfortable, casual country livin' and rural Southern hospitality were evident at this ride, named for the fresh sweet corn roasted in the husk in a wood smoker.

Thirty EBC members gathered at Bob Willett's farm southeast of Waverly, KY at 10:30 a.m. on Sunday morning, July 28. Despite the 90-something degree heat, humidity-saturated air, and ozone alert, we tackled the 17-, 27-, or 38-mile routes.

I "hunted with the big dogs" that day when I joined a pack of riders whose distance and pace challenged me. My thanks to Cindy, David, Gene, Jay, John, and Paul for pushing and pulling me those hot, hilly 38 miles. I appreciate your slowing for me, your encouragement, Cindy's coaching, and Jay's extra bottle of water!

After riding, everyone feasted on the corn prepared by Bob's father, vine-ripened tomatoes, a cucumber-tomato-onion salad, and a pasta salad. Of course, there were plenty of liquids to quench our thirst and rehydrate our fluid-depleted bodies.

Recovering in the shade of the tall maple trees that surround Bob's rustic home on a hill, we had a pleasant vista of rolling farmland for miles around. We were cooled by a welcome summer breeze and a brief light rain shower. Conversation centered, of course, around bicycling, and pictures and stories of the recent Ride Across Indiana (RAIN) were the focal point.

Not surprisingly, there was also plenty of "roast de host" banter ...

- accusing Bob of strategically placing road kill to serve as Dan Henrys
- observing the (beer) bottle cap opener handily nailed to the side of the house
- appreciating the convenient placement of the refrigerator on the front porch so we could easily fetch our own drinks
- wondering where Bob keeps his stash of white lightnin'
- noting that the beloved untamed Beast is under lock and key in the corner of Bob's living room
- encouraging Bob to demonstrate the new dance he learned in Panama City
- hearing Bob's remarks about the perks of being club treasurer and the fact that he's driving a new Ford truck ... is there a correlation?
- asking Bob why he never rides his fast bike
- calling Bob the "wind slicing machine"
- witnessing Bob's tendency to fall off his bike and just waller in the grass
- remarking about Bob rustling up his own SAG for RAIN—how he meets people and makes friends along the way and is invited to eat with them; EBCers who start out with Bob in Terre Haute can count on not seeing him again until Richmond
- repeating the Willettisms, such a "buck mail" and "Stressfest"
- being entertained by Bob's "JAY-ree" Clowers-like humor
- complimenting Bob for the distinction of finally qualifying for a SENIOR DISCOUNT at the Providence, Kentucky, Dairy Queen
- warning anyone who offers Bob a ride in your vehicle to make sure you have plenty of room for all the strays and stragglers (and their bikes and gear) that Bob befriends and invites to join you
- relating the story of one of Bob's co-riders about how, when he first started riding with the club, he "looked for someone—that being Bob--sweating just getting his bike out of his truck, and I knew I could surely keep up with him!"

Seriously, a *toast* to the host for another great ride and delicious food!

When I turned from Weller Davis Road, the rusty old Sears & Roebuck bike propped up against the stop sign bid me farewell and beckoned me to return next year for another Roast de Corn.

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)

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