



EBC Bikewriter

October 2002

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Great Pumpkin Metric October 13, 2002 Volunteers Needed!!!!

The Great Pumpkin is almost here Charlie Brown! Behind a great ride comes months of planning and preparation. Lots of volunteers are still needed. If you haven't already signed up to help, please call one of the following people. Darlene Wefel 490-0686 - GPM Coordinator, Rusty Yeager - Registration 464-5862, Randy Silke 437-9122 or Tony Titzer 490-1397 - Rest Stops, Ronnie Lee - Pasta Bar 421-8963, Gary Gardner - Swine Barn Coordinator 853-0476, or Jane Buchta 490-1397, & Wayne Fiester - Team Entries 490-2745.

As of today, we still need a group to do the St. Wendel rest stop. Call several of your friends get together and have fun with a theme. Call Tony or Randy today. The support truck brings all the supplies to your rest stop. All you have to do is arrange your supplies, tear down after the ride. When the truck comes to pick up the remainder of supplies, you need to help them load it into the truck.

This ride benefits all members of the club by providing funds to cover the postage of newsletters, funds to keep the special needs program going, support cycling through contributions to Indiana Bicycle Coalition, and The League of American Bicyclists, and bike safety programs through out our local area. Many things depend upon the success of this ride. The club asks very little of its members through out the year, and this is the one event that depends on the help of all members. This year we are hoping to have more than 1000 riders and the pasta bar is included in the entry fee.

EBC, We will Miss You, Jeff/Salli/Shawna/Audrey
By Salli Bruell

We would like to thank the members of the Evansville Bicycle Club for all the great times enjoyed with you on rides. Jeff took a new assignment with TJX Companies that has brought us to Northeastern Pennsylvania. We have settled near Wilkes-Barre in the town of Mountain Top. Yes, literally on a mountain top. We have a rail trail in our backyard that runs down the Lehigh Valley to the town of Jim Thorpe. The surface of the trail is similar to the Tunnel Hill Trail in southern Illinois. We can ride our bikes to the post office, bank, super drug store, swimming hole, soccer field, library, school, and grocery store because they are all no more than 3 miles away. But every ride requires a climb back up the mountain! Shawna and Audrey wanted to let everyone know they will miss the Dog Town rides the most. We are located approximately 13-15 hours drive time from Evansville and just a few miles off Interstate 81. If you are ever traveling through the area to visit New England or the Canadian Maritimes, please visit and/or stay with us. Drop us a line at JeffskisMontana@worldnet.att.net Thanks for the Memories, All The Best!

A TRIBUTE TO DICKIE from the Odyssey Riders

By Odyssey rider Cammy Clark

Hundreds of times I had said "hi" to Dickie Lindenschmidt in passing - at the gear trucks, waiting in lines for showers or along cycling routes. But with 275 rides and staff on Odyssey 2000, it took six months until I talked in-depth with the man behind that bushy white handlebar mustache.

As rider Rod Jones of Florida put it: "Talking with Dickie was like finding a diamond in the rough. For such a little guy, there was so much to offer from within."

I found that out in Inverness, Scotland. With my stomach rumbling, I walked into a restaurant. Dickie and "Shopper" Bill Sokolik of Seattle were sitting at a table and invited me to join them. For an hour, the three of us conversed while downing a large pizza. Dickie talked about his love of children and his 29 years as a fourth-grade teacher. Eventually the topic turned to our reasons for going on the year-long bicycle trip to more than 40 countries. "First time I ever got on an airplane was to fly to Los Angeles (for the start of Odyssey)," Dickie said. "First time ever?" I asked, astounded.

Dickie rarely ventured far from his home in Evansville, Indiana - the same home in which he grew up. When he saw the advertisement about Odyssey, he decided it was about time to see the world. It was a big undertaking for almost anyone. But for a man with poor eyesight who needed painful weekly injections of gamma globulin to survive, the decision was downright gutsy.

Word of his passing made me cry and smile. While I wish he was still with us, I was happy he had a chance to experience the world before he left it. For that he was a lucky man. We were lucky to know him. Here are a few memories and thoughts from some of the staff and riders of Odyssey:

"The first time we were introduced, Dickie was wearing a T-shirt with walruses on the front," chuckled Dick Ryan of Colorado. The walruses featured white bushy hair beneath their noses that looked just like Dickie's trademark mustache, and they were wearing wire-rimmed, oval glasses - just like Dickie. He sure had a great sense of humor.

During our journey through six continents, Dickie was on his bike - rain or shine, headwinds or tailwinds, through the heat and humidity of Malaysia and the snow in Greece, often wearing his Evansville Bike Club jersey. He pedaled on unfamiliar roads and highways, albeit often lost. We'd often see him at intersections, studying our daily route guides with the focus of a doctor looking at lab results. "Which way do we go?" he would ask.

He also was a bit forgetful. At midday checkpoint in the Czech Republic, rider Fred Enns of British Columbia was having a mechanic work on his bike. When his bike was finished, he noticed Dickie's helmet was on the ground. Dickie had left checkpoint much earlier. Fred grabbed the helmet and tried to track him down. Five miles later he saw Dickie pedaling toward him. Another rider had informed Dickie he was missing his head protection.

Dick and Dickie shared a room in East London, South Africa. Dickie was looking for ice. It was the first time Dick learned of Dickie's weekly injections to fight an immune deficiency. The gamma globulin needed to be kept cold. Dickie tried to keep his plight low key, but the Odyssey grapevine was always churning. His need for injections became common knowledge. "But I don't think too many knew that it was not just a little stick," said staff member Stan, who as a nurse took over the administering of the shots after another staff member left the trip. "Every week there were numerous injections. They were thick, high volume, painful and required deep muscles. In other words, Dickie got a bunch of big, nasty shots in the butt every week."

Sometimes Dickie and Stan Soth had difficulty finding a private location. One day in Spain, they settled for the back of the gear truck. Dickie leaned over a pile of luggage and dropped his shorts to his ankles. Stan got on his knees, gripping a flashlight in his mouth. Just as Stan grabbed the required handful of Dickie's gluteus maximus, the back door to the truck opened. The light from the low-lying sun blinded them. At first, there was only silence. A few seconds later a male voice, obviously shaken, said, "Oh, excuuuuuuuse me." The door slammed, leaving Stan and Dickie in the darkness again. Stan shined the flashlight on Dickie's face, expecting him to be upset. Instead, Dickie sported a mischievous grin - one we all came to enjoy so much during the trip. "Let 'em wonder," Dickie said. The duo never learned who opened that door, "but it sure gave us a good chuckle every time we went looking for privacy," Stan said. "The time I spent with Dickie to give him those weekly shots was, and still is, a source of pleasure for me. I miss him."

In New York City, Dickie was taken to the hospital. When he was released, staff member Dave Skaife brought him a bag of clothes. His bike was with the rest of Odyssey, which already was in Canada. Dickie would have to cross the border on his own, with only that bag of clothes and his medication for luggage. **[Continued on Page 3]**



[Continued from Page 2] A Tribute to Dickie

When the customs officer asked, "Purpose of visit," Dickie responded, "I'm on the a round-the-world bike trip." This piqued the interest of the border guard, since Dickie didn't have a bike with him. Dickie went into a very long explanation. To verify that Dickie wasn't off his rocker, the customs officer called his sister at 3 a.m. When other riders learned of the story, they advised Dickie that in the future his answer to custom officers should be: "Pleasure trip" and "Three days."

Dickie was daring when it came to food. In South Africa, he ordered the deep fried ham hocks, one of the most expensive items on the menu. "Well, you know, I'm a frugal Dutchman, except when I'm on vacation," Dickie told Dick. "I figure I'll never be here again." He said the same thing while in Yanshoo, China. During a boat trip past limestone karsts, he gobbled up the deep fried fishheads. Larry McGee and Krystal Kraft of Colorado had lunch with him in France. Their pizza arrived with two eggs sunny-side up. "After recovering from the shock, we all goggled through the meal," Krystal recalled.

With his condition, he could have expected special treatment. Not Dickie. He often roomed with Dick and Chuck Januska of Texas, and always took the least desirable bed. "He'd pick the one with the saggy mattress or furthest from the bathroom," Dick said. "It was just his nature. Sometimes the bed was so bad, he'd sleep on the floor." Once he even slept in a closet. Seven riders chipped in for a cabin as a respite from a hailstorm the night before climbing the Andes in Chile. "We stacked the tables and chairs high to tuck all the beds into a nearly contiguous mass of sheets to cover the huddle, shivering masses," said rider Joyce Shaffer of Washington. There was not enough room for seven on the beds. Dickie insisted that he always slept on the floor. "I can't say whether we believed the story, but he was not to be reasoned with," Joyce said. "The floor was his decision." The next question - Would that be under the tables and other furniture? In the aisle between the kitchen appliances? Or in the long, narrow, walk-in closet? "He was a quiet, gentle, smiling, compassionate man who made it around the world with medication in tow. Sadness brings tears to my eyes." Rider Eric Stiernerling of California still can hear Dickie "snoring like a banshee" while they roomed together in Paris. "But he always was a kind soul who was quick to smile," Eric said. "One couldn't help but return his warm smile with that ever expanding mustache, which at times contained much of the day's energy food. I always found him to be upbeat and delighted to be in the moment, with everyone and anyone, especially the kids on the road. "I feel as I've not only lost a friend, but a member of my family."

Dickie would be greatly touched, as he was the day riders Gerry Rolfsen of Nova Scotia and Fred Sheppard of Wisconsin installed new handlebar tape on his bike as a surprise.

After Odyssey was finished, rider Arthur Benbow of Wales was riding in the Hilly Hundred in Indiana, wearing his Odyssey jersey on the second day. A man in his 40s rode up behind Arthur. "Were you on Odyssey," the man asked Arthur. When Arthur replied yes, the man told him, "My uncle rode Odyssey and he is riding right behind you." Sure enough, Arthur saw the smiling face of Dickie. They rode together for a while, chatting about their adventures. "It was indeed a pleasure and privilege to have known and ridden with Dickie both in 2000 and 2001," Arthur said.

After a half hour of recalling wonderful memories of Dickie, Dick Ryan said, "We should all be so lucky to be remembered so fondly when we go. He left such a positive memory for everyone who knew him." All of us involved with Odyssey 2000 will miss him.



Welcome New Members
Linda Riddell
the Gary Cox family
Jane Naley
Gary Owen

Bicycle FOR SALE -
The garage is too full of bikes!

2001 Trek 1000 , 57 cm, aluminum frame, red, white, blue color. Shimano Flight Deck computer. \$200 Kate or Wayne Fuller (270) 322-9091

Bow Tie Tour 2002

By Darlene Wefel

Six members from the Evansville Bicycle Club started making plans to ride the League of Michigan Bicyclist Bow Tie Tour back in January. Wayne & Nance Fiester, John & Pam Small, and Bob & Darlene Wefel looked for a tour that would allow us to escape the sweltering heat of Southern Indiana during the summer. The Bow Tie offered just that! While Southern Indiana would be baking with temperatures near 100°, we would be enjoying spring-like temperatures. All did not go according to well-laid plans. ☺

With less than two weeks until departure, Nance was forced to cancel her trip due to unforeseen labor problems at work. This was big disappointment to the entire group. As the time grew near, we started to gather all our gear. Two days before our departure date, my mother went into the hospital. We were unsure if we were going to be able to go. Friday afternoon after visiting her in the hospital, I was sure she was going to be fine so, I raced home and started packing. Quickly, I placed everything in plastic zip-lock bags (a single days gear in each bag for easy access), sleeping bags, tent, air mattress, pillow, & camp chairs, etc. By the time Bob arrived home after work, I had almost everything ready to go. We departed an hour behind schedule, and our goal was to stop north of Ft. Wayne. The next morning we were about 150 miles from Gaylord, Michigan, which was the starting point for the tour, when Bob looked at me with this worried look on his face and said, **"I don't remember putting the front wheel in the truck."** My reply was, **"you're joking."** Well, he wasn't! We called the tour director, who gave us the name of the SAG company that was doing the support for the tour. They sell Rans Screammers like ours. They agreed to bring a front wheel and tire with them. Bob asked the owner if he wanted our name or other info, and the response was, "I don't think there will be anyone else on the tour that forgot their front wheel."

After breakfast Sunday morning, we started our great adventure. The skies were gray and heavy, and the temperature was in the low 80's the weather forecast was for rain and possible thunderstorms. The Smalls & Wefels joined 260 other riders headed for Mackinaw City, which was 64 miles away. Within 30 minutes, it began to rain. It was so warm that we decided not to stop and put on the rain gear. Then a thunderstorm with lots of lightning pushed through, and we all took cover wherever we could find some. Within an hour, the storm passed through the area and the rain stopped. At Mill Creek Camp Grounds, the group had an entire section to ourselves, the meals were catered, and we had a large pole barn for the dining facilities with picnic tables. Dinner that evening was a whole roasted pig.

Day two we rode our bikes into Mackinaw City and the Star Line Fare loaded all the bikes onto one boat and the riders took another boat across the straights to St. Ignace where we disembarked and heading north to Sault Ste. Marie, which was 63 miles away. The route took us through some very small towns and national forests. The route was fairly flat with some long rolling hills. We stopped in Kinross at an IGA where we had sandwiches made, and we sat in the grass under a large shade tree and enjoyed the nice, cool, breezy day. The wind was picking up as another cool front was passing through the U.P. With 20 miles to go, we turned directly steadily blowing 35 m.p.h. wind. With the head wind and long rolling hills, the last 20 miles seemed like an eternity. With 1 mile to go, we had one final climb of the day; it was about three blocks long and very steep. It took all we had to make it to the top. While climbing this steep hill, John's knee gave out. After 20 miles of fighting the head wind and the steep climb, John had over-stressed his knee, and he was unable to ride the remaining four days of the tour. We had a layover day at Lake Superior State University in Sault Ste. Marie. Tuesday morning after breakfast, we took a shuttle bus to Sault Ste. Marie, Canada where we explored the city on foot. We found a great bike shop, and a small family owned dinner where we had lunch. We took the shuttle back to the U.S. Pam and I explored the town. We walked through an arts/craft festival and hiked a couple of miles to Antlers, which was a very unusual local bar. Antlers was filled with hundreds of stuffed animals (a taxidermist dream) the collection including lions, leopard, polar bear, deer, elk, calf, snakes, birds and many more types of animals & reptiles.

Day four we had a short day of riding to Cedarville (45 miles.) This route took us along the St. Mary River then along Lake Heron. We stopped in Pickford at the Main Street Café for a cup of coffee and the best cinnamon rolls in the world. In Cedarville, we camped on the football field and John rescued a tent fly, which had blown up about 25 feet into a huge Cedar tree. John used the rock tied to the end of a string trick to rescue the fly. He looked David taking on Goliath. We went exploring on bikes then we walked to the marina where some antique wood boats were arriving for an "Antique Boat Show", the next weekend. The Lions Club had a fish fry for the cyclists. The people were very friendly and accommodating.

[Continued from Page 4] The Bow Tie Tour

Day five was another short day with a 34-mile ride to Mackinaw and an additional tour of Mackinaw Island. No cars are allowed on the island and the only means of transportation is by foot, bike, or horse. The island is very charming with a fantastic paved road that encircles the entire island. We went back to Mill Creek Campground. That evening we were in store for a real treat—a boat tour, narrated by a local gentleman, who gave us a history of the bridge and told us what it was like before the bridge was built. All cars, freight, food, etc. were transported via fare to St. Ignace. On weekends, cars would line up to cross the straights by fare. At times, cars would wait for 24+ hours to fare across. It was a very interesting and enjoyable evening.

Day six and seven were the most beautiful days of the tour. We rode from Mackinaw City to Petoskey 64 miles. The route was hilly and wound along the Lake Michigan shoreline. We stopped at some sand dunes for a photo session and Good Hart for lunch rest before climbing the long, steep hills into Petoskey. The Petoskey Chamber of Commerce arranged for a trolley bus to transport the cyclist into town where they could shop, eat, or have a drink. The last leg of our trip went from Petoskey to Gaylord with 56 miles of almost constant climbing. The route meandered around the shoreline to Boyne City where an antique auto show was taking place. We climbed Boyne Mountain and continued climbing most of the day. The climb took a toll on many riders and the SAG vehicles were busy hauling in exhausted riders. Michigan is a beautiful state with a wide variety of cycling opportunities

South of the Border Ride

By Dorothy Niekamp

It was not *Cinco de Mayo* but *Segundo de Septiembre* when Jane Buchta and Tony Titzer hosted their "South of the Border" ride and served "Mexican eats" afterwards. Thirty EBC members celebrated Labor Day by riding the +/- 28 mile route.

Staggered starting times were a feature of the ride: 10:00 a.m. for the "slower riders", 10:15 a.m. for the "medium riders", and 10:30 a.m. for the "faster riders". Tony explained the desired benefit of this plan. "Everyone finishes at about the same time, which makes food service at a hosted ride a lot easier. This is possible only with a single distance. If there were more than one route, calculating staggered start times could get quite detailed."

Shortly before 10:00 a.m., Jane pedaled the ride sheet to the starting area, and someone quipped that "rather than Pony Express, it was Velo Express". The route started at the Old Newburgh Dam site and sent the cyclists laboring up and down the rolling hills of Warrick County. Eight additional miles north of Chandler were added to the club's 20-mile Old Newburgh Dam route. The group I was with also took a leisurely sight-seeing side tour of Victoria Manor off Anderson Road.

Upon completing the ride, the weary, sweaty, thirsty, and hungry cyclists congregated on Jane and Tony's shaded multi-level deck. The sumptuous Mexican fiesta included make-your-own beef and/or chicken and all the fixings (but, "where's the cheese?") soft shell tacos and a pasta salad with a Mexican twist of corn, black beans, and cilantro. Jane, who recently became a first-time grandmother, shared her birthday carrot cake for dessert.

After feasting on the delicious food, we lounged in all-too-comfortable lawn chairs, and the warm afternoon threatened to turn the fiesta into a siesta! Jane and Tony, *gozamos su ha bicicleta recibida cabalga tanto* (we enjoyed your hosted bicycle ride very much)! *Mucho Gracias!*

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