



EBC Bikewriter

November 2002

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Inside the Great Pumpkin By Dorothy Niekamp

Do you know what goes on behind the scenes months before, the day of, and weeks after EBC's annual Great Pumpkin Metric (GPM) bicycle tour? It doesn't just magically happen, you know! Many club members and supporters contribute numerous hours, tremendous effort, and valuable items to the fund raising event. As a well-deserved tribute to those in the club who led the GPM effort, the following is a highlight of what went on "inside" the 21st annual GPM, October 13, 2002.

Darlene Wefel acted as overall coordinator of the event and obtained monetary and "in kind" contributions. Wesselman's sponsored food for the rest stops: 5 cases of apples, 8 cases of bananas, 14 cases of cookies, 2 cases of peanut butter, 2 cases of jelly, 30 loaves of bread, 4 cases of Gatorade, 20 gallons of lemonade, 10 gallons of grape drink, and 7 cases of pretzels. They also provided 1,500 papers plates and napkins and the pasta bar food supplies. Rally's donated 30 gallons of chili, and Blue Bunny gave 1,000 ice cream items.

Bob Wefel towed the Blue Bunny trailer from Newburgh to the 4-H Center and back, worked with Darlene to mark the 15-mile route, and organized five SAG wagon drivers, equipped with cell phones loaned by Cingular.

Rusty Yeager handled all aspects of registration, from providing the registration form that was included in the GPM brochure, to labeling and mailing the brochures, and receiving and processing the registrations. Rusty maintains a database of GPM participants, bicycle shops, and fitness centers to which the brochures are mailed or hand-delivered. He also coordinated the printing, orders for, and sorting of the GPM t-shirts. A few days before the GPM, registrants' packets were stuffed, and the night before the ride, Rusty sorted and stacked the t-shirts. On ride day, sixteen individuals assisted with registration and processed approximately 700 riders. For a few weeks afterwards, Rusty attends to several post-GPM details related to registration, management of the database, and t-shirt distribution. Rusty also helped **Dave Ashworth** mark the 30- and 60-mile routes.

EBC's **Ronnie Lee** is a caterer and opened his industrial kitchen on Saturday evening prior to the GPM to 8-10 club members to help him cook, rinse, and bag 130 pounds of spaghetti. Early Sunday morning 8-10 people helped Ronnie set up, prepare, and later serve at the pasta bar. They first unloaded all of the equipment (heating stoves, microwave, bun- sen burners, large pots and pans, utensils, etc.) and food supplies (the bags of spaghetti, 18 cases of jars of spaghetti sauce, 2 gallons of garlic, 12 pounds of parmesan cheese, 3 gallons of olive oil, and crushed red peppers). Then they organized the pasta bar area and mixed and heated the sauce. In the meantime, Ronnie and a helper reheated the spaghetti in olive oil and seasoned it with garlic and red peppers. By 11 a.m. the pasta bar was open for service which lasted until about 2 p.m. Cleanup afterwards took about two hours.

Randy Silke and **Tony Titzer** and two assistants set up and supplied the five rest stops. This year, a new location for the St. Wendel rest stop had to be found, and that process started two months before the GPM. They rented a 24-foot Penske truck and used it to haul coolers and other supplies from the club's storage in Newburgh to the 4-H Center. Beginning at 6 a.m., eight-foot tables, food, and other supplies were distributed to the rest stops, and rest stop cleanup lasted until nearly 6 p.m. Outside vendors were contracted to deliver port-a-potties and bottled water to the rest stops. Numerous club members and some family members and friends staffed the rest stops, distributing refreshments to and providing entertainment with a theme for the riders.

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IKE-ME TOUR
Sparta, Wisconsin
By Bob Messick

This POWWOW tour, consisting of only 50 riders, explored the Glacier Driftless area of western Wisconsin. It is based at the Municipal Park in Sparta which is 31 miles east of LaCrosse and lies on the same parallel as the Dells. The terrain is similar in that ridges formed by the glacier melt can be seen in any direction from town. We were challenged by major hills on almost every ride, but were rewarded by some of the most scenic riding anywhere in the state (you just had to reach the top). Sparta itself is known for being the "Bicycling Capitol of America", possibly due to its biker-friendliness and close proximity to 2 major Rail-to-Trails:

- (1) The Sparta-Elroy Trail which was the first one completed and passes through 3 tunnels.
- (2) The LaCrosse Great River Trail from which downtown LaCrosse is accessible.

The trip began with a fun camping experience at Mill Bluff State Park twelve miles from Sparta where I took tent-pitching lessons from three park rangers (I left the instructions at home). A clear swimming lake near the tent saved me from the lack of showers.

The actual tour started on Sunday with registration taking place at 5 p.m. on Saturday. I arrived too early that day for registration, so I participated in a 45-mile race at 10 a.m. to become familiar with the area. Two hours and 52 minutes later, when I finished the race, I had a scary preview of what the tour held in store. The winning time: 1 hour and 51 minutes. The Kiwanis grilled chicken on outdoor grills for the participants. They called it Bike Daze.

With potential threatening forecasts for mid-week, I chose to set up in the gym vs. pitching the tent. My previous tour buddies won't believe it, but only three other riders chose to stay in the gym and no-one snored. At City Hall where we registered, I met five riders and rode with them most of the week.

Sunday's ride essentially went North using some of the race segments. A few riders mistakenly followed the painted arrows from the previous day's race instead of the directionals posted higher up and blew the route. It pays to listen at the rider meetings. The only town for lunch was Cataract where the sandwiches came with no lettuce or tomatoes, but Leinenchugel was on tap, and they were glad to fill water bottles. The tour had no SAG stops but did roving SAG.

On Monday, we had the option of a long ride through the hills or following the Elroy trail thru the tunnels. I chose the road when it started to rain and the trail looked messy. Most of the riders in my group had the advantage of recumbents with fatter tires. I did meet up with the gang in Wilton for lunch at "Pies-are-Squared" but had done a few more hills since the grade on the more direct "rail-trail" was limited to 3% by the retired railroad. The climb out of Wilton took care of my lunch.

Tuesday's ride was somewhat routine in that it went north, and others in my group chose to visit LaCrosse by car when the rain lingered from the previous night. I bided my time by visiting the Sparta bike museum til the rain tapered off enough to start riding and luckily met up with four other riders from the tour. Unfortunately two members of this group ended up with flats and one had no spare tubes. A borrowed tube and moral support from a curious 84 year-old local named Elwood got us into Cataract. A roving SAG later furnished tubes so we could finish. During one downhill we nearly collided with three wild turkeys whose flight path we seem to have crossed.

Wednesday's ride headed west to West Salem where we joined the LaCrosse River trail with hopes of reaching downtown LaCrosse for lunch and a tour of the Riverview Park area. My group had taken a riverboat cruise on the Mississippi River here the previous day. It was a flat ride and with the help of cyclists using city access trails we got there. The food and brews at Doc Powell's brewery made for a relaxing day on the riverfront, and I didn't find the trail surface too bothersome. They had a nice bike shop too.

Thursday's rides went south, and I chose to take the short route with the group with the idea of later riding a part of the Elroy trail. More than one bike was pushed up the hills on the road portion. The trail objective was to see the first tunnel leaving Sparta that is nearly a mile long - flashlights required and walk bikes. In spite of rain threat, I was able to reach it and get thru using only my pen cell light. A stream of water runs along each edge from water drippings and the tunnel is chilly (climate control).

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[Continued from Page 2] Bike-Me Tour

On Friday, we finally went east to Tomah to find a European cafe for lunch and an Amish country store to buy a souvenir for home. I did both and pushed through the ride quickly to get packed and head home by noon. By that night, I reached the Days Inn at Farmer City, Illinois for a good night's sleep. Home on Saturday.

My total mileage for the tour came to 344 plus 45 for the race totaling 389. By week's end, it felt more like 489 miles relative to previous Wisconsin tours.

I recommend this area for riders of any skill level for its natural beauty, and would suggest fatter tires if using the trails. I will not repeat the tour due to lack of overall support (no SAG stops and restaurant-only food plan), but might return to ride the scenic roads and see more of the trails near Elroy and LaCrosse.



[Continued from Page 1] Inside the Great Pumpkin

Gary Gardner manned the "swine barn". In other words, he set up tables and chairs borrowed from the 4-H Center for the registration, t-shirt, vendor, and pasta bar service and eating areas.

He was also a "runner" of miscellaneous errands, including getting the chili from Rally's, and he organized general cleanup after the GPM. He arrived at the 4-H Center at around 6 a.m., made coffee, and put signs on Highway 41, and he stayed until at least 6 p.m., cleaning up and bagging garbage. A few people helped him set up, and several club members were still around at the end of the day who helped him with take down and clean up.

About six years ago, **Wayne Fiester** invented a team entry concept, intended to increase awareness of and participation in the GPM and to attract people who don't usually ride bicycles to do so. Groups, such as places of employment, clubs, neighborhoods, fraternities and sororities, churches, etc. were contacted and encouraged organize a team of people to ride the GPM. Members of each team wear the same kind of t-shirt and start the GPM at the same time. The team with the most accumulated miles is declared the winner, and all teams receive participation plaques. For many groups, the GPM has become an annual event. Wayne also played in the Old Dam Community Band that provided music at noontime in the pasta bar area for the cyclists' enjoyment.

Now you know *some* of what goes on inside the Pumpkin! I have probably--inadvertently--omitted mentioning some volunteers' names and/or details of their efforts, and I apologize for the oversight. With too many details, of course, this article could be long and boring. Regardless, my objective is to bring awareness of and attention to the team effort accomplishment that throwing a big "party" such as the GPM requires.

If you contributed in any way to the GPM, *thank you!* If you know someone who did, be sure to express your appreciation to him or her. Of course, I didn't go into detail describing the time involved in telephone calls, meetings, errands, etc. If you think about it, you can imagine it, or, ask someone to tell you *all* about it.

If you have never helped with the GPM, I encourage you to do so next year. Volunteering and taking ownership for a cause brings great satisfaction. There is camaraderie in sharing a team effort, and it is vital to the life of an event such as the GPM to share and perpetuate the responsibility.

Two other GPM-related activities provide additional opportunities for socializing with fellow EBCers:

- The pre-Pumpkin ride prior to the GPM during which the club checks the Dan Henrys and warning markings and afterwards has a sack lunch meal sponsored by Gilles, and
- The post-GPM wind-down celebration on Sunday evening at the Deerhead.



WE WENT TO TRIRI! and Oy! We had fun!

By Dorothy Niekamp

The Touring Ride in Rural Indiana (TRIRI) September Escapade was September 15-20. Organized by Joe and Barbara Anderson of J&B Event Management in Bloomington, the early summer (June) and early fall (September) TRIRIs are bicycle rides from one Indiana State Park to another. The routes vary, but usually include visits to three or four of the parks. For additional information, refer to www.triri.org.

J&B's September Escapade 2002 was a well-organized event, and the bicyclists' needs were anticipated and met. Joe transported our baggage via a Ryder truck, and Barbara drove a SAG (support and gear) van. They contracted with other service vendors, including a local bicycle shop owner who did minor repairs and a ham radio operator who zipped along the routes in his red sports car decorated with a dozen antennae. For a minimal charge, Bubba, of Bubba's Tent Service, set up tents in the parks and provided comfortable camping chairs and clean towels for his clientele. Two masseuses were available at the inns each night to relieve aching muscles.

On Sunday, September 15, we started at Plainfield, west of Indianapolis, and rode 62 miles to the Abe Martin Lodge near Nashville in Brown County. The next day, we rode 52 miles to McCormick's Creek, where we stayed for two nights. Three routes (27, 61, and 89 miles) were offered for Tuesday's ride, but some people chose to relax at the inn or hike the trails. Wednesday morning we rode 75 miles to Turkey Run and also stayed there for two nights. There was also a three-route option--34, 65, or 75 miles--on Thursday. On Friday, we rode 58 miles back to Plainfield.

We--Dave, Vicky, Gene, Ole, Lisa, and I--were dubbed "The Evansville Six Pack" by Lisa, but others from the Evansville-Newburgh area were also in attendance. The total number of participants was 220; sixty camped (either in Bubba's mini tent city or on their own), and 160 stayed in the inns. Six of the 220 were over age 70, while the average age of the group was 53 years. One of our "Six Pack" experienced dehydration the first day and was transported by ambulance to a hospital for treatment. A doctor advised him not to ride the next day, and, as his "reward" (we teased him), he was "assigned" to help load and unload the baggage truck.

Even though most of the cyclists at TRIRI were from the Midwest, they sported jerseys and t-shirts from a wide variety of rides in the United States and around the world. Meeting and socializing with them, hearing their stories, and talking about their local bike clubs was very enjoyable. For example, "Traveling Sue", a "baby boomer" from Bend, Oregon, headed after TRIRI to week-long rides in North Carolina and San Diego, and she plans to winter and bicycle in New Zealand.

The week's routes included plenty of hills to rival the Hilly Hundred--in fact, we covered some of the Hilly Hundred route (including Bear Wallow) in Brown County. In addition, we experienced some strong cross winds gusting across the West Central Indiana plains, especially on Thursday, the day before the storm clouds rolled in. As a result, we learned to rely on joy of spinning and perfected the art of drafting. In that situation, I certainly didn't mind being behind guys who were "breaking the wind"!

On Tuesday, two cyclists from Joliet, Illinois, joined "The Six Pack" and rode with us the remainder of the week. We especially appreciated Bill, because he quickly and effortlessly changed two flat tires for us. The Joliet cyclists and some of "The Six Pack" added mileage to Tuesday's and Thursday's long routes to complete centuries. Dave celebrated his 50-something birthday by riding the Thursday century. At the end of the day Tuesday, we furiously raced against darkness, riding laps in McCormick's Creek State Park to finish the last five of the 100 miles. Thursday we kept wary eyes on impending rain clouds as we rode from Crawfordsville back to Turkey Run State Park.

Rain threatened to dampen our rides every day, but generally held off until Friday, when the season-changing cold front raged through Indiana. On Friday, we rode most of the 58 miles in a light to steady rain. Doing so was a first for me, a "fair weather rider", but, because the rain was warm, I accepted and enjoyed it as just another element of nature. I decided it wasn't too bad an experience and even purposely rode kid-like through some water puddles. Most of us had just arrived back in Plainfield when the tornado sirens sounded and the ominous dark clouds unleashed a torrential downpour.

[Continued from Page 4] WE WENT TO TRIRI

Some mornings were a bit cool and foggy, but by 10 a.m., the days became summer-like with sunshine and high humidity. A nearly full moon graced the evening skies. Late summer flowers, such as goldenrod, lavender thistle, wild sunflowers, and crepe myrtle, bloomed along the roadsides, in fields, and in yards.

In addition to the pastoral rural Indiana scenery, state parks, and forests, there were other points of interest along the TRIRI route. We passed by Wabash College in Crawfordsville, were near Purdue University, and rode through the Indiana University campus. In Bloomington, we shopped at outdoors and bicycle stores and lunched at Nick's.

Near Martinsville we roamed among a field of "touchable funny, whimsical, mysterious, and otherworldly" stone sculptures. Other places to visit included a pottery factory in Clay City and a winery in Rockville. I joked that after sampling some wines I was RUI—riding under the influence!

There were also historical sites such as the original Doughboy Statue in Spencer and an old rotating jail and the Ben Hur Museum in Crawfordsville. Traveling through some of the isolated rural areas of Smalltown, USA was like taking a step back in time--the quaint old country stores seemed to be frozen in the 1950s and 1960s.

In Parke County, we rode through an Amish neighborhood. A word to the wise: It is not advisable to ride close behind another cyclist when it is raining in Amish Country. Think about it ... the Amish mode of transportation. On a more pleasant note, we observed the Amish children walking home from school. The shy little girls stood along the roadside, but the little boys wanted to race us. Parke County is, of course, known for its rustic covered bridges and scenery, and we stopped one afternoon for a pleasant break at the old mill town of Bridgeton.

Guesstimating that we burned 5,000 or more calories a day, our motto became, "Tonight we eat, for tomorrow we ride!" We "chowed down" heartily at the inns' breakfast and dinner buffets, lunched in local restaurants en route, stopped for mid afternoon snack breaks at the Dairy Queens, and throughout the week consumed plenty of energy bars and power gels washed down with Gatorade.

After dinner evening entertainment included a storyteller who recited a tale about New Harmony, a Native American flutist, a planetarium show, and a bluegrass musician who demonstrated her singing and guitar, banjo, mandolin, zither, and dulcimer playing skills. These programs inspired us, and Lisa and I talked about composing a "Ballad of TRIRI". I didn't, however, get any further than a crude chorus, set to the tune of "The City of New Orleans"--

Good mornin' Indiana, how are you?
I'm ridin' the Touring Ride in Rural Indiana
Munchin' on a power bar and a banana
Sportin' my yellow TRIRI bandana
I'll ride a hundred miles before day is done!

TRIRI was a kind of personal retreat for me, an opportunity to get away and clear my mind and challenge my body. I left the makeup and business attire at home and didn't tune in to radio or television newscasts or read any newspapers. It was a simple week of eating, riding, relaxing, and sleeping 8-12 hours a night. Granted, riding 450 miles in six days was challenging, and sometimes I had to muster the "mind over matter" strength, stamina, and determination to keep on pedaling, but it was a worthwhile accomplishment of which I'm proud.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Rhode Gear bike rack for sedan (hooks onto trunk "door", extends behind car). Used twice. For Sale (\$50) or even trade -- I drive a minivan and I need something that fits on rear door (not trailer hitch nor roof). Call Wendy Bryan (812) 303 5559

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)
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EBC Bikewriter

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