



# EBC Bikewriter

January 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

## The EBC Annual Awards Banquet

The annual awards banquet will be held on January 18, 2003 at Kirby's in Evansville. During the monthly club meeting in December, it was decided to make a change in our voting process this year. We will vote at the banquet for the Rookie of the Year, Ride Host of the Year, and Volunteer of the Year in addition to the Club Officers. The change was made to allow more members the opportunity to vote and to allow December hosted rides to be included in the vote for Ride Host of the Year. Please plan to attend the banquet and cast your votes. A banquet registration form is included within this newsletter. Please mail your reservation promptly to Darlene as she needs to make the reservations.

### WELCOME

New Members for December

Marvin & Nancy Wright  
Masatoshi Oki

### BIKE FOR SALE

TREK 1220 Al Road Bike - 54 cm  
21 speed - 700 X 23 tires  
\$200

Call Bob at 842-0072

"I want to break the world record for slowness, to be by a long shot the last one there, to wish this bicycle a quarter inch off the ground so that together we become a single stationary beast under which the earth turns leisurely, bringing the finish line beneath me as I hang motionless, suspended through nebulae of gnats and subtle barometric changes, as close as I can come to that passion where there is no difference between the willed absence of motion and the still absolute of speed." —**Claire Bateman**, "The Bicycle Slow Race"

## Spin Through Winter or Winter Training 101

BY Dorothy Niekamp

It may be only January 1, but I guarantee that spring is just around the corner! Although riding outdoors—even in the snow—may be an option for some, wimps like me choose to hang up their bikes for the winter. However, the winter months can be ideal for maintaining and improving your strength and aerobic bases with indoor workouts. This can be accomplished in a variety of ways; either with your bicycle or by cross training.

If the temperature is too cold, the weather bad, or the daylight hours too short for you to ride outdoors—or you can't be a "snowbird" and migrate to Florida for the winter—indoor riding is a viable option. A bicycle mounted on a trainer, a frame that holds the rear wheel off the floor, converts your bicycle into a cycling machine. If you are a more advanced cyclist, you can choose to ride on rollers and, as a side benefit, improve your balance and in-line control. Of course, there's the old standby, the stationary bike at home or at a gym, and riding it can also provide a good cycling workout.

You can watch television, a movie, or even a spinervid videotape; listen to motivating music; or read to help make your indoor rides more tolerable. How about viewing *Breaking Away* and cruising with Dave at 50 mph behind the semi—or, at least pretending! Attending an instructor-guided spinning class at a gym or getting together with other riders, if possible, will provide added incentive for your indoor training. Remember, Elite Fitness in Newburgh has spinervid classes (see the ride schedule) and offers a special membership fee to EBC members.

Having goals for and focusing on your indoor workouts can help make the time pass and reduce boredom. Indoor cycling provides an optimal opportunity to determine, reach, and monitor your maximum heart rate. Without the distractions of traffic and hazardous road conditions, you can work on improving your riding skills. The smooth and constant nature of a stationary bike's pedal stroke will assist you in developing a strong, even cadence.

It's cold outside but remember it's warm indoors, and you will be sweating and losing fluids. Be sure to replenish your system with plenty of water. A fan will help keep you cool as well as simulate riding outdoors.

In addition to maintaining your cycling legs, weight training and cross-training will make you overall physically stronger, and you'll be in peak condition for springtime riding outdoors. Lifting free weights or doing reps on a weight machine such as a Nautilus, running on a treadmill or indoor track, and swimming laps will benefit your cycling abilities.

Nature goes into hibernation during winter, and I think that's a good idea! I don't know about you, but I so totally exhaust myself in the summer that I am somewhat relieved when the winter weather and shorter daylight hours force me indoors. Capitalize on the long winter nights by stocking up on some extra sleep and rest and pamper yourself a bit. I guarantee you'll be bursting with excess energy to expend when spring arrives.

With the holiday feeding frenzy behind us, resolve to eat as nutritiously possible for the next few weeks. Constantly keep in mind that those fresh fruits and vegetables, whole grains, lean meats, and plenty of water will build a strong, healthy biking body. Not only will Summer 2003 be bathing suit season; it will also be bicycle short and jersey season!

Don't succumb to the winter doldrums! Start the new year out with the resolution to stay physically active and

**FROM SNAKE TO SHORE -  
OREGON EAST TO WEST ON TWO WHEELS AND WIDMER'S BLONDE ALE  
By David Shrimpton**

From McKenzie Pass on the crest of Oregon's backbone, the string of volcanoes that make up the Cascade Range, it seemed that all of Oregon was in view. To the north, across the barren chaos of the Bellknop Crater lava fields, lay the solitary thumb of Mt Washington and the snow, even in September, of Mt Jefferson. South of us were North and Middle Sister, jewels of the Sisters Wilderness. Looking back east, the dry dust of eastern Oregon; and before us, a screaming, three thousand-foot descent to the fertile Willamette valley and the coast. It was, quite simply, a spectacular place to be. And the descent was better than anything Mr. Disney has ever come up with.

Singly or in groups, two thousand riders headed down and west, snaking through the fragrant cedars and crisscrossing the McKenzie River, the flamboyant spandex contrasting with the somber forest. We didn't see Bryan until the next rest stop; as a former motorcycle racer, he had a rather more aggressive approach to descents than the rest of us. But there was our Canadian friend, grinning and eating, ready for the afternoon's traverse across the Willamette Valley to Coburg.

Five days and some 400 miles earlier, we had made our separate ways to Nyssa, a small farming town on the Snake River that divides Oregon and Idaho at that point. This was the starting point of the fifteenth Cycle Oregon our introduction to the logistical wonder that Cycle Oregon has become. Picture, if you will, a rainbow sea of over one thousand tents for the riders; a dozen 18-wheeled mobile kitchens and showers; a mess tent for five hundred; and a stage for the nightly entertainment (the best music, worst jokes, road and weather reports that Cycle Oregon is known for). All this occupying all the sports fields of the local high school. Also included were the Bike Gallery, the cycle shop that kept the bikes operable, and the massage therapists that kept the riders operable. The school district banished the beer tent to the nether regions of the local rodeo grounds, but enterprising research led to its early discovery.

You quickly get used to lines at Cycle Oregon: to register, to get your goodie bags, to eat, to drink, to shower and to pee, where inevitably the length of the line is proportional to your need. It is easy to meet people in lines: Becca and Kirk were early and, it turned out, frequent, acquaintances. Don't ask how, in a crowd of two thousand cyclists and four hundred workers and helpers, you can keep running into the same folks, but it happened. We were excited about the ride and awed by the logistics. This was the first of many such encounters in the lines or at mealtimes - it was so easy to find interesting people to talk to, they all seem to have assembled there for that purpose.

Breakfast in Nyssa was a chilly affair, with temperatures near freezing, but a cup of good coffee, handed to you as you waited in a seemingly endless line, brought many to life (and life to many more). The Cycle Oregonian, newsletter for the ride, appeared daily. One of the ads that morning set the tone for the week: "Shelley, If I said your body looked even better this year, would you hold it against me? Jonathon."

Our destination the first day was a ranch at Ironside. Though Ironside appears on many maps, one wonders why, as the entire town consisted of perhaps twenty buildings. It was typical of rural towns in Eastern Oregon, mainly populated by hardy settlers after the plum properties in the Willamette Valley had all been taken. After symbolically dipping our wheels in the Snake River (another line), our route of seventy miles took us through onion and alfalfa fields and along the Oregon Trail over Keeney Pass. The ruts made by the intrepid pioneers, hundreds of thousands of them between 1850 and 1900, were plainly visible. Brogan Summit, about 4,000 feet elevation, and a long descent through parched cattle fields took us to the ranch.

After the luxury of camping on grass at Nyssa, the tufted hard pan of the ranch, liberally sprinkled with patties thoughtfully left for us by the local quadrupeds, required the adoption of a certain pioneer mentality, something of a leap for city dwellers. But a shower and a visit to the beer garden, both of which became part of the daily routine, restored the sense of wellbeing. The evening was spent wandering the stalls of the local volunteers offering local history and information and the traveling bicycle vendors, repairers and cleaners. Those with sore muscles and enough forethought had massages from one of the twenty or so therapists.

[Continued on

**Page 4]**

**[Continued from Page 3] From Snake to Shore**

Entertainment varied from people watching, always available, to afternoon music provided by local folk singers of bands, to the evening shows of blue grass, Cajun or rock (mostly soft in deference to the average age, 46, of Cycle Oregon participants). Entertainment also included consumption of Widmer Brothers Blonde ale and the search for the Paceline Goddess to pull (our paceline) all day, pitch the tent and have cold beer available after the day's ride.

A light frost greeted us the next morning, not enough to deter the keener cyclists from getting on the road at first light, about 6.30 AM. But certainly enough to deter those not so hardy among us, at least until the sun was firmly established and generating some warmth.

John Day, our destination for the second day, took us back to the luxury of camping on grass, gracious hospitality including free ice lollies and the discovery of Super Dave's Smoothies, fruit and protein blends just right as a recovery drink after a 75-mile ride. The route took us through the Strawberry Mountain Wilderness and up and over no less than four summits over 5,000 feet and along a section of paved US Forest Service road, a cyclist's dream of no traffic and stunning scenery.

The story of John Day typifies the hardships of the early settlers. In 1811, he joined an expedition going from St Louis, MO, to Astoria, OR, along the route established by Lewis and Clark just six years earlier. As winter set in, they suffered extreme hardships. Day and his partner, Ramsay Cook, became separated and lost, and were saved only by friendly Indians. Next spring, they continued and reached Oregon's Blue Mountains, only to be attacked, stripped and left for dead by hostile Indians. They were found alive by other pioneers traveling to Astoria and finally reached their destination. Day never recovered and died in 1819, a broken man.

Jonathon never got a reply, at least in public, to his question in Cycle Oregonian, but others followed suit. Noted in the ads that day: "Biker Girl, Cheese Plate Gal. Don't be so quick to find another. Spark like the spoke, we two can be one! Pony."

Day three took us 80 miles down the John Day River Valley, through the Painted Hills and the John Day Fossil Beds to The Climb. Dave, a physician from Missoula, Montana, proved to be good company and a good working partner, and later in the day we hooked up with Brian the Canadian, a longshoreman and ex-motorcycle racer; Bryan, a UPS driver; and Rich, a financial consultant, both from Portland. Our ad hoc group worked well together on the flats and downhill, though we tended to split up on the hills and reform at the next rest stop. It was a good way to accommodate our different age and ability levels.

Foolishly brave, we chose the optional route and a day of 110 miles, which included The Climb, done in the early afternoon with the temperature around 100F after the flat, scenic trip along the river. It was a 15-miler, topping out at about 3,500 feet elevation and not to be hurried. Running out of water about halfway up with no habitation in sight did not improve matters, but close to the top there appeared a Water Angel in the form of a Cycle Oregon sag supporter with a truck load of the precious liquid. Bless you, Water Angel, you saved my butt.

Camping outside Mitchell had us back on dirt, more accurately in dirt, in a recently graded field devoid of any natural ground cover. Tents were pitched amid the buzz of the four-wheel drive "porter" vehicles. Cycle Oregon allows participants to take one duffel each, and some of the duffels weighed well over sixty pounds, stuffed with the usual camping items plus chairs, food, drink, extra clothes. Each community took on porter duties to raise money for local youth activities, serve food and provide hospitality. As a result, we felt warmly welcomed wherever we went - even to the extent of a totally unsolicited kiss in Sisters! While only a peck on the cheek, that young lady deserves high marks for puckering up for ancient, sweaty and unshaven cyclists.

Oooh, the softness of grass again in Sisters, this time for two nights, at one of the prettiest towns in the entire state. Our fourth day, a 93-mile cruise, took us through the Ochoco Mountains and across Central Oregon, still in the high desert, north of the popular resort town of Bend, to the heart of the Cascades. Our high points for the day: one summit at 4,000 plus feet and Smith Rocks, world Mecca for sport climbers and not a bad picnic spot either. And we began to see marked changes in the ecology as the dry dusty eastern part of the state gave way to the mountain forests.

And while Jonathon pined (or, more likely, secretly held Shelley's body against him), Pony was getting some response. In the

Cycle Oregonian that day: "Cheese Plate. Boy, can you climb. You've already summited my heart. You know who".

[Continued on Page

5]

[Continued from Page 4] From Snake to Shore

Sisters offered several alternative diversions: a rest day, a 50-mile jaunt to Wizard Falls, rafting, fly fishing or hiking. Rafting down the surprisingly icy McKenzie River was a pleasant change from saddle time. The free evening allowed us to sample the local brew and do laundry, so that camp began to look like a Buddhist shrine with giant prayer flags all around. Northwesterners are noted for their love of coffee and micro-brewed beer, and Cycle Oregon scored highly on both counts.

Always informative, the Cycle Oregonian told us about Tent Truths, or the Top Ten Things They Should Have Told You at the Outdoor Store, but Didn't. A sample: "All the tent manufacturers have conspired to be sure that the sounds made by their zippers can carry across vast fields and penetrate even the most earnest ear plugs. Like the high-pitched sound only dogs can hear, zippers are carefully made to be especially audible when formerly asleep." Duly noted by all those within four feet of another tent, which is to say everyone.

And while Jonathon/Shelley and Pony/you-know-who were getting it on, other romances were blooming: "Bearsie, when I ride behind you I can see such great scenery. Love, Piesy." Perhaps Bearsie was aware of the Number 1 Cycle Oregon lie: "If you sleep with me tonight, I'll ride with you tomorrow." Yeah, right.

Then it was on to McKenzie Pass and the 98 miles to Coberg, nestled among the vineyards and hazlenut orchards of the Willamette Valley. A 12-mile climb from Sisters at 3,200 feet to the McKenzie Pass at over 5,000 feet was enough to awaken most people. The top announces itself as you burst, at a blistering speed of five to ten mph, from the confines of the forest to the openness of the lava fields and the Cascade peaks to the north and south.

The Paceline Goddess never appeared, but the Paceline God did in the form of an ironman triathlete who just liked to pull at something close to 25 mph on the flats, declining offers to draft and rest up. He attracted a following of fifteen or so riders before the end of the line became unmanageable and riders dropped off in frustration at the sprint-brake cycles.

Coberg was one more of those delightful surprise discoveries (except, perhaps, to those riders from Eugene, only a few miles away). Settled in 1847, it has preserved twelve historic (by western US standards) homes in its heart, nestled among giant oaks. And there were Kirk and Becca at the wine tasting, where we sampled Oregon wines and cheeses and listened to a quite famous Australian film director now making excellent soft cheeses from Oregon's lush dairy products. Just another day in what must be described as a "soft adventure", but an adventure nevertheless.

Too soon it was the last day, a 97-mile run to the coast and the Pacific Ocean at Florence. From the heat and dryness of Eastern Oregon, we now found ourselves in the cool mists and forests of the Coast Range with arm-warmers and vests for comfort. Gone in the fog were thoughts of skinny-dipping in the rivers, lost in anticipation of a hot chocolate to warm the bod. Part of our assigned reading was Ken Keasey's "Sometimes a Great Notion", a gutsy and boisterous yarn about a logging family set in these parts. The film was made on location in and near Florence, our final destination. The Wakonda Pacific lumber mill never appeared, but there were many log rafts ready to float down the Siuslaw River to the real life equivalent.

And so the forests gave way to the dunes, which finally gave way to the beach and our destination, but not our end-point. The dunes are big business in this part of Oregon - you can rent a dune buggy from Florence of Arabia and go charging across this pristine (after a big storm) seashore. The finish line at Florence beckoned from a few miles back down the road.

Happily, the beer garden and Widmer's Blonde Ale were located right at the finish. Our group, flush with the good vibes of long rides and working well together, gathered for a final beer. Or three. Somewhere along the line a bottle of Glen Morangie (Portwood Finish, if you please) made its unofficial and decidedly illegal appearance, much to the delight of the riders and greeters. It was a truly memorable end to a truly memorable ride.

Jonathon, the founder and president of Cycle Oregon, has brought to the event a unique blend of adventure, bonhomie and philanthropic goodness. Over the last fifteen years, Cycle Oregon has donated \$4 million to those small communities throughout the state that made us feel so welcome. Perhaps it was a kids' playground or a community marquee, or maybe new goals for the youth soccer fields - something to enhance the quality of life in places that typify the pioneer spirit of Oregon.

# 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](mailto:chiapet@charter.net)

## The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

Membership Application 2003

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**Individual \$12**

**Family \$20 +**

**\$1/child**

### 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  
[rsilke@sige.com.net](mailto:rsilke@sige.com.net)

**President** Darlene Wefel (490-0686)  
**VP** Dave Ashworth (426-2489)  
**Secretary** Bob Messick (842-0072)  
**Treasurer** Bob Willett (270 836-3546)

**Membership** Randy Silke (437-9122)  
**Statistician** Rusty Yeager (402-1787)  
**Touring** Tony Titzer (490-1397)  
**Website** Bob Wefel (490-0686)