



EBC Bikewriter

July 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

The following article is from Rick Holeman of Madisonville, KY. He is a member of the CRCC in Paducah.

WKBT? What's that? A radio station?

It's that time again! That is, the time to start planning to ride the WKBT! That's Western Kentucky Bike Tour to you that haven't heard of it. Let's go back to the beginning... way back to early last year when the idea of meandering around in western Kentucky was put in my head by one of my riding buddies. I voiced the idea to a few others and the "WKBT" was born. We left Madisonville on a hot August Wednesday and returned on a cool Sunday afternoon. That's the short version, but during those five days we built friendships that will last a lifetime and shared many great moments. Such as the one where the gauntlet was thrown down to an upright rider that he couldn't out coast a "bent", or the one where Duc took Eddie and Steve and did a small tour of their own at a high rate of speed up and down the hills. Speaking of hills, as Eddie was trying his hardest to keep up with Duc, he glances over at Duc, who has his camera out, turned around in the saddle, taking pictures of Eddie and Steve in their misery! If any of you know a guy from Owensboro by the name of Dan Clark, you can ask him about the ride and just how much he "suffered". Of course, I didn't help matters any, because I gave Dan his route sheet complete with mile by mile elevation changes and a picture from DeLorme of the changes! I think he started "suffering" the moment he looked down at the map.

The first night, we stayed at Kenlake State Park Campground and enjoyed a good meal at Willow Pond Restaurant. That was where everyone found out HOW much Duc Do eat. It became a nightly ritual to see just how much food Duc could put away. For a little guy, he sure can put away the crops! The second night was the best night we had camping, all because of the location, which was at Columbus Belmont State Park on the Mississippi. It is a very relaxing park with a lot of history about the Civil War. It stands on a bluff overlooking the river where the South put a BIG chain across the river to stop the North gunboats. The next was spent in a small family ran campground in the outskirts of Paducah and the fourth was at the LBL.

On Saturday, we had the pleasure of a small boating trip courtesy of Donnie Mayton, who took all of us out on his sailboat for a three hour cruise. Yes, we did make it back that day and there were no storms!

I just briefly touched on the tour of last year, but if you would like to read the full report it is online at: <http://www.thedos.org/trips/2002wkb.htm>

This year, we are going to be leaving Madisonville on Wednesday, Sept 24th and returning on Sunday the 28th. Mileages will be anywhere from 55 to 85 miles, and we take turns driving if you want, so the distances are what you make of them. We have decided to put a western-European touch in our little tour this year.... A Russian flair that is.... We are going to ride through Cuba and Moscow and there maybe a sight around Crutchfield you see that is sure to be an eye-opener! If you don't know where they are located, come on and join us for what is sure to be another good laid-back-relaxed tour of west Ky! Have you ever thought about cycling Kentucky? This ride will introduce you to the quiet roads and the beautiful scenery that the western part of our state has to offer.

If you have any questions and would like to have more information on the ride, e-mail me at rholeman@charter.net or give me a call at 270-824-8128.

Track Cycling 101 By Chad Burleigh

As a newcomer to the sport of cycling, one of the things that drew me to it was the wondrous variety of things one could do with a bicycle: a leisurely ride in the country on a touring bike, or a fast and furious criterium on a road bike to tearing up some singletrack on a mountain bike, or clearing a table top on a BMX. But unfortunately for most cyclists in our nation, riding a fixed gear bike at high speed on a velodrome is something they have yet to experience. Sadly, there are only nineteen velodromes in operation in the U. S. But fortunately for us here in the tri-state area, there is a world-class facility merely three hours away in Indianapolis.

As a boy, I remember seeing the Major Taylor Velodrome many times as my family and I journeyed to and from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The idea of riding elbow to elbow with other riders on the high banks appealed to my race-loving nature. So, when I finally became involved in cycling, I knew I just had to try it. I signed up for the track cycling clinic offered at Major Taylor for the first Sunday in May.

The clinic started at 8:00 a.m. Ken, the cycling coach of Marion College, would serve as our instructor for the day. First, he took us to the balustrade (railing) overlooking turn one to explain the various lines that were painted on the track. Looking down the sharply-pitched turn and the flat apron far below our feet was slightly intimidating. It was then that we were issued our tangerine-colored KHS track bikes. Amazingly, of the dozen or so people attending the clinic, only three brought track bikes of their own.

We started out slowly, getting used to the fixed gear. Snapping into a moving cliplless pedal took some getting used to. But, before long, we were all moving out on the track. I found the fact that I could use the banking to speed up or slow down particularly delightful. If I became tired, I could simply climb the banking and slow to an easy pace and chat with another rider then I could charge down the banking and be at a fast pace with no effort.

After a few balance exercises, we began our paceline work. The leader leads the line for a lap, then rides up the banking in the turn. This allows the rest of the line to ride past on the bottom. The former leader then waits for the line to pass beneath him or her, then drops down the bank and falls right back in line. After that, we began double-paceline work--handlebar to handlebar, front wheels nearly touching the rear cog of the rider ahead. The front two riders veer up the bank as the rest of the pack passes like a freight train.

Lastly, we did some motor pacing involving a motorcycle and a single paceline. Unfortunately the rains came, as they so frequently do in Indy in May. Indoors, we discussed different racing formats and gear ratios. At 4:30 p.m., the clinic concluded.

I had an amazing time. I feel that my spinning and pack-riding skills have been sharpened because of the track riding. I heartily recommend it to anyone of any age or skill level. Contact Major Taylor Velodrome by phone or on the web at www.majortaylorvelodrome.com.



**WELCOME
NEW MEMBERS FOR JUNE
Bruce Hatfield
Russ and Judy Briody
Darrell Mcknight
Holly Wilhelmus**

BIKE FOR SALE

TREK 1000 bicycle. Purchased in Sept 2002.
Ridden around the neighborhood 4-5 times.
STI shifters, 52 cm.
Includes new TREK helmet (never used).
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\$500 Ask for Linda

Dog Attack — What to do by Wayne Fuller

As many of us who ride bicycles know, dogs present us with some difficult situations. We know from being a member of the Evansville Bicycle Club that we will encounter a dog at some point during the year. In fact, we know of individuals who have been injured because they were attacked by a dog. Although we may know what to do in the event that a dog starts to chase us, I thought it would be helpful to give a few reminders of what to do in the event you have contact with a dog. Remember that if a dog does not chase you then there is little to worry about. However, it would be important to let other bicyclists know that travel that route where a particular dog is located. There is no rhyme or reason as to why a dog might not chase one bicyclist, but would chase another one. So, what are your options if a dog does start to chase you?

The first option is to stop. If you stop the dog might stop also. If the dog does stop, then slowly ride or walk away. A second option would be to stop and then get off your bike quickly. If the dog attacks you, then try to keep the bike between you and the dog. At this time, you might want to shout something at the dog such as, "Stop!". Some of us might want to try to outrun a dog. If there is more than one dog, then this might be a good idea. However, if there is only one dog and you are not sure that you can outrun the dog, then don't try to outrun the dog. It is important to understand that sometimes a running dog can get caught in your wheels and cause an accident. If you do decide to attempt to outrun the dog then it might be useful to give the dog a squirt in the face with your water bottle. Finally, there is the use of a dog-repellent spray. I know many in the club carry a dog repellent spray with them as do I. When using a spray of this type, be careful. The wind could blow the stuff back into your face if it is not used properly. I have found the use of a dog repellent spray to be quite effective.

Last summer, I had a situation in which I had a large Cocker Spaniel come running after me, acting fierce, growling and barking. I had squirted the dog in the face from a water bottle, but this did not seem to slow the dog down. It was then I decided to train the dog. I purposely rode by the dog's house on two occasions one day. Each time the dog came after me, I squirted him in the face with the repellent spray. I now have been able to ride up and down this particular part of my route without concern from the dog. The dog generally will stay in the yard and bark at me. Every once and while it may start walking towards me, and I raise my hand, which is empty, and the dog will promptly sit down. You should not randomly spray dogs with a dog repellent. We should only do this if it is a matter of protecting ourselves, or training a dog not to chase us because it presents a danger.

Over the past two years, I have ridden nearly ten thousand miles. During this all of this riding, I have had very few problems with dog attacks. Many dogs are well behaved and are not interested in chasing you. But dogs can be unpredictable, and we as bicyclists should be ever cautious whenever a dog makes an appearance.

Tour de Corn

The Tour de Corn information was inadvertently left out of the June ride schedule. Information on the ride follows:

The ride is on **June 28** in East Prairie, MO. with distances of 15, 30 and 60 miles. Cyclists may travel alongside cypress filled bayous, the Mississippi River, Big Oak Tree State Park, Ten Mile Pond Conservation Area and miles of some of the nation's richest crop land. Sections of the Mississippi River Trail are incorporated into each of the three routes. For more information visit the website: www.tourdecorn.com

The Red Dog from Hell

By Faye Carter

In 1995, I had a nice 26-mile loop in Kentucky that I rode quite frequently. I would leave my house and go to Rose Creek road and cross over to Manitou to go through the country to Nebo, Coiltown and back home. The only bad thing about this route was one particular home close to Nebo that had a pack of dogs that ran loose. There were four medium-size dogs and two of them appeared to be Australian shepherds.

Most afternoons, I would go by and out-run the dogs. A few times, my friend, Harold, was riding with me and managed to spray them with his water bottle as I sprinted in front of him. I was terrified that the dogs would get me. The gray and black dog would lead the chase and the red dog would be in the rear.

One afternoon, I was riding the route alone, and I looked for the dogs as I rounded the curve before the house. I didn't see any signs of the dogs and gave a sigh of relief and kept up my leisurely pace by the house. As I passed the house, the dogs came up out of the ditch in front of my bike and surrounded me. The four dogs circled the bike round and round, and I was all over the road trying to avoid hitting them and crashing while at the same time trying to get around them so I could get away. Just as I seemed to have gotten clear from the pack, I felt the pain in my left leg. The red dog had gotten his teeth into my calve. He bit down hard, but didn't manage to cut through the thick Pearlizumi tights I was wearing. I sped away with tears in my eyes and didn't stop until I was a long distance from the house.

I stopped riding when I saw a man and woman working in their yard. I asked if they had trouble with the pack of dogs. The couple both said they were no longer able to even go for a walk down the road because they were afraid of the dogs. I told them I was going to call the Sheriff to see what could be done. When I got home, I called the Sheriff to report the dog attack, and was told they would go to the home of the dogs. I gave them the name from the mailbox and location of the house.

The Sheriff's department did call me back to tell me that they visited the home of the dogs, but there wasn't much they could do about it. I was furious; I had a bruise in a perfect imprint of a canine mouth on my left leg, the neighbors in Nebo were terrified and NOTHING could be done! Harold offered to go out in the middle of the night with an iron pipe to take care of RED DOG for me. The animal lover in me would not allow any animal to be hurt or killed intentionally, even RED DOG.

For weeks, I was terrified to ride my favorite route. One day, I decided I'd had enough, and something was going to be done, and ***I would be the one to do it.*** Armed with a can of pepper spray, I went into offensive mode. I set out for Nebo to GET the dogs. I rode the route backward that time, so I could get a better view of the house and yard before getting very close. I saw the dogs snoozing in the yard. I had my pepper can in hand when I sped by. The dogs gave chase, and I let them get close before attempting to pepper them. I made some minimal contact with the spray and the dogs headed back to their yard.

The next trip to Nebo, I did the route backward again. This time, I rode by as fast as I could with the dogs following me away from their home. I rounded the bend with a good lead, turned quickly to double back and headed into the dogs facing them screaming every profanity I could think of (which I admit was quite a few). I scared those dogs to death chasing them home spraying pepper and screaming at them. I saw them head for the porch. The dogs had obviously never had contact with a crazy woman on a bicycle before. I slowed down and enjoyed the afternoon's ride more than I had in weeks. I couldn't help but think of the saying "If you can't run with the big dogs, stay on the porch." I guess for once, I was the big dog. 😊

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Another day later on, my friend, Terry, and I were riding the Nebo loop and she was afraid the dogs would come out (she'd crashed before due to a dog in her wheel). I told her not to worry, because *I was on a mission*. Terry rode in front, and I rode in the rear prepared with a full pepper can and an arsenal of vulgarities. The dogs came off the porch, and I screamed to Terry, "RIDE HARD, RIDE HARD!" She did, and the dogs got behind me. I turned, peppered them, and I got one good. I laughed as he headed into the corn field yelping. This was actually getting to be FUN!! Ha Ha. And, I was once afraid of the pathetic mutts (not the words I used at the time).

It wasn't long before the dogs were missing from my route. I promise I didn't do anything to permanently remove them from the earth much as I would have like to done exactly that at one time. Heck, I was having fun terrorizing them, so why would I do that now?

Months later, I was cruising along on outer West Center Street and saw a familiar face running across a field after me. It was RED DOG! @#\$%^&*#* I was sure of it! Yippeel! Well, he gave chase, and I leaned over and got him full force in the face with the pepper. I could see the anger in his eyes, as he glared at me, the pepper droplets hanging in the fur on the top of his head so very near his eyes. Suddenly, he went down rolling and screaming as the pepper droplets dripped into his eyes. I slowed my pace and rode away chuckling. He was back and alone this time! The war was on.

Every time I went down Center Street heading out of town, I would encounter RED DOG. He got smarter each time we met. He learned that if my hand went to unclip the can from my handlebar to run away from the road. He learned to come the long way and not cut across the field where he was easy to see. He learned to approach me from behind by coming up the road and not barking. He almost got me one day as he got right behind my pedal before I heard his heavy breathing. I turned in time to pepper him and rode away smiling. Ha ha ha...you **almost** got me that time, RED DOG. Having a mission in life gave such meaning to cycling.

The last time I saw RED DOG was in the fall of 1996; he was a few miles from his home. The owner had him in the back of a pickup truck along with a collie. The truck was parked on the side of the road for the man to do some fence repairs. As I approached, both dogs jumped over the side of the truck bed and came into the middle of the road. I stopped my bike, planted my SPD'd feet and screamed for both dogs to COME AND GET IT (along with a string of profanities as usual). I am sure the owner went into shock seeing a little woman on a bike begging his dogs to go down fighting (as well as hearing the words I used). Well, the dogs circled me, and I sprayed and cussed, sprayed and cussed. Finally, the man called them off me, and I mounted up and took off. That was the last time I saw my good buddy, RED DOG. The routes became somewhat boring after he was gone.

I have been bitten by dogs three times so far. RED DOG was my second bite, the first bite was by a relative's "friendly" little dog that actually knew me, and the last bite was from a "friendly" collie that used to run with me when he was a puppy (I would stop and pet him). I still have a non-standard-equipment ventilation hole in the shape of a collie tooth in one of my SPD shoes. I have learned to pepper first and ask questions later when a dog gets anywhere close to me. Maybe that is indiscriminate spraying, but I would prefer someone spray my dogs indiscriminately to teach them not to chase bicycles or vehicles rather than have them hit by a car or need to be put down because they become chronic biters.

I have often wondered what happened to my old enemy, RED DOG. Whether you are in doggie hell or doggie

EBC Bikewriter

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The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

Membership Application 2003

Name _____ Age _____

 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____ Phone _____
 E-mail Address _____
 Signature _____

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.

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