



# EBC Bikewriter

September 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

## VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

### GREAT PUMPKIN METRIC, OCTOBER 5

Fall is just around the corner and it's time for the EBC to start organizing for The Great Pumpkin Metric. Behind the scenes of every great ride comes months of planning and preparation. Lots of volunteers are needed to make this ride a success. The Evansville Bicycle Club needs you. All members of the club need to take responsibility for the success of this ride, and all members, except for new members, are expected to help the day of the ride. The club needs a rest stop coordinator (speak to me or Randy Silke 437-9122). Two weeks prior to the ride, two to three people are needed to mark the routes. On Saturday, two people will need to pick up the delivery truck and food for the rest stops and sort it. The evening of October 4<sup>th</sup> five to six people need to help Ronnie Lee prepare the pasta. The day of ride, we need an enthusiastic group of 3 to 4 people to man the Burdett rest stop (a rest stop theme and decorations are necessary—please contact me if you are interested), two to three people for parking, two to four people are required to do the delivery and pick up of remaining supplies at the rest stops after the ride has ended. The list does not end there. We need 8 to 10 people for registration, 6 to 8 people for the pasta meal and clean up. Gary needs help setting up the swine barn, and then there are people needed for the rest stops. 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, Ronnie Lee - Pasta Bar 421-8963, Gary Gardner - Swine Barn Coordinator 853-0476, or Wayne Fiester - Team Entries 490-2745.

Remember this ride benefits **all** members of the club by providing funds to cover the postage of newsletters, support cycling through contributions to Indiana Bicycle Collation, and League of American Bicyclists, and bike safety programs through out our community. Many things depend upon the success of this ride. The club ask very little of its members through out the year, and this is the one event that depends on the help of all members.

Darlene Wefel, GPM Coordinator

I want to thank the Evansville bike club for the hospitality they showed me on the TRIRI ride. I came to the ride not knowing what to expect, whether I spend the week mostly by myself, or if I would make some friends. I consider myself very lucky to have met David, and then the rest of the club and I had a great time. You have a great riding club, and more importantly, a great group of people in the club. I had a great time on the TRIRI, mostly because the members of your club allowed me to "tag" along. Hopefully I can make it up to Evansville to do more riding. If any of you come down to Nashville area, let me know and I can show you some of our nicer rides.

Best Regards,  
Andrew Getter



**TRY (gasp) THIS ONE (gasp) NEXT YEAR**  
**THE TRIPLE BYPASS (After this you'll need one)**

**By David Shrimpton**

At the summit of Loveland Pass, all 11,990 feet of it, one is surrounded by 14,000 ft peaks, ridge after ridge of snow-patched mountains stretching away into the summer haze. We are above tree line here and vistas are unobstructed - spectacular does not come close to doing justice to this view. Below are thick forests of Ponderosa Pine and Douglas Fir, and the alpine meadows are carpeted with blue lupines and yellow and white springtime flowers.

The Triple Bypass is a one-day, 123-mile cruise through the most stunning scenery the Rocky Mountains have to offer. In its 13<sup>th</sup> year, it is run by Team Evergreen from Evergreen, Colorado, just a few miles west of Denver in the Rocky Mountain foothills. Flatlanders have to understand that the term "foothills" in Colorado can be a bit misleading - Evergreen is at just under 8,000 ft elevation. One gets lots of practice breathing on the Triple Bypass.

But I nearly forgot to mention that there are a couple of hills between Evergreen and the finish at Avon, near the ski resort of Vail, Colorado. Three, to be specific, and if foothills run to 8,000 ft, you can imagine what full-blown hills run to. The first aid station is at 16 miles, a surprisingly short distance at the front end of a ride. However, the first 16 miles are all climbing, from the start at about 8,000 ft to Squaw Pass at 11,10 ft. and the aid station is well placed for water replenishment. The route winds through lush forests the entire way to the pass with nary a car in sight (road closed to all but local traffic).

Riders are rewarded with a screaming, 16-mile descent en route to Georgetown, an old mining town struggling to exist on tourism and traffic to and from the ski resorts that sprout along Interstate-70 like fruit on a tree. The second aid station is at 46 miles, just after the start of the nearly 30-mile climb up the second "hill" to Loveland Pass, the highest point of the ride. If you fail to eat in Georgetown, you pay the price by the time you are half way through the climb, and the third aid station, a mere 11 miles from Georgetown, is a welcome sight. Then it is out of the forests (and blessed shade) and up the last 1,500 ft through open grassland to the top (just like Mt Ventoux!) and another screaming descent to the Dillon Reservoir at about 9,000 ft.

Swan Mountain Road skirts the reservoir, glinting invitingly below, before entering Summit, Colorado, set somewhat surprisingly in the valley rather than any summit. From there the route follows a bike path through the Copper Mountain ski resort and up the third hill to Vail Pass at 10,560 ft and the final aid station at 94 miles. From there it is all downhill through the luxury condominiums and ski lodges at Vail to the finish at Avon and the Beaver Creek ski resort.

The three hills and a few smaller ones thrown in for good measure totaled over 10,000 ft of climbing, but grades were 5% to 8% and feasible on a double chain ring with a "cissy" gear on the back (26 or 28). Though I wouldn't say no to a triple. There are some steeper, but mercifully short, sections of the bike path, and after 90 miles and all that climbing even 50 yards of a 10%+ grade is tough.

The aid stations were well-stocked and well run and the meal at the end superb. Fat Tire amber ale, too, so life was good again very quickly. The sobering thought is that this distance and this amount of climbing is roughly equivalent to one mountain stage of the Tour de France, and Lance and the boys do a total of seven of these stages, up to four back to back. And they do it at a somewhat faster pace, too. Rather you than me, mate, I'm happy with the view from Loveland Pass and a Fat Tire.



**Cross Country Traveler**  
Kate Fuller

Wayne and I were privileged last week to meet and have dinner with Joan Cavin, from Eugene, Oregon. She is the friend of a friend, and is almost two months into a solo, self-supported bicycle ride across the U.S.

Joan left her home on June 14, and is traveling a mid to northern route. She is using plans and maps from Trans America Bicycle Tours. She is riding a Davidson bicycle, and pulling a Bob trailer. She has been bicycling for quite a few years, and tries to be as "carfree" as she can manage. She is 50 years old, a high school teacher, and an artist.

Joan and her husband had planned to take this trip last summer with a group, supported tour. She was surprised by her middle daughter announcing that she planned to get married on a date that would be in the middle of the tour. Between the wedding, and a back injury to her husband, that trip was cancelled. When her husband was unable to go again this year due to business pressures, Joan decided to go on her own.

She told us lots of interesting stories - some that stood out in my mind: While in Idaho, she was riding through Rattlesnake pass. She saw a dead snake, and wasn't too worried. When she saw a big live snake, she decided to pedal very fast! She said that the thing she worries most about is bears - both in Yellowstone, and while crossing the Appalachians She did have a fall from her bike while traversing Hoosier Pass, at 12,000 feet elevation in Colorado. She got off onto a gravel shoulder, and having seen Lance Armstrong ride back up onto the road, attempted the same maneuver. She wasn't as successful, and fell, having a way too close call with a following truck. Very scary!

Joan is making the trip with only two stops to visit friends - the rest of the time she's on her own. My friend who knows her lives in Evansville. Jan picked Joan up in Morganfield, KY and took her back to Seebree, KY to get back on the road after two days rest. Joan really enjoys seeing new parts of the country. She was quite interested in the coal trucks and barges that she started seeing in Missouri and Illinois. We let her know that she'd be able to see plenty more before leaving KY! She is very interested in the crops that she sees, and wanted to know how to recognize tobacco plants.

When we asked her if she was doing much sight seeing in the evenings she said that she is mostly too tired to do anything like that. When she gets in to her motel room (she'd intended to camp more, but her husband prefers her to stay in motels), she washes her clothes and water bottles, makes her phone calls, eats, and then pretty much crashes out. She said that she really enjoys stopping in small local cafes and coffee shops and eating her meals with the locals. I asked Joan if she'd been frightened, other than of bears, she said that she'd only had one really scary experience. She got totally creeped out by a motel clerk who seemed just too interested in the fact that she was alone. After going to her room, she checked her map, found another place to stay 22 miles on down the road, and just left - even though it was over 100 degrees that day. She said that all her other human encounters have been very positive.

I wish that Joan had been in Evansville on the night of a bike club meeting - I know that she would have been very happy to meet the club members. She was quite impressed to hear about how active our club is, and how many rides we have each week.

I have to admit, I was apprehensive about meeting a "friend of a friend" , but we all had a wonderful time, and would probably still be there talking if we hadn't been forced to leave. It was wonderful to share a bit of her adventure.

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_  
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: Jim Niethammer  
3008 Mockingbird Lane  
Evansville, IN 47710  
Email [hamrtym@aol.com](mailto:hamrtym@aol.com)

**President** Dave Ashworth (426-2489)  
**VP** Mark Oliver (476-3898 )  
**Secretary** Bob Messick (842-0072)  
**Treasurer** Bob Willett (270 836-3546)

**Membership** Jim Niethammer (491-1709)  
**Statistician** Rusty Yeager (402-1787)  
**Touring** Tony Titzer (490-1397)  
**Website** Bob Wefel (490-0686)