



# EBC Bikewriter

October 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

## VOLUNTEERS STILL NEEDED !!!

### GREAT PUMPKIN METRIC, OCTOBER 5

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. 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, Wayne Fiester - Team Entries 490-2745 or Randy Silke - 437-9122.

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 asks 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

## GREAT PUMPKIN METRIC PACKET STUFFING OCTOBER 2, 6:30 p.m.

EBC MEMBERS NEEDED AT PIZZA  
CHEF IN NEWBURGH TO STUFF  
PACKETS FOR THE GREAT PUMP-  
KIN METRIC TOUR

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Albert Umbach Jr.  
Max Lundbeck  
Mark Harmon





# INDIANA BIKEFEST 2003

by Bob Messick



Having just returned from a trip to Ohio, which included riding with the Stark County Bike Club, I chose from available rides to participate in Bikefest 2003 based in Jasper and sponsored by the Indiana Bicycle Coalition. The best words I can use to describe the event are: "A Masterpiece in Planning" by the Coalition members.



The event is based at the Jasper Holiday Inn and includes numerous activities in the area during the Labor Day weekend period from Friday, August 29 to Monday, September 1 as well as bike tours on Saturday and Sunday. The tours, up to 70 miles in length, include some of the most scenic areas of southern Indiana. The coalition organizers, headed by Connie Szabo Schmucker did an excellent job of providing Cue Sheets, Maps and "Dan Henry" road signs for no less than six rides on each day.



Ruth and I received an assignment on short notice to staff a rest stop at Huntingburg Park on Saturday morning from 7:30 until noon. This meant leaving home at 6:00 a.m. to allow time for setup. We were greeted at the park by the park maintenance man who gave us a tour of the nearby ball-field used for the movie "League of Their Own". Food, Drink and First Aid Materials for the stop had been left at a park shelter reserved for the tour. We were joined at the park by Dubois County Tourism director Rita Howell. and rest stop Ham Radio operator "Jeff". After setting up, I left the shelter to ride a 32 mile section of the route we served to see first hand that maps and Dan Henrys were well prepared.



Turnout for the event was dismal compared to what was available (79 pre-registered riders), but was partly due to the forecast for rain throughout the weekend. Other possible reasons for no-shows were:



Time period of the commitment possibly too long (Friday thru Monday). Could possibly be divided into daily segments.



Cost - \$100 entry fee plus motel fees (no camping in immediate area of starting point)



Some people camped at nearby Patoka Lake. The cost was reasonable considering what it included.



Conflict - This event is within easy driving distance of Evansville and should be of interest to club members but is conducted at same time as Clarksville, Tennessee rides.



Hopefully, more members will take advantage of this opportunity to ride through the most scenic areas of the state when this site is used as the National Bike Rally event in 2004.



## FROM CLIF BARS TO CLIFF DWELLINGS AND BACK

From your roving correspondent in New Mexico, David Shrimpton

Have you tried a Mojo, the new (well, new to me, anyway) product from Clif Bar? They are a quantum leap ahead of the original Clif Bar, chock full of flavor and nuts. A couple of them went into my jersey pocket in the parking lot on Saturday morning, along with a couple of Clif Shots, my standard emergency food pack. Although this was a supported ride and I was adequately fed at frequent intervals, the desperate situation that developed demanded desperate measures - and my entire emergency food stash.

Silver City, NM, about 200 miles south of Albuquerque, is a classical western mining town except that only a few of the shops are boarded up. The reason is easy to see from town: the growing waste piles of the Santa Rita copper mine cover a vast area of the Mimbres Range. Originally worked by the Mimbreno Apache Indians prior to the 1800s, the deposits were a principle source of copper for the Mexican mint until 1845, when New Mexico was "liberated" from Mexico in the Spanish-American war. The mine now employs 2,000 people and is one of the largest open pit copper mines in the world (we're talking miles across here, folks, and thousands of feet deep).

Silver City is the starting point of the Gila Inner Loop, a popular Southwestern touring and racing route that dives into the Gila National Forest, crossing the Continental Divide twice. Starting elevation is 5,900 ft, and riders climb to 7,100 ft and plunge back to 5,600 ft several times, providing a challenging ride with stunning scenery. In September, the roads are about devoid of traffic and temperatures in the 70s and 80s, making for ideal riding conditions.

The first milestone is the Continental Divide, a somewhat obscure summit at 7,080 ft that divides water flows between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. That is, if there was any water to flow. New Mexico is three years into what some predict will be a 20-year drought, and rainfalls have been one tenth to one half of normal. However, the deeply scarred New Mexico landscape is evidence of occasional torrential rain, just not recent rain. Multiple hairpin bends on the descent to Saporro Creek at 5,800 ft required almost constant braking, just a crying shame to dissipate all that hard-earned potential energy in heat rather than speed.

Then, it is up again to 7,400 ft before plunging once again to 5,600 ft, the Gila River and the Gila Cliff Dwellings. These ruins provide a glimpse of the homes and lives of the people of the Mogollon culture who lived in the Gila Wilderness only briefly, from the 1280s through the early 1300s. The most obvious pieces of evidence of habitation are the fire-blackened cave roofs and adobe walls. It is here that a more accomplished computer person would insert quite captivating photographs, but all I can do is urge you to visit [www.nps.gov/gicl](http://www.nps.gov/gicl) and [www.darkisle.com/newmexico/gila](http://www.darkisle.com/newmexico/gila) and follow the links for a virtual exploration. At least you don't have to navigate the one-mile loop in your socks as we did, having left our cycling shoes (great for cycling but not for hiking) at the ranger station. The pain of sharp stones was worth getting off the bikes for an hour in preparation for The Climb.

We had been warned about this, and it seemed like a good idea to dig into reserves of food in advance, which we did. But, it wasn't enough. The road is consistently steep at a 5% to 8% grade for five miles as it climbs up to 7,200 ft. After a while the 5% grades seemed flat and provided the only opportunities to take a drink or gulp down a Clif Shot. According to the Tour of the Gila website, it is a "surprisingly difficult" category 4 climb, the highest numerical rating given to a climb. And not, in my view, to be repeated on a double chain ring, even with a 26 gear on the back.

After The Climb and descent to our camp, the rest of the route was mercifully flatter, wandering along the Mimbres River Valley. In a 14-mile downhill section we watched the flora change from Douglas and Ponderosa pine at our alpine camp to Juniper and Pinon pine and eventually to Yucca and Prickly Pear cactus back at 5,800 ft in the high desert. A 1,100 ft climb to the Kneeling Nun vista (I'll bet she was on her knees after getting up that hill) was thrown in for good measure, then it was back past the Santa Rita mine to Silver City.

Credit for organizing this excellent tour goes to the local Silver Spokes Bicycle Club, but other cycling organizations (see, for example, the New Mexico Touring Society) also sponsor tours here. Depending on the turnaround points selected, ride distances varied from 45 to 79 miles on Saturday and 37 to 53 miles on Sunday. The Tour of the Gila, a 5-day professional race in early May, is also run in the Gila Wilderness area.

## BRAN 23 - Bike Ride Across Nebraska 2003

Gary Stiler

If you like friendly folks and down-home cooking, this is the ride for you. However if you do not like riding into the wind or sitting on your *knorr*, you might want to think twice about riding the BRAN.

BRAN is definitely a mid-western ride. It attracts participants from the heartland of America and Canada and goes all-out to accommodate our culinary preferences. Proof comes in the kitchen with daily feeds of chicken-fried steak and marshmallow salads served up by friendly senior citizens. Nearly every homespun meal was served in a local church, and as I was told at one well-stocked church hall dinner, "Here in Nebraska our main seasonings are cream-of-mushroom soup and ketchup." There were some other Nebraskan peculiarities that found their way into the ride as well. More about those later...

This year's route covered 455 miles from Valentine to Ashland. We rode from the northwestern panhandle of Nebraska to just south of Omaha in seven days. Many of the 600 participants in this year's ride were BRAN veterans and were able to answer my questions about the ride's traditions. For instance, this year's ride theme was the "Viking Voyage." As many Nebraskans are of Scandinavian descent, a bike ride of adventure is not too far a field from the journeys of their ancestors across the North Sea in 1100 AD to settle and explore Vineland. For those who do not appreciate the strength of Scandinavian lore, you can believe it when you hear that it is common belief the Vikings did indeed explore proto-Nebraska. These myths were written into the 2003 BRAN Guidebook in a manner that transformed a ride through the Sand Hills of Nebraska into a Viking adventure. Like the original Vikings, BRAN riders sat on their *knorrs* (deck seats) paddled/pedaled their *longships* (bikes) across Nebraskan *vags* (bays) and *fjords* (inlets) on their way to *Valhalla* - the end of the journey.

BRAN planners had rest stops every ten miles for those whose *knorrs* were hard. Many of the volunteers were members of the organizations that sponsor BRAN - the Rotary Club and the Omaha Pedalers Bike Club. Rest stops were well stocked with energy foods and banana bread - one of BRAN's traditions - as well as with some of the best water ever. Those Vikings knew how to drink! At any rate, the water was pumped up from the Ogallala Aquifer nightly and did indeed taste good.

The Nebraska wind is legendary. I was told that it was a prevailing west to east wind, but that in June it may come from any direction. This prediction was true, as the wind seemed to come from *every* direction. For those who hate the wind, this ride was a nightmare; for others it was simply a matter of picking the dust out of their nose or ear, and pedaling on. I thought that many of the riders needed some instruction on how to ride into the wind. As opposed to sitting upright, a deep tuck is preferable. I also found that concentrating on cadence helped me keep my speed up. I ranged through my nine speed 12-27 rear cassette as needed, and finished some days with a tailwind and an average speed of 20 mph. The hills were never a factor; they were long and rolling - kind of like I imagine the waves on the North Sea to be.

Some of the western Nebraska country roads were the roughest roads I have ever cycled! They seemed to be paved with a combination of manure and tar to achieve their lumpy-rough texture, and brown-black color. I asked a BRAN veteran about this phenomena, and he told me that road crews dumped gravel into roadside ditches, sprayed in some tar, mixed it with a backhoe, then they scraped the whole dirty mess onto the road to congeal into a lumpy asphalt pavement.

Nightly stops always had a masseuse to help knead away the wind and road trauma. We showered up at local high schools and then took shuttles or walked around each town to see the sights and eat. Some of the towns were dry, so *mead* was not consistently available.

The 2004 Bike Ride Across Nebraska is planned for the second week in June next year. Costs run less than \$200 for sag and camping. Food is extra, but uncommonly good if you like chicken-fried steak and all the down home trimmings. BRAN planners try to keep the total distance around 500 miles and daily mileage seldom exceeds 100 miles with an average of about 70. Go to the BRAN website (<http://www.bran-inc.org>) to register for the 2004 ride or to view pictures from the 2003 adventure.



## HOOSIER HILLS 2003

By Dave Ashworth

Two years ago I talked my wife into doing the Hilly Hundred, after one day I found myself at the top of her "I will get even list." Last year I talked her into doing Fall TRIRI, at the end of the first day, Brown County State Park, I found she had created a special list just for me. This year I talked her into Hoosier Hills by assuring her that Bear Wallow would not be on the route. I was right, however climbs named "The Alps" and "Mt. St. Helen" assured me of a unique spot on a new list.

This ride does not traverse the same area as the Hilly. From Jackson Creek Middle School, we headed southeast on a wide smooth highway, eventually crossing Monroe Reservoir, and onto our first long climb. The climb was long, but not real steep, and really caused very little problem. Rest stops were early and frequent in the first part of the ride. After about 20 miles, we turned from the highway and started on county roads. One of the rest stops was in Heltonville, which was the home of the former IU basketball player Damon Bailey. The rest stop was at a monument recognizing his contribution to their community. At this rest stop, I also saw a unique bike, John Deere green and yellow, corn decal on the steering head, and model name of Cornfield Cruiser. I remarked that I didn't know John Deere made bikes, and the individual told me they did, but they were very rare. Lunch was at about 40 miles and the hills seem to be getting a little larger. I will say that the views from some of the hilltops were beautiful and once the trees get color the views will be spectacular. While there, my wife overheard someone talking about the big hills coming up.

They gave you about three miles to settle the lunch and there it was. The road made a left turn into the trees and the climb was obstructed until you were well into it. There was a section very similar in grade to Mt Tabor of Hilly fame, but only about 50 feet in length. It was there that I heard a squawk behind me and turned in time to see my wife unclipping. We continued on and the next point of interest was five miles later; there was a sign painted on the road "The Alps." Just the thought caused Vic to unclip again. Actually this grade was fairly steady, just long. I passed a young boy walking and later came up behind his father who was riding up one handed and rolling his son's bike with him. I was very impressed. The last grade was at the 60 mile mark and was announced with Mt St Helen painted on the road, this grade was very similar to "The Alps" but was a double hill.

If you enjoy the hills of the Hilly, but not the number of people then this is the ride for you. It was well marked by Joe Anderson, and the rest stops were well managed. There were numerous SAG vehicles evident during the ride, particularly when the 50K and 100K were together. I will certainly ride it again, however I not sure what I will use to convince Vic that she really does like hills.

# EBC Bikewriter

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## 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.

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