



EBC Bikewriter

November 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Thank You to All the Club Members for All the Help at GPM 2003

Wow! A resounding thank you goes out to all the club members that helped make this year's Great Pumpkin Metric a success. The final numbers are not in yet, but it looks like we had between 825 - 850 riders this year. October 5th was a perfect day for cycling and everyone that I spoke to had a great time.

This year's GPM seemed to have a rough time getting started, and we encountered some problems along the way, but we made it. We were a little bit late getting the flyers out, but a major improvement over last year. I had been trying to reach Paul the manager of Hinckley Water. Monday evening Sept. 29th I finally spoke to the new manager, Ray, of Hinckley Water. He knew nothing about our arrangements for the GPM (panic). Ray was very nice and understanding. He did not want us to be left hanging without water. Bob picked up the water on Thursday for the GPM. Another problem fixed.

Then on Friday, it seemed like all of our well laid plans were falling apart. Cindy Jones called Dave Ashworth on Friday night to let him know that Burdett Shelter by the BMX track was being used and the road was closed because of the BMX Nationals that weekend. Dave did some serious scrambling to get the route changed. The rest stop was changed to Dave and Vicky's house. Dave contacted all his neighbors to let them know what was happening, and arranged to have a Port-A-Potty placed in his driveway.

Friday night, I headed to Wesselman's to pick up the supplies of the pasta dinner, and to mark all the boxes of product for Jim Neithammer and his pit crew from the racing team for Saturday pick-up. Well, the assistant manager walked into the backroom with me. She pointed to a cart with product and said here it is. I was in shock/panic $\frac{3}{4}$ of the product needed was not there. I had the employees scrambling to get hold of the store manager, Greg Atwood. He assured me that the entire product had been ordered, but he was told I would not need it until Saturday afternoon. I changed my plans and picked the groceries up on Saturday.

Saturday evening, Ronnie Lee and his cooking crew did a fantastic job preparing the pasta for Sunday's feast, and Ronnie prepared a fantastic gourmet meal for his crew.

It took the following amount of product to stock the rest stops and pasta bar: 110 pounds of dry pasta which equates to 330 pounds of cooked pasta, 2 gallons of olive oil, 1 gallon of garlic cloves, 15 cases of pasta sauce, 3 pounds of crushed peppers, 50 loaves of French bread, 1 case of paper plates, 1 case of napkins, 1,000 forks, 10 pounds of parmesan cheese, 15 cases of cookies, 5 cases of candy, 40 loaves of bread, 3 cases of peanut butter, 3 cases of jelly, 10 boxes of snack crackers, 2 cases of M & M's, 1 case of peanuts, 1 case of raisins, 6 cases of bananas, 5 cases of apples, bags of pretzels, 5 cases of Gatorade, 20 gallons of lemonade and grape drink, and 180 gallons of water. And, last but not least, 40-50 EBC volunteers, Operation City Beautiful, Boy Scouts, Dave Yeley (for a fantastic design), and Rusty and Laura Yeager who tied this whole event together.



If you have any suggestions for improvements for next year please write it down (I might forget if you tell me), and I'll add it to my notes.

Darlene Wefel, GPM Coordinator





MICHIGAN "DOING IT IN THE DIRT"



by Darlene Wefel





Although most of my experience in cycling has been on the asphalt, last year, my husband, Bob, purchased me a mountain bike because we like to go camping and ride some of the trails around the campgrounds. During September, Bob and I and another couple from Evansville went camping and riding in Michigan. We now understand why Michigan is one of the top rated states for mountain biking.



Our first camp site was at the Ft. Custer Recreation Area, which is considered one of the best mountain biking areas in the Midwest, and is located near Battle Creek, Michigan. The Michigan Mountain Bike Association maintains twenty miles of trails ranging from easy to difficult (Technical, what does that mean? All you have to do is peddle, right?), with many miles of two track trails. The first day Bob, Randy, Linda, and I (Randy and Linda are new to cycling and ride city cruisers) found some paths and two track trails and rode approx. eight miles on connecting paths between camp grounds, lakes, and roads. The riding was easy and fun, so the next day we picked up trail maps and headed out for our great adventure on the eight mile easy yellow loop "an easy loop with no technical riding sections and minimal hill climbs." All we had to do was follow the yellow post signs, right, what could be easier? The trail started from the campsite on a double track abandoned road, with a canopy of trees for shade that continued for about two miles. I told Linda this was nice and I could ride this all day, ha! The road ended along with our nice trail! The trail turned and we ended up on the most difficult trail they had with lots of steep climbs, sand and gravel pits, switchbacks, steep descents into creeks, rocks, trees, and root hopping, etc. (I guess that's what they mean by technical.) After about one and a half miles of this #?@!. We were passed by a couple of young men who flew over the hill. Thirty seconds later, we hear a scream "Oh #?@!". We quickly pulled the map to see where we were and how we could get off the trail. The good news was that the yellow trail crossed the Red trail; the bad news was that we had about four more miles before the trails intersected. Bob lead the way with Randy following on his Raleigh Cruiser; Linda and I stayed together. On one of the steep climbs, I heard a thud, from the top of the hill and saw a tree bend. Bob had lost his momentum and hit a tree. This was Bob's first case of trail rash and bruises for the week. Linda and I gave way to the cyclist coming from behind, and Linda learned quickly to ask, "How many are behind you?" At one point, Linda was at the top of a hill when she heard "cyclist back." She got off the trail by hanging from a tree branch to keep from tumbling down the steep trail while holding her bike. One young man asked, "Why are you here?" She replied, "Map reading disability!" I can imagine the stories these people told their friends later that evening. "You won't believe what I saw today..... and they were on these city cruisers."



Later that day, Rosie and I went for a walk on the double track trail. I found the first sign we missed for the yellow trail and followed it for a while. After the walk with Rosie, I hopped on my bike and rode the entire yellow trail. It was challenging for me; it had several good climbs, descents, sand pits, and its share of rocks and roots. It was perfect for a person with very little mountain bike experience.



Our next stop was Pontiac Lake Recreation Area in Michigan. We explored several Rails-to-Trails in the area. One of the most scenic trails was the Paint Creek Trail that started in the Orion Township and went to the city of Rochester. This is an eight and a half-mile trail of crushed limestone/



Bicycle Tour of Colorado 2003 by Roger Orth

398 miles, 6 days riding, 9,807' Squaw Pass, 11,140' Juniper Pass, 14,264' Mt Evans, 11,992' Loveland Pass, 11,541' Hoosier Pass, 9,346' Trout Creek Pass, Royal Gorge and miles of fast descends. That's a fast summary of the 2003 Bicycle Tour of Colorado (BTC) but here is a little more detail. This was my first multi-day tour experience and it was great. The tour covered 398 miles going up Mt. Evans 14,264' and through 5 mountain passes and other attractions like the Garden of the Gods in Colorado Springs and the Royal Gorge. The tour had approximately 31,000 feet of climbing which was all above 5,000' and topped out at 14,264' with one rest day. Overall, I thought the tour was well organized for moving 1,100 riders from town to town everyday.

The scenery was spectacular! I had been to Colorado before but never road riding, only on the mountain bike. This years tour highlight was the opportunity to ride up Mt. Evans, which is the highest paved road in North America. From the Mt. Evans Park entrance, it was a 14.4 mile climb to the top which was an optional up and back on day 2 of the tour. Day 2 started out in Evergreen, CO with a couple climbs through 2 mountain passes just to get you warmed up for the start of the Mt. Evans climb. So what does this mean? We climbed for almost 24 miles before we got to the base of Mt. Evans. So we climbed for almost 38 miles to the top of Mt. Evans totaling 7,400' but you then had a 26 mile downhill to our next town to set-up camp for the night. So how long did it take to climb 38 miles? 3:52 minutes just to go 38 miles and yes it was fun.

The roads on the tour ranged from hard packed dirt (for 4.5 miles on day one) to four lane interstate highways with speed limits of 75mph. Most of the time we were on 2 lane roads with large shoulders but the speed limit was 65mph on most of these roads. The traffic was not bad but it makes you realize that we are lucky to have paved rural road for us to ride on here in Indiana. Most of the roads like this in Colorado are dirt/rock so it limits your route options to higher traffic roads.

The long descents were scary because you could hit speeds of 60+mph with little or no effort on roads that you don't know. The road at the top of Mt. Evans was narrow, not very smooth and had no guardrails with sheer drops and hair pen turns - so it was very intimidating to put it mildly. At least 2 people wrecked on the descents because they didn't control their speed and the police were paroling some of the descents just to pull over the riders.

The rest stops were plentiful and well stocked with fruits, carbs, peanut butter, water and Endurox. There were several bike repair/merchandise and food vendors that traveled with the tour. At the end of the ride each day our host town had a party welcoming the riders with a beer garden and a live band. BTC provided shuttle service between the camping area (local school) and the town for the party and eating dinner. Overall, this is great tour with riding and views that you will never get in Indiana, but you might want to invest in a triple before you



[Cont. from page 2] MICHIGAN "DOING IT IN THE DIRT"



that runs through Rochester Hills and into the city of Rochester. We spent one morning at the Metropark. It had an eight-mile paved loop that went through prairie area and some of the forest.



This park has a huge picnic area, playground, nature center, golf course, and a new nature center under construction. We rode the Oakland Rail-to-Trail, which was a ten-mile loop similar to the Little Miami in Ohio. This trail went through a couple of small suburban areas and ended at the city park in South Lyons. Bob and Randy rode the mountain bike trail from hell that looped through the Pontiac Recreation Area while Rosie and I hiked the difficult four-mile trail through the forest to the beach.



We all had a wonderful time and would recommend mountain bike enthusiasts to head north on their next adventure.



"My legs and a silly something in me cry out for knocking the milestones down one by one and stopping at nothing. For years I have been telling myself that it's not the miles in the life that count but the life in the miles, but still this silly restlessness hurries me on. "

—Harold Elvin, *The Ride to Chandigarh*

"To be a cyclist is to be a student of pain. Sure the sport is fun with its seamless paelines and secret singletrack, its post-ride pig-outs and soft muscles grown wonderfully hard. But at cycling's core lies pain, hard and bitter as the pit inside a juicy peach. It doesn't matter if you're sprinting for an Olympic gold medal, a town sign, a trailhead, or the rest stop with home-made brownies. If you never confront pain, you're missing the essence of the sport. "

—Scott Martin



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WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

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- John Umbach
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My First Century By Diane Bies

Well I finally did it! I rode 100 miles in a day. It was a beautiful September day.

In early September, while at My Old Kentucky Home Tour with my little sister and brother, I rode 72 miles one day instead of the 55 we had planned to ride. When I called home that night, Nicole, my 11 year-old daughter, asked me, "Mom, why didn't you just ride another 28 miles and do a century?" I laughed and said maybe some day I will do that, but I really didn't believe I ever would. I told this story to my weekday riding friends in the club and we all had a good laugh at her innocence.

This discussion brought up the fact that I had never ridden a century, nor did I really ever think I actually would. I insisted I didn't have the time. I said it should be on my before I'm 50 list, but I didn't really think my life would free up enough in the next few years to make that a possibility, so I wasn't even going to consider putting it on the list.

Well, it wasn't long after that that all my weekday friends started talking about doing the club century on an upcoming Wednesday and encouraged me to join them. I had to admit it sounded like fun to try although I still didn't think I could accomplish 100 miles between sun up and sun down. I decided that since John, my husband, was off that day and was willing to take our youngest to school and be here when she got home I had no excuse to not try it.

Well, needless to say when 7:00 a.m. was here and Hope Jenkins called to say she couldn't make it, and it was so early, and the task at hand seemed so daunting, I wanted to bail on the whole thing. But there stood Janet Robertson, who had gotten up much earlier than me, and I had indeed told the others I would try it, too, so I got on my bike and rode.

It was such a fantastic feeling to be out at the crack of dawn on my bike with five friends heading off on the ultimate bike adventure of my life. Mark Oliver, Bob Messick, Janet Robertson, Mary Williams, and Mona Whooten and I were out on an "explore". I felt so blessed, as I rode along with these wonderful people, to have such good, true friends with which to do such an exciting thing. (Many of my club miles have been logged in the company of one of these friends.). They were all so encouraging all the way along the trip that I never had the least desire to give up. Janet even had to carry me financially since I left home without a penny that morning. (I was rather anxious and nervous about the whole thing.)

When we got back home I didn't feel the least bit proud or anything. I had this great sense of relief that it was over. I even told Janet that I didn't feel the need to ever do that again. It wasn't that I was sore or feeling poorly, I think I was just tired. I felt fine that night and even rode the club ride the next morning and enjoyed it. But I still wasn't feeling very excited or proud.

Later, I started to think about what I had done, and I was sort of proud. I even decided that I could actually do that again by choice. It was indeed fun!!! The real fun came when I saw Rusty Yeager and he congratulated me for riding my first century without me bringing it up. Then, I talked to several other people that I think of as "real riders", something I don't classify myself as, who have never ridden a century, and I got even more proud. The thing I am most proud of is my friends. I still say real praise should go to those who rode that first century with me: Mark Oliver, Bob Messick, Janet Roberson, Mary Williams and Mona Whooten.. What jewels they are!! This is truly what the Evansville Bicycle Club is about to me. It is real friends pushing real friends to new heights and carrying them along the way. I can't say thank you enough to those with me that day and all the others in the club that have encouraged me since I joined. What a great group of people!

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 _____

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.

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