



EBC Bikewriter

December 2003

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter



FROM THE PRESIDENT'S SADDLE

It is hard to believe that a year has already gone by. Once again, it is time to establish officers for the club for 2004. The vote will be held at the banquet in January. At this time, the existing slate of officers have volunteered for another year. The elected positions are the President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary. All other positions on the board are voluntary. Any other nominations will be welcomed at the December club meeting. We will have at least one change next year. Julie Simons will replace Tony Titzer as Touring Director. Tony has done an excellent job over the past several years on the ride calendar, and we all thank him for his efforts.

I would also like to wish everyone safe and happy holidays.

Dave Ashworth



A REMINDER TO ALL MEMBERS.

When renewing your membership, please fill out the application form (signed by all adult family members) and send it along with your dues. This allows me to update our membership list for any changes such as addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses, additional family members etc. Also, the club needs the forms signed each year for the release of liability.

Thanks,
Jim Niethammer,



FOR SALE

RANS Stratus LWB Recumbent, Large size frame, 63 speed, with Zipper Fairing, LIKE NEW. \$900
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WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Richie Schueler





Evansville to the Outer Banks 2003 by Darlene Wefel

Last year, Rusty started talking about cycling to the Outer Banks and several bike club members expressed enthusiasm about making the trip. Rusty and Lori put a lot of time into the planning and driving the route and this is my attempt to highlight parts of the trip.

It had been a cold rainy spring, and I had not been riding and conditioning for the trip when I received an email from Rusty with the daily maps and the profiles of the upcoming trip. The first one that I opened was day three and the first thing that went through my mind was *what have I gotten myself into?* The ride would be eight days of riding with 100+ miles each day, most of which were very hilly, for a total of 945 miles, and I had only managed to ride about 400 miles so far this year. What was I thinking?

On Saturday, May 17, EBC members met at Henderson boat ramp for the start of the trip and a destination of Cave City, Kentucky. Rusty & Lori Yeager, Dave & Vicky Ashworth, Ron Pendley, Jane Buchta & Tony Titzer, plus my son Brian Wolf and I started off in the rain which kind of set the tone for most of the trip. Rusty did the ceremonial dipping of his rear wheel in the Ohio and we were on our way to a great adventure. The rain stopped within the first couple of hours which made for nice cycling weather. Lori, Vicky, Brian, & Tony played leap frog pointing out turns while we cycled through the country side. That night over dinner Rusty tested us on what we saw or did not see along the way. Jane said that the only thing she saw was Rusty's wheel. Day one was 124 miles and total elevation climb 8,476 feet.

Day 2 - Cave City to Jamestown TN- We started off at 7:00 a.m. with a light mist of rain and gray skies. The route was took us on back roads of Kentucky and Tennessee. There were several bright spots during the day. At approximately 55 miles into the ride, we started climbing this steep long hill which seemed to go on forever. Several members of our troop stopped to catch their breath then continued the climb. At the top, we regrouped and all of us started eliminating any additional gear that weighed more than an ounce and was not absolutely necessary because there was another hill which appeared to be equally as steep about ten miles ahead. Later in the day, we rode along a winding rode with a beautiful stream running along side. There were wooden suspended bridges crossing the stream to get from the road to the houses, we saw a suspended hand car used to ferry across. While cycling along that section of road, Rusty had a close encounter with some ducks that were trying to get airborne. We rode through a group of chickens which were in the road and I almost T-boned a chicken feathers, and birds were everywhere. Rusty earned the title of "Dog Slayer" by rescuing Jane and I several times from very mean aggressive dogs. We arrived at this rustic (and I do mean rustic) motel "The Big South Fork Lodge;" it was out in the middle of nowhere! I don't know how Rusty found this place, but we were all very glad to see it. Just as we pulled in, the skies opened up and poured buckets. The owner was very friendly and helpful. We all spent time that evening doing maintenance on our bikes, which were very dirty from all the road grime. Day two was 105 miles and the elevation climbed was 8,539 feet.

Day 3 - Jamestown to Henry Crossing - Dave, Vicky and Ron had to return to Evansville after wishing us a safe and fun trip. The remaining three of us and our support vehicles headed out for another great day of cycling. Within a few miles, we arrived at the Cumberland River Gorge and there was a 13%

grade decent where the road crossed over the dam then climbed up the other side of the gorge. I had no desire to do either; instead I enjoyed the scenery and took lots of photos. I met Jane and Rusty on the other side of the gorge and joined them for the ride. This was going to be a short ride for me today. The route was very beautiful with lots of rolling hills, climbs, and descents. At one point, I had decided to call it quits for the day because I was getting tired and knew that I had five more days of cycling left to do, but Rusty convinced me to continue because this section of the ride was his favorite part of the ride. He promised that most of the ride was down hill along a river/creek. Wow! That section of the route was breathtaking. Sometime during the day it rained, but now I'm a little foggy on when. Day three was 121 miles and the elevation climbed was 10,851 feet.

Day 4 - Henry Crossing TN to Asheville, NC - The morning started off with the rain which did not last too long. The first 45 miles were pretty flat and made the ride very enjoyable then road meandered through the foot hills next to a stream. We saw people kayaking and mounds of yellow butterflies that took flight as we rode by. . We had one very long climb and at about thirteen miles up this winding road we passed by the most interesting place. It was St. Luke's Chapel of Hope, a small Redwood Chapel near the top of Black Bear Mountain (I believe that was the name). The chapel was built by and dedicated to Cancer Survivors. Day four was 96 miles and the elevation climbed was 13,590 feet.

Day 5 - Mt. Mitchell - We started the morning riding the Blue Ridge Parkway. It was drizzling rain (what's new) and the temperature was about 55 degrees. There was no flat stretch to get your legs warmed up for the task ahead. Within a few miles, I took my rain jacket off and handed it to Brian. As we continued our climb, Jane & Rusty pulled ahead and I was satisfied to continue to ride at my pace knowing that I had a long way to go before reaching the top. As we climbed, the fog kept getting thicker and thicker and the rain continued. At the visitors center on the Parkway, we warmed up some. Rusty continued to climb the last four miles up to the top of the mountain while we waited at the base for him. The wind was howling and the temperature had dropped at the top of the mountain, but Rusty made it all the way. Considering the conditions Jane and I decided to ride down the mountain in the vehicles while Rusty made the descent and hairpin turns on his bike. After lunch, we were on our way again. The traffic was heavy that we had to do a little *create your own ride* in order to keep us off the busy state road. Our support vehicles had fun driving and creating a route for us to follow. The rain continued for most of the day. Day five was 116+ miles and the elevation climbed 18,484 feet.

Day 6 - Newton to Silver City - Again, the morning started off in the rain. After five days of riding, Jane decided to wait and see if the rain would stop, and I said that I'd keep Rusty company for a while. I don't remember much about this day except that it was wet! I was getting cold and tired when I asked Rusty for the mileage. I figured if we had ridden 70 miles I'd hang in there and finish the day with Rusty. But, when he told me that we had only ridden 60 miles my heart sank and I said that I'd be calling it quits for the day. I wanted out of those soaking wet clothes so we stopped in this rural fire station. Upon entering it, was I was shocked to see what looked like a day care center. The large room was filled with children playing and watching TV. I was directed towards the ladies room where I changed clothes then thanked the people and left. When I stepped outside, I was greeted to Bubba and his brother Bubba, these two huge men wearing bib overalls and sleeveless T-shirts, chewing and spitting tobacco. Time to go! Lori told us to go ahead to the hotel saying "I'm married to this **crazy man**, you guys go on we'll be fine." So we did, and Rusty finally made it to the hotel at 8:30. It was

dark, the rain had continued, he somehow had dislodged a contact, and found it stuck to his jacket fluttering in the wind, he carefully retrieved the lens and put it in his mouth for the remainder of the ride. Day six was 115 miles and the elevation climbed was 7,765 feet.

Day 7- Silver City to Tarboro NC - It was another long, wet day on some fairly busy roads. We had to make some changes in the route along the way. The traffic was very heavy along one route so Jane and I did creative mapping. Brian and Tony were scouting the route out ahead of us. They were telling us about turns and dog sighting via walkie-talkies. While riding on one of the country roads, two dogs came charging out of this yard. I yelled "peddle, Jane, peddle." The dogs were barking and chasing and we were going as fast as we possibly could. One of the dogs gave up, but the other continued chasing. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down the road, we started to slow down and that darn dog was right there barking and running. Jane and I were screaming; we could see Brian just a little ahead, but he did not stop. We made a turn and so did the dog. Brian pulled to the side of the road right behind Tony. Tony said, "What's that noise?" It was Jane and I screaming. It turned out the dog only wanted to play. Just a short while later Brian warned us, "dog on the left and three wild turkeys on the right," and then he said, "No, correction seven dogs on the left and three turkeys on the right." The dogs started yapping and running as we rode by and the turkeys took flight almost taking Jane off her bike. Day seven was 124 miles and the elevation climbed was 5,223 feet.

Day 8 - Tarboro to the Outer Banks - It was our last day, but it was the longest day on the bikes. It was a cool, crisp morning, and we started a little later than usual. The route was flat as a pancake or at least it felt that way. The highlights of the day were the dogs especially when one came charging from $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away cutting across the yard at an angle that would intersect with us. Rusty yelled "Go, Go, Go, sprint!" Well, the get-up-and-go had pretty much been spent during the previous days, and we were running about 19 mph already. At one place, there was some road construction and a new bridge under construction. Jane and I decided to ride on the new concrete instead of riding on this very narrow road with no shoulder and those concrete dividers. The guys got a good laugh out of that. The bridge ended over the middle of a river. Jane and I had to climb the retaining wall with our bikes. We finally arrived in Nags Head. It seemed that we were riding forever when Jane said, "Rusty, are we riding to Maine?" Rusty rode past the hotel and to the Wright Memorial. Day eight was 139 miles and the elevation climbed was 1,641 feet.

Day 9 - All of us, except Brian, went Sightseeing in the Outer Banks. We saw Currituck Lighthouse, Cape Hatteras Lighthouse among other things, and took a ferry ride to Ocracoke Island. Brian went scuba diving at the wreck site of a German submarine.

Day 10 - We went to the Wright Brothers National Monument then headed home.

All-in-all it was a great trip. I learned several things along the way. 1. You can patch a bike tube many times and completely change the shape of it, and it still works--Rusty proved it. 2. You better have back up bike or parts. Rusty had both and was still borrowing parts like wheels from Tony in order to keep riding. 4. Spare brakes pads are necessary on rides done in the rain. 5. If you can't find a place to wash your bike out side, it will fit in the shower with you.

Sorry if I have some of the details on dates mixed up, but it's been a while and I was too tired to keep a

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The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal 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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