



EBC Bikewriter

November 2004

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Paul Williams

The Evansville Bicycle Club was saddened in September by the loss of a long time member. Paul Williams passed away after a lengthy illness. He was an active club member for many years and a good friend to everyone that knew him. He will be remembered fondly by all that knew him.

I first met Paul Williams in 1995 at TRIRI. I had joined the EBC as a member not long before that. I hadn't attended any meetings at that time. Sometime during TRIRI, I had the opportunity to chat with Paul and Mary. When Paul found out I was actually an EBC member, he encouraged me to join the club in the nightly activities. I had witnessed some of those activities the previous night and decided I would feel uncomfortable joining in since I didn't know anyone (other than a casual acquaintance with Wayne and Nance Fiester). However, every time I saw Paul after that, he went out of his way to say hello to me and make conversation. The last day of TRIRI, he again came up to me and encouraged me to take an active part in the EBC.

I met Paul and Mary again in the summer of 1996 when I started riding with the club on the evening rides. Mary and I rode together several times that summer, and I had the chance to have some long chats with her while we rode. She told me how she met Paul and about their morning jogs and other activities together. They each had found a true partner for their life. During one of our chats, Mary told me that Paul was the finest man she had ever known. It says a lot about a man when his wife makes a statement like that. I believe that most club members would agree that Paul was very special person and one of the finest men we have known.

Faye Carter, Editor



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Choctaw Badgett
Christopher Sims
Elizabeth and David Head

For Sale

9 speed Dura Ace cranks with chain rings 65.00
Ultegra front and rear brakes 35.00
Ultegra rear derailuer 9 speed 25.00

812-476-2557 or 568-9582
Curt and Cindy Jones

Memories of Paul By John Kuhn

Like everyone else in the Bike Club, I was saddened to learn of Paul Williams' passing. Since I'm sure much of the November Newsletter will be devoted to this wonderful man's life and a memorial of sorts, I want to make sure to include my favorite memories of him. Of course, my fondest memory of Paul was the way he made every ride more enjoyable for me. I'll always miss Paul and Mary's playful banter before, during, and after rides. However, there are two moments in time that stand out that I'll always keep with me.

My first favorite recollection was really just a snapshot that, like the old adage, was worth a thousand words. My first Club Century was in March of 1997. Paul, Mary, Opal Gardner, and Hope Jenkins ended up some miles ahead of our trio of Jane Buchta, Mary Engelland and me. After about eighty miles, we rolled into Boonville, seeking a spot for a comfortable chair and suitable refreshment. We spotted a quartet of bicycles leaned against the McDonalds, and it didn't take much for us to decide to stop in and join them. There I spotted Paul's entourage enjoying a late lunch. Paul was leaned back in the chair with legs crossed, smiling and inflicting severe damage on a vanilla ice cream cone. He possessed an expression of perfect contentment as a gentleman of leisure, a reward for not only six hours of honest effort, but years of training and self discipline. I was envious and hopeful that I would be able to enjoy an ice cream cone with friends after eighty miles for decades to come.

Another memory that stands out was during the first afternoon of TRIRI in 1998 at Potato Creek Park. My partner and I, sensing the need for relief to soothe our anticipated state of parched upon the ride's conclusion, carefully filled our packs with a generous supply of ice and cold Budweiser before our departure in Goshen. On a hot, sunny day we hauled our precious cargo through the campus of Notre Dame University and greater South Bend, and arrived at our destination fifty-nine miles later. After my friend, Bob Brandt, and I had pitched our tents (or maybe WHILE we were pitching our tents, memory fails me), we decided to seek refreshment from our cache. Paul, who was nearby pitching the tent for himself and Mary (who was probably standing in the queue for the trickle of a shower, which greeted us at nearly every stop), appeared to be in need of his own cold one. We offered him one, and I've never watched a man savor a can of St. Louis' finest like Paul did that day. He informed me then, and virtually every time the subject of beer or TRIRI came up later, that he never had-- before or since-- drank a better beer than that one. I always agreed with him; it was an unusually good batch. What I didn't tell him was that the company one surrounds himself with sometimes determines the quality of experience, and that being able to smile with him over a cold one was a true honor for me.

What I remember about Paul Williams

By Hope Jenkins Rold

What I remember about Paul Williams: A gentle gentleman always willing to help and encourage others. He had a keen sense of humor and a way of telling stories and many to tell. A wonderful husband to Mary and a great father to his children and others he took under his wing.

When I started riding with the club, I rode many rides with Mary and Paul in preparation for my first week long ride "TRIRI". I rode with Janet, Opal, Mary and Paul that week. Paul called us his Harem, and herded us from place-to-place watching over us. That was a man with lots of patience.

I'll never forget the Pudgy Bunny game taught by Mary England. The idea was to see how many marshmallows you could get in your jaw (no chewing) and say "pudgy bunny" after each. One person at a time had a turn as we went around the circle. There was a lot of laughter, gagging and choking. Paul was the winner with six. How many of you remember his whistle as he passed on the right going up a hill.? What a great athletic, friend and inspiration to all who knew him.

My husband, Jim, and I have nothing but fond memories of Paul.

Elite Fitness Memberships

Doug at Elite Fitness is offering EBC members with 300 club miles in 2004 memberships for \$15 per month for each member at either the Newburgh or Northside location at the corner of HWY 57 and Kansas Road. The offer is for the months of November, December 2004, and January, February 2005. The \$15 per month fee includes the full use of one of the facilities not both. The facility where you sign up will be the one you can use. However, you may participate in spinning classes at either facility.

The only time that spinning is available during the week in the evening at Newburgh is Thursday night at 6:30 p.m. This will be a class with the use of videos that the club owns. There are spinning classes on Tuesdays at 4:30 p.m. and Wednesdays at 8:30 a.m. with an instructor. New spinning bikes have been purchased for the Newburgh and Northside locations. The schedule for the Northside is not complete at this time. There is no TV or VCR at the Northside location.

NOTE: You must be a member of Elite Fitness to participate in spinning or video classes. Class times are subject to change from month-to-month, but most likely will stay as outlined.

Nothing to Whine about in the Wine Country

By Gary and Opal Gardner

Opal had accompanied me on a work trip to San Francisco in September of 2000. During that trip, we stayed a couple of extra days including a ride on rented bikes across the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito and Tiburon. We were struck with the area and vowed to return one day for a real vacation.

It seemed like an excellent idea to pair a wine country bike tour with the opportunity to watch the T-Mobile International (formerly the San Francisco Grad Prix) professional bike race. We shipped our bikes to the Backroads Touring Company warehouse in Berkley. Backroads, like most of the other touring companies we had contacted, was somewhat expensive. In the end, we would both conclude that it was worth it.

We flew from Evansville to San Francisco on Saturday September 3, rented a car and drove to Santa Rosa. The tour started in nearby Healdsburg on Sunday at the Madrona Manor. The Madrona Manor is a Victorian mansion which has been converted into a bed and breakfast (it also was wedding central—with three ceremonies being held on the grounds on Sunday alone). We were fitted on our bikes on Sunday and did a short loop into and around Healdsburg. On all subsequent days, the routes averaged about 50 miles. There were thirteen riders and two trip leaders. The riders were about evenly divided between dedicated cyclists and beginners, who came primarily for the wine tasting. There were a couple of doctors, a guy from St. Louis who told us he spends a lot of time in Evansville and an actress (who had appeared on "Friends", Craig Kilborn's show and who was a regular cast member on "In the Line of Fire" that ran for a short time last year in NYPD Blue's time slot).

The two trip leaders took turns driving the van and riding clean up behind the slowest riders. On virtually every day, some (if not most) of the riders sagged part (if not most) of the way in. On a couple of days, Backroads sent a second van with a third trip leader to make sure that everyone was taken care of. One impression that I took from the first several days riding was "who in the world consumes the wine that is made from these endless fields of grapes." It was grapes as far as the eyes could see. There were wineries all along the route, and we stopped at a few for tasting. There were some of the riders who stopped at virtually every winery. If you bought wine at a winery, you could tell the trip leaders and they would pick it up for you and transport it to the hotel. The lunches were provided by the trip leaders in a picnic format that often included tasty items such as smoked salmon and Italian ham. The lunches were usually set up at a winery and sometimes included wine tasting. All breakfasts were provided at the restaurants in the Inns. All dinners except one were provided at nearby gourmet restaurants or gourmet settings in the hotel.

On Monday, we traveled from Healdsburg through Calistoga to Yountville. The first two days of riding were a bit surreal because of the fires that were burning in the area. From Healdsburg to past Calistoga we pedaled with the constant whirl of helicopters overhead bringing water to dump on the fire and then returning for more water, bringing an "apocalypse now" sensation to the route. At times, it seemed like they were dumping the water less than 1/2 mile to our east. Pretty much every day of riding would involve some serious climbing (a 2 to 4 mile climb was not unusual) between valleys. Once we were into a valley, the riding would be fairly flat. The temperature hovered around 100 degrees except for the last two days when we were near the coast. It never rained during our trip, and we were told that this was not at all unusual.

On Monday and Tuesday night, we stayed at the Villagio Inn and Spa in Yountville. On Wednesday, we stayed at the Fairmont Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa in Sonoma. When we left Sonoma on Thursday we had to climb Sonoma Mountain which involved a four-mile ascent with some pitches so steep that I was barely able to keep going in my 39-23. However, the good thing about this tour is that you could (as Opal and over 1/2 of the others did) ride to the base of the mountain, let them haul you to the top in the van and then ride down. **[Continued on Page 5]**

[Continued from Page 4] Nothing to Whine about in the Wine Country

From Sonoma, we traveled through the dairy country to the coast at the Bodega Bay Inn and Spa at Bodega Bay where we sipped wine (or beer in my case) in the hot tub overlooking the Pacific.

On Friday, we pedaled along the spectacular vistas next to the Pacific before we swung inland back towards Healdsburg. We traveled through redwood forests stopping for lunch at the Armstrong Redwood Preserve. As we pedaled into the preserve, I looked up to notice a balding rider in a Rabobank kit riding out. It was Levi Leipheimer training in the forest preserve for Sunday's T-Mobile. Beyond perfect is to sit among the redwoods eating smoked salmon and drinking wine while you watch one of America's most talented professional riders do laps around the preserve.

We pedaled back through the vineyards to Healdsburg and caught the shuttle to San Francisco. We stayed three nights at Fisherman's Wharf and were treated to the best professional bike race we had ever attended. We had seen the Atlanta Olympic road race in 1996 and the world championships in Hamilton, Ontario last year, but the T-Mobile race was by far the better spectator event and seemed to be better attended with 500,000 on hand—slightly less than expected as a result of Lance Armstrong pulling out at the last minute due to injury. Usually after nine days gone, I am ready to go home, even if on vacation. In this case, we were both a little sad as we boarded the plane to come home on Monday. This was an expensive trip, but well worth it. We weren't really accustomed to gourmet dining and the expensive Inns and Spas. However, it was nice to spend the night in the lap of luxury after a hard day's riding, even if was for only a week.

What are the odds?

By Dave Ashworth

The day of the GPM, I decided to take some pictures with my digital camera. Since I planned to take a lot, I charged and brought along my spare battery. This battery only measures 1 in x 2 in x 1/4 in. When we went out to cheer the last rider in, after going from one end of the route to the other several times and taking some pictures (not as many as I hoped), I realized the spare battery was missing. This was a concern since this battery seems to be an odd size. I checked my truck and the area that I had been in at the 4 H center, but did not find it.

The next night was the first night of the West Side Fall Festival and of course, we had to join the thousands already down there. After topping off with grease, Vic and I headed for Burdette Park (not to park). I had taken pictures at the rest park at Burdette Sunday and maybe there was a chance I would find the battery somewhere in that area.

I parked in the gravel across the road from where the rest stop was located and grabbed a flashlight to start my search. The headlights were still on when I got out of the van since I forgot to turn them off before stopping the engine. There in the headlights about five feet in front of the van was the spare battery to my camera. Vic did not see me pick it up, and when I got back in the van, she asked me if I had decided not to look for it. I told her I didn't need to look and handed her the battery.

What are the odds of finding the battery after all the traffic that went through this area Sunday, since the only time I was there with the camera was before the first riders arrived.?

EBC Bikewriter

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The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2004

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.

Make Checks payable to: Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

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