



EBC Bikewriter

April 2005

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

The Presidents Pacelines

by Mark Oliver

During the March meeting of the EBC many issues were raised and discussed. These issues ranged from what rides to include on the schedule to what miles should and should not count for club mileage. I know that many of you cannot make it to these meetings for a variety of reasons, but let me again encourage you to come to them if at all possible. We are unified by our common love of cycling, and I want everyone to know that they have a voice in this club.

Congratulations to Dave Ashworth for winning the drawing for the LAB arm warmers. I know that Vicky really appreciated it! The reason that she appreciated them is because they were too small for Dave. Remember that we will be giving away one more pair at the April meeting.

I also want to remind everyone to send their survey form that was in the March newsletter to Darlene Wefel if you want a club jersey. We need a commitment of at least 35 jerseys before we will order them.

The Special Needs Committee is being reformed with new members being myself, Jim Niethammer and John Bennett. We will be meeting from time to time to recommend to the club the gift of a bike to a person with special needs. If you have any thoughts or ideas along this line please talk to one of these members.

We again explored at length the issue of the rules governing what counts as club mileage. It was decided at this time to keep the rules as they currently are. If someone from outside our club were to ask "What do these club miles mean?" then one answer would be that we all like to be recognized for our accomplishments. They represent our progress toward achieving our personal goals. Another would be that we are a competitive bunch. Club mileage statistics then becomes a game that levels the playing field for fast and not so fast riders alike. But like any sport there must be rules to keep the scoring fair. Most games will have referees or umpires. They make sure the rules of the game are followed so that the results clearly indicate the winners and losers. While we have the rules, we do not have the officials to look over our shoulders to make sure that we are following them. That responsibility is left up to the individual. If we are to look at club mileage as a way to have a fun and friendly competition, then we must referee ourselves so the results will accurately reflect the winners. It is therefore, up to the conscience of each club member to decide if their miles count or not. I agree that we all want to ride our bikes and have fun doing it, and that we should be able to ride at any time or place of our choosing. But if the miles we ride are to be included in the club statistics, then those miles must be ridden within the existing rules. This way we will be comparing apples to apples. All I'm asking is that everyone be honest with themselves and only claim club miles that were ridden within club rules. Remember that we are a group of people who love to ride our bikes. Let's have all have a safe and fun year riding to achieve our personal goals and our competitive ones as well.

The World of a Racer By Matt Barker

With the coming of racing season just around the corner (1st Race March 5th), I feel I must give thanks for past deeds and, in advance, beg for forgiveness for future transgressions that I will prevail upon members of the club.

We all love riding our bikes as evidenced by the number of people who show up to a ride when the sun is shining and the temperature is going to hit 45 degrees. Most "normal" people must think we are touched in the head to be out riding. I am no exception, with only one slight change, I love to race my bike. To get to where I can race at a high level, I ride in some of the worse conditions, such as when the wind is howling and driving snow and sleet into my face, the roads are wet and it is 40 degrees outside, in the dark with only a light on my bike to illuminate the way, sub 30 degree temperature and for countless mind numbing (not to mention butt numbing) hours on end on the trainer. Maybe I am the one touched in the head. Who knows?

I enjoy riding with the club, and nothing excites me more than when a large group leaves together on a ride. It's not because I want to drop everyone., but because I know, by riding with a group, someone will be getting stronger and will push themselves harder not to get dropped. Lets face it, there is nothing worse than watching the group just ride away from you as you struggle, but there is no better high than making it to the finish with the group or winning a race for the 1st time. The problem is that it hurts and takes lots of mental toughness to hang on to the group when you are sucking wind with every breath, wishing for the pace to let up. Hey! Know what? All of us have been there from me to the rider next to you, to Lance. We all Suffer!

Cycling is a quick thinking/reaction sport and takes a quick mind, no one reaches any level, from riding 100 miles to racing to just finishing your 1st 25 mile ride, without thinking about it a considerable amount. So remember just two things, no one gets any better at anything without moving outside their comfort zone and, if you get a chance try to make me or anyone else hurt some, you just might be helping them become a better cyclist. There is always satisfaction in that.

---Matt

You can read about my stupidity more at <http://iwishiwasaapro.blogspot.com/>

St. Meinrad Time Trials


April 16th - Hilly Time Trial (~18 mi. Includes 4 climbs)
May 21st - Flat Time Trial (~18 mi.)

Parking is across the street from the St. Meinrad Arch Abbey near the baseball fields. Start time is 7:00 am with one minute interval starts and there is no fee. I'll see if I can't get Aaron to provide us with some directions. Although the dates have not been finalized, additional TTs will be set for June thru August.




WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Mike Lewis
Chris Pollock
Danny Goodman Jr.



A Century of Memories

By Chad W. Burleigh



In August of 2002, I rendezvoused with the club at Plaza Park school. The short snapping hiss of Presta valves, and the clip clapping of cleats could be heard. To the west, the sky looked ominous charcoal gray. The group milled about casually, but seemingly more reserved than the other rides I had been on, as if this ride would demand more determination. I, on the other hand, hadn't the slightest idea of the severity of what I was attempting. It seemed to me that if I would just spin the crank, the miles would simply tick away until reaching the magic 100. This arrogant attitude led me to many crucial mistakes that day.

The idle chit-chat went on until Greg Roeder asked, "shall we wait til' it rains to start riding?" Who could argue with the logical irony of that? With that, the snapping of cleat kissing pedal sounded as we pedaled towards Lincoln Avenue.

As the club worked its way through Warrick county, my legs felt strong. With every little hill or rise, they repented with the power to keep a proper cadence and desirable speed. It seemed like not time passed and we were in Haubstadt. I stood on the curb chewing a Power Bar and thinking to myself how easy this was going to be.

I was among the first to remount when the signal was given to resume the ride. I rode with a group of riders that I had noticed to be particularly fast, much faster than my abilities would allow me to ride, but you would not have convinced me of this at the time. I rode on the wheels of those speedsters, even taking a few pulls myself, but as we rode through Owensville and turned south into headwinds, I could feel my once abundant strength abating. After a few desperate miles of clinging to wheels at the back of the pack, I fell off the back. Demoralized at the fact of having to struggle against an unrelenting headwind, I slowly made my way towards the rest stop at Poseyville. It was here that I made my biggest blunder of the day.

The club rested at T-Mart, a place I was very familiar with from my old bow hunting days. To my astonishment, everyone was scarfing on every kind of food imaginable. To me, these people looked like gluttonous Roman nobles just before a trip to the vomitorium. How could those people keep that food down? The sun had come out, and the oppressive Hoosier humidity had reared its ugly head.

"These people are nuts to do this to themselves," I said to myself. I went into the gas stations and purchased a Gatorade and a pack of Fig Newtons. Upon eating the Newtons, I still felt somewhat hungry, but I figured with the heat and stress of the ride, it was best not to be full. Sometimes, ignorance is anything but blissful; it can be downright dangerous. The club resumed its journey towards Wadesville. I felt somewhat restored and cruised along with the "fast group" that had recently dropped me. Again, the angels of my better nature tried to tell me that I didn't have the fitness or skill level to even hope to stay in this group for another 25 miles, but had my heart set on what Mark Oliver describes as "chasing rabbits."

As the group worked its way along Springfield road in Wadesville, I felt my heart rate soar. Soon, I felt a queasy sickness in the pit of my stomach. I noticed that my legs were not responding to my brain's commands. I was bonking, but didn't know it. My ego had wrote a check that my legs couldn't cash. I watched helplessly as the group flew over the hill and out of sight. **[Continued on Page 4]**



[Continued from Page 3] A Century of Memories

I slowly made my way to Blairsville then south on Ford road. It was here that the Good Lord sent me the oddest of guardian angels. Skip Frasier came flying up from behind, fresh off his triathlon in New Harmony. He knew right away that I was in trouble, possibly tripped off by the drool hanging from my helmet strap. He ordered me to eat some Power Gel. I did, but with little effect. "Could they have used a hillier route?" I whined. This surely must have amused him as we were riding on a perfectly flat stretch of road at the time. He shook his head and said "eat another Power Gel man. Just keep going." "I swear, I won't quit," I answered. I wasn't sure how, but I was more determined than ever to keep riding. Skip bid me a farewell and rode ahead. I will always be grateful to him for helping me that day. Have you ever heard the saying, *the body feeds the mind*? No truer words were ever spoken. I found this out when I crossed highway 62 and turned on to Darnell School road. My speed was now reduced to six to seven mph. Looking to my right, I noticed the tall rows of corn. Like a scene from "Field of Dreams," I heard a voice in my head telling me to stop, lay down between the rows of corn, and take a nap. It seemed to make perfect sense at the time. I could curl up in the shade, go to sleep, and wake up totally refreshed. It might even be comfortable. I was about to do it when a horsefly bit my neck. This quickly brought my wits around. I remembered that I had relatives who lived near that very road. My spirits soared, surely air-conditioning and lemonade awaited me if I could just make it to the Copeland residence.

There is was just ahead, my cousin's house! I felt like an adrift sailor who had just spotted land. Dumping my Cannondale on the lawn, I stumbled on to the porch. I rang the doorbell and waited, and waited, and waited some more. I started ringing the bell maniacally, but no one was home. I collapsed in a heap on the doorstep. I laid there for sometime, dozing in the little shade the porch provided me. Then, I felt it. Hot puffs of air in quick succession followed by a peculiar, wet object slapping me on the cheeks and eye sockets. I slowly opened my eyes. Staring me in the face was a very large, black dog. It was Buddy, my cousin's Labrador. I struggled to my feet. I knew it was probably best not to nap on my cousin's porch. They didn't know I was a cyclist at the time, and may have thought some Lycra-clad drunk had crashed on their porch, thus requiring a call to the Sheriff's office. I remounted my bike and rode off. I came for lemonade, but got a tongue bath from a dog instead. Cycling was becoming more appealing by the minute.

Upon reaching Busler's at 62 and St. Phillips, I finally got it right. I ate peanuts, muffins, and Ding Dongs. I washed it down with a YooHoo. As I sat at the diner, I noticed some other riders arriving as well. Ecstatic, I made my introductions and asked if they would allow me to complete the ride with them. They graciously accepted, and it was there that I met Jim and Jesse Niethammer, Gary Gardner, and Michael Benson.

Amazingly, the final 20 miles went by wonderfully. It must have been the combination of the calories and the companionship. I reached Plaza Park school and collapsed into my Ranger pickup. I had muscle spasms in my neck and shoulders, but otherwise was weak as a newborn. I had made it just I had promised Skip Frasier. Almost two years later, I can remember my first century with amusement. I had no idea at the time that so many people I met on that journey would become good friends and even teammates. It truly a "Century of Memories."



Weekend Trek Tour in the U.S.A.
Sponsored by Gilles Cycling and Fitness—For One Lucky Member

Imagine cycling the California Wine Country. You'll cycle through the remote Dry Creek Valley, a haven for lovers of luxury and wine enthusiasts from far and wide. Immerse yourself in a leisurely ride, stopping along the way for a bountiful picnic and a sampling of expertly crafted wine. Pedal to the Pacific, and soak in the sights and scents of this coastal paradise. Indulge in a private tasting and dinner at one of the region's most exclusive wineries, and at the end of the day, settle into the grand comforts of our elegant Wine Country retreat.

Or how about choosing Vermont, a peaceful land of vivid color, white clapboard villages, and penetrating beauty. You'll cycle through this enchanting land, riding its quiet roads and rural byways stopping to sample regional specialties — golden maple syrup, smooth Vermont cheddar, and rich, velvety ice cream from no other than Vermont's own Ben & Jerry. You'll experience the simple pleasures of strolling through a mountain village at sunset, riding past portly Holsteins lazing in the shade, and lingering over a tantalizing, elegant meal, and the end of the day, relax in the charming comforts of an elegant country inn.

Trek offers the following two types of Luxury Cycling trips:

Leisure: "The pace of time obligingly slows to a gentle rhythm... The most spectacular scenery, the finest accommodations, the choicest foods."

Performance: "Maximum cycling and maximum luxury. The terrain will test your muscle and the lavish amenities will replenish you body and spirit. Luxury is mandatory. Miles are optional."

Trek will supply the bicycle for the tour. For the Leisure ride a Trek 7700 will be furnished, and for the Performance tour a Trek 5200 will be supplied. You can visit their web site at www.trektravel.com for more information.

One lucky person will win a weekend tour sure to please. The winner must provide his or her own transportation to and from the tour. How do you win? It's simple! You can earn tickets throughout the year and the lucky person's name will be drawn at the banquet next year.

Here's how you earn chances for the drawing:

- Attend three meetings and you earn one ticket. You must sign the register.
- Ride 500 club miles - You earn one ticket for each 500 club miles ridden
- Write two articles for the newsletter for one ticket. Maximum 2 tickets (four articles)
- Work Tour De Bloom (sign up ahead of time) and earn one ticket
- Volunteer and work with I.B.C. as a rep - earn one ticket
- Host a ride - earn one ticket (max. one ticket)
- Volunteer to work on an EBC special project - earn one ticket (example Bike Rodeo)
- Work the GPM (sign-up ahead of time and work the entire day) - earn one ticket

The Evansville Bike Club extends a very special Thank You to Scott Gilles for making this fantastic offer. If you have any questions please contact me.

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EBC Bikewriter

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The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2005

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____ Phone _____

E-mail Address _____
 Signature _____

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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