



EBC Bikewriter

November 2005

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter



The President's Pacelines *by Mark Oliver*



I would like to express my sincere appreciation to everyone that organized, worked on, or otherwise made possible the 2005 Great Pumpkin Metric. Without your participation, this event would not have been possible. We had excellent weather for the ride this year. As a result, we had a total of 775 riders. We've received many feedback surveys and the comments were all excellent. Our rest stops, pasta lunches and good music were all praised. We also received many positive comments about the route. They liked its scenic nature and how well it was marked. As usual, the design for the T-shirts and sweatshirts was outstanding. But all of these highly visible aspects of the Pumpkin would not have mattered if it weren't for the behind the scenes work. Special thanks go to the many who performed jobs that weren't particularly glamorous, but were the foundation on which the entire event rested. I do not wish to leave anyone out, so let me once again say thank you to everyone involved with this years Great Pumpkin Metric. Next year will be our 25th GPM. It's not too early to be thinking about how we can make it the best Pumpkin ever!

With the holidays quickly approaching, it's time to start looking ahead to the annual EBC Banquet. Planning is already underway with Hope Jenkins Rold and Vicky Ashworth once again volunteering as the organizers. They will be presenting their ideas during the November meeting so make plans to be there to help.

Finally, the club jerseys have arrived! By the time you read this many of you will already have been contacted to pick them up. If we have not been able to make contact, then you can get them by coming to the November meeting or calling me and making arrangements. We also have a little over 20 extra jerseys of various sizes. If you did not pre-order one, give me a call at 812-476-3898 before supplies run out. We are selling these at cost and don't usually order them every year so don't wait. We are the only source for an EBC jersey. Show your pride while you ride!



Just a reminder to keep open the evening of Saturday, January 14, 2006 for our annual banquet to be held at the Executive Inn. Details and reservation form will be in the December Newsletter. Hope to see everyone there for an evening of fun and relaxation with your "biking" friends.

Banquet Coordinators: Hope Rold and Vicky Ashworth





“Nicole’s Team” Rides GOBA

By Diane Bies

This summer on June 18, five female members, a.k.a. Nicole’s team, of EBC traveled to northwest Ohio to experience GOBA, Great Ohio Bicycle Adventure. Yes, it was great, in Ohio, and quite an adventure on a bicycle. We also have to agree with those who say GOBA really stands for “Gosh our butts ache.” Nicole’s team consisted of Nicole Bies, Diane Bies, Deanna Dunnuck, Mary Williams, and Colette Loehrlein. We were doing this trip at Nicole’s request for a week long bike ride for her “vacation with Mom after 7th grade” trip.

We had a great week spent with 2,995 other cyclist exploring five towns and enjoying our mobile tent city, moved by four semi truck trailers loaded daily by the riders. We were welcomed at the Catholic mass we attended en route on Sunday morning, bike shorts on and helmets and gloves in hand. We rode a century on Monday, which was a first for both Nicole and Colette. It was quite an awesome experience for all of us. We closed the day with a celebration at the Mexican restaurant that night, followed by a ride home from some “local” we had never met before. Some of us “earned” Mardi gras beads on Tuesday from some members of the Wild Bunch, who celebrate fat Tuesday every Tuesday. We learned first hand all the woes of “May flies” in Port Clinton, took a ferry to Puttin’ Bay and rode around Middle Bass Island. We pseudo adopted a local family in Elmore where Deanna stayed up too late watching the ballgame and we all paid the price the next day. We also experienced a ride in the covered back of a pick up truck to save us from waiting for the bus or walking into town, maybe a mile or two, one night.

As a group, we rode over 2,000 miles with no injuries or flat tires. We only had two little spills, both clipping in and out problems, and two flat tires after our showers on the last day. We witnessed a new friend wipe out and have to be taken away for a partial hip replacement. We experienced showers in a new way, actually many new ways. We only had one bit of rain when we were getting ready to settle in for the night. It turned out to be a good excuse to play dominoes with other riders in the cafeteria of the school where we were camping that night. We ate lots of ice cream and drank lots of Gatorade.

The facilities were great. There were plenty of rest stops as each town we passed through wanted to benefit from our adventure. The towns we visited were so friendly and had great restaurants. The organization of the whole ride was phenomenal with entertainment planned in each town. The riders were mostly from Ohio, varied in age from almost newborn to very old, included a large number of families, and couldn’t have been friendlier or more fun, with a very few exceptions. The camaraderie was amazing; the first night as we waited for a table, Deanna and I went to the bar to get a beer. A woman there offered us each a taste of her beer because, “You’re with GOBA aren’t you? We’re all in this together.” We all were pleasantly surprised at how they embraced us Hoosiers.

We all highly recommend this ride which, similar to TRIRI, moves around the state of Ohio to give a different experience each year. There were hotels available at each town, but we all enjoyed the tent city for the experience. We will be back at GOBA again. Hopefully more EBC members will give it a try some time.

Our First Self-Contained Bike Ride by John and Ann Stratman

Since we began biking together, my husband and I have wanted to take a self-contained ride. Previously, we had biked from Seattle, Washington, across the United States. Last summer, we biked over 4,000 miles in 13 states.

This summer was not to be a biking summer. We did Bike Florida in March, and we registered for North Carolina's ride in October, but the summer was reserved mainly for traveling in our RV. Still, we couldn't just leave our bikes behind! So we decided this was also the summer to do that long-awaited self-contained ride.

Logistics:

It isn't easy to work out the logistics for an independent bike ride. We had considered both the Natchez Trace and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Washington, D.C., but arranging transportation back to our starting points presented problems. The best solution was to bike in a circle. A book entitled "A Bicyclist's Tour Guide Around Lake Ontario." provided a circular route. We began contacting private campgrounds along the route to find a place to leave our RV. We were in luck! The second one we contacted had a protected area to leave our unit.

We began our trip in the town of Wolcott, New York, and traveled westward around the lake. First, to Rochester, then over the Niagara River into Canada. From there we continued along the lake to Hamilton and then through the city of Toronto. We followed the lake shore eastward to Kingston and ferried across the St. Lawrence River to Cape Vincent, New York. From Cape Vincent it was an easy ride back to our starting point. We rode the 670 miles in 11 days.. It was a great bicycling experience.

Weather's always a factor to be reckoned with:

We began our ride on the 13th of June with a less than promising weather report. A front was headed our way, a spin-off from Hurricane Arlene. The sky was heavily overcast. By early afternoon, the sun had broken through. By the time we reached Rochester, it was 90 degrees.

When we looked out the window the next morning, the wind was whipping the trees.

The weather report: "High of 89. Humidity 85 %. West winds and possible thunderstorms." One weather gal added: "With the temperature and humidity, the heat index will be over 100. If you had things to do outside today, you should change your plans." Well, we did, so we couldn't.

The day we rode over the Niagara River it rained. As we crossed the bridge and biked the path along the high cliff above the river a foggy haze obscured our views of the water. As we rode into Niagara-on-the-Lake, a beautiful town of stately old mansions, shops, galleries, and bed-and-breakfasts, the rain continued and the temperature dropped. Our teeth were chattering as we ducked inside a cozy restaurant. We sat for over an hour having our second breakfast of the day and drinking cup-after-cup of steaming hot coffee.

When we emerged from the restaurant, the rain had stopped. For the rest of the tour, we had pleasant weather, clear skies, moderate temperatures, and if any wind, it was at our backs.

Through the cities:

We hadn't really planned to ride through Rochester on our first day, but our map and odometers told us we were nearing the city. Then we were there! It was 90 degrees and rush hour! As we stopped for a light to cross busy 104, John looked down at the city. At the next stoplight, he said, "Did you look down back there? There are so many skyscrapers ahead of us, it looks like we're riding into New York City." I definitely did not need to hear that! But as we rode down, down, down to cross the bridge at the end of Irondequoit Bay and up, up, up the other side-our route took a sharp right turn and to our relief we bypassed the downtown. Ahead, we saw a Holiday Inn Express so ended our first day of bike touring.

We prepared for Toronto. A city of nearly 2 million is not to be taken lightly. We headed into the

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[Continued from Page 3] Our First Self-Contained Bike Ride

city early on a Saturday morning. A bike path from Hamilton continues nearly two thirds of the way through Toronto. It goes along the lake through parks and quiet residential areas. Leaving the city on the west side, we were not so lucky. By Saturday afternoon, shoppers were driving to and from the malls.

There was a bike lane on the roadway, but the traffic was hectic. We were thankful when we reached the eastern outskirts of the city and things calmed down a bit. This had been one of our longest mileage days, and it had been entirely within a city.

Crossing over the rivers:

As I said our route into Canada took us over the Niagara River at Lewiston, New York. Much less traffic and less confusing, we both thought, than crossing at the Falls. There was a steep climb up the escarpment to reach the bridge. I was surprised how easy it was for me, but I should not have relaxed! Just before the bridge was a barrier and a detour sign. Instead of crossing the bridge into Canada we were swept along with the rest of the traffic. Back down and around and up again. John shouted, "I think we're headed to the bridge at the falls." We weren't! Instead we found ourselves on Interstate 190 with all the commercial traffic bound for Toronto. The huge spans of the bridge loomed ahead of us. At the entrance to this bridge on the cement median was a blue booth. John signaled me to follow him and we pulled up beside it. The man who had been inside confronted us. "Get your bikes up here!" We obeyed. At this point we suspected that we had broken some law and were about to suffer the consequences. He continued, "It's a good thing for you that you stopped. When I tell you to ride, you get on your bikes and move. As you cross over the river, don't even pause to look around. I'm going to hold the traffic here and watch my monitor. As soon as you reach the other side, I will let the traffic go. There is an exit just beyond the bridge. Take it!" We followed his orders. We have crossed a lot of bridges on our bikes but this experience was a first.

Comparatively speaking, crossing the St. Lawrence River at Kingston was a breeze. We boarded a city ferry and crossed to Wolf Island. Wolf Island is a large island in the middle of the river. It is approximately nine miles wide. We pedaled across the island to a pier. A small ferry was tied there. No one was around. While we waited, the winds increased. White caps rose on the water. We had a bouncy, breezy ride as the small ferry plowed its way through the waves.

And into the woods:

The terrain and scenery we rode through was varied. We rode on busy city streets, in quiet villages, and through rural areas. There were apple and cherry orchards and vineyards, Dairy farms and fields of sheep and goats. At times, we were close to the lake, at others we could only see it on the map. We took photos of light houses and city skylines.

Yet the only time on the entire trip that I got panicky was when we ended up in the woods. Two days after Toronto our guide book suggested an optional route. It was described as an asphalt bike path. It turned out to be a single lane dirt path which meandered cross-country over brushy hills and into a woods. As it became more difficult to handle our loaded bikes on the rough path, we halted to assess the situation. Absolutely no one knew where we were and neither did we. If one of us got hurt, we could be in for a bad time. We backtracked to the nearest road and eventually found someone who gave us directions back to the regular route. It took the rest of the day and many miles of gravel road to get there. An experience not to be repeated!

But let me repeat what I said in the beginning. The ride was a great biking experience. We may even pack our bags and find another route to follow some day.



Sonnet for Dave's Cooler
By Meaghan Heinrich

**When pedaling the last miles of Reitz Hill
On Wednesday night in August, you're in luck
The moment that your quads begin to kill
You spot a certain friendly pick-up truck
Or when the blazing sun begins to glare
Just as you strive to finish Tuesday's race
The promise of that cooler waiting there
Will surely make your Trek pick up the pace
He's always there with tailgate open wide
To offer you a Sunkist Orange Pop
There's nothing like a hardcore evening ride
And ice cold Dr Pepper when you stop
So let us raise our helmets now in honor
To he who doth rehydrate us, Dave Conner!**



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Submit articles: chiapet@charter.net

The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2005

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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