



EBC Bikewriter

September 2006

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

The GREAT PUMPKIN is almost here Charlie Brown!

25 Years of Cycling

Behind a great ride comes months of planning and preparation. Lots of volunteers are needed to make this ride a success. If you haven't already signed up to help, please call one of the following people: Darlene Wefel 490-0686 - GPM Coordinator, Rusty Yeager - Registration 464-5862, - Jim Niethammer - Rest Stop Coordinator 491-1709, Ronnie Lee - Pasta Bar 421-8963, Gary Gardner - Swine Barn Coordinator 853-0476, Mark Oliver - Rest Stop/Transportation Coordinator - 476-3898, or Bob Wefel - Sag Support 490-0686.

This year, we are working harder than ever to make this the best GPM so far, with a theme for every rest stop, more entertainment, and changes in the medium route. Call several of your friends to get together and have fun with a theme. Call Jim today. Mark Oliver will need several people to help with the support truck setting up the tents, picking up the supplies, sorting, and taking the supplies to the rest stops, and later picking it up. The day of ride, we expect only new members to ride, and the rest of the members to work during the event.

This ride benefits all members of the club by providing funds to cover the postage of news letters, funds to keep the special needs program going, support cycling through our contributions to Indiana Bicycle Collation, and League of American Bicyclist, and bike safety programs through out our local area. Many things depend upon the success of this ride. The club asks very little of members through out the year, and this event is our only means of raising money. The success of the Great Pumpkin Metric depends on the help of all members. This year we are hoping to have more than 1000 riders.

Darlene Wefel, GPM Coordinator

UPDATE ON THE FULLERS

Kate and Wayne Fuller had a terrible accident on their tandem bicycle while in New York on a week-long bike tour. Their front wheel broke on a long down-hill. Kate suffered a twist fracture of her right femur and had to have emergency surgery to put in a steel rod and pins. She also had a lot of road rash on her arms and finger tips. She was later flown to Madisonville to the Regional Medical Center and admitted into the acute rehab unit. She went home on Thursday, August 17. She will be at home probably until the end of September before returning to work in a wheel chair.

Wayne suffered some pretty nasty road rash as well. I didn't ask to view his rash so I'll leave it up to your imagination. I think his drive home to Kentucky in the truck was probably not very comfortable.

The thoughts and prayers of the Evansville Bicycle Club are with the Fullers as they recover.

"A Second Chance"
by Diane Holland

On July 9th, on a very hot summer afternoon, Jason Lee and I were the last of the club riders to finish the 3:30 pm ride. As we pulled onto Olmstead Road, we heard a muffled sound coming from the cornfield adjacent to where we park. It was a constant, sorrowful "meow". Being good Samaritans, we got off our bikes and walked towards the cornfield to solve the mystery. As we crouched down to find where the cry was coming from we found a pair of bright green eyes on a tiny black kitten. It was so pitiful. He seemed hurt. Given its size and its distance from any house, it was immediately apparent that the poor thing was not there of its own volition. Concerned that it would not survive alone in the cornfield, we decided to try and lure it out. Easier said than done.

Two tired cyclists...all I had was half of a PowerBar and some almonds. Yum, right? Jason had a half-empty water bottle. I grabbed an old t-shirt from my car to scoop up the cat and off we went. Our plan was... I lay down the lure and call the kitty while Jason walks into the cornfield, sneaks up on him and grabs him. No go. We quickly learned that the kitten was A.) skittish, B.) did not like PowerBars and almonds or C.) was just not interested in our help. We tried everything. As I waited at the opening of the cornfield, Jason tried several times to get behind the cat and force it out. The site of Jason running through the cornfield in zig zag patterns chasing the fast kitten was hilarious! Wish I had had a camcorder. Either through hunger or curiosity, the kitten would eventually muster enough courage to approach one of us only to scurry away when it was just out of our reach. Frustrating! It was hot and we were wearing down. All our attempts were futile. After two hours of trying unsuccessfully to coax the little kitten, we finally gave up. We did leave pieces of my PowerBar, some almonds, (hey he could lick the salt off of them) and dripped water on some curled up corn leaves. We left reluctantly, hoping that by some miracle the kitty would make it at least through the night. We found out later, that deep down, we both wanted to come back better equipped to lure the kitty out of the field and save him.

I guess I beat Jason to the punch. I drove home, called a quick family meeting, told them about the kitty, that he was alone and should we go rescue him? Before we could take a vote my kids were in the car waiting. Greg (my hubby) looked at me and shrugged, so I grabbed some chicken salad from the fridge and off we all went. We all hoped he had not wandered into the road or anything. When we arrived, there he was still crying! I set down that bowl of chicken and he came running! I scooped him up into the T-shirt. My son Christopher held him on the way home. He noticed his mouth was torn up. He had most likely been thrown from a car. So we took him to a friend/vet, Bill Melchior, what a guy! Bill checked him out on the spot and said "He needs surgery or won't make it." His jaw was broken, bone exposed, he had lost some teeth and his mouth would soon become infected, without treatment. Bill asked Christopher to meet him at the after hours clinic, immediately. There Bill, with Christopher as his assistant, performed surgery, neutered him, gave him shots, and cleaned him up, all gratis! All we had to pay was the anesthetic fee. Deal! The plan was that our friends who own a farm and nine cats would take the kitten in.

But Christopher decided that since he needed ten days of antibiotics, that we should take care of him first...He said, "You found him Mom, we should nurse him back to health, and then we'll give him away to the Troyers." We couldn't say no, he was just so cute and needy.

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[Continued from page 2] A Second Chance

Cut to the present...today is Aug. 9, one exact month later and guess who is a permanent resident at the Holland home? Who is rambunctious as all get out and torments an old feline name Millie who used to be the Queen of the house? That's right "Chance"! Rhymes with Lance, found him at an EBC ride, wanted to name him Lance, but Jessie, my little girl said, "Let's name him Chance, cuz we gave him a second chance at life." So Chance it is. He lives the life now...five people to love on him, great food, toys, cozy bed... we spoil him. He is solid black, green eyes, wears a red choker with a bell and is crazy!

Let the record show that Uncle Jason calls frequently to ask about little Chance and has brought him gifts (cans of tuna!)

Ya just never know what adventure awaits for you on a ride!

Diana Holland (Chance's Mother)

Jason Lee (Chance's Uncle)



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Ed Jacobs Tim Dame

Todd Corne Rick Martin

[Continued from Page 4] SAGBRAW XXIX

We had dinner at a great little restaurant in Manitowoc. Their food proportions were geared for the 6th fleet. My plate of veggie pasta had to weigh five pounds. As it tasted wonderful, and after only eating a small portion of it, I had it boxed up and put in a cooler.

Saturday, August 5. We rode 53 miles from Manitowoc to Port Washington and it was time to start home. We had a great time, the ride was very scenic and well organized. The food was outstanding from the "best ever" brats to lots and lots of wonderful seafood. We ate well and enjoyed Wisconsin thanks to Gene who was a great tour guide and knew all the Ole and Lena jokes. You Betcha!

EPILOG—We arrived home Saturday night around 10:00 p.m. and ate left over pasta from Manitowoc. That's what we ate AGAIN for a late lunch on Sunday. . . There was still pasta left. My son told me to "*declare it the winner*" and throw the rest of it away.

SAGBRAW XXIX July 30 thru August 5, 2006

by Janet Robertson

Sunday, July 30 was a travel day from Port Washington to Marinette—most of the riders loaded their bikes on semis and boarded busses for the ride up to Marinette. As Bill was sagging for Hope and I, we picked up our packets and drove on to Marinette where we were waiting when Gene arrived. We were off to see the sights. We drove across the river to Menominee, Michigan and had dinner overlooking the waterfront.

Monday, July 31. SAGBRAW XXIX - had 1150 riders from 37 states and two Canadian Provinces including Gene Brouillard, Hope Rold, Bill and Janet Robertson. Monday was not typical Wisconsin weather - it was hot (but flat) as we rode 67 miles to Green Bay. The small town of Oconto really rolled out the red carpet for us. They provided a city map in our packet with all the places to eat and things to see. They had free bottled water iced down in a huge trough, music playing over a PA system, picnic tables, and port-a-pottys (they even opened up the town hall restrooms for us). Miss Wisconsin was there and riders were having pictures made with her. It was a fun place to stop. When we arrived in Green Bay, the Tall Ship Festival was going on. Our hotel room was overlooking where the ships were docked.; we were within walking distance of them.

Tuesday, August 1. Still triple digit heat index. I'm thinking that Gene has told me numerous times how cool the weather is in northern Wisconsin in the summer—I may have to hurt him. On to Sturgeon Bay - 64 miles. The cool breeze off the bay made the ride bearable. Sturgeon Bay is a beautiful town at the entrance of Door County. While Hope, Gene and I were riding in the triple-digit heat, Bill was back in Green Bay visiting Lambeau Field, home of the Green Bay Packers.

Wednesday, August 2. The heat went away. It rained, but we stayed at a great inn with wonderful food so no worries. Late breakfast, rain stopped, and left at 10:00 a.m. for a short ride to Bailey's Harbor. It started to drizzle as we arrived in Fish Creek. We stopped, shopped at a pottery store (Hope made some beautiful purchases to be shipped for birthday gifts), and had lunch. The rain was gone by the time we left to bike through Peninsula State Park. We saw our first "Door County Fish Boil" at Bailey's Harbor. A large outside fire was built under an iron kettle. Fish and veggies were added in large pots. Before the pots were removed from the kettle, they threw kerosene onto the logs which made the fire flame up to 8 to 10 feet causing the pot to boil over which boiled off the grease. After it flamed up, two men put a long iron pole through the pot handle and remove it from the kettle and dinner's was served. Fun to watch . . . we had burgers at the local bar.

Thursday, August 3. Visited a light house at Baileys' Harbor and drove up to North Port where we took the ferry to Washington Island, six miles off the Door County Peninsula. We were in jackets for the ferry ride — cool weather and beautiful scenery We stopped in Sister Bay on the way back and watched the goats graze on the grass roof at Al Johnson's Swedish Restaurant. We started riding our bikes at 2:00 p.m. and rode back to Sturgeon Bay.

Friday, August 4. It was our prettiest and longest day at 74 miles from Sturgeon Bay along the Lake Michigan shoreline with scenic lighthouses and beautiful beaches, to Manitowoc. Bill visited two Maritime Museums and the historic district in Sturgeon Bay. We arrived at Manitowoc before he did.

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The Continuing GOBA Adventure — Episode 2

By Faye Carter

A woman rider showed up in her two-piece swim suit to be next in line for the cold showers. Heck, I washed my jersey and shorts in the shower while wearing them then took them off, finished washing (me and the clothes) and put on clean clothes. Something like one-stop shopping. We walked back to camp ready to catch shuttle bus to town for to get dinner. We decided to eat at Bob Evan's again. Both of us wanted a good salad and we knew that restaurant had one we liked. We elected to split one salad and drink lots of strawberry lemonade refills to re-hydrate. We both got a laugh out of a woman coming from the ladies restroom. She said out loud "Hey, Bob Evan's has flush toilets and two-ply pa per."

While we were at dinner, the weather turned bad. We caught the shuttle back knowing we'd left the tent windows unzipped. We were lucky. Some Team Bob members noticed it, and zipped the windows and doors, threw the damp laundry inside and put our camp chairs in the truck. Now, that's service. We'd have spent a wet night if they hadn't, and we were grateful. Around 10:00 p.m., a truck came around announcing tornado warnings until 2:00 a.m. and told us if the siren sounded to head for shelter. I couldn't sleep for worrying about where 2700 people in tents would end up if a tornado hit (even if we made it to the covered fairgrounds shelters. After the time passed with no sirens, I caught a little sleep.

Day 3 Tuesday -- 1st loop day

GOBA offered a loop day on Tuesday of 56 miles in length. We'd heard how hilly it would be so decided to enjoy vacation and go into town to explore. We rode the shuttle to Hillsboro. We started our day with a real breakfast at Bob Evan's restaurant where Scooby Doo took my fork and fed my waffle to me. He was there to entertain the GOBA kids. We left there and went to the movie theater to watch *Over the Hedge* and enjoy the air conditioning for a while. It was a hot day and not raining. We walked back to the shuttle to head to the downtown area.

Downtown, we did a tour of Ohio's oldest court house, the House Museum, the old Colony Cinema, and walked around town to look at old buildings.

Hillsboro has a busy downtown area for a small town. The House Museum was full of antique furniture and memorabilia. It had a section with clippings of cartoons by a well-know artist, Milton Caniff, who was from Hillsboro. He drew *Terry and the Pirates* and *Steve Canyon* comics. Two of the old jail cells in the court house had been preserved when it as renovated. They give tours to show children the cells and to point out where they don't want to end up one day. The tiny cells were so awful that they might scare children into wanting to avoid them. I couldn't wait to get away from them. One old building we saw was the Bell Opera House. The history is that Mr. Bell experimented with different metals trying to find an alloy cheaper than brass, but more durable than iron. He made world famous bells from his alloy. He became a successful and influential man and the Bell name could be seen in several places in Hillsboro. One of his bells was in front of the court house. We saw other bells around town also including at the House Museum. I found it interesting that Charles Bell made bells.

The old cinema in Hillsboro was much like the theater where I worked for three years as a teenager. It brought back lots of good memories especially when we toured the projection booth and saw the old movie reels, the splicer and projectors. It looked like one day the projectionist walked out to take a break and never came back. It looked like someone was in the middle of showing a film when everything just stopped. We rode the shuttle back to the other side of Hillsboro to eat dinner at a pizza place that was offering GOBA riders a \$5 All-You-Can-Eat Buffet.

The Great Ohio Bicycle Adventure continues next month. Ya'll come back!!

EBC Bikewriter

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The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2006

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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