



EBC Bikewriter

October 2006

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

BANQUET TIME

Time is approaching faster than you think. We are already planning the annual EBC Banquet which will be held in January. For the past two years, it has been at the Executive Inn. We would like your input on your favorite place for the banquet or if you like it at the Executive Inn again. We need to know. We will check and compare the prices. In the December newsletter, we will inform members where it will be held along with providing the Registration Form. Please contact us with your suggestions.

EBC Banquet chairpersons

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THE BIKE RODEO



California Coast Ride By Gary Gardner

Opal and I decided to take Backroads California Coast Casual Inn tour and brought grandson Michael along as a graduation gift. The "casual inn" tour cost was quite a bit less per person than the "Premier Inn" tours offered by Backroads and the other companies we checked. We met our trip leaders on Sunday July 9th at one of the pick-up points in the Fisherman's Wharf area of San Francisco, and were shuttled north to Mendocino for the beginning of the trip. We had previously done a Backroads Wine country tour which had been hilly, but not unreasonably so. The California Coast tour was rated higher in difficulty, and we soon learned that it deserved the higher rating. The long shuttle to Mendocino made a stop in Healdsburg and then for lunch at the Navarro Vineyard's Winery.



Upon arrival in Mendocino, there was a bike fitting, and we did a short spin through the town and down to the coast. We used Backroads bikes rather than ship our own bikes as we had done with previous tours. We (especially Opal) found that shipping the bikes would have avoided some fit problems (that were ultimately resolved), although the triple chain rings on the Backroads titanium bikes (I was told they were made by Airborne) came in handy on some of the very steep climbs. We spent the first night at the Mendocino Hotel and Garden Suites.

Day two involved a very hilly ride to Gualala. The basic route was 52 miles down Highway 1 to Gualala, but there were shorter options for those who wished to shuttle in. We had breakfast at the hotel and were on our way stopping for a picnic lunch at Manchester Beach. The ride was switchback after switchback (up and then down) causing Opal to spew expletives. Little did we know that this was the second easiest day of the tour (excluding the short first day). The views of the rugged Pacific Coast were breathtaking. We stayed at the Breaker's Inn in Gualala which had rooms with large windows and balcony's overlooking the beautiful shoreline—probably the best view I've ever had from a hotel. We had dinner at a unique onion domed restaurant named "St. Oress" on the edge of town. Michael had the wild boar for dinner, which must have fueled his wild attack on the hills the next day.

On day three, we continued down Highway 1, taking in spectacular views (and copious hills) to our lunch stop at Fort Ross. Fort Ross is a fort built by Russians who, we were told, had come to California to capitalize on the fur trade from Alaska. After Fort Ross, we continued down Highway 1 and the hills became steeper with switchbacks abounding up and down. Also abounding was a significant increase in traffic. The cars and semis would often pass on curves which bothered me some, Opal quite a bit and Michael not in the least. Michael hit the first descent like a stone and I didn't see him again until I arrived in Jenner (he said he had been sitting by the side of the road for an hour watching the sea lions below) after Opal had requested a sag to get out of the hills and traffic. We turned off of Highway 1 shortly after Jenner onto 116 toward Gueneville and on in to Occidental (which is in the Wine Country). The basic option was 52 miles, but there were shorter and longer options. We were told that one of the longer options would have avoided the worst section of heavy traffic on Highway 1, but nobody took it because it we were also told that it contained a three-mile climb with an average gradient of 14%.

When riding along the coast, we needed arm warmers and undershirts (Opal and Michael also wore leg warmers, but I thought that was overkill). The hotels in Mendocino and Gualala did not have pools (there wouldn't have been much point because the high and low temperature was about 65 and 50 degrees respectively). Once inland

[Continued on Page 3]

[Continued from Page 4] California Coast Ride

(such as at Occidental) the temperatures increase quite a bit. When we did the Wine Country tour in 2004 the highs inland were always around 90-95 degrees.

Our hotel in Occidental was Negri's Occidental Hotel. It was much plainer than the previous two (as was pointed out by some of the others on the tour), but had a pool, a coffee shop and bar across the street and OLN so we could watch the tour— so from me it received "5 stars." We stayed in Occidental two nights.

Day four was a loop ride through the wine country and was warmer and not as hilly as the other days (even though it started and ended with very challenging climbs). The basic route was 52-miles with shorter and longer options. We went past the Korbel Winery to Healdsburg where we had lunch on our own and we then headed through the Vineyards and past the wineries back to Occidental for a swim and the Tour De France. I was getting up at 4:00 AM Pacific time to watch the race live before breakfast. Dinner was provided at a very nice local restaurant. Michael had the rack of lamb, which didn't go down as well as the wild boar. As another tour member lamented, "that's b-a-a-a-d."

Day five began with breakfast at the diner (after watching Floyd Landis grab the lead in the tour) and on to the Point Reyes Seashore Lodge in Olema. The ride started with a big hill and then was only moderately hilly until we turned onto Highway 1 where the hills picked up again. We had lunch on Tomales Bay and headed toward Point Reyes on the basic option of 40 miles. Michael inadvertently took one of the longer options by riding right past the hotel toward the ocean—sparking a search and rescue request by me. He found his own way back after finally consulting the route sheet after riding five miles past the hotel. We stayed at the peaceful and beautiful Point Reyes Seashore Lodge. This was a little too peaceful for Michael and I (no TV's in the rooms and for some reason they didn't want the AC on, which was fine when the sun went down, but was a bit sticky if you didn't leave the doors and windows open while the sun was up since Olema was far enough from the coast to be a little warm). Michael had a portable DVD player and was able to watch season's one and two of "Rescue Me." I read Velo News while sweating in the pretty garden.

On day 6, Opal sagged some of the basic 42-mile route. We left Olema toward the coast and started down highway 1 toward Muir Woods. The route was hilly and twisty along the coast and after waiting an inordinate time for Michael to top an ascent, I was told by a fellow tour rider that he had encountered a Ferrari parked at one of the ocean overlooks and was in deep conversation with the owner about the vehicle's features. The three of us rode into Muir Woods to look at the coastal redwoods but Opal got in the shuttle because she had heard that the climb out of Muir toward Sausalito was a killer. That information being accurate, we zoomed down the hill into Sausalito and then to the bike path that leads to the Golden Gate Bridge (the entrance to the bicycle path that goes toward the bridge out of Sausalito is unmarked and actually difficult to find unless you look for bikes streaming out of it from the other direction). We rolled across the bridge and used bike paths to lead us to Fisherman's Wharf where our tour ended.

It was a beautiful but challenging tour. On the bikes provided by Backroads, we had two complaints. First (a bit petty) was foam rather than tape on the bars—which felt weird but not uncomfortable. Second, the bikes had no computers. Had I known this, I would have brought a couple of computers. The route sheets were good and all had distances for the turns, but a computer would have been helpful since the route wasn't marked. All meals except one lunch and dinner were provided. The tour guides were knowledgeable and very attentive. The California Coast trip was being offered for the first time in seven years. We were told that one reason for the hiatus was the heavy traffic in places on Highway 1. The hills were difficult and the traffic, in a few places, was bad. That said, we were glad we went and we all thought it was worth it. We spent three days in San Francisco to wind down and then headed home to flat roads and 100 degree humidity.

Home, sweeeaty home.

Riding/Training in the Heat

By Diana Holland

Riding in the desert in the middle of the summer sounds like a pretty dumb thing to do, unless you're making good use of your down time. This summer my little girl Jessie and I snuck away to Phoenix, where the majority of my family lives, to surprise one of my sisters for her 40th b-day bash. We went on a whim and it just so happened to be late June, when it's stinkin' hot everyday. Most people stay indoors, it's too hot to be physical outside! But not me, while I was there for a week, I joined a club of riders The Gainey Village, 4 times. I took my bike and loved riding with a group. We met at 5:30 am (no one goes any later, too HOT) for some great training rides. This kept me in shape for my triathlon season. Plus training in this heat, made riding in Indiana much easier when I returned.

The rides usually had 20-40 good riders, men and women of all ages, racers, triathlete's, & fitness riders. Most were fast. No one was slower than 17 mph. Most rides were 20-40 miles. The rides had a leader and a lead group. The roads were NOT marked so you better stay up. The leader would tell us before leaving about where we were going (everyone seemed to know the general area of where we'd be riding to). Phoenix is awesome, all roads are newly paved, smooth and have bike lanes. Our rides started in the heart of Scottsdale, from there we would head to the foothills of the surrounding mountains for some climbs. These climbs were either short and steep or long and steep. Yay, I love steep! For those of you who know me, I also love climbs, I'm good at them, good at taking them slow and enjoying each and every pedal stroke. The best part was how the entire group would push hard up the hills and then regroup at the top & wait. This way they could all watch the last riders make it up, huffing and puffing. (read: me!)

Luckily, they were nice and would say complimentary things like, "Good job" "Way to hang Indiana", "You're doing great". I just thought "Grrrrrrrrrrrr", why can't I get up faster?! It was always my goal, NOT to be the last up the hill. Great training for leg strength. Sometimes I wasn't sure I'd make it without getting off the bike, but I did. Anyway, the other part of the rides, were fast, flat and fun. We rode hard and fast, not everyone formed a pace line, a little irritating, but I survived. I made a lot of acquaintances. Very competitive but fun people.

It was sad saying good-bye. The desert isn't bad at 5:30 am...beautiful sunrise, no humidity, maybe 80 degrees, little to no wind, calm, quiet, little traffic, and smooth riding. It was great.

Diana Holland

Some folks will be interested that we'll have more daylight next year to ride :-)
Linda Clemmer

Due to the passage of the Energy Policy Act of 2005, Daylight Saving Time will begin earlier and end later in 2007. The dates for the time change in 2007 will be:
Begin DST - Sunday, March 11, 2:00 a.m.
End DST - Sunday, November 4, 2:00 a.m.

Evansville Bicycle Club and St. Mary's Child Safety and Bike Rodeo by Darlene Wefel

400 Attend First Annual Event

I want to thank the 36 Evansville Bicycle Club members who helped make this event a success, and also thank St. Mary's for asking us to participate in this community educational event.

The day started bright and early at 7:00 a.m., when the set-up crew of 10 EBC volunteers arrived to lay out three identical courses for the anticipated participants. In my possession was a rough sketch of a course, which Rusty and I tried to visualize on the asphalt. It became obvious that we were not speaking the same language, but with Rusty's patient nature we were able to get our thoughts together and come up with a plan. Our crew was divided into thirds, and we were set into motion with spray chalk, traffic cones, and traffic signs in hand. The parking was turned into three courses within one hour. The layout of booths had to be changed due to bicycle traffic flow. So Archie gathered about 10 members, who literally picked up the tent, tables, and equipment and relocated them all the way across the lot. Thanks Archie.

At 9:00 a.m., the participants started arriving at registration, where all parents and children were registered and the children earned their first hand stamp.

The first stop was the video booth, where a club member showed the bicycle safety video, explained some traffic laws, hazards of riding in traffic, the dos and don't of cycling, and answered questions. St. Mary's and Sagamore Insurance provided free helmets for those children who needed them. Three EBC members made the adjustments and answered questions from the parents. The children were separated according to age and were instructed on which course they were to go to. The third stop for the children was reporting to the bike safety check. EBC members inspected all the bikes, and made minor adjustments as needed, then directed the children to the next stop. The fourth stop was the beginning of the course. Children of all ages, with tricycles and bicycles, participated. After riding the course, the children received another hand stamp. From there, they went to the completion booth and received a backpack filled with all types of goodies, including a T-shirt, coloring books, stuffed animals, and many more things. Many of the children enjoyed riding the course so much, they went back several more times to practice their cycling skills.

All 36 club members put in a full day, with most of them spending the entire six hours standing/sitting in the hot sun helping and directing children through the course. Final count for the day was 200 children who registered and went through the course and 200 parents who attended the event.

In addition to the bike rodeo, there were safety demonstrations by St. Mary's; a karate demonstration; and EMTs and a Rescue Unit, who gave the children tours through their vehicle. The Life Flight team from St. Mary's was there also.

It was a good day for the Evansville community. We hope to develop and grow this event next year.



Day 4, Wednesday -- Hillsboro to Circleville

The day didn't start out well. We packed the camping gear into the Team Bob truck before we really checked out the sky. It was growing darker by the minute. We headed to the vendor tents to see if any kind of breakfast was available at the fair grounds. We found one tent that had bagels and a few muffins. We both bought a bagel with cream cheese and decided to take it into one of the barns as the sky was looking bad.

We made it into the barn before it started pouring down. In minutes, we had rain, wind, thunder, lightening. The police kept us informed periodically of the weather conditions. A lot of riders were holed up in that barn with us for over an hour and a half. The police wouldn't let anyone leave due to the severe weather. We heard they were getting riders off the road that had left before the storm hit. Some riders were in barns and porches along the route, and some got caught in hail. When we got the all clear to ride, we pulled out. We made it about 250 yards before it started pouring rain again. A few of us got under a carport for a while. We were soaked, and I started shivering. I was wearing a thin, sleeveless summer jersey. A rider offered me his rain jacket and I put it on for a while to warm up. I gave it back before we got on the road again. Another rider loaned me a base layer tee shirt to put on over my jersey to keep from being so cold. I accepted that, and we all got back on the road. It rained intermittently for a while. At lunch, a cloud came up and everyone got on the road quick to outrun it. Other than sprinkles and thunder, we didn't get any more bad weather. We didn't eat the food from the GOBA lunch stop as it was Sloppy Joe's or pepperoni pizza. Who thinks that riders can eat that kind of food and ride on a belly full of it? Again, we ate sandwiches we'd had made at a local market we passed on the road.

When we pulled into the afternoon stop, the sky looked threatening. That stop had fresh fruit and dip and lots of healthy snacks. When we went outside, the sun was out. The terrain had been getting flatter all day, and it was an easy ride the rest of the way to Circleville. When we arrived, we found the car campers were on the YMCA grounds which was around the corner from the school grounds. Our site was a little hike from the Team Bob Truck. We'd learned that if we wanted to sleep, we had to put some distance between the yellow Team Bob truck and our campsite. We set up camp right by the building which would knock off some of the wind. We had a place to prop up our bikes and room for our camp chairs and cooler in the shade of some small trees. We were allowed to use all the YMCA facilities which included hot, private showers and bathing suit dryers (which work great on jerseys and shorts). We rode the shuttle into town to eat and get back to turn in early. We quickly discovered that local kids were going to drive by all night honking their horns for fun. Our camp site was wonderful except it was close to a busy road. Thank goodness for ear plugs!

Day 5, Thursday - 2nd Loop Day

We wimped out on riding the 100-mile loop. Instead, we rode our bikes into town to explore the downtown area and see the Victorian homes. Circleville is a pretty little town. We found the Gibbon's Café by accident a few blocks from downtown. It's the kind of place I love to locate on these rides. It was a local place with nice atmosphere, great food and decent prices too. We had chicken salad on crossiants. Their desserts looked wonderful, but I'd had way too much food to try dessert. We rode up town to do the GOBA movie special. A very old theater had been divided to be able to show three movies. They offered GOBA riders a \$5 deal of a movie, popcorn and drink. It was a really hot day, so we were glad to get in off the pavement for a while. We saw the new CARS movie and enjoyed the laughs. That show was pretty full as it only held about 130 people. I think the other side held about that same amount for another movie and the small rear side held 33 people. I did enjoy being in an old theater, but quickly realized how nice it is to go to a new theater with stadium seating.

[Continued on Page 7]



We went to a block party being held for GOBA downtown. The band was very good, but we didn't stay long. I pointed out the black cloud to Charlie so we headed back to camp. We made it to camp dry, but Charlie wanted to go buy a new computer for his bike at the vendor tents. We didn't make it there before it started raining hard. We stayed in the information tent a long time before it slacked off some. We made it almost to the YMCA before it poured down again. It rained most of the night. I heard that it had rained over four inches in two hours at one point. I slept very well due to having ear plugs and it raining all night.

Day 6, Friday — Circleville to London — T G I F

This was by far the most miserable day on GOBA. It stopped raining long enough to pack up the camping gear and haul it to the Team Bob truck. It started sprinkling as we rode out. By the time we arrived at the morning rest stop, it started raining hard. It rained all day. We rode on and on in the rain. We rode past the Green Heritage Museum. We both would have loved to stop if the weather had been better. The man had collected old buildings and they could be seen on the property as we passed. The White Castle restaurant sitting in his yard definitely made his property noticeable.

We entered the Big Darby area and crossed over the river that was swollen with all the rain water. Right after crossing the bridge, we made the hardest climb of the day up out of the river valley. It was very steep with a stop sign where you had to check for traffic before pulling out to finish the climb.

The lunch stop was in Harrisburg. Neither of us wanted to eat. We just wanted to get out of the rain. I stayed in the porta potty as long as possible, but a square plastic building is not my idea of a nice rain shelter. We rode on. We made it to the school at London, pulled in the parking lot and the rain stopped. It figures. We stopped by the vendor tents for Charlie to finally get a new computer for his bike. The sky didn't look too good, so we went to set up camp quickly. Just as we got the fly on my tent, it started to rain. We jumped inside where we sat for 30 minutes or so until the rain quit. We finished setting up our campsite and headed for showers. The sun came out and the sky cleared. FINALLY. We had BBQ at the school which was very good. After a trip to the massage tent, we sat around chatting with the Team Bob members by the truck. This was the first evening we'd actually sat with Team Bob and listened to all their tall tales about adventures on previous GOBA rides. Those guys kept me laughing. Dave Martin sang his GOBA song. I hated that I missed listening to their bull on other nights. Most evenings were so messy that the Team Bob members sat in the back of the rented truck in camp chairs by the coolers. We could hear the racket those nights, but not the actual conversations.

Day 7, June 24 - London to Xenia

The day was beautiful—a perfect end for a week of rain. The temperature was in the low 80s, light wind, sun shining. Where was this all week? We'd had horrible head winds, rain at some point every day except Tuesday and on the last day, it all changed. We rode about seven miles and got on the Ohio to Erie Rail-to-Trail route. We sailed from there to South Charleston where the morning rest stop was. We decided to find the access point to get back on a rail-to-trail and take it all the way to Xenia. This area of Ohio has access points in several towns where you can go long distances on paved trails without being in car traffic. We made it to Xenia very quickly as the trail was mostly flat with an occasional slight up-hill grade. We got showers at the Xenia fair grounds before heading to Cincinnati.

Finally

The End of my first GOBA Mis-adventure
(which is exactly what I thought when it ended)

EBC Bikewriter

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EBC Web Page: <http://www.bicycle.evansville.net> "Provided by Evansville Online"
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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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