



EBC Bikewriter

November 2007

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Notes from the President's Corner The 26th GPM Recap

It's October 7th at 8:30 p.m. and I feel that I'm in a daze. For the last three days I've been caught up in this whirlwind of events. It's over and now what do I do? First thing that comes to mind (what little I have of it) is to thank every member that helped make this ride a great success. All I heard from riders was praise on what a fantastic ride we put on every year, and this year was outstanding. More than 60 club members stepped forward and helped make this thanks to Ann Pendley, for Helping so.... much. Plus, Kevin and Nicholas who made fantastic Pirates. Arrrrrrrrrrrrrr.... Wow!!!! The rest stops were fantastic! Every Rest stop was decorated and the riders were saying that is one of the many things that make our ride outstanding. Other remarks were that our club is friendly, we were supportive, and did not rush them to finish the ride. Several said that this year was their first and that they would be back next year. I hear that Elvis made a special appearance is that true? Also, Ronnie Lee and the pasta crews. These crews worked hard to feed everyone. Saturday night, we initiated Ronnie's kitchen. It's a little more compact than the huge open space that he had, but with team work, 120 lbs of dry spaghetti was cooked. It was hot Don!!!! I thought Steve, Colette, Bill, Diane, and Jessie were going to melt.



This year, workers and riders had to deal with 94 degree temperatures, lots of sunshine, high humidity, and a slight breeze. This challenged riders and workers alike. Ice, Gatorade, and water were in demand. Our SAG drivers did an outstanding job helping riders with flat tire repairs, broken wheels, minor accidents, and assistance getting them back to the 4H Center. We tried something new this year. Usually the big truck picks up supplies and sorted the supplies and products at the Newburgh Wesselman's store. This year I sorted all the product at the store (Wesselman's provided all the food and water for this event) all the food and supplies overflowed three pallets. Each rest stop captain met me at the Newburgh Wesselman's Store. We filled five trucks and one SUV with food, water coolers, and a supplies. Oh, you won't believe what the item for the after ride dinner was? Ice Cream, over 1,000 bars, cones, drumsticks, and ice cream sandwiches donated by Prairie Farms. The above mentioned changes relieved all the pressure on our delivery truck driver, and made it much easier for them to beat the early morning riders to the rest stops. This was no easy task. Due to the heat, most of the riders were out on the road between 7:30 - 8:00, which is an hour earlier than in the past.

The lucky winner of the Foosball table donated by Escalade was "Amy Lutzel." Congratulations Amy! If you know Amy make sure you challenge her to a game soon. Otherwise you'll be playing against a pro.

Attendance was down some from last year due to the conflict with the Half Marathon. Hopefully, we can get this worked out next year. Thank all the workers and participants for making this a great day in Evansville for cycling.

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[Continued from Page 1] Notes from the President's Corner



It was a good day for the "Share the Road Campaign." Riders and EBC members donations amounted to \$1,054! Fantastic! This campaign benefits all Tri-County cyclists. I saw three signs on Boonville New Harmonie Road on my way to the 4H Center. They got my attention. Riders commented on seeing some of the signs along the route.

The Evansville Bicycle Club has donated \$2,500 from this year's GPM to the Share The Road Campaign in memory of Sam Wolf II. Can't wait to see where all these signs are placed on local highways and roads. As I said during one of the interviews. It is the responsibility of drivers and cyclists to respect each other, and work together to make this area a bicycle friendly community.

Any suggestions, or ideas for next years GPM please let me know. It's that time of year when we are looking ahead to next year. It's hard to believe that 2007 will come to an end in 2 1/2 months. We have several positions that need to be filled. Secretary, Treasurer are at the top of the list. Next month will have a complete list of positions that will need to be filled including GPM coordinator. I will assist the new coordinator, and take care of the food next year, but I do not have time to tie all the loose ends together. If you are interested in filling any position within this club please contact any of the officers or myself.

This is my favorite time of the year to ride, and I hope to see you out on the road.

Respectfully Submitted,
Darlene Wefel



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Amy Lutzell, Evansville
Rick Garrison, Evansville
Sam Slaughter, Henderson

A Notable Quote

"The century. A cheap analogy for life. Little pains happen. You adjust. A lot of it is dull stuff indeed, but you make the effort. Man and machine become one organism, stroking away, correcting, favoring, compensating, and trying to enjoy the little moments of magic that come along. At the end of it, you get off the bike, or fall off, or are pushed off, and that is it."

—John D. MacDonald, *Condominium*

BIKES AND BUGGIES

By Faye Carter and Charlie Miller

Faye and I left our respective homes on August 3rd for Howe, IN and the *Amishland and Lakes Bicycle Weekend* at about the same time. My travels were mostly on Interstates and 4-lane highways so I was able to arrive at the ride start well before Faye. Due to the lack of a good direct route through southwest Indiana, and heavy traffic, Faye's travels across Indiana took her a miserable nine hours to complete. But the time difference gave camper before she arrived. Ride headquarters was the Howe Military Academy, and we camped on its parade grounds which is largely an open field crisscrossed with gopher tunnels. Most of the large shade trees bordering the field had campers squatting beneath them already. I was able to find a couple of large trees that offered nice shade to camp beneath, but unfortunately they were right next to highway SR-9. We had to take what we could get and the site did have some advantages to offset the traffic noise. We had very convenient parking and access to SR-9 for our cars. By the time Faye arrived, the camp was all set up and waiting for her. After her long drive, she was happy to let me do the driving into Sturgis, MI for dinner. The Michigan state line is just a few miles north of Howe. We got our pasta fix for the next day's ride in an Italian restaurant called DaVinci's. We then returned to relax a little and settle in for the night. The evening traffic noise along SR-9 offered everything from large semi's roaring by on their way to Fort Wayne, to the clip-clop of horses pulling Amish Buggies. We were both exhausted from the day's travels and quickly fell asleep despite the traffic noise.



On Saturday morning, we were up early and ready for the first day's riding. Before leaving, we stopped in to the dining hall to see if any vendors had set up shop. Chuck Harris was there selling his helmet mirrors so Faye took the opportunity to have him do a little fine tune adjustment to hers. It was cool at the ride start, but got into the high 80's by mid-day. Saturday's ride offered routes of 23, 36, 50, 64 and 101 miles. We selected the 64-mile route which took us onto lightly traveled country roads that was more flat than hilly, but did offer a few small climbs. We were quickly out among the Amish and had to be on the constant visual to avoid "road apples". The Amish Buggies were as numerous as cars on these back roads and we actually drafted behind one for a little while. About five miles into the ride, we came to a corn field that was being irrigated. The farmer had left the end of the irrigation pipe open and a huge spray of water showered across the road. It may have looked inviting later in the day, but in the chill of 8:00 AM it just looked cold and wet. We found a "sweet spot" right in the middle which was not as wet and made a quick sprint through it.

The first SAG stop was in LaGrange, IN. Both Faye and I regretted forgetting our cameras back at camp when we left. On Saturday morning, the Amish set up a farmer's market in LaGrange where they sell fresh vegetables, baked goods, and other assorted items. The Amish do not like to have their pictures taken but they don't mind photos snapped of their horses and buggies or their beautiful gardens. This first SAG stop offered an interesting photo contrast with all the multi colored bicycle variations against the stark black Amish Buggies parked in the back ground. Leaving LaGrange we traveled on a road we dubbed the Amish Highway. We saw many Buggies traveling this road to and from LaGrange. The paved road was deeply rutted from the trotting on many horses and there was a continuous trail of "free manure" in various stages of freshness.

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[Continued from page 3] Bikes and Buggies


The second SAG stop was located at Rogers Park. This is a historical park where several pioneer log homes, along with a barn, school house, and blacksmith shop as been relocated and preserved. We referred to this as the blueberry SAG because they had locally grown fresh blueberries as one of the offerings here. After leaving the second stop, we came into the town of Topeka which is equitant to Detroit for the Amish. Many buggies are built here for the Amish communities in Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. Faye and I stopped here for a large yard sale, but didn't find anything we could not live without.

The third SAG was at 45 miles. It is known as the watermelon SAG for the same reason the blueberry SAG is the blueberry SAG. After leaving this last rest area, we pushed off for the last 20 miles of the ride. There were only three official SAG stops on the 64-mile ride, but all along the route Amish women and children set up there own little rest stops with baked homemade goodies and lemonade. They put a bucket out that simply said "donations". When asked what their goods cost they told us whatever we felt was fair. We stopped at several of these Amish rest stops to sample their goods but the last stop was the best. An Amish lady was baking soft pretzels, and we got them fresh out of the oven with melted butter on top. If would be difficult to describe in words how wonderful they were.

The last town we rode through was Shipshewana, IN. This Amish town has become a popular tourist attraction with a large flea market and many shops and restaurants. Shipshewana closes early on Saturday. We wanted to finish the ride, take a shower, and come back for dinner before the town closed down for the night. But before we left Shipshewana, Faye found someone selling freshly made Kettle Corn. There is magnetism that draws Faye to good Kettle Corn, so we couldn't leave before this need was filled. Faye bought a bag and we were lucky enough to find a fellow cyclist in a car who offered to drive it back to the camp area for us.

We completed the final twelve miles to finish Saturday's ride. We showered and were about to leave camp for dinner in Shipshewana when Faye's Kettle Corn arrived. She couldn't resist the temptation and tried to ruin both our appetites by diving into the bag as we drove to dinner. Kettle Corn is hard to resist. We visited a few Shipshewana shops, but we were too late to make it to the flea market. Everyone was packing up by the time we arrived. We ate dinner in a pizza parlor called "*East of Chicago*" and found it to be a hot spot for Amish teen dating. As we sat there enjoying our pizza, a lot of Amish Teenagers rode their buggies into the parking lot and came in for pizza. You could tell the teen buggies from the others. They were not fancy but they were not the typical "Black Buggies" either. They had a home made appearance and many sported bucket seats, probably from an auto salvage yard somewhere. They were in definite contrast to the traditional Amish Buggies. We did notice one more difference between the traditional buggies and the teen version. As we were relaxing later back at camp, we heard the familiar Clip-Clop of an Amish buggy coming up SR-9. But there was something else. As it got closer we realized what it was. The kids had a boom box playing some fairly loud rock music as the rode by. We got a kick out of that as we realized teenagers will be teenagers no mater where you go.

We turned in that evening with the threat of rain. It started sometime in the middle of the night and rained really hard. The rain continued through the morning hours, and it became apparent it was not going to stop. We had planned to do the shorter 24-mile Sunday ride which looped around several lakes up into Michigan before we left for home, but realized this was not going to happen. So we broke camp in a downpour and headed for home on Sunday morning ending our Amishland and Lakes adventure for this year.



Riding in the Valley-Alone but not Alone

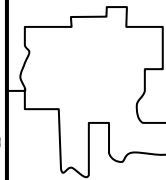
By Diana JC Holland

Every summer, we head to Phoenix (Paradise Valley/Scottsdale) to visit my family. Summer in Arizona means temps between 110-120 degrees!! Fun! The intense heat feels like when you open the oven door and the heat hits you in the face! Of course, while there I have to ride. I decided to hook up the Village Cycling Club. Due to the heat all their rides start at 5 am. Actually there's no one working out outdoors after 8 am! We rode three days through the beautiful outskirts of the city. Each ride was different, but seemed to always included some mountain climbs in the foothills. Never a Dan Henry anywhere...so keeping up is key! I had borrowed my sister's Cannondale, instead of packing my bike, this year. Nice bike, but not MY bike. So, day one, I rode to the ride, to try and get used to her bike. When I arrived there were more than 30 riders. This could be an intimidating group...they looked fit and fast....high end bikes, wheels, and clothing. (Note: some people refer to this area as Snotsdale instead of Scottsdale...read: mucho money!) Many were on competitive teams. They were not overly friendly. I did meet a couple of guys when I borrowed a pump. I talked to the only three girls there. They looked fast too!

When it was time to shove off, the coordinator told me "Hang on, we start fast and get faster!" I thought, "Great, wish I had MY bike!" So off we went...we were doing 20-22 mph immediately...anaerobic! (read: not enough oxygen)...and this was their warm up!! I found myself instantly at the back of the pack...I was riding next to, as I found out, a Pro triathlete, who coaches and helps lead the rides. He was nice & encouraging. After some casual chit chat, he says "I better get to the front"....he stood up and was gone. I was holding on the best I could...doing 22-23 mph, the terrain was flat, we were on main roads riding in the bike lanes. Next, we turned into some curvy neighborhoods, a cut through that continued through a beautiful golf course. We had only gone about four miles when I fell off the back! They gradually pulled away...I could see them in the distance taking the curves through the golf course! I thought this will be interesting...I have 30 miles to go, with no Dan Henry's. I just kept riding, following the pack as they faded into the distance. Sigh...alone.

One thing in Phoenix, you're never really alone when riding. There are hundreds of riders out at 5 a.m! Many very different and interesting groups. I saw racing teams, chatty groups just cruisin' along slowly, some older folks just riding a leisurely pace, couples, fitness club groups, college teams, triathlete groups, even some mountain bikers headed for the hills. Looked like the crowd we get for the GPM, but this was a regular week day! I kept riding, just getting miles in...I hooked up with many other groups, while hoping to run across mine, we'd ride together for awhile then I'd leave them or they'd leave me. I was on the back side of Camelback Mountain...when all of a sudden here comes MY group! Amazing, that I even saw them again. As they came by, a few had encouraging words and tips on the route, most just whizzed by...leaving me behind again. I didn't care. The weather was perfect, the roads are made for cyclists, the scenery was spectacular and I was doing what I love. I decided to just enjoy my ride. I knew the way back. So although I was left alone, I was never alone.

TOUR DIRECTOR'S CORNER



Tour Director: Jay Vercellotti

The ride schedule has a good number of unusual items this month so make sure to check it carefully. Following is a listing of rides to notice:

Hosted Rides: We are lucky to have 3 hosted rides this month. First Darlene and Jane are hosting the Falling Leaves Ride which starts in Newburgh at the Old Dam. This will be about the same route as Darlene's Firecracker ride from July. Then Mark and Debbie Oliver will be hosting their annual Pumpkin Pie Ride on the 17th. The route will be the same as last year. Be sure to catch that one so you can have some of their famous pumpkin pie. Finally, on the 18th, the Gardners will be hosting Ashley's Butterfly and Scarecrow Ride. Remember, people who host rides usually put forth a large effort and expense, particularly if there's food involved. If the weather turns out rainy or otherwise bad you can still stop by and help them eat all the food and hang out with everyone. Rain or shine, it can be a memorable day. But let's hope for perfect weather for all 3 rides this month!

Saturday Rides: The Saturday rides move back to Elite Fitness this month. The Henderson rides will still be scheduled one Saturday a month whenever possible. If someone can come up with a good way to continue once a month No-Drop rides during the November-April period, then please suggest it. As of now, like last year, there aren't any No-Drop rides scheduled until May when we move back to Dogtown.

November Century: The only week that works for the century this month is Thanksgiving week. So, the weekday century will not be on Thursday and will instead be on Wednesday. At the meeting we talked about having the century on the first weekend of the month, but that would have created back-to-back centuries for October/November.

Thanksgiving Rides: On Thanksgiving day I've scheduled the Old Dam as a regular ride that does count as club mileage with both the 27 or 40 mile options. On the day after Thanksgiving, the Dogtown ride will make its last appearance until next spring.

Elite Fitness: Over the last few years, Elite has offered club members—with at least 300 miles—an option for an off-bike season membership. Ok, many of us will NOT be off the bike.... This is for the months of Nov., Dec., Jan, and Feb. Hopefully we will have this offer again this year, but as of press time it was still unconfirmed. If and when it is agreed upon, the online version of the ride schedule will be updated to include the advertisement, so check back on the web site if you are interested.

EBC Bikewriter

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EBC Web Page: <http://evansvillebicycleclub.googlepages.com/>
Submit articles: bicycling_chick@bellsouth.net

The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2007

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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