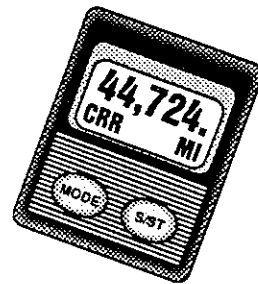




# July 1992



# Ride Report

## Goal Setting and the MS150

This year I had the opportunity to ride the MS150 again as Bill Cleland kindly volunteered to drive sag for our store. His side kick/secretary/cashier was Carole Wilke who was unable to ride due to some injuries she acquired while bajaing through the woods on her mountain bike a few weeks ago.

My riding buddy from last year, Joe Deoro was unable to attend due to his crazy work schedule. Jerry was out of town riding some monster course in Vermont with Rich Dyer and several other club members. So who am I to team up with? Common sense told me to ask Pam Dyer as she had lost her captain of the "Dyer Express" to this group of mountain men for the weekend. Any stoker would jump at the opportunity as Pam thought she would be riding the back of my RAAM tandem. I told Pam she was just a little too short to ride on the back as it was designed for a rider 6' tall.

Pam was a little sceptical as she hadn't ridden a bike on her own in over 7 years when she ended her solo riding with a bad crash. Pam mustered up enough courage to try riding her son's mountain bike feeling the fatter tires would offer more stability. She completed a couple of solo rides for training and decided to give the MS150 a try instead of sitting home while Rich was gaining club miles on her. Gotta keep even with those points!

As we headed out of the parking

lot on our journey to Lansing, Pam ran into difficulties shifting the gears. The chain just wouldn't climb onto the larger sprockets in the rear so she had to climb the hills on the little cog. As the miles and the hills kept coming Pam was getting more and more frustrated. Sometimes when it wouldn't shift she would get so mad and start pushing on the pedals so hard that I just couldn't keep up with her. She had so much determination to get to the top of the hill. When I wound up riding behind her during these challenging times I couldn't help but laugh. She reminded me of a little girl whose mom told her "no you can't have another cookie". And the little girl would go away mad stamping her feet!

Several times during the day we would run into other club members at the rest stops. One stoker (who I think is heads of the Stoker's Union) was teasing Pam in a fun way telling her that she may make it to Lansing but she will never be able

*...continued inside last page*

### **NEXT MEETING:**

**Monday August 3, 1992, 7:00pm  
at the Mount Clemens Recreation Center  
300 Groesbeck at Lafayette.**

<b>President:</b> Bill Duemling	752-6310
<b>Ride Director:</b> Doug MacDermaid	774-0295
<b>Secretary:</b> Dennis Audet	777-0837
<b>Treasurer:</b> Bob Goebel	286-0384
<b>Editor:</b> Vicki Malloch	979-4076
<b>Assistant Editor:</b> Mike Kiefer	884-1052
<b>HOTLINE:</b>	<b>792-4670</b>

# Ride Schedule

Call the hotline (313) 792-4670 for updates.

## Recurring rides for June

**Tuesdays, 6:30pm.** Meet Warren Berthelsen at the original Pavlat's Bike Shop (Mt. Clemens) for a ride to Metro Beach. Pace 14-16, 20-25mi.

**Tuesdays, 6:15pm.** Meet Gary Haelewyn at the original Pavlat's Bike Shop (Mt. Clemens) for a "Sprinkle Sprint" ride to Metro Beach regrouping after sprints. Pace 18-20, 30mi.

**Wednesdays, 6:30pm.** Meet Rick & Sue Moorman 17 Mile/Garfield behind doctors office for a ride out to Stony Creek. Pace 16-18, 38mi.

**Thursdays, 6:30pm.** Meet Rich & Pam Dyer at Water Tower in New Baltimore. Pace 18-20, 35mi. **Call Rich 949-0183.**

**Thursdays, 6:30pm.** Meet Jackie Kray at Pavlat's Two Wheel Authority in Royal Oak for a beautiful ride towards Cranbrook. Afterwards hang-out for ice cream. Pace 14-16, 30mi. **Call Jackie 544-0264.**

**Fridays, 6:30pm.** Meet Kirk & Katie Carolan at Jefferson & Marter (8 1/2 Mile) for a ride to Grosse Pointe and back. Pace 16-18, 22-25mi.

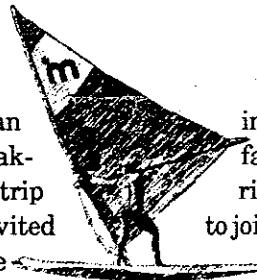
**Saturdays, 8:00am.** Meet Gary Haelewyn, Oscar or Bill at the Stony Creek boat launch for a 45mi. ride stopping halfway in Armada for breakfast. Pace 16-18.

**Sundays, 8:00am Sharp!** Meet John Payne at Derby Jr. High (corner of Adams and Derby Rd., just N. of 15 Mile in Birmingham). Different ride each week to a restaurant. Pace 14-16, 20mi. **Call John 755-0730.**

## Scheduled rides for July

**Friday-Sunday July 17-19. RAT Weekend.**

**Sunday, July 26, Pt. Pelee Ride.** Rick and Sue Moorman affair. Meet at 7:00am at Maria's in Amherstberg for breakfast (the High School) then at 8:00am begin an 80-85mi round trip around 11:30am for a picnic. Families and non riders are invited to join in at the park near the Blue Herring picnic area (small entrance fee for cars.) Promises to be



invite you to join them for an all day fast (E. side of Route 18 across from ride stopping in Pt. Pelee Prov. Pk. to join in at the park near the Blue Herring picnic area) a great time.

## Looking ahead to August

**Saturday-Sunday August 8-16.** Doug MacDermaid and Christi are planning a week long, self-contained tour. **Call Doug for details 774-0295.**

**Sunday, August 23, 8:00am.** Meet Dave Switney and Sharon Wiseman at the Stony Creek boat launch for a tandem led ride (singles welcome) to breakfast overlooking Lake St. Clair in New Baltimore with a return stop at the Wolcott Metro Park. Pace 15-17, 55mi.



## Welcome new members:

The Clinton River Riders proudly welcome the following new members:

*The Dobry Family, Ken Hency, Timothy Hughes, William LaJack, Tom Moore, and Daniel & Debbie Rimmell.*

We hope you will enjoy this and many future seasons cycling with us.

## Club Mugs

Dennis Audet has ordered 144 mugs, so bring \$3.00 or \$3.50 for the mugs to the August Meeting.

## Super Sale Help

July 31, Aug. 1-2. Pavlat's in Mt. Clemens needs helpers for Super Sale. Workers are fed and paid. You won't get rich but you will have fun. Please call Sue Pavlat at 792-4040 to schedule a day and time if you can help and would like to see what it's like on the other side of the counter.

## Blue Water Ramble '92 Committee Heads

### Registration:

Blake Bennett 781-2316

### Co-Chairmen :

Ron Smith 651-7346

Bill Clelan 775-5125

### Publication:

Doug MacDermaid 774-0295

David Meriweather 628-0092

### Day of Ride:

Diane Baker 247-5694

### Rest Stops:

Bob & Rose Goebel 286-0384

Denise & Bob Kozen 254-3085

Its the participation of all club members that makes our biggest club event (BWR) happen. You can help by signing up to work with any of the above committees. Sign up early, or call the Committee heads to help. Let's have a terrific BWR this year.

## Special Kids Tandem Ride

We have scheduled Saturday, Aug. 15 for the Tandem Ride with the Special Kids. Please set this time aside if your interested in helping with this very worthwhile event.

## Special Thank You!

The club has donated 12 mugs to the Berthelsens for their hospitality on R.A.T. weekend.

## Condolences

to Donna Donahue, who broke her wrist while roller skating. Why can't she stick to a nice, safe activity like bike riding (or hang gliding)? Hope to see her back on the roads with us soon!

## BWR T-shirt Winner

It comes as no surprise but our own talented Dorris Mulligan has done it again! Thanks to everyone who participated. All the designs looked great.

## At Large Director Opening

The League of Michigan Bicyclists has several openings for At Large Directors. Interested in being nominated? Please contact Warren Berthelsen at 781-6706.

## Record Setters

Official Men's 24 Hour Tandem Track Record — 503.17 miles was set last weekend 7/11/92 by Ron Dossenbach and Mike White. Imagine 670+ laps, no sleep and muscles pushed to exhaustion. Unbelievable! Way to go guys!

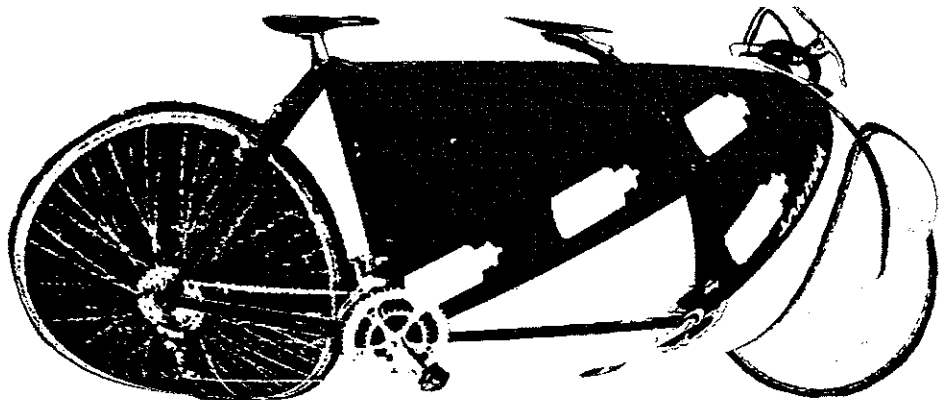
## CRR Olympic Medalist

Gerry Bartels brought home 3 medals in the Senior Citizen Olympics recently. Gold in the mile, Silver for the 10K, and a Bronze in the 5K. 3 days later he completed 325 miles in the Michigan 24 Hour Challenge. Has he discovered the Fountain of Youth? It's a long time before he'll be put out to pasture.

---

The 'honk' from the horn of the irritated motorist behind me woke me up. As a biker, I was used to that sound. Sure, I had coasted thru the stop sign while making a right turn. We all do, especially when there is a four way stop. However, it was not a four way stop, and I was in my car, not on my bike. Fortunately, the car behind me was not a police patrol car...

*Bob Latsko*



## Gear in the Bluegrass

by Dave Switney

1992 Gear was held in Georgetown, Kentucky on May 22-25. This area is notable for its lightly traveled, tree lined, country roads, scenic valleys, swooping hills, horse farms, and historical areas. The rides are challenging and they allow you to view the area from the top of hills, on the ridges of valleys, or on the valley floor. These rides return next year as the Horsey Hundred.

With Gear, more rides were being offered than Horsey Hundred. There were 5 rooster (unled) rides less than 20 miles, 4 less than 40 miles, 7 less than 100 miles, and 4 with more than 100 miles. Also more remote starts were being offered to take advantage of the local history, scenery, and activities such as distillery tours, horse farm tours, museum tours, and canoe trips.

Our first ride was the 62 miler to the horse farms. Because of the heat (85 degrees), we elected to lead our own ride and leave before the 8 a.m. scheduled ride time. The ride was very scenic and challenging as we swooped from knoll to knoll. Later in the morning, a gentle mist fell to freshen our salty faces. A stop in the town of midway was a pleasant change of pace. This was a town built by the railroad with the tracks smack dab in the middle of town. No wonder no one complained about the train noise. Today, it's a seller's/buyer's antique center. A quick tour on the outside of town brought you to the area's horse farm. This tour is not only about horse farms but also about fences. Stone and wood, but very little wire, are used to maintain these rings of encampment. Ever notice the double fences which are used to keep traveler's from feeding the horses? The maps and directions were perfect for the ride.

Sunday, we elected to do the 64 miler on our own, buoyed by the confidence of Saturday's ride and knowing that the "winter storm" was approaching. After riding 2 miles around campus, we finally found the starting point, which we were informed was pointing in the wrong direction. Once we found the correct route, (this is the type of directions that you miss, if you don't start with a ride leader), we started merrily on our way. 15 miles from the start, we had almost missed the first turn, "right"; said Sharon emphatically! "4.1 miles and then left". Just before the first "real" hill, the road had split less than a mile from the turn. I decided to plod on up the hill where the road went up, and up! We made it to the first plateau before I gave into agreeing that I could be wrong. So we descended back to the fork and proceeded on a semi-level valley road. Other people had stopped to figure out the map, and inquired of us what was ahead? "Another hill" I replied. Being on the wrong road with the right directions never occurred to either of us as we proceeded over hill and dale until we were on a major highway - 28 miles from the starting point. A friendly local stopped to indicate that we were only 3 miles from the starting point. No way, I need 62 miles! So we decided to take short cuts to get back on the route. By this time I was wet from the rain, and when the cold wind started to blow and no bathrooms were in sight, I decided to give in to better judgement! So we again altered plans to head back to Georgetown. Along each little detour, we encountered encouragement from German Shepards, Dobermans and those mixed kind. Now we know why these roads weren't part of the tour.

Monday was greeted with apprehension as the temperature was reported to be 41 degrees with a wind chill factor of 32 degrees. I was planning our 20 or 26 mile ride, while Sharon had already made her decision by the time I stepped

...continued on last page

## The Bicyclist

by Jim McGraw

The morning light flashes in the whirling spokes.

The derailleur gives off its dry grasshopper whirr.

Tires whisper as they flex and roll on the road barely audible over the grind grind of the chain engaging and disengaging.

The rolling hills and curves beckon. It is a beautiful day to be a bike.

The calls of birds drift down.

Body bending, muscle flexing, the rider is part of the bike.

Up hill, down hill, around the bend, following the road.

Dry leaves float gently in the air making pinging sounds in the spokes.

Down a hill, through a valley, across a bridge.

Hear the gears whirr.

Up the hills, through a small village, legs pumping, driving forward.

The eye has no time for beautiful scenery.

There is only the road stretching before the bike, reflected in the flashing spokes.

Rivulets of sweat trickle down the brow the burn the eyes.

Heat radiates from the body.

The road stretches ahead flat and smooth.

Head down to cut the wind, legs pumping, lungs sucking air the pain starts in the calves and climbs into the thighs.

The spirit exalts at the speed and the wind and the power.

What drives the rider to his exertions?

What does he race to or from?

Is it the nearest thing to flying?

Or is it the abandon of the child, freed from the confines of school, racing down the walk?

Or some basic, unfathomable urge?

From AABTS newsletter, April '92.

# Lakeport Revisited

by Gary Haelewyn

Maybe Jim Gallagher is right. He says, "I only do bike camping trips if all I have to carry is a credit card". It started June 6th with Doug MacDermaid arriving at my house with no gear. Christie Loehr had his gear in her truck and would meet us up there. (Each time I plan a bike/camping trip someone meets us up there with a car or truck. I want to do it without support but one always shows up. This year it turned out very lucky we had one). A few minutes later, John Edry arrived. I got out the bathroom scale and we compared bike weights. 55 pounds of bike and gear for me, 65 for Big John, 25 for our Ride Director. Poor Doug, now he wished he had brought his gear just for the experience.

Heading down Romeo Plank we picked up Teddy Gondert on his old steed Trigger. Poor Trigger was beginning to show his age. We stopped in Armada for breakfast where we found Oscar Balmaceda ready to do his first bike camping trip. He was all smiles now, eager to get on the road. We stayed at the restaurant long enough to eat with the regular Saturday morning crew from Stoney Creek. Then we said our good-byes and headed for Lakeport, about 8 miles North of Port Huron.

The skies remained mostly cloudy the entire ride up to the park. We were able to time a cloud burst just north of Avoca missing the downpour and only getting spray from the wet roads. We arrived at the sunny state park around 2:30, met Christie who brought cold beers, set up our tents and headed for the beach and ice water of Lake Huron. After a short afternoon nap, a couple of dice games called "greed", and a few more beers, we headed for dinner at a local Irish restaurant. We returned and built the campfire sharing stories and laughs into the night while listening to WRIF from our neighbors Boom Box. Around 10:00PM the park ranger paid our neigh-

bor a visit. The rock n roll was quickly replaced by Oscar's snoring. One by one we left the campfire and drifted off to la-la-land.

At 4:00 AM I awoke to the sound of rain. No problem, the weather report indicated a little rain Sunday morning. It would probably stop by the time we had to get up. Not. At 7:00 I peered out of my tent. Doug and John were out there in their rain suits. I packed up my belongings, donned a plastic bag over my head and joined them. "Wake up Oscar", I called into the snoring tent. We began loading our bikes in the steady down pour. Doug and Christie loaded the truck. Then we headed out of camp for a dry breakfast.

Just out of the park old Trigger missed his footing and broke. No way would Teddy be able to carry 40 pounds of gear for 60 miles on a bike with broken seatstays. He hobbled to the restaurant. Luckily Doug and Christie had not left. Teddy carefully loaded Trigger into Christie's truck, patted him a few times and pulled out Doug's bike for the ride home. We said our good-byes to Doug and Christie and headed for home.

Ten miles from the restaurant Big John had a blowout on his rear tire. He put a boot in the tire rode a few yards and decided to switch tires. It started sprinkling while John changed both tires. We continued riding but slowed the pace to 14-15MPH to avoid another blowout. Suddenly, ahead of us, the sky turned dark as night. A few minutes later we found ourselves paddling down flooded streets. 15 soaked minutes later it was over. Teddy and Oscar turned on Division street while John and I continued down Gratiot. At 23 Mile Rd John broke his clipless pedal. He put a gauge in his thumb trying to put it back together. He wrapped some cloth around his wound and continued on. At 22 Mile Rd the front tire blew. I left

John on the side, rode home, got my car, went back and picked him up bringing disinfectant and bandages for his cut thumb. Next time we go bike camping I'm bringing a credit card.

## ODRAM '92

The ODRAM '92 is a one day League of American Wheelman Challenge Event for the ordinary rider. It is a low cost, (\$13), self-supported challenge ride (you must provide your own SAG) across Michigan from Muskegon to Bay City. Dorothy will operate the SAG vehicle. The distance is 159 miles over flat to rolling hills. Approximately 300 people rode it last year with the vast majority being moderately-fast recreational riders (16-18 MPH average). Sounds like a typical Clinton River Rider doesn't it? There are some Gonzos (for example, The Flying Rhinos!) who do it at 22-24 MPH, but many are just normal, ordinary mortals. It is a very low key ride and the roads have little traffic. The scenery is perhaps not that of northern Michigan but you do get to ride over Hardy Dam and the are no "killer" hills (the distance takes care of that problem). I did it last year as my first longer distance cycling ride and I found it a nice, double challenge at something less than, the Grand Rapids 24 hour challenge. Plus, it comes on September 12, one week after the DALMAC and one week before the Bridge to Bridge Challenge ("The Grandfather Mountain Ride", see the article in the June issue of the CRR Rambler) in Hickory, North Carolina. This is an excellent training ride for the Grandfather ride. I plan to ride the ODRAM again this year and we, Dorothy and I, should be able to take one or two other riders with us. If you are interested in joining me on this ride please call me.

Ron Smith

# The Search for Ben And Jerry's Monkey Madness Delight

by Gary Haelewyn

For years I've heard people rave about a brand of ice cream called Ben and Jerry's, found only in small hamlets of the state of Vermont. My grandfather would tell stories after dinner about the time he tasted this fabulous delight on his way here from the old country. I would close my eyes and picture spoonfuls of the creamy mixture melting in my mouth. Finally after more than 40 years of Baskin and Robbins, I was given the chance to fulfill my wildest dream, a trip to Vermont for Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream. All I had to do is drive 12 hours, ride my bike 107 miles over 3 mountain passes, sleep in an attic with 34 snoring Bostonian cyclists, get up the next morning ride back 107 miles over the same 3 mountain passes, and drive 600 miles home. And if that weren't enough, I had to listen to Ken Koch's jokes.

Ken works at Ford's which qualifies him for picking and organizing unusual rides. (Think of the Edsel). Last winter he was browsing an LAW magazine and came across TOSRV East; Tour of Scenic Rural Vermont. Intrigued by the cute blonde advertising the ride Ken wrote the Boston AYH for more information. He then smooth talked a group of CRR members into representing Michigan on the ride. Next to Boston Mass we were the largest group to travel the longest distance to the 21st running of TOSRV East.

It was cold and raining as Ken, Jerry Pavlat, Gerry Bartels and I loaded the truck and left Mt. Clemens Friday morning for the 12 hour drive through Canada and New York. We divided the driving into 2 teams, Lost and Found. Ken piloted with Jerry P. navigating, while Gerry B. and I comprised the second team. Coming to Niagra Falls, Ken exclaimed we were 2 hours ahead of time at which point we missed our turn, retraced our route and hit a 45 minute traffic jam trying to get across

the border. Crossing into the US Jerry who was holding the Trip-Tik directed Capt. Ken on a scenic tour of the outskirts of Buffalo. His navigating abilities while driving would only be surpassed by his map reading abilities on his bike. Crossing into Vermont from New York was like passing through a time warp that put us 100 years in the past. Our two lane highway rolled through manicured farm lands and small towns comprised of white frame buildings dating back to the 1800's. We arrived at our Inn for Friday night and met up with the other club members; Rich Dyer, Frank LoPiccolo, Mike Malloch, and Bill Acord. They left a day earlier and arrived a few hours before us. (Problems with a ferry we were told). We were all up at 6:00 AM the next morning for the 45 minute drive to the ride start in Rawsonville.

The ride started a half-mile down a winding hilly dirt road. Registration was in a cleaned out barn that was used the night before for sleeping. We took a few pictures, climbed on our bikes and headed for Waterbury Center, 107 miles to the north of us. The map suggested we stop in Ludlow for breakfast 23 miles into the ride and after the 3 mile climb up Terrible Mtn. (That's really the name of the mountain). After a 6 MPH climb we got a 4 mile downhill where speeds of 45-50 MPH were recorded on our computers. Entering Ludlow we parked our bikes outside the recommended eatery. Not finding an open space I asked another rider if I could park my bike next to hers. She agreed and went into the restaurant. Jerry then arrived and locked all three of our bikes together. Finding the place too crowded we decided to walk across the street to another eatery. Suddenly I remembered Margee's bike was locked to mine. I went back and convinced Margee that Jerry really wanted her to join us for breakfast, that's why he

locked her bike to ours. Jerry played innocent knowing something like this might appear in a future club article.

Following breakfast our group hit some good sized hills and started breaking up. Rich, the errys', and Bill left Frank, Ken, Mike and myself to find our own way. As we topped Killington the 2nd big climb on the ride we stopped at a general store for snacks. Suddenly it started raining. Then it started hailing. Fortunately the store had a covered porch and we waited out the storm. The others we were told we're not as fortunate. At about the 50 mile mark we stopped for lunch in a diner called the "Country Bumpkin", a little hole in the wall that had the best chicken noodle soup I ever tasted. We continued on and around 2:00 hit Tupper Farm Lodge the end of the ride for Ken, Frank and Mike. They had opted for the short route. I teased them about the great lodging the 107 mile riders were getting at the Waterbury Ski Lodge but they wouldn't budge. I rode off by myself. In Rochester I met the SAG driver Bonnie who was riding the second half of the trip. She was a veteran TOSRV rider and provided a refreshing conversation showing me some local points of interest. At the 85 mile mark we left the route and entered the town of Narren with a general store full of delicious pastries. We sat outside on a deck over looking a small waterfall while I ate my cherry-cheese strudel. At the 90 mile mark we hit the last checkpoint. There were 4 riders behind us. The last 17 miles dragged as I crawled up Duxbury Hills, over I-89, down 1/4 mile boulder sized rock road and up the hill to the ski lodge.

Ski Lodge? It was a house built 50 years ago with additions added on every few years. Gerry B and Bill were already there showered and relaxing on the front porch waiting for dinner. Rich and Jerry P were out looking for

a motel with Ken, Frank and Mike. (Ken's pre-trip planning included a rent-a-car outside Tupper Farm so they could drive up to meet the 107 milers). I climbed the 3 flights of stairs to the sloped ceiling attic of the "lodge", found an empty bed, and headed for the shower. The shower had 2 temperatures, scalding hot and freezing cold, and continually switched between the two no matter how I turned the knob. I got dressed, slid down stairs, and headed for dinner. The rice, potatoes, and corn was good. The chicken, two different lasagnas, and everything else was plentiful and not recommended. I kept telling the organizers I couldn't believe they only had 80 people on this ride and this was the 21st year it was running. They said there were more riders a few years ago. After dinner we went in the living room and traded stories about the ride which by the way is co-sponsored by the Charles River Wheelmen, a Boston club with 800 members. Around 9:30 Rich and Jerry arrived having found a motel. It was then that I learned of Rich's mistake in letting Jerry read the map. Seems they got to the 95 mile mark where the road splits, Hwy 100 to the left, 100B to the right. Jerry looked at the map and determined the route went left. They began climbing. They climbed and climbed and within 200 feet of the top decided to look at the map again. There were no other bikers in sight. Rich said he would do whatever Jerry suggested, he just wanted to get the ride over with. So they turned around and went all the way back to the intersection. As they stood looking at the map again two other riders came by and headed left. Jerry yelled out to them, "Hey, you know where your going?" to which they replied "yes". Jerry responded, "are you sure?". One of them replied, "I've been doing this ride for seven years". Rick cried, "I'm not going up that hill again". Jerry, feeling a little embarrassed, said, "We'll find a truck, I'll pay him 50 bucks to take us back up". Luckily, the

TOSRV gods were looking down on the two fallen ganders. A few minutes later Ken and Mike arrived with the rent-a-car. They put the bikes in the car drove them up to where they had turned around, dropped them off, and they finished the first days ride. We warned Rich about Jerry's navigational skills while driving, I guess he just didn't believe us. They left for the motel and Gerry B and I headed upstairs to join the 34 snoring Bostonians for a long sleepless night.

We scrambled out of bed around 6:00, dressed and met downstairs for breakfast. Cereal, pancakes, spicy sausage (I took one bite and tasted it for 107 miles back), Vermont syrup and the most delicious coffee. Bill left promptly at 6:45. He was the first one back to Rawsonville. Jerry and Rich had driven back to Tupper Farm to join the others for the 65 mile return. Gerry B and I left at 7:00 and were part of the last 7 to finish. Guess we'll have to leave earlier next time. I began using my granny gear for the ride back. Around the 90 mile mark we hit Ludlow the foot of Terrible Mtn. We ate a light lunch and relaxed a bit before the long 4 mile climb back up. Temperature in the mid 80's, I've got one gear left and we're doing 4 MPH. We crest the top, stopping at the last check point and fly down the other side. The final few miles back presented more hills we didn't remember from the day before. 10 hours later we arrived back at the truck. Ken and Jerry were waiting in the shade. We headed back to the Inn taking another slight detour as Capt. Ken laid another one of his jokes on us just as we hit a turn on the map being read by guess who. It only cost an additional 4 miles before we noticed unfamiliar surroundings and stopped to ask directions back to the correct highway.

Back at the Inn I encounter another one of those rotating shower knobs with poor water pressure. We head for dinner at TC's a local restaurant with Trivial Pursuit cards in cups at each

table, and a waitress who complained that customers always want their waitress to take their pictures but never want a picture of the waitress. That problem was soon remedied. Then, finally after 40 years of waiting we walked across the street and purchased 2 pints of Ben and Jerry's famous long-awaited ice cream supreme, brought it back to our Inn, and ate it.

I know your asking yourselves was the search for Ben and Jerry's Monkey Madness Delight worth the trip. Its difficult to answer because the trip left so many unanswered questions. Why did a club with 800 members plus the Boston AYH only send 72 cyclists to do the 21st annual TOSRV East. They certainly weren't all working the ride. What's a "Frost Heave"? They have signs saying "Runaway Truck Ramp 2500 Feet", why aren't there any "Runaway Bicycle Ramps"? What made the tiny bright orange gnewts climb up on the road to be squished by the cars and trucks? Why did all the Vermont girls I saw have blonde hair while all the ones Ken saw were brunettes? Why, two days after the ride, do I still have to lock my knees every time I stand up?

The answer of course is definitely yes. Not because the ice cream was so good, but because the ride was one of the best two day rides I've ever done. The green mountains and valleys of Vermont are the most beautiful I've ever seen. The route chosen went through quiet towns and followed a bubbling river you could only hear if you were on a bike. And it was challenging, as close to CFC as anyone would want to get. But most of all the people, both local Vermonters and the trip organizers. They were friendly, smiling, eager to please, eager to talk. I honestly felt as though I had done this ride before with these same people, that's how they made us feel. Thanks Ken for setting this one up, it was definitely entertaining. Count me in for number 22, there's a few more Ben and Gerry flavors I want to try.

*Goal Setting continued...*

to make it back to Livonia. This was all said in fun and was taken as such.

Well Pam reached goal #1, she made it to Lansing and never walked one hill! Her mind was set that she wasn't going to walk any hills. She was wearing a pair of my Sidi shoes and knew they had never walked any hills, and they weren't about to start walking now. We had the bike checked over when we arrived in Lansing. The mechanic said that it was a bad shift lever. He put some lock tight on a screw but said that it might not hold. I knew Pam was tired and hoped she could retain her excitement and enthusiasm she had at that moment to carry her over the next day.

As we left the college and got a few miles down the road it was apparent that the mechanic was right. The lock tight didn't hold and Pam was going to have to head back to Livonia pushing just as hard as she did the day before.

I rode next to Pam and told her how I always "work the hills". Sometimes you can't look at the entire hill, it can be so mentally defeating if you are sore or tired. You have to break it up into little pieces. You play games and sit in the saddle until you reach the mailbox, then stand when you reach the road sign, sit and push until the next driveway etc. Mentally you can handle the little chunks and feel a sense of accomplishment when you reach the top. As we slugged on towards Livonia climbing the hills, I could hear Pam behind me saying she knew she could make it to the next mailbox.

As we were sitting at one of the rest stops the tandem team rolled in and the stoker began with the funny teasing. This teasing sparked a fire in Pam and she was determined to beat the tandem team back to Livonia! Oh boy, now we are on a mission. I encouraged Pam and told her she could do

it, but I was going to have to push her. In steps the ultra-marathon way of riding... scream into a check point, do your business, slam down some food and drink, no time to rest, jump back on the bike and motor down the road.

The hills kept coming and Pam kept pushing, pushing to the next driveway, the next mailbox, the next tree. One by one she gobbled up the hills. We stopped at one rest stop never even getting off the bikes. Just long enough to gulp down a half bottle of water. God, was I in RAAM again?

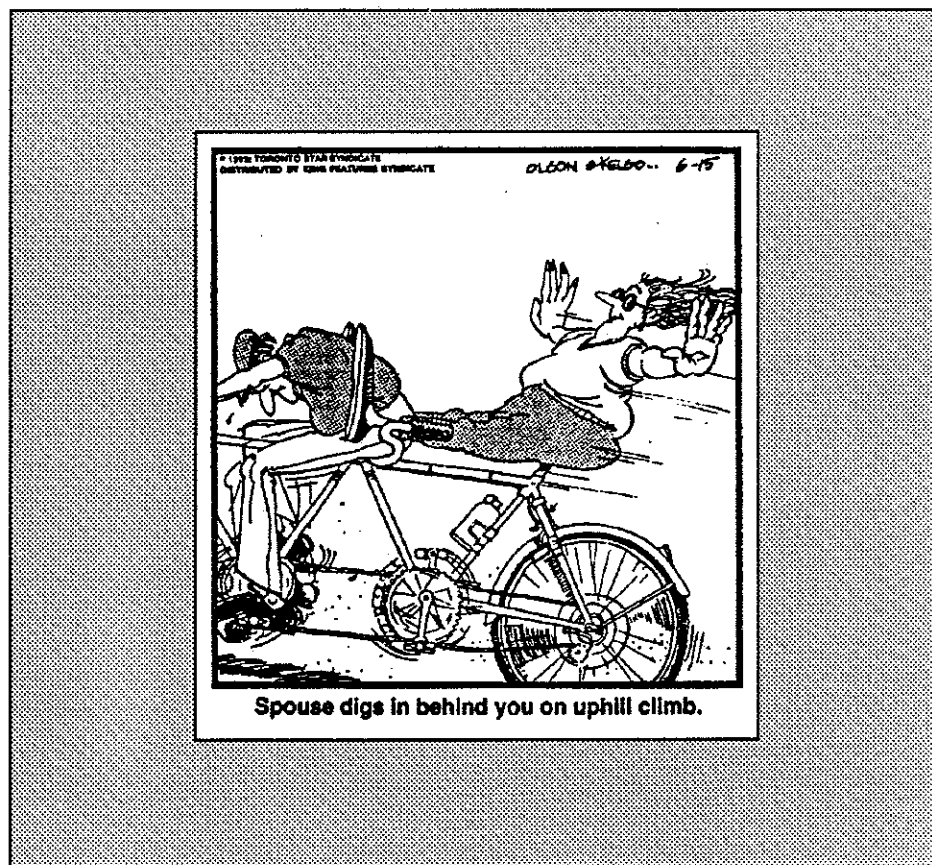
At 3:50 p.m. Pam and I rolled into Schoolcraft College with tears in our eyes. Pam reached 3 goals that weekend. #1 getting to Lansing, #2 getting back to Livonia, and the most important #3 beating the tandem team! Pam Dyer knows how to hang tough. It was a thrill riding with someone who has so much determination, enthusiasm and excitement! Way to go Pam I'm proud of you!!

*Sue Pavlat*

*Gear continued...*

out of the shower. "Why are we packed", I inquired?

As usual, the food was good and plentiful, and the company was always friendly. There was local Bluegrass entertainment, bike exhibits where biker's first aid kits were being displayed, and workshops from conducting rides to tandem experiences to personal descriptions of riding around the country and Paris-Brest-Paris. We even forsaked our loyal steed to hike thru Georgetown and admire the historical buildings. I've yet to figure out how you can ride, see the local sights, and attend the workshops. I guess that's why we keep returning, just to see what we missed.





## Ask Dr. Bike

Dear Dr. Bike,

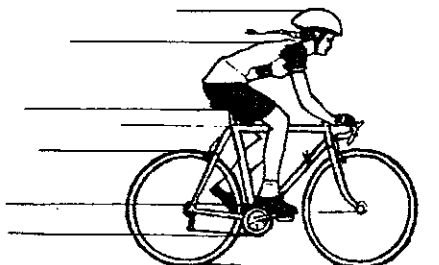
The attractive woman I ride with has been teasing me about the lines my Hanes underwear are causing under my bike shorts. Should I wear the colorful, silk kind that come in those clear plastic tubes.

*D. of Montana*

Dear Doug of Montana,

This is a good question. Shirley if it's for the sake of modesty I can empathize with you. I've never considered myself Baryshnikoff in tights and I remember how I feared for my masculinity. But appearance aside you are defeating the designers main goal, personal comfort. Those BVDs have seams in all the wrong places. If you look at most underwear you will see that those binding edges go right between you and the saddle. Sit on those edges all day and you will know what a burning question this is. Good bike shorts are made with the seams well away from these sensitive areas. They are also well padded and won't chafe. Wearing underwear with them is a step back from comfort and intent, not to mention the embarrassment you've discovered. Besides everyone will know your new to the sport.

*Doctor Bike*



### Newsletter Deadline

The deadline for the next newsletter is **Sunday August 9**. Please bring items for the next newsletter to the meeting or contact the editors.

To schedule rides for the ride calendar, please call the ride director.

### FOR SALE:

**Shoreline Tickets** (2) for August 1-8, 1992. \$160.00 ea. Tim Phillips (313) 977-5953.

**Wanted: Mountainbike** 16-17" frame. Call Jason Haelewyn (313) 286-5094.

**Park Deluxe Single Arm Repair Stand (PRS III)** Heavy steel base, excellent condition \$150. Dave Gaskell (313) 527-2075

**Trek 2300** composite frame bicycle, 60 cm seat tube. Complete Shimano 600 componet group. Shimano. Looke Dura Ace pedals. All accessories included: Cat Eye micro computer, 2 bottle cages, Silca Frame pump with Campy head, Rhoad Gear seat Bab. Victoria folding clincher tires. Less than 1000 miles ridden, never crashed or mistreated, like new \$700. O.B.O. Andy Neumann 756-3369.

**Cannondale ST 600** "21" frame; w/computer (w/cadence/clock) like new - complete overhaul \$500. Sandy (313) 524-7872 (daytime)

**Schwinn Sprint girls:** (18", 10 speed) New Tires—Good condition \$75. Paul Or Darlene Dusky (313) 263-5241.

**Panasonic touring bike** 20" ultralight weight, 12 speed, Shimano 105 groupo, Araya rims, new tires, clips, cage, bottle, clean and pampered \$100. Also, Boys **BMX** freestyle \$20 and **shin pads** and **arm pads**, new \$10. Dee (313) 468-4727.

