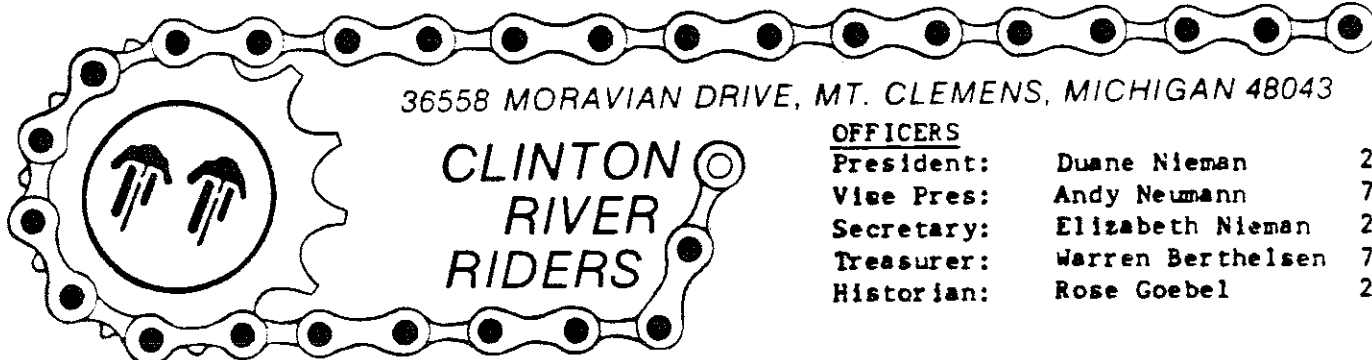


AUGUST 1987

8-6-87



NEXT MEETING - Monday, September 14, 7:00 p.m. at the Mt. Clemens Community Center, located at 300 Groesbeck Highway and Lafayette.

BIG MAC ATTACK - There are still openings for riders to join the team in the Big Mac Attack. It is a 165 mile team time trial. The race is on Sept. 20, 1987. A group training period is necessary and training rides will be held on:

Wednesday Aug. 12, 6:30 p.m. - Stoney Creek, boat launch, for a 30 mile EAST, pace line training ride.

Saturday Aug. 15, 7:00 a.m. - Utica High School, for a 80 to 100 mile non-stop EAST training ride.

This event is for men and women teams. If you are interested or would like more information, please call Dave Heck at 254-1868.

BWR T-SHIRT DESIGN CONTEST - At the August meeting of the CRR, there were six entries submitted for the T-Shirt design. The winning motif was entered by Ben Martin. Congratulations Ben on a excellent design.

BLUE WATER RAMBLE REGISTRATIONS ARE IN THE MAIL - Thanks to the many members who came to help with the over 3,000 registration forms at the Moorman's home last month.

CLUB PICNIC - Club members had a good time at the annual picnic which was held in July. Thanks to Claudia Dominick who did a excellent job organizing this event and to everyone, who also helped make the day enjoyable.

CLUB RIDE SCHEDULE

August 9 - Sunday - "Lapeer Imlay City Tour"- a route of mixed terrain, some flat. some gently rolling and a few hills thrown in for a challenge. Approx. 35 miles starting from the park on Genesee St. (traffic light just north of the railroad tracks on M-24 in Lapeer.) Departure time 10:00 A.M., bring a lunch to eat along the road. Anita Allen will be leading this C pace ride but extra maps will be available for faster riders who wish not to follow the leader.

Club riders wishing to add 30 more miles, meet Sandra Studebaker at the Community Hospital on Van Dyke south of Almont at 7:00 a.m. for a B pace ride to Lapeer, having breakfast and meeting up with Anita's group to continue the ride.

August 9 - Sunday - "River Raisin Tour" This ride starts from Monroe County Community College. Routes 31, 62 and 100 miles. Club members meet at registration 8:00 a.m.

August 9 - Sunday - "Ride Around Torch" (R.A.T) Elk Rapids, Mich. Routes include a century plus, metric century - 62 miles around Torch Lake or a 25 miler to the foot of Torch Lake. Route maps, food stops, repair and sag wagons for emergency. Begins at Elk Rapids High School, 16 miles north of Traverse City. Registration forms are available at Pavlat's. Club members meet at registration 7:30 A.M.

Aug. 16 - Sunday - Assenmacker 100 - Swartz Creek MI - 50, 100, 200k & 100 mi. routes in Genesee, Livingston & Shiawassee Counties. Club members wishing to ride as a group meet at the registration at 7:30 a.m. Park your vehicles at Swartz Creek High School.

August 22 - Saturday - "Frank LoPiccolo's Annual Eastern Market Tour" - Meet at Pavlat's at 6:30 a.m. for a 35 mile, 14 to 16 mph pace ride. Breakfast at the market. Bring walking shoes, and panniers to bring home the bacon, etc. Please park vehicles in the rear of Pavlat's Bike Shop.

August 23 - Sunday - Nate Fitzpatrick will be leading a 60 mile, 20 to 22 mph fast pace, leaving at 8:00 a.m. sharp from the Bank at 17 mile and Garfield. Nate promises that there will be PRIMES given. Bring your swim suits for a swim afterwards.

August 23 - Sunday - Birmingham, Bloomfield Brunch Tour - enjoy this gentle suburban tour of between 14 & 23 miles through Birmingham. Start time is 9:30 a.m. from the Management Education Center on Square Lake Rd., just east of Crooks Rd. Bring money and locks. C pace ride.

August 30 - Sunday - Oakland Riders Lapeer Metric Century Invitational Tour - All are invited to a scenic challenge winding through Lapeer through Lapeer county. Enjoy hilly to rolling rural country roads - we supply the maps and arrows - you supply the lunch (either brown bag or at one of the many fast food joints at the half way point). Ride at your pace or ours. This 63 mile ride will start at 8:00 a.m. from the public parking lot on Burdick St., 1/2 block east of M-24 in Oxford. Free commemorative water-bottles for the first 50 riders.

September 6 - Sunday - No Ride Scheduled - DALMAC

CRR WEEKLY RECURRING RIDES

Tuesdays - 6:30 p.m. - Meet your ride leader, Warren Berthelsen or Ron Skiba at Pavlat's for a 25 mile ride to Metro Beach and back. This is an easy pace of 13 to 15 mph.

Wednesdays - 7:00 p.m. - Meet your ride leader Ed Gosten at the boat launch (near exit) in Stony Creek Metro Park for a 12 to 14 mph pace ride around the park. Approximately 6 miles per lap.

Thursdays - 6:30 p.m. - Meet your ride leader John Edry at the bank at 17 Mile and Garfield for an 20+ mph pace ride to Stony Creek and back. Approximately 30 miles.

Fridays - 6:00 p.m. - Meet your ride leader Sandra Studebaker in the northeast corner of MCCC south campus parking lot for a 15 to 17 mph. pace to Grosse Pointe for ice cream.



WOLVERINES SPORT CLUB RECURRING RIDES

Wednesday - 7:00 p.m. - 11 Mile Rd. and Main in Royal Oak in the library parking lot. A 25 mile ride at a moderate pace.

Saturday - 9:00 a.m. - Meet at Beverly and Southfield for 60+ mile ride, very hilly (Wabeek area), at a hard pace.

TOURS SPONSORED BY OTHER CLUBS

Sept. 3-6 - DALMAC - Lansing to Mackinac Tour. Any DALMAC riders wishing to ride their bikes to Lansing on Sept. 2nd., meet at Fuddrucker's, 18 mile and Van Dyke at 8:00 a.m. For more information call Joe DeOro at 268-7617.

Sept. 13 - Peach of a Ride - Armada MI - 50, 100k & 100 mi. rts.

Sept. 13 - 1987 Fahrrad Tour - Frankenmuth MI - Three routes of 25k, 50k and 100k are offered. Registration fee is \$10. before August 15 and includes spaghetti dinner, patches, sag wagon, and maps. For more info., contact Frankenmuth Optimist Club, P.O. Box 286, Frankenmuth, MI 48734.

To The Clinton River Riders - from Julie Williams

Hey, to all you great and friendly bikers, of the Clinton River Riders. In the past month I have had the opportunity to be with and ride with you several times. The first experience was during the PALM. My good friend Anita and I were lucky to hook up with several members of your club. Can you imagine, to be with 850 riders and find people of a club you just joined? Well we did! On the second day, Al, Robin, their son Matt and their friend Dick invited us to ride with them. We were thrilled! Then we camped next to them. It was certainly the high spot of our trip to find such warm and friendly people. Every day after that we were part of the Clinton River Family. Each day a new experience and many new and valuable tips on riding techniques (very much appreciated). Dick even accompanied Anita and myself on a 90 miler in 90 degree heat. Wow! We really appreciated that. We loved his company and he helped us achieve our goal for the day. The friendship and companionship these people gave us shall always be remembered and deeply appreciated. Thank you so very much. Since that eventful week my daughter Becky and I have had the opportunity to go on two, Tuesday night rides and Suzies and Jerry's ride last Sunday, (July 19). Each time it has been a very positive, rewarding and fun, REALLY FUN, experience. BECAUSE of you all. It is so much appreciated to have you come up and immediately make us feel welcome. A special thank you to each and every one of you that have made it a point to reach out with your gift of friendship. Here's to many a fun filled, challenging and flatless tires with you all on the next ride and many there after. Thanks again, Clinton River Riders, you are a GREAT bunch of people. Glad to know you!

Reflections on Palm '87 by Matthew Barton (age 12)

I knew I was in trouble when my Dad told me to get off the bus, unload the gear, and find a campsite while he headed off to the Antler Bar to announce his arrival to the various Palm officials. We (Barton family minus 'Becca) had just arrived in Pentwater for the start of Palm VI which would finish seven days later in Port Huron. Although I successfully completed Palm V one year ago, this one would be different as my Dad told me "everything will be OK as long as you keep up with Wolfe" (Dick, that is) who was along for a few grins and to assist my Dad in celebrating the completion of each day's ride at the local establishments.

After camp was set up the next thing that Mom and I observed was a hacksaw job by Dad on Dick Wolfe's Miyata which had just suffered a broken stem bolt during the reassembly process. And the ride hadn't even started yet. The first day was spent dodging showers on the way to Montague. At Montague I was introduced to Anita Allen and Julie Williams who obviously were going to be more suitable riding partners for Mom, and I than Wolfe and Dad. The journey to Newaygo on Monday was short but noticeable faster. Mom and I wheeled into town finding Dad and Wolfe finishing lunch (or whatever) at the Sportsman Bar. Although Dad promised a flat ride at "C" pace, by Tuesday noon the Fuji was out of gears and my knees ached. On the way to Stanton Dad would call out at least twice per hour "Let's hammer" and there was no longer any hope for me at 27 mph to say nothing of the impact on Mom.

On Wednesday the ride took off for St. Charles on a 94 degree day. For the first time I gave serious thought to a sag wagon until I spied a large lake and Dad called "take ten minutes" which actually turned out to be more like five. On Thursday on the way to Vassar the ride went through Frankenmuth where Wolfe and Dad were the honored guest of the G. Heileman Brewing Co. Dad gave me \$.50 telling me to have a nice lunch and a day in town. After four hours and six tours of G. Heileman we rolled on to Vassar where the tour highlight came in late afternoon. Dick Wolfe joked that Vassar had the oldest school in Michigan and let's check out the men's shower while Mom sets up camp. Well, good 'ol Dick lead us down some steps and marched us directly into the middle of the women's shower room. Three naked women screamed and I tore out of there at flank speed. Meanwhile, Wolfe and Dad suffering the after effects of G. Heileman proceeded to introduce themselves. Heading for Yale on Friday Dad said something about needing a Dalmac training ride and he and Wolfe ripped down the road at 30 mph drafting a farm bale wagon to the disbelief of the Palm officials. The ride concluded in Port Huron on Saturday morning where I found Wolfe and Dad congratulating everyone, but mostly themselves for having completed another stressful, difficult ride. As a reward Dad gave me a Dalmac application saying fill in the Quad Century west route. I'll be seeing all you animals in Lansing. Keep riding!



The DLR (Damn Long Ride) of 1987
by John Edry

Let me start out by congratulating Tina Dominick on being the first woman to finish the DLR. Others finishing the ride were: Bob Crowley, Dan Enright, Teddy Gondert. These 4 rode 191 miles in less than 15 hours 30 minutes and on a day with a high of 91 degrees. Five others who rode are listed here with miles ridden: Bill Crowley 148 miles, Joe DeOro 170 Miles, Nate Fitzpatrick 176 miles, John Edry 169 miles, and Janet Horn 105 miles.

Everybody on the ride owe their lives to Bob Goebel and his big beautiful air-conditioned Dodge, which was rigged up to carry bikes, everybody's food, and ice cold WATER. (Particular Bob Crowley, who of all days brought only one water bottle - taking lessons from the Wolverines, Bob ?)

I want to say that this is my second draft of this article, which is toned down some from the 1st. draft. My feelings were still a bit strong when I wrote the 1st. draft.

Anyway the ride started out very well with 7 other riders escorting us up to Armada or Memphis. After that it continued fairly well - for a while. I knew I was in for trouble when I was chasing everybody else (except Tina & Janet who rode ahead when the rest stopped to help Bill Crowley change a flat) at 21-22 mph and was able to close the gap, (which was no more than 50 yds.!!) I think by the time we got to Crosswell we were spread out well over 1 mile. This animal pace occurred at least once more during the ride with riders spreading out over 2 miles.

If that was bad enough, worst was I observed (while I sagged in for 22 miles) the others riding in 2 separate groups never more than 20 yds. apart. The lead group was 3 seconds ahead teasing the trailing group which was not strong enough to bridge the gap. And this carried on for 10 miles at a stretch. When I started riding again I had to fight to get these 2 groups together and fight to keep them together. Teddy and Bob were the hardest to control. Joe and Nate seemed to follow the leaders. Dan was always helping Tina in the trailing group.

I have decided that if I lead a DLR again, I will not give any directions and that it will be a loop, so that nobody will know where the next turn is. I will do everything necessary to keep the riders together. My only problem is: I don't know if it will work, i.e. we have many people willing to ride a DLR only if they know for sure if the pace will be reasonable and people will ride together.

Summing up, I don't like having to spend hours setting up the DLR. (A 200 mile route isn't easy to do especially with rest stops) and then have to explain to riders why others need to go 22-25 mph on a B ride! (DLR was suppose to be 17 mph max.) I also don't want to be responsible for riders who cannot bring enough water bottles on a hot day to ride more than 10-12 miles, when they have been told the stops are 20-40 miles apart.

Comments from a Sag Driver

by Bob Goebel

Starting out from Utica High School, at 5:45 a.m. July 18, I had the privilege of driving the sag wagon on the annual 200 mile (DAMN LONG RIDE). I was glad I was able to participate in this event of endurance. Driving the sag wagon, I would leap frog ahead of the group by approx. ten miles, pull over, read the paper and wait for them to go by before I would ride ahead again. Early in the ride the group would ride by, talking and waving to me in good spirits but you could see the heat start affecting them by the time we were within ten miles of Forester in the town of Carsonville. As I sat waiting at the main intersection, I was able to notice the temperature on the local bank sign was 87 deg. As the group pulled up next to the sag wagon the temp. had risen to 88 deg. I told the group about the temp. rising and we looked again and it hit 89 deg. At this time they were refilling their water bottles drinking them and refilling again.

Leaving town I pulled up about halfway to Forester Park and watched Bob, Dan and Nate sprinting to the park. These guys are nuts.

After a restful 35 minutes at the park, were we had lunch and some of the riders took advantage of the cool Lake Huron waters, John announced "we will be leaving in 5 minutes", moans could be heard from the group. As the group mounted up to leave, the question to me was "were are you going to stop for the next bottle refills". As I told them the distance I would be driving; I noticed them checking their odometers, giving them something to go for. The ride back was very hard on the riders, with a few having to be sagged a couple of stops, due to the heat and exhaustion. By the time we reached Blakes Cider Mill for the final 20 miles of the ride, there were four riders that had not used my sag service and would not surrender to the heat and distance.

On the last leg of ride on Romeo Plank Rd. I came across Teddy by himself. I asked Ted if he would like a tow and at first he said no but then relented and grabbed my draft. 18, 20, 24 mph and all I could see was a blue helmet and blue visor and an ear to ear grin on Ted's face in my rear view mirror. Increasing speed, 26, 30, 34, 36 mph, there was Ted still in the draft and grinning even more as he turned off at 26 Mile Rd. and headed for home.

Upon reaching the end of the ride at 9:00 pm there was a welcoming party of Dick Wolfe and Ron and Marge Skiba with a cooler of ice cold liquid refreshment for everybody. What a welcome delight. And now to those final four riders who completed this accomplishment of endurance and determination, congratulations to: Tina Dominick, Bob Crowley, Ted Gondert and Dan Enright. Also, I would like to commend John Edry who did a excellent job of mapping out and organizing this ride.

BWR Pre-Ride and Ride - by William Holden

It was a dark and stormy night - at least that's the way snoopy always starts his tales. Actually it was a bright and sunny morning as the group gathered for breakfast at the Riviera. Ahead lay a 25 mile ride to St. Clair High School followed by a 40 mile BWR pre-ride and then return to the K-Mart opposite the Riviera, about 90 miles total. But first breakfast. I had arrived early and been seated then just after being served I was informed that I couldn't set there and would I please move! Looking up I saw Liz Nieman who proceeded to pick up my plates and move me over the window where "we always sit here before a ride." As familiar faces continued to arrive, many joked and stories were told (ask Ray about 125 mph) and carbohydrates loaded. Soon it was off across to K-Mart to unload bikes and add more riders - then off to St. Clair High School. Double pace-line practice was held - sort of; much discussion of road condition-poor to hideous, and general good natured banter. Soon we were at SCHS; there were maps distributed, more riders added along with an official (ta dah') ride leader, one Jerry Pavlat. On time we rolled out of the school and the BWR pre-ride was on. Relatively uneventful save for a flat - mine we soon arrived at the Algonac ferry. Oh yes just before the ferry Sue Pavlat spotted a dime on the road which I picked up (Gallantry lives!) but Sue said I should keep it as she had no pockets. Coming off the ferry Ray developed a flat which he changed to another flat tube. Sending the group on; Jerry & Dave Heck stayed with Ray till repairs were effected. As the group was making an ice cream stop - up flashed our 3 intrepid riders - Ray had a 3rd. flat! Back across the ferry to St. Clair we rode to the river-front park where some swam, some ate, and I napped. All too soon we split up, some to ride back to the K-Mart and others back to the high school. I begged a ride from the high school back to the K-Mart as the riders going back were all strong and quick (out of my league) which is the nice thing about a club ride like this; the options available for a ride to suit your abilities and desires inside the framework of the total ride.

Midnight Rendezvous - by William Holden

Held on Saturday close to the full moon by the Windsor Bike Club. Its an easy 25 mile ride in the dark. Headlights are required and the group is led by a motorcycle and followed by a Van with flashing lights.

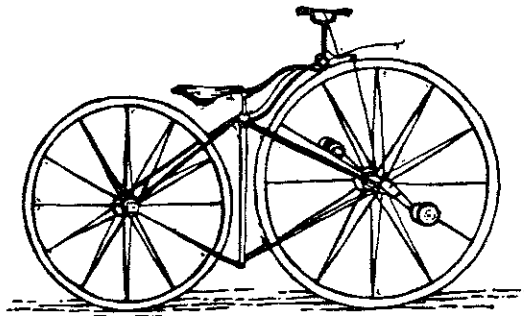
Starting out through farms and fields the ride looped back into downtown Windsor at about 2 a.m. where people were still walking the streets. The high point of the ride for me was when the four young ladies obviously just off work at one of the bars, judging by the make-up and glitter in their hair - rode by slowly giving us wolf whistles! A thoroughly enjoyable ride and one that I look forward to doing again next year.

The Noaha Ark Ride - by William Holden

It was a dark and stormy night - actually it was a bright and hazy Friday night as we left MCCC. Things were running smoothly as usual till we got to Beaconsfield and Old Eight Mile road, BANG! Another blowout on my rear tire. Sandra brought the group to a halt but I told her to go on and that I would catch up at the ice cream shop. Tom and the Moormans stayed with me as I changed the tire, then off we went in pursuit of the group. We had them in sight when Tom and several others broke off for the ice cream shop. While the rest would sprint to Windmill Point and back before regrouping at the ice cream shop. By the way this was the first time at the new shop opposite Grosse Pointe South High School. Excellent! The Moormans and I caught the group before turning for Jefferson and Windmill Point. After ice cream we headed back with one eye on the road and one on the clouds - would we get rained on or not? Just when it seemed we had skirted the dark clouds - B O O M ! WE were wet. In the time it takes to turn a corner we were soaked. So press on for MCCC - through puddles, lakes, and streams. When ever on the upstroke your pedal is under water? Still the sky cleared and the sun came out over the parking lot only to reveal our cars were up to their hubcaps in water. Now while I wouldn't leave my house in the rain - being caught out in the rain is not unpleasant - indeed it brought smiles, laughs, and stories to tell of the time the CRR out rode Noah and his Ark.

EDITORS NOTE: Thanks to all the club members who contributed to this newsletter. Everyone enjoys to hear of the different experiences. If you have anything that you would like to have published in the newsletter please send it to me by the first Monday of the month, also anyone having a change of address please notify me.

Rose Goebel
39729 Aynesley
Mt. Clemens, MI 48044



'87 RAAM, AN EMOTIONAL DREAM COME TRUE
by, Sue Pavlat

As a crew member and personal friend of rookie David Heck, if asked to sum up RAAM in one word, it would be 'emotional'. So many ups, so many downs in that ten day period made me feel like I was on a roller coaster. While crewing for David on RAAM, I truly believe I went through every emotion that God ever gave me.

Anticipation: Waiting at the starting line for the count down and the race to begin.
Curiosity: Wondering what the results of ten months of training will bring.

Excitement: Getting the autographs of all the veteran RAAM riders and their crews that have been on T.V. during the past few years.

Frustration: The many, many unplanned stops David had to make and the loss of time on the bike as a result of the liquid diet he was using.

Confidence: Believing in my heart if he can beat this problem, he will complete the race knowing David's determination and capabilities.

Impressed and overwhelmed: Hearing from the RAAM official at the top of Berthold Pass in Colorado that David climbed the twelve mile, 11,307 foot pass in 55 minutes, faster than any other rider including the veterans.

Anger: After a shift change at the top of Berthold Pass, finding out that the other crew following David down the mountain, has the keys to our vehicle.

Sadness: Seeing other RAAM riders having to drop out due to various problems.

Panic and fear: Losing David at 1:00am in East St. Louis because of traffic congestion.

Relief: Seeing David with a RAAM official patiently waiting outside the city for us to tell him where his next turn was.

Confusion: Waking up many times after less than two hours of sleep not knowing where I was or which way David went.

Fatigue: Being so totally exhausted sitting in a laundromat, falling asleep and falling off of the chair.

Joy: Hearing that David became a new uncle with the birth of a niece during RAAM.

Grief: Losing one of our crew members because of the death of his father during RAAM.

Bewilderment: Not understanding why at 4:00am with no traffic in Georgetown, a policeman told David he can't ride on the road, that he must use the bike path.

Pride: Following David in the pace vehicle through Washington, D.C. with tears in my eyes, proud of his seventh place position and being so thankful that he and his crew of fourteen people made it safely across the country.

Respect is something I gained for David's wife, Heidi knowing the sacrifices and lonely hours she spent before RAAM. I watched Heidi stay up around the clock for days to give David the support and encouragement he needed when he was feeling down. The power of love was there.

RAAM was an experience of a lifetime, one I may never know again. I am proud to have been a crew member for David Heck, and grateful to help him make his dream come true.

