

September 1990

36558 MORAVIAN DRIVE, MT. CLEMENS, MICHIGAN 48043

CLINTON RIVER RIDERS

President:	Warren Berthelsen	781-6706
Ride Director:	Ray Dominick	776-2793
Secretary:	Sandra Ostrovski	362-1156
Treasurer:	Bob Goebel	286-0384
Editor:	Ted Gondert	752-9466
Hotline:		792-4670

Next meeting: Monday, October 1, 1990 at the Mt. Clemens Recreation center 300 Groesbeck at Lafayette.

New Members: The club would like to welcome new members: Sara Marie Heck, Bob Livingston, and Scott Lacey. We hope to see you on many rides this fall.

Blue Water Ramble: The B.W.R. is on Sunday, October 7, 1990 at St. Clair High School. Club members should be there at 6:00 a.m. to help set things up, distribute the rest stop supplies etc. This is the main event of the season for the club and everyone should be helping. Contact Andy or Claudia Neumann or Denise Cryderman to find out what you can do.

BWR pre-ride and 1st century: Sunday, September 23, 7:30 a.m. This will be the pre-ride of the Blue Water Ramble 100 mile route and also a sagged ride for people who want to do their first "century" ride. The pace will be between 14-16 mph and will have food on the sag van with 10 minute breaks at the BWR rest stop locations. Bring your own food to be packed on the sag van, fruit will be supplied by the club and Frank LoPiccolo. There will be no restaurant stops. The stronger riders of the club are asked to come out and support other club members who wish to do their first century ride.

If you want to do your first century come on out, sags will be available if you can not finish. Wear your club jersey. Contact Joe DeOro for more information.

BWR "Envelope Stuffing" : Tuesday, October 2, 7:00 p.m. at Bob & Rose Goebel's house, 39729 Aynesly St., Mt. Clemens. This is to put together the rider "packets" maps, number tags etc. Bring your own refreshments.

Bicycle Repair Classes: John Pavlat will be starting bicycle repair classes in October at Pavlat's shop. Classes will be on 4 consecutive weeks with Tuesday classes starting on October 2nd and Thursday classes starting October 4th. Time for both classes will be 6:30-8:30 p.m.. The Tuesday class is beginning bicycle repair, covering minor adjustments and maintenance. The Thursday class is advanced, with wheel truing and a complete overhaul of your bicycle. Classes are \$50.00 each or both classes can be taken for \$90.00. People in the Thursday advanced class are expected to understand minor adjustments but the classes can be taken concurrently. Bring your own bicycle to work on at the classes.

For Sale: Schwinn Paramount touring frame/headset 20" excellent condition. Call Tim Woodby 731-7947

Club Rambling: The time trial was well attended. Everyone there looked at the clouds and the falling rain and cancelled the ride. Drove to the Americana restaurant in Utica, enjoyed a good breakfast. Ted Gondert decided to ride 2 laps around Stoney Creek for the fastest time of the day of 35:56 or 20.3 mph, this was also the slowest time of the day. David Heck couldn't attend the time trial since Heidi was in the hospital delivering Sara Marie Heck, 6 lbs 7 oz and 18 1/2"

Note: if you have any births or deaths or sickness in the family contact Warren Berthelsen 781-6706.

Club Picnic: Since the club picnic was not well attended this year because of conflicting rides and races etc. the club picnic is tentatively scheduled for Sept 15, 1991 after the time trial.

Camping Trip: Due to problems in the Persion Gulf the camping trip for October 14 to Metamora is cancelled. For any last minute plea, call Gary Haelewyn, enough interest could put the ride back on.

Skiing: The farthest thing on our minds right now is _ _ _ _ but soon it will be falling and we want to be prepared for the fun and frolic like we had last year. So, just for one moment, sit back in your easy chair, close your eyes, (keep one open so you can continue reading this), and think about all that lovely white stuff called _ _ _ falling outside. Now picture nicely groomed trails, fire crackling in the fireplace, dinner on the table (this time with knives and forks maybe).

OK, open both eyes and wipe the sweat dripping from your brow. Were talking skiing, downhill and/or cross country.

Martin Luther King's birthday is January 21, so I'm thinking of Searchmont/Stokely in Sualt Ste Marie, Canada for 1/18 thru 1/20. I'll call Water Tower Inn again to see what kind of package deal we can get.

ALSO, or maybe even in place of Searchnont/Stokely, I'd like to try Boyne Valley. They offer both Nordick and Alpine skiing. There is a neat little lodge near by that offers lodging, 2 breakfasts and dinner, a heated outdoor swimming pool, and live band on Saturday night, all at a reasonable price. Please call me, mail me, fax me, see me, by October 15th. I NEED a head count to make preliminary reservations. Let me know which place you prefer, any other weekend you can make, and if you can drive. And if you don't think were going to get any _ _ _ this year, just talk to last years participants. Thanks, Gary Haelewyn
286-5094 (H) 643-5408 (W)

Swap Meet: Monday, January 7 at the regular club meeting. Bring your old parts to trade and sell.



In October (date): Alfred Mercieca (02)
James Lucchesi (05) Rose Goebel (06)
Kristine Patterson (08) Bob Kosen (09)
Nancy Franczak (10) Eckhard Weihs (11)
Judy Unger (15) Judy Van Scott (17)
Betty Rock II (20) Emmett Mulligan (22)
Tim Phillips (22) David Hrit (26)
Tom Dominick (29) Susan Moorman (29)
Ronald Grescivak (30) Oscar Balmaceda (31)
Sept 16: Sara Marie Heck, youngest member.
Sept 19: Sue Pavlat, first grandmother to finish RAAM.

Ride Schedule: Call the hotline, 792-4670 for latest updates.

Sunday, Sept 23, 7:30 a.m.: BWR preride and first century, see more in this newsletter.

Sunday, Sept 30, 7:30 a.m.: Meet Rose Goebel at Romeo High School for a 50 mile ride at 14-16 mph, to Dryden for a pancake breakfast at the VFW hall.

Sunday, October 7, 6:00 a.m.: Club members should get to St. Clair High School in St. Clair to work on the Blue Water Ramble. This is the main event of our season and everyone's help is needed to insure a quality ride for the participants.

Sunday, October 14, 8:00 a.m.: The Helmet Tour in Ann Arbor. Meet at registration for the ride.

Recurring rides: All the weekday night rides start at 6:00 p.m., bring lights because delays can cause dusk to arrive before the ride is done. The rides will stop at the end of the month.

Tuesday, 6:00 p.m.: Meet Gary Haelewyn for a fast ride to Metro Beach and back. Or meet Warren Berthelsen for a 14-15 mph pace ride of 25 miles to Metro Beach and back.

Thursday, 6:00 p.m.: Last ride Sept 20: Meet Dave & Sue Hrit at Lakeshore Mall in Grosse Pointe, Jefferson & Marter, for a 22 mile ride at 15-18 mph thru Grosse Pointe and Windmill Pointe.

Friday, 6:00 p.m.: Meet Andy or Claudia Neumann at Macomb College, 12 mile & Yayes, for a 30-35 mile ride @ 14-16mph to Grosse Pointe for ice cream.

Saturday, 10:00 a.m.: Meet John Payne at Comerica bank, Jefferson and Shook, in Harrison Twp, for 14 mile ride at 10-13 mph to Metro Beach. This is a good ride for beginning cyclists.

DALMAC 1990: The 20th annual Dick Allen Lansing to MACKinaw ride started Wednesday, Sept 29 for the five day and Thursday September 30 for the four day. Seven riders left the Farmer Jack parking lot at 17 mile and Van Dyke to ride up on Wednesday to Lansing. This was the 5th annual "Docksider" ride, so named after Bob Crowley came out on the ride, after packing his "cleats" away, in his Docksiders, and riding the 100 miles to Lansing. This year Bob wore his cleated shoes and the 7 of us including Rick Moorman, John Edry, Oscar Balmaceda, Ted Gondert and others rode out at 8:00 a.m. We rode west on 17 mile to Kensington Rd. to Hickory Grove, Square Lake, etc. to Commerce and to Grand River. Lunch was in Howell, then we rode to Williamston anticipating ice cream sundays at the parlour but it was out of business. We met Jim Cramer near Williamston who rode out from his new apartment in East Lansing to meet us. Rode to his apartment for the final stop of the day and then to the Geir Community Center, the DALMAC starting point.

Pitching our tents in the grass not far from the baseball diamonds we had to wait until after 11:30 p.m. for the baseball games to end and the lights to go off. Then at 5:00 a.m. dawn suddenly arrives with the flick of a switch. They wanted the lights on so the cars could start parking for the weekend on the other side of the baseball diamonds. I think they could wait till 6:00 a.m. next time.



DALMAC cont: Rick Moorman, Ted Gondert, Art Anderson rode together on the "Quad Centuries". The first day was to Mt. Pleasant and C.M.U. athletic field. Traffic on the roads the DALMAC route uses was light, especially compared to what we are used to around here. Ionia is lunch on the first day and then you have the first climb of the day getting out of town. We have all day to get the 100 miles in so we stop in the towns and relax and ride at a moderate pace when on the bikes. See other club members in the towns and say hello. Arrive in Mt. Pleasant about 4:00 p.m. and set up the tents. The lights are bright on the campus so it never gets very dark. Dinner is at the cafeterias with manicotti and salisbury steaks and vegetables. Back to the "tent city" to try to sleep.

On DALMAC you don't need an alarm clock, everyone else will be getting up by 6:00 a.m. and the sound of zippers will get you up. The locals come around midnight to yell and honk horns then at 5:30 a.m. the R.O.T.C. will come by running and chanting. Pack up the tents and go to breakfast with cereal and scrambled eggs and sausage and pancakes.

The second day is to Caddilac High School. Stop at Chippewa Lake for a break and go into Ewart for lunch. Then onto Leroy party store before the climbs into Caddilac. The route goes over the highest point in the lower peninsula. Ted Gondert uses low gears and rides up the hill with no hands. Caddilac high school has hot showers with the emphasis on "Hot" there is no adjustment, the showers almost scald you, and the locker room is like a sauna. Dinner is good with chicken and vegetables etc. Deciding to go to town to do some laundry, I gather up a few of the beer and

pop bottles laying around the camp and get \$5.20 worth of deposits. The locals can make good money returning the deposit bottles and cans that the DALMAC riders leave behind in camp. The natives did not seem so restless this time and there was hardly any shouting and honking all night. They must've graduated and went to CMU.

The next day's ride is to Torch Lake Y.M.C.A. camp. There are some rolling hills along the route and we stop in Kingsley. Watch out for the right turn after Mayfield. The road turns right and goes up for the first climb of the day. We ride along the scenic roads by the lakes with sunny warm skies into Acme on Traverse Bay. Big John comes by in a few minutes and his front wheel has loose spokes. The loose spokes are caused by the flanges breaking on the Campagnolo low flange hubs. We call a bike shop in Traverse city about 8 miles away and decide to ride over there to get a new wheel when the Denny's Schwinn truck, DALMAC repair, pulls into the parking lot. John borrows a wheel from them and leaves his broken wheel on the truck. We ride into Elk Rapids for a picnic lunch at the park on Lake Michigan. We get together at Elk Rapids and buy bread, lunch meat, cheese, salad at the deli. After some swimming in the lake we get on the bikes and ride to Alden, stop at the bar or the ice cream place. Then back on the bike for the 15 miles to the YMCA camp. Set up the tents in a nice quiet spot and go for the showers. The showers at the YMCA camp are set back into the woods with wood frame buildings and cold showers. The cold showers are a result of only two 50 gallon electric water heaters that run out of hot water after 4 shower heads are turned on for 15 minutes.

DALMAC cont: Since the water heaters can't heat the water when it is going thru them that fast I shut off the water inlet to the heaters so the tanks can heat up. The other showers a 1/3 of a mile down the trail are hot because no one has used them yet. I return to the first showers and listen to everyone talking about the cold showers then turn on the water to the hot water tanks and see if they notice the difference. The hot water would last longer if people would turn the shower on to get wet then off to lather up then back on to rinse. Walk over to the lodge for dinner. When we get back to the tents we find the repair trucks parked next to them. With the lights on and the "flies" yakking it up it is hard to sleep. Finally Jim Cramer asks the repair truck to shoo away the people hanging around yakking all night so we can sleep.

The next day is the last day of DALMAC and we ride to the Big Mac bridge and St. Ignis. There are rolling hills and then you get into East Jordon. The tension builds as people talk about the "Wall" on Behula road. As you ride along the road you go around a curve and there it is, the "Wall". There must be 200 people standing or walking along the 17% grade the road has. It is hard to ride up with all of them in the way. Then into Boyne City and climb out to Walloon Lake for hot sticky buns. Then ride into Petosky and Harbor Springs for lunch.

We stop at the Pier restaurant in Harbor Springs. This is a fine restaurant on the bay with good food and moderate prices, lunch is about \$5.00 to \$10.00 with a good salad bar. McDonald's is cheaper but not much if you get a big burger, fries, shakes etc. and McDonald's doesn't use sterling silver forks, spoons.

Back on the bikes and onto M-119, for the climb out of town and the rolling hills overlooking Lake Michigan. M-119 is one of the most scenic roads in the state with houses set back into the woods.

There were some houses for sale, but if you have to ask the price, you can't afford them. We make Cross Village and the Legs Inn tavern, the last stop before the bridge. Legs Inn is a popular spot for the DALMAC riders. The bar must make more money the day DALMAC rolls thru, then the rest of the week.

I roll out of Cross Village at 3:00 to make the 4:30 crossing, after changing my 4th flat tire on the ride. Ride by myself at 17-20 mph to make the 4:30 bridge crossing. There is the bridge with plenty of time to get in the long line with Art Anderson for the ride across the Bridge. The ride is only about 5 miles but it takes the better part of an hour to get across because everyone stops at the expansion joints. Arriving in St. Ignis we don't set up camp because we have arranged transportation in a big van tonight back home for Labor Day. Bob & Rose Goebel, Ray Dominick and the others all get together to try to get the Yakima racks to fit on the van. With a lot of trying we finally get the bikes on the top of the van. We drive over to the showers and then into town for dinner. St. Ignis is jam-packed with the Bridge Walk and DALMAC so we drive south on I-75 to Gaylord for dinner at a Big Boy restaurant.

We finally arrive home about 4:30 a.m. after riding in the van all night. Sleep until 9:30 then get up for Labor Day. The good weather this year was some of the best ever and 5 days and 500 miles later DALMAC was over this year.

Ted Gondert

Dear Editor, First let me introduce myself. I am Elizabeth and you have printed many of my letters over the last two years describing our bicycle adventure that took us safely through 21 states and 4 countries. Now I want to tell you about an unfortunate incident that took place at Stoney Creek on July 29.

It was my first time at the park since our return home and while I was out riding with my husband and brother we were attacked by some young people in a car. They came at us across both lanes of traffic to throw a cooler full of ice at us. We were forced off the road but were lucky enough to avoid injury. The police tell me the correct term is assault but without being able to identify the car and the persons involved they can do nothing to help. There is no way I can ask these people why or tell them what a dangerous "joke" that was. Maybe someone who reads this can relay my message.

We are not targets out on the road for cars to aim at. We have a legal right to be on the road, and for the most part it is much safer for us to use the road to get around. I ride at an average speed of 15 to 18 mph and can ride as fast as 35 mph for short periods. Can you imagine being pushed out of your car at 15 mph? The effect would be similar if you forced me to fall at that speed.

Romeo is striving to be a bicycle friendly community with safe roads and trails for us to ride on but people also need to be aware of the hazards that we have had to put up with from car drivers who don't think of us as real people who just prefer to ride a bike than drive.

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C A M L A D
by
Gary Haelewyn

The familiar zip, zip, zip was missing as I awoke from a somewhat restful sleep. I heard voices outside my tent but couldn't identify who they belonged to. Then I heard one of them say "Lets move em out". Suddenly the sound of two large trucks broke the morning silence. Peering out the door of my tent I watched two Ryder trucks pull out from our campgrouynd at McCann school in St Ignace. The trucks were carrying DALMAC bicycles back to Lansing. My bike would have been on one of those trucks but instead it lay next to my tent. I looked at my clock and found I still had another hour of sleep left. I tossed and turned for the next half hour unable to get back to sleep. It must be the anticipation of what lie ahead for "Big John" Edry and myself.

As I was packing my tent Dave Smith from Monroe motioned to the the DALMAC video crew to come over and interview me. Great timing Dave I haven't had any coffee, and was a bit nervous as the campground slowly began disappearing around us. After muddeling my first and only chance at movie stardom I returned to sorting what would be carried on our bikes and what good friend Oscar Balmaceda would take home in his van. Finally saying goodbye to the few remaining campers and friends, Big john and I mounted our bikes, and headed South.

We rode about two blocks and came to our first obstacle. How are we going to get our bikes back across that 5 mile long bridge which only allows bikes on it one day in the year and that day was yesterday? We decided to take Harry and Mary's advice and rent a boat to take us back to the Lower Peninsula. (I've been trying to get Harry and Mary in the club for about 2 years now, maybe this will do it). So we paid Arnold to take us and our bikes first to Mackinaw Island where we took a slow ride around and even did some hiking up a few cliffs for a view of the town and harbor, and then on to Mackinaw City the beginning of our trip home from DALMAC.

Heading down M-23 the pace line riding of the last 5 days switched to just two riders about 200 feet apart. There was no need for pace lines on this trip, we were out to see the state, smell the flowers, breath the northern fresh air. We first hit Cheboygan, our first stop a little diner in town for lunch. As we entered the crowded resturant the patrons were talking and pointing to the ceiling lights. Looking up we spotted something looking like a moth but much bigger than one flying inside the ceiling fixture. Sure enough it was the feature entree for tommorrow. A bat had been awoken from his sound sleep as the cook tried in vain to catch him for the soup dejour.

Finishing a scrumptious lunch, John headed for the bank while I dialed home to hear the sweet sound of my wife's voice. This is the longest we had been apart in our 21 years of marriage. Then we headed down N. Black River Rd following the Black River into and along Black Lake. From there we followed N. Allis Hwy to 211 and then South into Onaway, a sleepy little town 12 miles from dinner and 25 miles from our first nights rest. Following M-33 south we bypassed the sink holes and stopped for dinner at the Elbow Inn, known for its fried fish, cold beer, and hunting season brawls. After a relaxing dinner we made way to my trailer near Clear Lake. Following about 5 miles of gravel

CAMLAD cont.

and sand, we found the trailer, chose our bunks, unloaded the bikes, and did a little hiking. After spotting cow elk, Big John had a little stand off with a bull elk. The bull won, smart move John, they have been known to charge. That night Big John crammed his 6'4" body into the 6' middle bunk, unplugged his hearing aid and tried to sleep. I with my 6'6" bottom bunk was kept awake by the porcupine chewing on the bottom of the trailer. Had Big John switched bunks with me he would not have heard the porcupine and got an extra 6" of leg room.

The next morning we were awoken by rain and thunder. We slowly packed the bikes and waited out the storm. Then we headed back down the sand and gravel 5 mile road, stopped at the state park, and using our water bottles and a drinking fountain hosed all the sand and dirt off the bikes. Big John on previous advice from Teddy, brought out his can of oil and our bikes hummed the rest of the way down M-33. Did I say down M-33. Its only down when you look at the map. M-33 from Atlanta to Rose City is mostly up. Add a 15-20 MPH wind coming out of the South, and you can see why we barely got over 13MPH even on the down hills. I have driven this route before but never knew there were so many hills until riding my bike on it. Finally after mid-afternoon lunch in Rose City we got off M-33 and on the prettiest rode we've seen. State road into West Branch was rolling farm and dairy land ending at a golf course. At the Tri Terrace motel we got our first hot showers, and comfortable beds, unfortunately all the beds on this trip were 6' beds leaving about 4" of Big John hanging over the edges.

Following a very restful sleep (don't eat dinner at Charbonettes in West Branch unless you like dried chicken breasts) we headed for breakfast at good old reliable Big Boy's. Then we headed for Old 76 and the flat lands of Saginaw Valley. Mother Nature was looking out for us today. Having paid the price of headwinds and hills on Tuesday we were rewarded with tail winds on Wednesday. Cruising easily at 20-22MPH we crossed the flatlands on Lincoln Rd. turned on Linwood heading East for Saginaw bay riding. Following the bay south we crossed Bay City State Park, stopping at Patty's restaurant for the best smorgesboard all you can eat lunch. Too bad this wasn't dinner, and good that Ray and Teddy weren't here with us. This had to be the best food I've ate anywhere. Then out of Bay City we right-angled M-15 and M-83 using picturesque country lanes, with no traffic through Manning and into Frankenmouth.

Another restful sleep on short beds in Frankenmouth, this our last day of CAMLAD was also the first for riding in the rain. Stopping just outside Davison in a small donut shop we entertained the locals of our casual bike ride. While the clouds dumped buckets on the roads outside the locals gasped in disbelief as we told them where we had come from, and where we were headed. Dorrean the waitress asked what my wife thought of all this bike riding. I circled my finger around the side of my head and she laughingly agreed. Soon the rains stopped, the sun came out, the humidity rose, and we were once again on the road. A little while later towns and streets started sounding familiar again. At 19 and Crooks Big John and I shook hands and congratulated each other on a fine ride. A little while later I pulled into my sub, DALMAC flag flying high and proud, my 9 day 650 mile bike vacation had come to an end. Left are the memories, a better appreciation of our state Michigan, the smiles and friendly faces of the people in the many towns we visited, club members and other bicyclists we rode with, camped with, laughed with and lived with, and especially the comradery that kept us all together. Guess where I'll be this time next year.

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