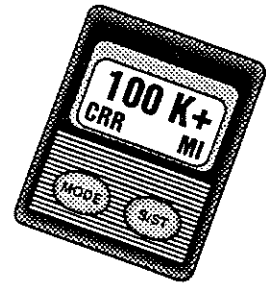




September 1993



Rain

Just A Little Too Much Bev

by Gary Haelewyn

I'd seen the signs before. Bright, sunny Friday afternoon. Midsummer type evening, don't even need a jacket. Wake up Saturday morning, look out the motel window and, BAM!!! Dark Gray Clouds!!! RAIN!!! THUNDER!!! COLD!!! Typical TOSRV riding weather.

Not so says first timer Dan Fiecht. "Whenever Bev comes on a ride, its sunny and warm". "That's right", exclaimed Bev as Bob Latsko and I climbed aboard their van Friday afternoon for the drive down to Columbus and the 32nd Tour of the Scioto River Valley. There we met veterans Doug MacDermaid, Laurie Brickner, and Teddy Gondert, who brought along 1st timers Bill "the Prez" Duemling and George Zro. Doug's sister Pam brought along her 10-yr old polar bear named Cody, who, along with Bev became our own personal SAG drivers Others on the ride included Oscar B, Gallagher Jim, Mr Con-man himself Ron Smitty, captain Steve with gorgeous co-pilot Penny, plus fellow Kmarteers Robby K, Mary, and Ronny G, and, the real surprise, can-she-do-it, 1st timer, the amazing, the happy wanderer herself, Donna, Donahue.

After bummin around registration for awhile a few of us (14) decided we should head out for Friday nite dinner. Bob made arrangements with his Ohio State niece and squeeze to meet us at the hotel for the 3 mile drive to German town, a restored

100+ year old village of shops, sites, and the Schmidt restaurant known for its German delicacies, like beer and noodles. Following our dark beer, noodles, and pastries we called our hotel for the shuttle to come and get us. Half hour later we called again. Shuttle's making an airport run. It's 10:45 and we're riding our bikes 105 miles tomorrow in what I'm sure will be a cold rain, and the shuttle is at the airport? Teddy, long known for his patience, mumbles "lets walk back". Again, only louder "Lets Walk Back". Finally, just before 11:00 he gets half to join him on the 3 mile walk back to the hotel. 10 minutes later the shuttle arrived and drove the rest of us back.

I awoke at 2:00 AM. Reason I know is because I woke up Ron G and asked him what time it was. Did it again at 3:00, 3:45, 5:00. At 5:30 I decided to let Ron sleep and got up to get ready for the ride. At 6:00 Ron and the rest of the room got up. We opened the curtains and,...? Dan might be right about Bev. We de-

...continued on page 6

NEXT MEETING:

Monday October 4, 1993, 7:00pm
at the Mount Clemens Recreation Center
300 Groesbeck at Lafayette.

President:	Bill Duemling	752-6310
Ride Director:	Doug MacDermaid	774-0295
Secretary:	Laurie Brickner	375-1204
Treasurer:	Pennie Morauski	773-2213
Editor:	Lorie Kamm	777-8726
Assistant Editor:	Vicki Malloch	979-4076
Assistant Editor:	Mike Kiefer	884-1052
HOTLINE:		792-4670

Ride Schedule

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

Lights are important. Be extra careful these evenings.

Recurring rides for October

Tuesdays, 6:00pm. Meet Gary Haelewyn at the original Pavlat's in Clinton Twp. for a 25 mile ride to Metro Beach. Pace 16-18. Rotating pace lines. Will discontinue when time changes.

Wednesdays, 6:15pm. Meet Rick & Sue Moorman at 17 Mile/Garfield behind the doctors office for a ride out to Stoney Creek. Pace 16-18, mi. depends on available light.

Thursdays, 5:00pm. Meet Gary Haelewyn at KMart Headquarters back parking lot (Big Beaver & Coolidge) for a ride to Bloomfield Hills and back. Pace 16-18, 30 mi. (bring lights)

Thursdays 6:30pm. Meet George Zloitro at Pavlat's Two Wheel Authority in Royal Oak for a beautiful ride through Oakland County's posher suburbs. Plenty of shaded, winding roads lead you up and down towards Cranbrook and afterwards hang out for ice cream. Pace 14-16, 20 mi.

Thursdays, 6:15pm. Meet Rich and Pam Dyer for a ride from the Water Tower in New Baltimore. Pace 18-20, 30 mi.

Fridays, 6:00pm. Doug MacDermaid at Marter and Jefferson for a ride through Grosse Pointe. Pace 16-18, 20 mi.

Saturdays, 8:00am. Meet Doug MacDermaid, Bill Duemling, or Oscar Balmaceda at the Stoney Creek Boat Launch for a ride to Armada for Breakfast. Pace 16-18, 45 mi.

Sundays, 9:00am. Meet John Payne at Pavlat's Two Wheel Authority in Royal Oak for a breakfast ride to Rochester. Pace 14-15.

Scheduled rides for October

Sunday, Oct. 3. BWR. *This is it folks, be there!*

Saturday & Sunday, Oct. 9-10. Weekend ride at Doug's cottage. Call Doug MacDermaid.

Sunday, Oct. 17, 8:30a.m. Meet Dave Switney and Sharon Wiseman at the Stoney Creek Boat Launch for their *last of the season* tandem led ride (singles welcome) to Emerald Lake for breakfast. Pace 16-18.

Saturday, Oct. 23, 6:00p.m. 2nd Annual Haunted Halloween Ride. Meet Blake Bennett at the Duck Pond in Rochester in costume for a very eerie evening ride to Lake Orion. Lights are mandatory. Pace 13-15, 20 mi.

Sunday, Oct. 31, 8:30a.m. Dryden Ride. Meet Duane & Elizabeth at Romeo High School for a round trip ride to the Dryden VFW Hall for breakfast. Pace 16-18, 40-50 mi. (last Sunday of each month)



Special Events

Friday, October 15, 7:00p.m. Laurie Brickner is putting on a **Hayride and Dance** at the Hayride Lodge (56220 Dequindre). Advanced sign-up required by Oct. 4. Contact Laurie.

Saturday, Dec. 11. Clinton River Riders Christmas Party. Sue Pavlat requests slide/picture/memabilia submissions for the annual presentation and Pennie Morauski is looking for centerpiece suggestions.

Birthdays

Kathy LoPiccolo 10/2,
Rose Goebel 10/6,
Veda Meriwether 10/7,
Kristine Patterson 10/8, Bob Kosen
10/9, Heather Prentis 10/9, Jeffrey
Bennett 10/10, Janet Plzak 10/10,
Marge DeOro 10/11, Daniel Feucht
10/12, Fred Haass 10/12, Sue Nichols
10/12, Lynn Moran 10/16, Bob George
10/21, Fred Scensny 10/21, James
Baldick 10/22, Doris Mulligan 10/22,
Tim Phillips 10/22, Tricia Szostak
10/24, David Hrit 10/26, Bob Latsko
10/29, Susan Moorman 10/29, Ron
Grescoviak 10/30, Oscar Balmaceda
10/31, Holly Bedford 10/31



Welcome New Members:

The Clinton River Riders proudly
welcome the following new members:

*David Garner, Kuei-Mei Liu,
Joe Tringali, Mark & Carol Van-
Slembrouck, Bobby Wright*

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

Motions and Votes

A motion was made and passed
to give \$1.00 per rider from the
future 1994 BWR proceeds to the
LMB to pay for a highlighted gray
box on next years LMB calendar.

As was decided at an earlier
meeting, the rider entry fees for the
1994 BWR will not be increased.

President's Request

Please, refrain from using the term
"bike trails." Better to refer to them
as "recreational trails" as this will
help us promote their acceptability
and legitimacy with city planners.

CRR Jerseys

Pennie Morauski has the club
jerseys. See Pennie at the next
meeting if you've ordered one but
have not received it.

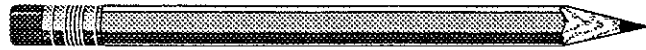
Enjoying Wedded Bliss

Congratulations to Craig and
Jackie "the fox" Kray who were
married September 25. We hope you
enjoy a long and happy life together.

Ride Directors Award

Kathy LoPiccolo receives this
months award for completing her
1st century on a tandem during this
years Tandem Rally.

A Letter to the Editor



Boy's Will Be Boys

I feel compelled to write this as there are two things that are getting out of hand within the club.

First: The comments must be stopped regarding the Santana's vs. the Schwinn's. Last month there were two couples that were offended by comments made about the other one's bike. There was another club member present at the time and it made this member feel very uncomfortable as both couples are very good friends

Second: The comments about Stokers MUST be stopped. Even though I have been fortunate enough not to have any of these tasteless comments said directly to me, I take serious offense, as I am a Stoker and PROUD of it. I rode over 8,000 miles in 1989, over 13,000 in 1990 and over 9,000 in 1991, many of which were on the back of a tandem. I always pull my share of the load by doing my share of the work as do all other Stokers I know in our club. I do not 'whine', can think for myself and do not need a Captain to carry me along. It is quite rude to tease someone just because of their position on a tandem. You wouldn't get very far without your Stoker, would you Captains?

I would like to offer the challenge to any one of the Captains, to be a Stoker for an afternoon and take a ride on the back of my RAAM tandem. It will fit any of you up to 6' tall. Then you can see what it's like to put all your faith, trust, and judgement into someone else's hands.

I have been in the Club since it's existence 13 years ago and have never heard such childish comments as what was started last year. Enough is enough. It has gotten out of hand. It's time to end it. Let's all grow up and act like adults instead of 9 year old grade school children with this unnecessary teasing. What must new members or people who are not in the club think of these comments?

Several years ago teasing and making fun of people almost ended a close relationship between two individuals in our Club. It was all done in fun, but it got out of hand. If you have nothing good to say, don't say anything at all. Better to be thought of as a fool, than to open your mouth and prove you are one.

At the Midwest Tandem Rally in Lansing with 439 Tandem Teams present, the only thing I heard Stokers referred to was "Rear Admiral". Jerry has respect for me as a Stoker and I think it's about time the rest of the Stokers are treated with respect also.

Sue Pavlat, Stoker
(Rear Admiral)

Holland Redux

The Minnesota Plowboy

Redux? Yeah, did this last year. So what is the Michigan Sr. Olympics? A varied menu of events from biking to baking for anyone past the double nickel that refuses to admit it. Events are in five year age brackets and the venue is Hope College.

Time warp! From the beginning. 1940's Northwest Minnesota farm - J.C. Higgins coaster brake bike arrives by mail from Sears & Roebuck. Share with two brothers and two sisters. Beats plowing with Nell and Roy - beautiful grey Percherons - full two horsepower. This team pulls all day! Warp to present. You are there 4 August 1993

Drove to Holland Tuesday, 3 August after work. Pit crew - other CRR in family can't make it. Arrive at 7:30 pm and check in at Voorhies dorm - old but adequate. Price is right - \$27.40 room and breakfast. Brisk evening ride to stay loose. Carbo load on fettucini alfredo. Back at dorm three guys in a van flag me down. Canadians from Ottawa. Get them oriented and turn in.

Breakfast in cafeteria. Not bad - except for sawdust bagels. Arrive at Harrington school at 0830. 57 degrees with breeze off the lake. The three Canadians are there, TT bikes and skinsuits. Hustlers! All events are out and back on a two lane road. Youngsters - 55 to 59 - my group goes last and I'm the last one (that means seeded first in time trials). Lots of familiar faces from last year. John Dekievit from Sarnia, and that bike shop owner from Sterling Heights, Ant—, can I say that here? Glad he's over 60. He was an animal last year! Also saw Jerry Pavlat's Mom. She medaled in tennis. Congrats.

First event is the mile. Visualize - accelerate to 29 mph and hold it for 200 revs - Gold medal - dreamer! Not on this course today - starts on slight upgrade. Wind has picked up. Minute man blasts off. Roll up to the line and look cool - counting down. Position dominant

pedal - left - at 10 o'clock - 30 - 29 - straddle bike - firm grip on brakes - 15 -14 - clip in to left spud - 10 -9 - left pedal back to starting position - one more cog left! panic? (not to worry, hyperglide shifts under load - right?) Down on the drops - out of the saddle - 1 - 0 - holer releases launch - thunk, thunk - hyperglide delivers as advertised - under MAX LOAD!! Mile is a gut bustin sprint - no pacing. Accelerate - shift one cog - out on aero bar. Feels like head wind, never did see 29 mph. Brake hard - 180 around cone - accelerate - calves on fire - ignore pain - Hammer - (this is fun?). Totally spent at the line. Felt slow - no reason for optimism. Results not available until all events finished!

Next event - 5K. Got the start right this time. On return leg minute man comes into focus - maybe? (remember, two more longer events to go), why not? Cross the line three seconds behind him. Felt better than the mile. 10K. Drop minute man half way down the return leg - pumped!! 20K. Minute man scratches, Wait 2 minutes on the line after John leaves. Round the cone - zero in on John. Three minute man in range (he whipped me last year in 10K) looks fast, white bike, white tri-spoke wheels - skin suit - no match for CRR jersey. 30

mph across the line! Gonzo ride - faster average than 10K. Isn't there a 50K??

30 minute wait for results. Four Gold. Good day Fortunately, those Canadians weren't in my class - over 60 - can they hammer! Next year go for overall win - they'll be a year older - I'll be a year better! Qualify for 95 Nationals in San Antonio. After retirement - in a few years - get me a TT bike - tri-spoke wheels - skin suit - more dreamin!!

Gravel trucks and Lord willin, I'll be back. "Play hard - life is short"(at my age). Why worry? Bikers are issued red Kestrals in heaven. Had a sneak preview up on North Ave. last July. (have you got the blood off your bike yet, Gary?)

Absent pit crew has victory dinner - balloons - etc., waiting when I get home. Have I got it made! Thanks for all the training opportunities - all you ride leaders that exceed published pace - tandems that pull forever (Rich and Pam, the Mighty Schwinn) all of you that lead breaks me to chase - kids with no respect for age - ladies on fast rides - stokers and solos - and the gear mother - you think you've dropped her and there she is, on your ear again! You're all winners!!

The Top 25 Club Mileage Leaders

1	Laurie Brickner	3219.3	14	Doris Mulligan	1714.3
2	Douglas MacDermaid	2792.9	15	Art Meerhaeghe	1690.1
3	Bill Duemling	2693.9	16	Tom LoPiccolo	1552.4
4	Gary Haelewyn	2590.6	17	Dave Switney	1524.8
5	Pennie Morauski	2500.1	18	Sue Moorman	1483.7
6	George Zloistro	2335.7	19	Sharon Wiseman	1468.4
7	Steve Morauski	2256.4	20	Ted Gondert	1461.6
8	Vicki Malloch	2040.1	21	Kathy LoPiccolo	1423.6
9	Bob Goebel	1849.2	22	Bob Latsko	1353.5
10	Rose Goebel	1849.2	23	Oscar Balmaceda	1312.0
11	Rick Moorman	1769.2	24	John Edry	1305.0
12	Richard Dyer	1751.3	25	Steve Angst	1286.6
13	Rick Jones	1728.0	26	?	

PUT-IN-BAY AUGUST 7, 1993

by Dave Switney

We were on the hunt for a nice ride with a little adventure after returning from New York the prior weekend. I mentioned to Sharon that we had planned to ride the River Raisin ride this weekend, but that it would be nice to extend the trip a little. She immediately thought I meant in miles, since we had not accumulated very many in Penn. and New York. I calmed her fears by indicating that we should go to Port Clinton or Sandusky and ride those level roads in Ohio that we had traveled on our return trip from Penn.

The fog prevented us from leaving early Saturday, but we arrived in Port Clinton at 9 AM after an 1-1/2 hr drive from Monroe. We scouted the town for a place to park and a place to eat. The little cafe situated in town, away from the tourist docks, appeared to offer an interesting haven for outsiders. The cafe was crowded and the waitress said that we could sit with anybody we chose. We elected to sit at the counter so that we could view the ongoings with anybody else who appeared in the doorway. After breakfast, we parked the truck by the local-police department which was on the far edge of town and got the tandem in gear.

After pedaling the side roads around town and checking out the local scenery, we headed out on the main road to Catawba Pt. where the ferry would carry us over to PUT-IN-BAY. We had to travel the main road out of town, and the traffic gave us plenty of room in sharing the road, although there is no shoulder here. About 5 mi. out of Port Clinton, you take a left to Catawba Pt. which is about another 6 mi. This is where the bike path begins as a paved shoulder along the road. Although the traffic was picking up, we enjoyed the jaunt until we double

flatted from hitting various rocks we had everything we needed to do the job. However, we soon learned that there was no glue for the one patch that we had so that the tubes were replaced with the spares. We had only been 2 mi. from the ferry, and we had ridden the rest of the way as near the white line as possible to avoid further debris. The route from Port Clinton to the ferry is less than 12. mi.

The 20 min. ferry ride was pleasant even though I had a few apprehensions about laying the bike down on the deck of the ferry. It seems that as other riders had done this, they would make cautious attempts to walk over and around the other bikes that were there. As we pulled into PUT-IN-BAY, we were greeted with a steep incline to the island road. At the top of the incline were various rentals for taxis, bikes, and golf carts. We got the tandem rolling down the road and began passing the golf carts which gave everyone a chuckle. When we rolled around the corner onto Main St., we were greeted by a crowd of wanders so that we dismounted and sought shelter from the pending thunderstorm. As I stomped my feet to the music from the carousel and drank warm coffee, we watched as the people hurried to rent more golf carts. Bike riders were also scurrying to see the sights on the island. With the crowd of sighthseers, it became amusing to see if the golf carts or the bikers would encounter the first accident. The bikers won as a tandem ran into the back of a golf cart, seems the captain didn't know how to apply the coaster brakes.

PUT-IN-BAY has one main street which has numerous bars, eateries and a few motels. There is a winery on the island which offers tours,

a camping park, and a very nice marina where more tourists were unloading from other ferries every hour. That was enough for me, we quickly left Main St. and headed around the island roads. This was beginning to be no fun, so we headed out to view Perry's Monument on the other side of the island. The entire ride took all of about 45 min. and we had traveled 6 mi.

Although we had planned to spend the entire day on the island, we felt that this was it. Our apprehensions of getting back to the boat in time for being the last ones to leave the island were really unfounded. We headed back to the mainland without lunch and without souvenirs. Thinking Catawba was a small town, we headed in the opposite direction from which we came only to discover that we were on the other side of the peninsula heading back to Port Clinton with no lunch. But as luck would have it, we came across a Golf Course restaurant with excellent food. The return to Port Clinton would have been very relaxing, if it wouldn't have been for the pick-up truck which almost blew us away. What burns you is that it came so close, and yet no one was on the other side of the road that he had to avoid. As you get closer to Port Clinton, you are treated to views of Lake Erie, and the early cottages that dot this area. The terrain is rolling versus the ride up which was flat. We were back in Monroe in time for supper.

For Sale

Graber Tire Mounted Bike Carrier. Will mount on an exterior spare tire carrier such as Jeep, Bronco II, Blazer etc. \$20.00 Holds 2 bikes. Call John 777-8726.

Just A Little Too Much Bev cont...

ecided to have the special cyclists breakfast at the hotel and headed for the elevators to take us down to the first floor from our 2nd floor room. (I know what your thinking, but the stairwell doors on the first floor were hooked to alarms). The elevator doors opened to reveal a 5 by 5 room packed with bicycles and people on end. The doors closed and we waited. A minute later the doors opened again with only one person in it. We jumped in and the lone occupant said, "going up?". We rode the elevator up to the 11th floor and then back down stopping at every other floor until we got to the 1st floor. There we made arrangements to take the stairwell doors off the alarm system. We ate breakfast, loaded our gear in Doug's truck, and by 7:15 we're on the streets of Columbus headed south to Circleville our first rest stop.

The way down was a long procession of all types of bicycles, riders, and abilities. We passed a little old man on a highwheeler whom it seems always kept showing up as we progressed the 105 mile route south. Didn't know they come with 10 speeds. One fellow we passed had attached to his helmet an animal skull. I asked if it was a deer and he replied, "no, its a dog I killed with my bicycle pump". I almost bagged one myself but decided to give the cyclist another chance.

105 miles is a long bicycle ride, especially to those 1st timers who have no idea what the hills past Chillicothe are really like. Just the mention of "school house hill" sent chills down the tubes of those novice TOSRV riders. When a fast long pace lines comes by the thought of putting a few of those long miles behind you a little faster sure sounds tempting. Such was the case of our dear president and 1st timer, Bill Duemling. But Bill had a resolution, a command-

ment, a code of honor he was determined not to break. Bill would not cross the yellow line. No matter how many abreast the riders in front of him, he would hold back, calling, "on your left, ON your left, ON YOUR LEFT!!!!". Then Steve and Penny showed up and started pulling us. Steve has no morals, no codes of honor, no commandments, just pure unadulterated speed. Penny rings the bell, Steve commands "on, your, left" then swoosh. If they don't move to the right, Steve, without hesitation, crosses the line, even when being photographed by the Ohio State Police. He knows, a bicycle is a vehicle just like a car, and when the other lane is clear, he uses it to pass slower moving vehicles. So what happens when morality meets the cold true logic of the devil? Just ask Prez next time you see him.

We arrived in Portsmouth around 3:00PM toasted a few cold ones, and rode to our agreed upon meeting place at the Gemperline's. These are the folks who last year defined what Southern hospitality really is. Very nice family. They again extended their hospitality by allowing us to park our bikes in their basement, giving us a key to their house so we could retrieve our bikes Sunday morning, and then helped drive us to our motel in Wheelsburg. We skipped the traditional CAY building dinner, and instead dined on "why bean" soup and "sgetti", as our southern belle waitress called the food. The food was delicious and plentiful. I took a group picture with Bob Latsko's camera that had the smallest window I'd ever seen on a camera. I kept backing up to try and get the whole table but could only do half at a time. I asked Bob if it had a "wide angle" lens, but Bob laughed saying, "come on Gary, that's a cheap camera, what do you want for \$35". Just as I was about to snap the picture, Bob called me over quietly saying, "oh, I forgot to push the frame

switch". What do you know, now I could get the whole table and didn't have to stand at the back of the restaurant. We later all walked down to the local TCBY and enjoyed a refreshing yogurt as the evening sun set on a short-sleeved summer night. Dan was now half right. We returned to the motel, where Pam's son Cody braved the still ice-cold swimming pool trying in vain to get his uncle Doug to join him. Sunday morning we quietly retrieved our bikes from the Gemperline's basement, stopped at the Krispy Kreme donut shop, (a tradition), and headed North for Columbus.

We were making record time. But by lunch we discovered how this TOSRV would strike down it's riders. The blue skies were beautiful, but with no clouds the sun was free to roast us. And roast-em it did. At the last rest stop the temperatures were in the mid 80's. The orange drinks were luke warm, the hose water that filled our bottles tasted like warm swamp water. We continued on. The last 28 miles were torturous. Bodies covered every available area of shade along the roadside. The few party stores along the way had overflow customers waiting in long lines. We continued on. Poor Bob Latsko, his early starting time was not enough to save him. Just blocks from the finish he made a third emergency stop on a local residents front lawn. A little boy asked what was wrong, to which Bob replied, "I'm sick". The boy responded, "I never got sick riding my bike". Just before 4:00PM our agreed upon departure time, Bob rolled in to Columbus, exhausted. He slept most of the way home. I never thought I'd wish for rain on a ride until this one. Dan was right. Too right. Congratulations go to all first-timers, especially Donna Donahue, who not only beat her rival Bob Latsko, but arrived at the finish looking like someone who had only ridden half the distance.

EC Notebook #6 — Lane Positioning II

by Susie Jones

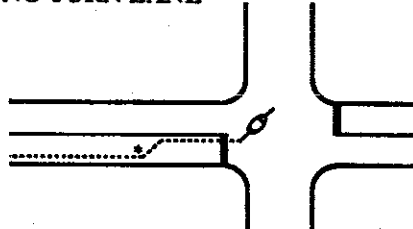
Executing a left turn on a bicycle in a busy intersection evokes fear in the minds of many cyclists. They are concerned about delaying motorist traffic and suffering the wrath of angry drivers. Overcoming this perceived fear is possible with an understanding of traffic patterns and ample opportunity to practice. By riding predictably, in a vehicular manner, cyclists will typically proceed through an intersection in the same amount of time as a motorist.

The diagrams shown here illustrate the "cyclist" lane rule and are general guidelines for proper positioning for left turns. They assume daytime riding and a lane wide enough to be safely shared by motorists and cyclists. Traffic volume, traffic speed, lane width, road conditions, and visibility are factors that may, at times, require slight modifications to these rules.

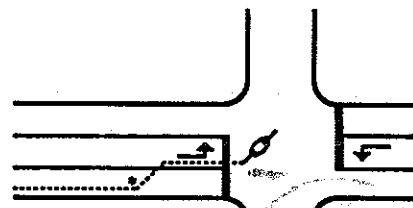
Rather than attempting to cover all the variables in this column, cyclists are encouraged to enroll in an L.A.W. *Effective Cycling* Class. Understanding the cyclists' lane rule, and the factors involved, is what the EC Program is all about. Students are given the knowledge and training needed to make informed decisions about the safest place to ride given specific circumstances.

"Effective Cycling Notebook,"
LAW Bicycle USA magazine.

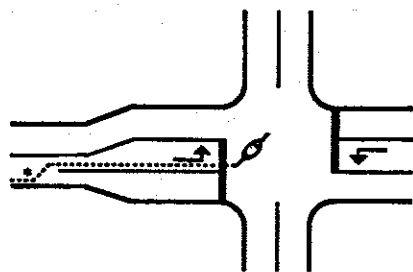
TWO-LANE ROAD WITH NO TURN LANE



ROAD WITH CONTINUOUS LEFT TURN LANE
(Usually 3 or 5 times total)

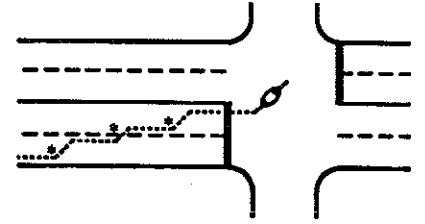


ROAD WITH LEFT-TURN-ONLY LANE

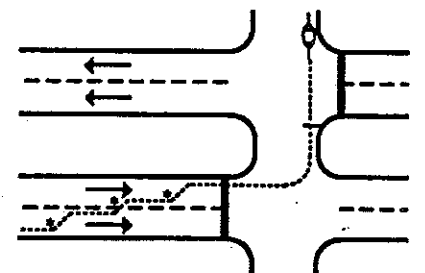


* Indicates "look behind, and make your move as traffic permits."

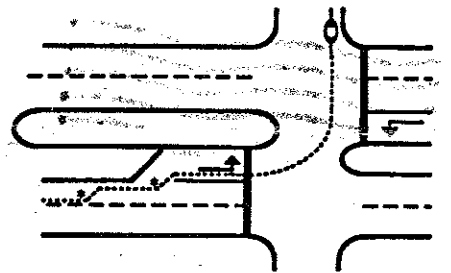
MULTILANE ROAD WITH NO TURN LANE



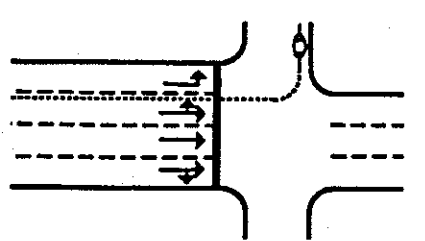
MULTILANE BOULEVARD WITH NO TURN LANES



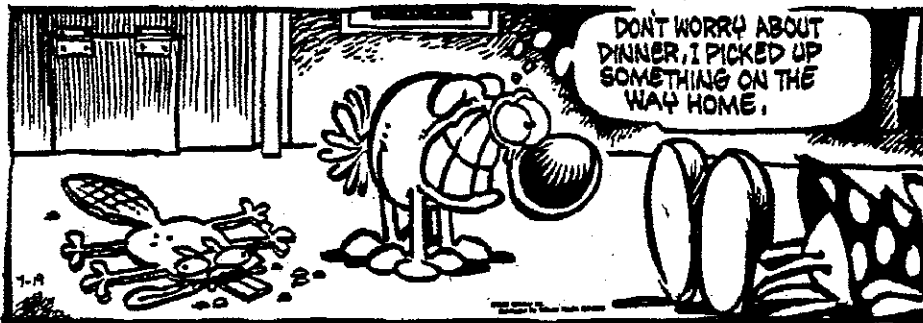
MULTILANE HIGHWAY WITH LEFT TURN LANES



ONE-WAY ROADWAY WITH MULTIPLE LEFT TURN LANES



MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM By Mike Peters

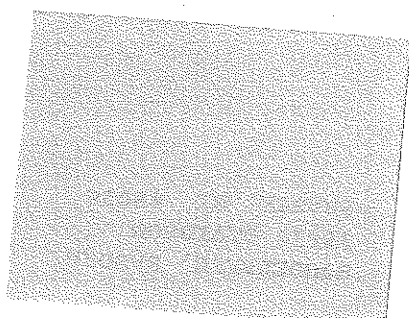


Newsletter Deadline

The deadline for the next newsletter is Monday, Oct. 11. Please bring items for the next newsletter to the meeting or contact the editors.

To schedule events for the ride calendar, call the ride director.

Hayride - October 15th



Cross Country Ski Trip Lakeview Hills Bed & Breakfast February 18-20, 1994

Lakeview Hills located in Lewiston sits upon the highest point in lower Michigan with 15 kilometers of world class skiing right outside your door. Each room is decorated in antiques with private baths, there is also a hot-tub and sauna downstairs in the exercise room.

Included with your stay, breakfast on Sat. & Sun., dinner Sat., full use of the kitchen, unlimited skiing. Two other ski areas are within minutes, Garland and Four Bush (there trail fees not included). For evening fun there are



some great local bars, also Garland has live entertainment. You don't have to be a skier to enjoy a winter get away at Lakeview Hills.

Cost: \$220/couple
(2 people in room)
\$140/couple
(4 people in room)

Half down by end of November
to hold reservations.

For more information or to make your reservations
contact Denise Weipert or Bob Bartley at 391-0978.