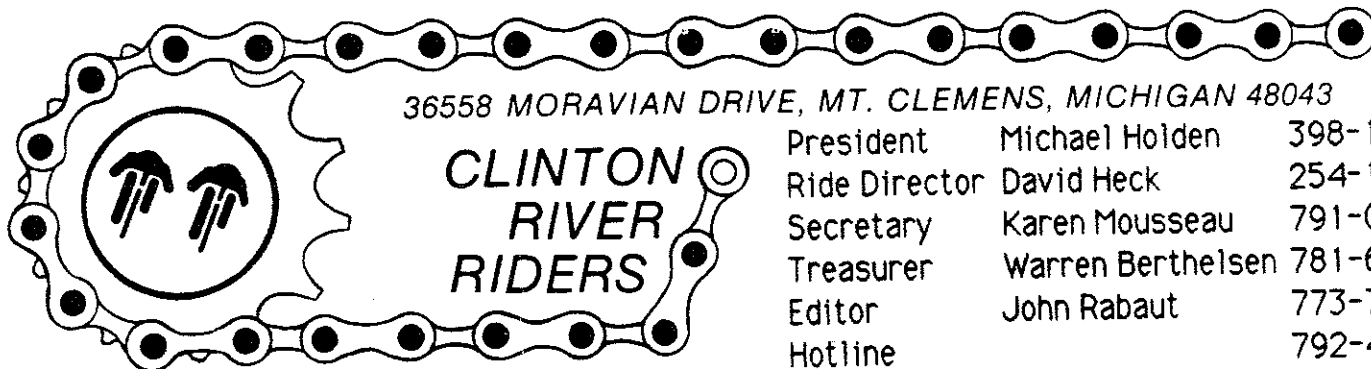


October 1989



Next Meeting - Monday, November 6 at 7:00 p.m. at the Mt. Clemens Community Center located at 300 Groesbeck Highway and Lafayette.

New Members - The Clinton River Riders would like to welcome Jeanine Morneau. We hope to see you on the coming events and that you have many enjoyable rides with the club.

From the Treasurer - Please turn in all receipts for the BWR to Warren Berthelsen as soon as possible.

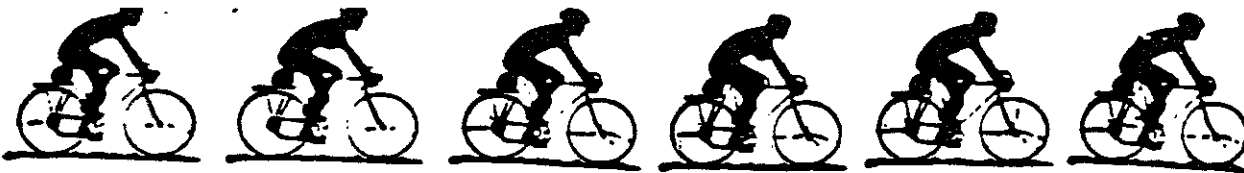
Fashion Statement - Cool Stuff will make Lycra Helmet Covers with the club logo for \$4.00. We need to order a minimum of 50. Anyone interested should call Bill Cleland at 775-5125.

From the Editor - I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to Bill Cleland for doing such a wonderful job on the BWR. As many of you noticed, I was unable to attend the ride, but Bill assured me that he would be able to handle my end as well. As a matter of fact, he had things so under control, I don't think he ever needed me. "Once again, "Thanks, Bill, for bailing me out! You did a fantastic job!"

Quote of the Month - "My legs are so done, you could stick a fork in them." John Tomac as quoted at the start of the world national championship cross country race NORBA (National Off Road Bicycle Association)

Clinton River Riders Time Trial Results Tandem Category Time Trial September 24, 1989

<u>Name</u>	<u>1st Lap</u>	<u>2nd lap</u>	<u>Total Time</u>	<u>Average MPH</u>
Andy N & Claudia D.	18:40	19:26	38:06	19:06
Tim P. & Mike H.	15:24		DNF	
Tim P. & ???		18:31	33:55	21:41



C.R.R. Weekly Recurring Rides

Tuesdays - 6:00 p.m. - Meet your ride leader at the boat launch at Stony Creek Metro Park for a 2-3 lap ride of the park on the road. This will be determined by the amount of daylight.

Fridays - 6:00 p.m. - Meet your ride leader at the Northeast corner of the parking lot at MCCC South Campus for a ride to Grosse Pointe and back. This will be the same ride as usual except the Windmill Point sprint has been eliminated. Bring Lights!!!!

Club Event Schedule

Please Call the hotline (792-4670) for any last minute changes or additions.

Saturday, October 14 - Clinton River Rider Walley Ball Party. This will be held at the Gateway Raquet Club located on 14 mile and Van Dyke. The party begins at 8:00 p.m. and goes to Midnight. Food and drink will be provided. Come one - Come all!

Sunday, October 15 - 9:00 a.m. - Meet your ride leader at the Michigan State Education Center located on the South East corner of Square Lake Rd. and Crooks for a 60 mile ride at a pace of 15 -17 mph. There will be a brunch stop about one hour out.

Sunday, October 29 - Mountain Bike Ride - Meet David Heck at the north east corner of M24 (Lapeer Rd.) and Draner Rd. (Foodtown Supermarket). The course is 32 miles of rolling hills and unpaved roads. the ride will leave at 8:00 a.m. sharp. Bring enough water and a snack because there is no place to stop.

Sunday, October 29 - Mountain Bike Ride - Meet your ride leader, Claudia Dominick, at the West branch of Stony Creek Metro Park for a ride of approximately 30 miles on dirt roads. They ride will go to Paint Creek Mill, Yates' Cider Mill and back.

Sunday, Nov. 5 - 8:30 a.m. - Meet your ride leader, Mike Boden, at Romeo High School for a 60 - 70 mile, hilly ride. The paced will be 15-17mph.

Rides Sponsored By Other Clubs

Oct. 14 - Colorburst Tour - Lowell, MI. (East of Grand Rapids) - This is a metric century ride. Includes pre-ride breakfast before heading into gently rolling country roads with beautiful Fall colors. Patches and T-shirts will be available. Contact Allen or Sue Brewer (616) 681-9601.

Oct. 15 - Helmetour - Ann Arbor - Routes of 17, 34, 56, or 73 miles available. HELMET USE is MANDATORY. Food & SAG provided. Contact Jan Miller (313) 994-2780.

Oct 28 - Falling Leaves 40-50 - Saline - Color Tour and Time Trial. Map and SAG services only. No entry fee.

Think _ _ _ _
by Gary Haelewyn and Bob Latsko



Get out your wax and irons, Thermax and wool sweaters, hot chocolate and Peppermint Schnapps. The Sound of _ _ _ _ crunching underneath your boards will soon be here. An overwhelming response to our survey has produced some surprising results.

The cost for transportation will be about \$100 per person leaving \$50 for lodging, trail fees and food. If we can all share the same bathroom facilities (a 3x3 partition at the back of the bus), eat granola bars and raisins for breakfast lunch and dinner, sleep two nights in a sitting position, and smile at each other when we get back, we might be able to use a coach bus for transportation. Fortunately, the bus has a heater. The other alternative was car-pooling of which one respondent was willing to drive. Her 1976 Plymouth Duster will need a rack to accomodate all of our skis.

After countless hours of analyzing survey results, the gallons of hot coffee and boxes of cold pizza we consumed, Bob and I have come up with the following:

Reserve the weekend of January 12-14th. This gives us two options. AYH is offering an instructional ski weekend in Sault St. Marie that weekend which will include a bus for transportation. I don't have their cost yet; but, if it's too much, or the group decides not to go with AYH, we can car-pool it ourselves.

Bob and I will be getting back to the respondents for a firmer committment on the weekend chosen so we can reserve some lodging. In the meantime, if anyone else is interested, give us a call and pray for lots of white stuff.

Consistency is the Last Refuge of the Unimaginative by Gary Haelewyn

For the last 3 years, I've spent the September 24th weekend riding the Apple Cider Century. This year was to be different, however, thanks in part to Oscar Wilde and Bob Latsko. Bob gets me a copy of the "Michigan AYH Beacon", the local newsletter from the American Youth Hostels of which Bob and I are members. Reading through it, I spotted the ad for "Bruce Trail Hike Camp Weekend." "The closest thing to mountain hiking within 300 miles of Detroit." Spectacular scenery, . . . rewards both physical and spiritual, camping at Cape Croaker Indian Reservation."

I showed the article to Bob, and we decided to give it a try. Neither of us had ever done any hiking before so this would be a unique experience.

(For those not familiar with AYH, it's an organization that offers low cost biking, hiking, skiing, backpacking, and boating excursions. A leader organizes a trip and offers it in the newsletter, much like our own bike rides.)

We met our leader, John Kalam, and the other members of the trip Friday evening in Hudson's parking lot at Summit Mall. John is a colorful character about 65 years old, part pirate, part Indian, and he has backpacked all over the world. He resembles John Huston the late movie actor/director. The remaining 16 members of our group were a mixture of teachers, librarians, married couples, singles, a brother and sister, and even a 2 year old boy named Alan.

After a dinner stop in Port Huron, we crossed the Blue Water Bridge and headed North. Fighting 35 mph cross winds up highway 21, we arrived at the Indian reservation located south of Tobermory on the West side of Georgian Bay. In the cold, dark, howling wind, we helped each other set up our tents and snuggled into our sleeping bags.

Against Bob's advice, I signed up for the dinner crew. Each of us had to pick one of the food crews. The food was supplied by the leader, but the preparation and cleanup are performed by the members of the crew. So, Saturday morning, we huddled around a picnic table as John Kalam barked out orders on how the Saturday breakfast crew was to prepare our morning meal. Eggs and bacon, pancakes and sausage? Surely, you jest. How about gritty All-Bran and powdered milk for starters. Then came John's specialty, Hot Tang and Pop Tarts, followed by coffee, tea, and hot chocolate. It's a good thing I brought my plate, cup, spoon, and fork, small details not mentioned in the brochure. After everything was cleaned up, a Granola bar due to expire in two weeks passed out to everyone. Captain John quickly scarfed up the coupons as he opened the boxes. Strapping on our day packs and canteens, we got into the cars and headed for the departure point a mere 15 miles away.

We embarked single file at the beginning of this stretch of the Bruce Trail. The trail actually starts in Niagara Falls and goes to the tip of the peninsula following the Niagra escarpment. Our stretch took us through hardwood forests, meadows, a small lakeside resort, and up to the top of the escarpment. The trails are clearly marked using an international marking method. Every 30-50 feet, a tree has a white mark painted on it. Two marks indicate a change in direction. We followed the path up the escarpment to a magnificent view of Hope Bay. Perched atop one of the many granite cliffs, we watched the small boats and open expanses of glittering water below us.

We stopped around noon for lunch. Each person on the hike carried a part of the lunch preparation. Bob had volunteered for the Saturday lunch crew and, along with the rest of his crew, promptly distributed hunks of

cheese, Ritz crackers, figs (one to a person), raisins, and peanut butter. The sun kept popping in and out of the clouds as we sat in the drainage ditch on the side of the road eating our lunch. I'm glad I brought a canteen of water, another item not mentioned in the brochure. Bob, in his infinite wisdom, carried two cans of Molson's.

Preferring the serenity of the forest rather than attempting to set a new record on getting back to camp, I dropped to the back, and soon the group was out of sight. I meandered down the paths enjoying the forest colors, smells, and solitude. After a while, I thought I'd better speed up to catch the group. I trotted along gradually picking up speed for what seemed like 45 minutes. Still, no group was in sight. I kept on, following the trail markers - still no group. The solitude was turning into loneliness as my mind started playing tricks. Did I make a wrong turn? What if there's more than one trail? Am I still heading south? Why didn't I bring a compass? I ended up on a road. My Hi-Tech hiking boots felt like two bags of cement. I must have walked 40 miles and still no group. Finally, I came across two hikers not part of our group. "Excuse me, Do you know the way to Croaker Bay Indian campground?" I asked, trying not to look lost. "Sure" they responded, "we're camped across from you." I breathed a quiet sigh of relief and agreed with them on what a beautiful hike this was.

We got back to camp around 5:30 p.m., the longest walk I've ever done in my life. I went to the showers, which didn't work, but was the warmest place in the campground and spent 15 minutes stretching. One of the hikers I met was a masseuse and suggested I stretch a little after the hike. When I got back to our area, the group was voting on going out for dinner rather than making a camp dinner as it was cold and getting colder. Being on the Saturday night dinner crew, and seeing what breakfast and lunch looked like, I naturally voted for dinner in town. We ate at a warm local tavern. Returning to the campsite, a roaring fire was started compliments of John's Dura-log and our neighbors supply of extra firewood. We huddled around the campfire sipping Molson's and exchanging personal experiences.

Sunday morning's breakfast was better. Instead of gritty All-Bran, we got oatmeal. Much better. The hike for Sunday was replaced with what Captain John called "rock scrambling." We hiked to the bottom of the granite cliffs and then proceeded to scramble up the sides. It's like mountain climbing except there are no ropes. We stuck our fingers in the crevices and wedged ourselves between boulders as we inched our way to the top. At one point, we used a ladder made from logs to climb between two ledges. It was scary. There were no nets to catch us if we made a wrong move. Both the climb and the view were exhilarating and breathtaking. If I thought going up was risky, coming down was just a scary, especially getting back on that wobbly ladder.

We got back to the base of the cliff feeling a sense of oneness and accomplishment. Here we were, a group of people coming from different

backgrounds, together for a weekend in Canada. We helped each other with our tents, cooking, on the trails, and up the cliffs. In keeping with a John Kalam tradition, we are to meet October 5th for a potluck dinner to show each other our pictures of the trip and relive moments of a good weekend well spent with new found friends.

R.A.A.M. EAST QUALIFIER or
R.O.E. (R.A.A.M. OPEN EAST)

A lot of folks are confused as to why I rode the R.A.A.M. East Qualifier on a tandem instead of on my own as I had announced at the August club meeting. Hopefully this will help clarify it.

While David and I were preparing for the 24 Hour Tandem Record attempt, we had several questions about some rules and were unable to get ahold of John Marino, the President of the U.M.C.A. (Ultra-Marathon Cycling Association). John was busy with the final details of the 1989 R.A.A.M. which was to begin the day after our record attempt. Unfortunately the only other person to contact was Lon Haldeman which was kind of ironic, as it was his and his wife Susan Notorangelo's 24 Hour Tandem Record we were attempting to break!

After Lon answered David's questions, Lon talked very strongly about having a tandem category for the 1990 R.A.A.M. This was not the first mention of a tandem race, as Lon and Susan talked about it in May at the Assault on Mt. Mitchell.

With the approval and support of Heidi and Jerry, it was decided upon that David and I would ride the R.O.E. as a training ride for the possible 1990 R.A.A.M. tandem category. I spoke with Jack Papa, the organizer of the R.O.E. to see how he felt about us riding it on a tandem. Jack wanted me to understand that if I was to enter the R.O.E. on a tandem, that I would be unable to qualify for the 1990 R.A.A.M. as a single rider. I understood that and accepted it.

Never doubt the word of Jack Papa. In his literature about the R.O.E. he told about the beautiful scenery of his 'very hilly' course. Beautiful - no, spectacular! The scenery of the Adirondacks, the lakes, ponds, little towns, and the waterfalls along the side of the road was truly awesome! I'm not sure how much of it David saw on the front of the tandem, but I caught it all. This is the 'advantage' the stoker has. (David said the white line on the edge of the road was painted rather well)!

And as for Jack's 'very hilly' course in upstate New York...I want everyone to go to their Rand McNally, cross off the Adirondack 'Mountains' and change it to Adirondack 'Hills'. Very hilly, yes indeed! This phrase kept going through my mind as we were climbing our first 8% grade three miles from the start and we hadn't even gotten to the toughest part of the course. (Lesson #1, we need lower gears). At 140 miles into the ride, David told our crew that he had shifted more in that first 140 miles than he did riding across the country in the 1987 R.A.A.M.!

Our tandem drew lots of attention as it was the only tandem entered, and Jack had said that most of the folks around there had never even seen a tandem before. I think the most exciting part of the ride was somewhere in the first ten miles or so, I could hear all kinds of noise and screaming up ahead. When I looked around David, there were hundreds of children standing along the side of the road in front of their school cheering and yelling and holding their hands out to 'slap them a 5'! It was wild! The noise was incredible! After we passed them, David and I thought we had broken our hand, we had hit so many. What inspiration!

I remember after climbing another long steep grade (another one of Jack's 'hills'), two men in business suits standing outside their car on the other side of the road clapping for us and yelling that we had a four mile down hill run just ahead. And sure enough - around the bend, there was the road sign with the little truck going down hill with '4 miles' under it. Let 'er rip I thought! Lesson #2...we need higher gears, as we tucked and spun out somewhere around 45 m.p.h.

David and I had a great ride. 214 miles into the ride we checked into time station #4 and were in 4th place only 28 minutes behind the lead rider. With darkness falling, Jerry hooked up lights on the bike while David and I changed into warmer clothes, as the temperature was dropping fast with a low expected in the 40°'s. With a full moon and the fog settling in the fields, again Jack was right. The scenery was spectacular!

Shortly after we rode through Malone David told me he had a migrain headache but he wanted to continue riding to the next time station. We checked in at time station #5, the ½ way point, 268 miles after 14½ hours of riding, still in 4th place. Not bad, considering we were the only tandem in a field of 32 riders. It was decided upon to drive back to Malore to look for a motel,

as the only thing to help David in that situation is for him to try to sleep it off. After day light, we decided we couldn't continue to ride as David still wasn't feeling well. Yes, it was disappointing that we were unable to complete the ride, but the health and welfare of the riders and the crew are the most important thing.

This is where the highlight of the trip comes in...There was a beer party going on in the room between our two rooms with what appeared to be 'young adults' (teenagers). They were all well in the bag and had told the crew that they couldn't park in the space in front of their room because some of their friends were coming back, and that was 'their space'. So the crew bit their tongues, didn't say anything and moved the van, as they felt very vulnerable to vandalism with the bikes and equipment on the roof.

When we went to leave in the morning, Jerry told us all to get in the van and proceeded to walk toward the 'party' room. He beat on the door with his fist, and after no stirring, he beat some more. Finally the door slowly opened. The guy standing there appeared to be very disoriented and definately had a hangover. He asked Jerry what he wanted. And Jerry yelling as loud as he possibly could to wake the rest of the people inside, asked this poor confused fellow, "Is Al there? It's 8:30 and Al wanted me to get him up at 8:30"! The guy said that, no there wasn't any Al there. And Jerry screamed some more, "Are you sure that Al isn't in there because he wanted me to get him up at 8:30?" A voice from inside the room hollers back that there's no Al there and to get the hell away. By this time Jerry was having so much fun knowing his mission was accomplished, just had to holler one more time, "Are you SURE Al isn't there, because he will really be mad if I don't get him up at 8:30." Some more obscenities came from inside the room and the door was slammed in Jerry's face, which was probably good because by that time he couldn't contain his laughter any longer, and started to roar. Meanwhile, the rest of us are sitting in the van just busting a gut with laughter! Definately the highlight of the trip!!

David and I did well in our 268 miles of riding. We learned about gearing, that we can ride with a 32° bladed wheel (lesson #3) and that I can survive on Ultra Energy without taking a potty break every 15 miles (lesson #4). We entered the R.O.E. as a training ride and a learning experience, and that is what we did. We learned.

We have since found out, unfortunately that John Marino doesn't intend to have a tandem category in the 1990 R.A.A.M. But...there are other options and possibilities for 1990 and we will keep you posted. Just be patient.

A special "THANKS" and I LOVE YOU to our crew, Rose Goebel, Joann Heck (David's sister) and of course, my stand up comedian husband, Jerry! Sometime ask Rose how well she likes the smell of Ultra Energy, and if it should be bottled and sold as perfume!

Sue Parlett



The following card is addressed to the club.



August, 1989

A sincere Thank-You from
the family of Leo Schenk for
the lovely potted plant sent
by the Club and the many
Cards.

Marge + Ken Skiba

