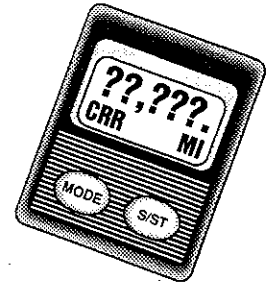




December 1992



The President's Column

by Bill Duemling

Yes, Santa, I've been a good biker this year...

I have faithfully attended as many club meetings as I could.

I have lead at least one club ride.

I always wear my helmet.

I have paid my club dues for 1993.

I helped work on the 1992 BWR.

In light of the above, good deeds, could you see your way clear to perhaps placing that nice shiny red Kestrel under my tree? You see, um, I sort of, well, actually, I think I might like a new bike. Oh, well, yes I do have a couple of bikes already, but they are old. I mean, they have several thousand miles on them already. I know you will understand. Thanks in advance, Santa, old buddy!

P.S. - I hope Santa finds all my friends in the Clinton River Riders and gives you all something nice! Happy holidays, and Happy New Year!

Route 119 to Nederland. Passing stores and the city park, it wasn't long before I was by myself, knifing through and trudging ever upward along the canyon pass and the rushing water of Boulder Creek. Now I knew what Sisyphus must have felt like pushing that rock uphill!

After an hour of climbing, I reached the dam at Barker Reservation. I pulled in, took a few pictures and a well deserved rest. By this time, though, the altitude was getting to me. When I pulled into Nederland at 8500', I had to force myself to eat and drink some raisins and water. It was at this point that I gave serious consideration to getting back on my bike and zooming back down to Boulder, finishing my tour by car.

From Nederland, north onto Route 72, I climbed another 500' before I descended. This was only a temporary reprieve. My brief moment of ec-

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Colorado High

by Robert Crowley

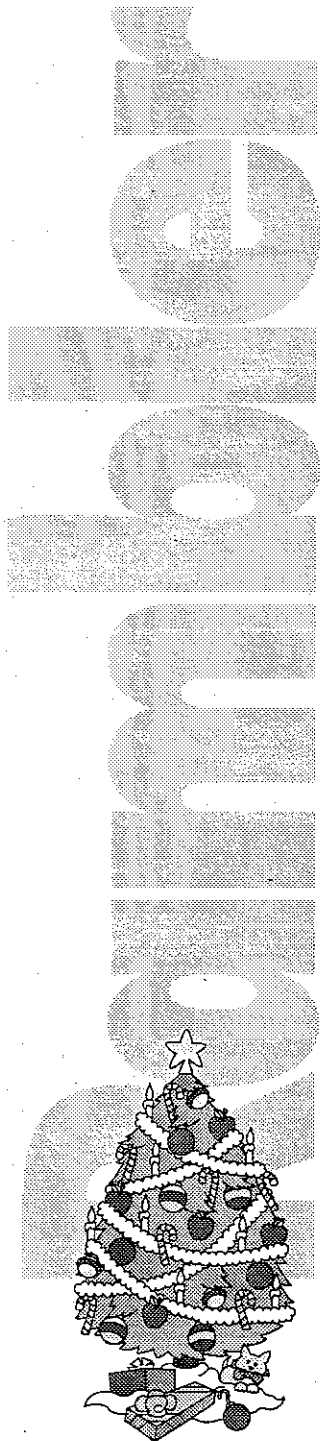
Leaving my car at the Lazy L' Motel, the best bargain price in Boulder, I directed my fully cloaked touring bike to Canyon Road — past the University of Colorado where students, like residents of all Colorado seem destined for outdoor activity.

Turning left, I headed west onto

NEXT MEETING:

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

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|----------|
| President: | Bill Duemling | 752-6310 |
| Ride Director: | Doug MacDermid | 774-0295 |
| Secretary: | Elizabeth Nieman | 752-6482 |
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| Editor: | Vicki Malloch | 979-4076 |
| Assistant Editor: | Mike Kiefer | 884-1052 |
| HOTLINE: | | 792-4670 |



Merry Christmas

Ride Schedule

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

Please ride safely. Wear warm reflective apparel and carry lights whenever necessary.

Recurring activities for December/January

Sundays, 9:00am & 12:30pm. Stair Climbing at the Renaissance Center Hotel. Meet Doug MacDermaid (mornings) or Ron Dossenbach (afternoons) at the Westin Health Club. *At your own pace. Call Hotline for more info.*

Saturday, December 19, 6:00pm. Clinton River Rider's 1992 Christmas Party at the American Legion Post #4 located at 401 N. Groesbeck Highway, Mt. Clemens.

Scheduled rides for December

Sunday, December 27, 8:30am. Meet Duane & Elizabeth at Romeo High School for a round trip ride to the Dryden VFW Hall for breakfast. Pace 16-18, 40-50mi. (last Sunday of each month).

Looking ahead to January

Friday, January 1, 1993 (New Years Day). The First Dozen usually somewhere near Dearborn presented by the Cycling Saddlemen. **Details are as yet unavailable. They will be posted on the Hotline A.S.A.P.**

continued from front page...

stasy was repaid with a climb of 2000' up to Ward at 10,000'. Here I met a fellow named "Tom Ten Speed," who professed to be a retired racer and who claimed his Pinarello was given to him as a largess from none other than Roy Knickman.

After exchanging stories about racing and touring, I refilled my bottles from the general store spigot with what Tom said was, "the best water in all of Colorado." After saying our good-byes, Tom said, if I ever needed any help on my trip, be sure and give him a call. His only request, he added, was that I send him the ugliest card I could find. He revealed he had "ugly" post cards from cyclists all over the world.

In a moment, all the hours of suffering would be rewarded. Even the sun went behind the clouds, lowering the temperature from 90 degrees to 65 degrees in just a matter of minutes. At the crest I stopped. Looking over the handle bars, the road plummeted, snaked to the right and disappeared. Wow! With hungry anticipation I took

a deep breath and took off. For several glorious miles, my feet never turned the pedals. When I got to Allenspark on Route 7, I climbed a wall, about a mile in length. At the top, the road turned right past a little artist shop. The clouds

above me threatened to belt rain and lightning. But just as in the days that would follow, the only rain I would see, would be in every place except where I was cycling — oh, the luck o' the Irish!

...see Colorado High

Bored? Tired of the Ordinary? Try the Extra-ordinary!

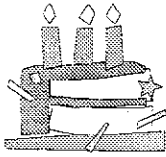
Do you lust for a scenic, challenging ride over mountains (hill & dale)? Do you yearn to skim over parched, dry desert on your bike? Do you want to move with the "international" crowd?

If so, consider joining me October 1-10, 1993 for The 13th Annual Almost Across Arizona to Mexico Bicycling Tour (AAAMBT), sponsored by the Greater Arizona Bicycling Association (GABA). This extra-ordinary ride is a dramatic, nine day sagged tour that covers 580 miles. The ride begins at the beautiful Grand Canyon or Lake Powell and ends at the Mexican Border. Overnight accommodations for the tour include camping and motels. During this scenic ride we will cover 60 plus miles each day, will make a 31 mile climb, and will ride a total elevation gain of 25,000 plus feet. The terrain and the weather vary greatly over the course of the ride. The AAAMBT is not a large ride (there are only 125 riders on each of the two routes), yet bikers come from all over the world to experience this wonderful adventure.

So, if you would like more information about the AAAMBT and/or are interested in joining me for this most extra-ordinary ride, call me - Ron Smith at (313) 651-7346. [Hey, Gary, this is another one of those very scenic rides I told you about. Are you up to this one? I promise it is a ride and not a race, but oh, what a ride!]

Birthdays

James Gallagher 1/1,
Louise Maravich 1/1,
Jeremy Dobry 1/2,
Denise Kosen 1/2, Lisa Ureel 1/5, Jim
Wright 1/5, Susan Hrit 1/6, Jane Koch
1/6, Patrick Crowley 1/9, Mike Boden
1/12, Bill Clark 1/12, Curt Best 1/15,
David Gaskell 1/15, Steve Schauer
1/15, John Maravich 1/17, Jared
Bennett 1/19, Janelle Bennett 1/20,
Gene Hancock 1/20, Shawn Szostak
1/21, Gerardo Pecchia 1/24, Michael
Gasser 1/25, Mike Malloch 1/30,
Jennifer Koch 1/31.



Sponsor A Senior Program

As many of you already know, this Christmas season the club has voted to sponsor a few needy seniors with gifts and good will. Please join us to help make their holiday a memorable one.

We have chosen Lakepointe Villa Nursing Center. Lakepointe has chosen for us 8 seniors (both men and women) with special needs for the CRR's to sponsor. The center is also being sponsored by a local church group but their budget cannot accomodate everyone. A gift list has been faxed to us. Most of the items will be sweaters or sweatsuits for the men, slippers, perfume, house dresses or sweatsuits for the women. The gifts will be distributed on an individual basis as most of the seniors are bed ridden and unable to get around.

Everyone is invited to meet at 6:00pm, Wednesday, December 23rd at the side entrance to Lakepointe Villa Nursing Center located at 37700 Harper (North of Metro Parkway). Most of the residents will have just finished dinner and will be awaiting their Christmas tree lighting in the lobby or the cafeteria. Sheet music will be passed so we can all sing caroles together then stroll the halls for those who are bedridden.

Pam Dyer is shopping for gifts and Sue Pavlat is setting up the wrapping stand and bringing treats to pass. Club members may like to wear their jerseys with jingle bells and Santa caps and so on. Even if you can't carry a tune... we don't care and neither will the seniors for whom this may mean so much! Please come, we know this this is a very busy time of year for everyone but remember it's a time for giving.

Welcome new members:

The Clinton River Riders proudly welcome the following new member:

Fred Scensny

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

Hot Coffee/Coco Mugs

Available from the secretary for \$3.50 each. Can be purchased at the club meetings.

Fireside Library

Remember this is a great time to take advantage of the clubs resource library. Stay warm with the 91 & 92 MS150 videos or for the more active check out the cycling and repair video tapes which were donated. These tapes are available to all club members. You can borrow them from the ride director at any of the meetings.

What Videos You Ask?

"MS150 1991"

"MS150 1992"

LL Bean "Bike Touring"

Cycling "Repair"

Bicycling Magazine "Bicycle Repair"

LAW "1991 National Rally"

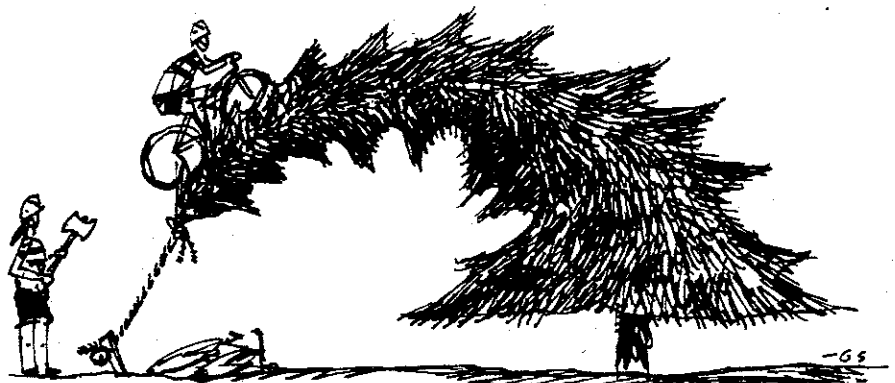
Last Minute Christmas Party Details

We look forward to seeing everyone at this years Christmas Party. A special request has been made by the Ride Director that those who have them please bring their Vista lights to the party. Hmm... what's up Doug?

Don't forget those smiles and bring plenty of holiday cheer.

Volunteers Needed to Make it "To the Top"

Doug MacDermaid needs volunteers to help man the clocks and water stations and to lend support to those trying to raise money for the American Heart Association during the 1993 To the Top stairclimb. This is a two day event February 6-7 and whatever help you can give will be appreciated. Contact the Ride Director if you can help.



Colorado High continued...

After some rolling terrain, the road flattened out. All of the sudden, I was riding under a canopy of trees, past lush green vegetation, shrouded in a cool fine mist. When I reached the end of this beautiful tunnel, the pavement sank beneath my tires, my eyes bulging with glee as I descended switchbacks for the next twelve miles into Estes Park. That night I had dinner in town, then journeyed back to my campsite where I slept under a sky pregnant with stars as big as the sun.

Getting up the next day, I felt tense. I knew the day would be special. By that afternoon I would climb higher than any other elevation in my touring history — Mt. Washington and Mt. Mitchell, the most notable — when I would crest Trail Ridge Road at 12,500'. Although Colorado locals told me this road was the most beautiful road in the state, I will go a step further and say, in the whole country.

From Estes at 6,500' I headed towards the entrance of Rocky Mountain National Park at 8,500'. Although it's only a mere 3 percent grade, it's a constant grind. The scenery was so beautiful and changed so dramatically, you forgot you were climbing. Meadows turned into skyscraper-size evergreens, which in turn became smaller in direct proportion to every inch of climbing.

I stopped and took a rest, asking some "tourists" to take my picture with Longs Peak in the background. They stood in amazement over my bike, in disbelief that a bike so heavily laden with camping gear could move at all, let alone hike up this assault. After the two-mile high sign, trees had disappeared, leaving a barren and snow encrusted landscape.

Reaching the top, I paused, taking my camera out to take a picture of a ram. Then it was a quick swish down to the restaurant — time for food and a welcome change into some dry clothing. The temperature here was 45 degrees with

a wind chill of 25 degrees.

After two plus hours of climbing, it was time for my quotidian dose of downhill ecstasy. Near the bottom, I stopped at Powder Lake where I stretched my legs, walking a few of the many hiking trails.

The trek to Lake Granby was fast! With the wind at my back and a nice downhill grade, my speed even with 50 pounds of gear was averaging 25 m.p.h. The lake looked spectacular with the mountains coming down, embracing it on all sides. Despite the promise of a great night at a local hostel, I decided to get a few more miles in before reaching Granby, where I took in a dinner, a beer, a warm shower and a spring mattress.

Grabbing a quick breakfast the next morning, I took off for Steamboat Springs. Although the road to Kremming was gently rolling, the climbing thereafter started to get increasingly steep, culminating at the crest of Rabbit Ears Pass; this without a watering hole in between. Descending Rabbit Ears, my endorphin-induced high was massaged with a 9 percent, seven-mile plunge into Steamboat. Looking down at the cyclometer; 52 m.p.h.! Setting up camp at Fish Creek Campground, I took in a movie and a splendid dinner at one of the many and varied restaurants in the area.

With some oatmeal, two bananas and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in my stomach, I awakened to a new day of crisp biting air. Retracing my steps onto Route 40 East, I came across four hot air balloons painting the sky with a kaleidoscope of dazzling colors. With an occasional blast of gas propelling its subjects ever upward to the heavens, they seemed so resplendent in their total surrender to the vagaries of the wind.

Just a mile ahead, I took a right onto Route 131 South. Looking off to my left I could see Rabbit Ears, where small figures on bikes could be seen going up for what I knew was no joy

ride. Past the town of Oak Creek, the cold air which had pierced my bones in the morning, was now starting to warm up. Stripping off my tights, jacket and gloves I proceeded on relatively flat terrain into the teeth of a persistent headwind. Defended by miles of barb wire were ranches inhabited by magnificent horses and herds of cattle.

Riding through several small towns, I stopped at State Bridge to refuel. From here to Eagle, the climbs were steep and steady, but as always, rewarded by a long winding downhill to the finish and this time, to a hot jacuzzi.

Although my map showed a gravel road from Eagle, south to Route 82, the locals warned me that the road was impassable. Taking their advice, I advanced to Gypsum. At the high school, I turned left for three miles, then right onto a hard-packed gravel road up Cottonwood Pass — ideal for a mountain bike, but still negotiable with my concave, 48-spoked and Phil Wood hubbed wheels. Fear was my companion as I climbed this 8,000' narrow pass, where a mental mistake could have sent me hurtling over a thousand feet onto the boulders below. If this weren't enough, I had to ride through a herd of cattle being rounded up by cowhands from a local ranch. Once onto Route 82, I headed east to Basalt and stayed at a nearby campground. The road from Basalt to Aspen was horrific. For about 20 miles, this two-laned road was tightly packed with traffic. My arms and back were racked with tension. I stopped a number of times when it became so unbearable.

Over into Aspen, however, my pain seemed to float away. All at once I was captivated by the shops, the restaurants, hotels and those "hills," that make this still the must stop on every skier's list at one time or another.

After a couple of hours of sight-seeing and a bite to eat, I packed some munchies and filled my water bottles, knowing that there wasn't another stop

between Aspen and Twin Lakes — the first town on the other side of Independence Pass, my next assault at 12,095'. Two hours later I reached the ghost town of Independence. Just a couple of miles beyond, I could see the final stretch, carved into the mountain beyond the timberline. Once on top, I was again blessed with a majestic view of the terrain I had conquered. Breathtaking would be an understatement!

The Twin Lakes Nordic Inn was sanctuary for this one tired tourist. Once a brothel in the 1800's, it still offers "satisfaction" and refuge to many a weary traveler. For a nominal charge, you can get all the food you can eat, plus a billowy down feather bed. It's enough to make you think you're on a cloud just floating.

After a hearty breakfast I bid farewell to my hosts, who made every effort to make my sojourn feel very personal, as if I were staying at the home of close friends. Heading towards Buena Vista, I was met by a tenacious head wind, but the beautiful scenery made me forget. Seeing Mt. Yale, Mt. Harvard, Mt. Princeton — to name just

a few of the many 14,000' mountains — reminded me of the Nordic Inn's cook, who vowed that he would climb them all!

After refueling at Buena Vista, I felt revived. Even with all my touring weight, I was averaging between 24-26 m.p.h. crossing Trout Creek Pass, elevation 9,488'. What I didn't realize or admit, however, was that a storm was mounting in back of me, giving me a tremendous tailwind. When reality set in, I pedaled as fast as I could, striving to make the next town on Route 24.

Made it! After lunch the sun came out and I left, but the tailwind, even though it felt great, was sucking me right back into the storm. In back of me was all blue sky. In front was a sky darker than in Dorothy's Kansas. I pulled over and watched the pyrotechnics from a safe distance. Once passed, I headed up Wilkensen Pass, elevation, 9,502', for a panoramic view of Colorado Springs, followed by a twelve-mile dive to Florissant, where I camped for the night.

From Florissant, I made a gradual

climb up Ute Pass, chiseled from jagged rocks and heavily scented evergreens. Once over, it was a roller coaster ride down to Deckers and up to Pine, where the proprietor of the Bryn Mawr Inn befriended me with a spaghetti dinner, Corona beer, apple pie and a bed for the night.

Continuing north the next morning onto Pine Valley Road, I rode seven miles to Route 285 and east to Conifer. By now I was conditioned for the highest climb of my tour: Mt. Evans, 14,264'. Heading north on Route 74 to Bergen Park, then west on Route 103 to Echo Lake, I took in a meal and a rest before embarking on another personal record. Although my ride may not have been as tense as Alexi Grewall or Gogulski's race wins up to the summit, my feeling of accomplishment was no less complete or noble than their feat.

After an overnight in Echo Lake, I retraced my steps, east onto Route 74 towards Morrison, following Bear Creek and enjoying my well deserved 30 mile descent to Denver, where I put my bike on a bus to Boulder and the Lazy L' Motel.

Ask Dr. Bike

Dear Dr. Bike,

In reference to your answer to Doug (November Newsletter), I must add that I was surprised to know that the 52 Burley Allen Crank Fluctuator is still being used, Nevertheless the Shimano replacement part is a good one, but before installation you should ask your dealer to apply an autophoretic coating for corrosion protection. Also you could solve your present problem by installing a light coil spring between the chain stay and the harmonic balancer throttle control bottom screw or it was possibly the epicyclic gear train. Oh well, good luck any way.

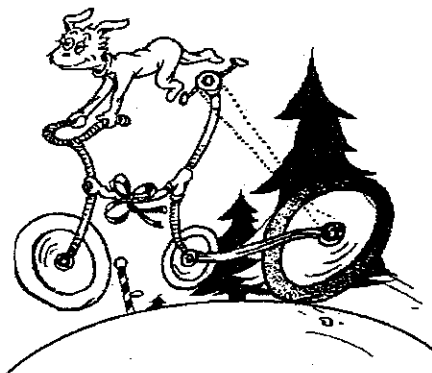
VITUS

Shelby Twp.

No More Rambler

Just imagine what it would be like without the clubs newsletter.

It's election time again and this year there's a vacancy in the editor(s) seat. We don't want you to think it's easy but it may not be as tough as you expect. Please, anyone with a word processor and access to a printer have



the capabilities to do it. So consider it. Your current and past editors will provide transitional and continuous support. Remember also more hands make lighter work. Ask a friend.

Newsletter Deadline

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

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

