

Chainwheel Chatter



Tri-County Bicycle Association • P.O. Box 22146 • Lansing, MI 48909 • (517) 882-3700 • www.biketcba.org

Volume 31 Number 11

Established 1972

November 2003

NEXT Meeting!!!

**Please notice – 1 Week Early
November 20, 2003 – 7:00 p.m.**

**Foster Community Center
200 N. Foster St. – Lansing**

**Jason Edinger –
Cannondale Bicycle Corporation**

Jason Edinger will be with us to preview Canondale's new products, and share his knowledge on how frames are built. At the end of the presentation there will be time allowed for questions from the audience. You won't want to miss this meeting.

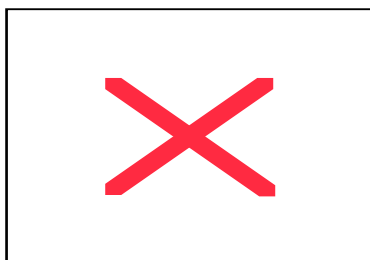
Holiday Party – December 7



The Holiday Party is once again at Royal Scot with bowling at 2:00 and dinner at 4:30. The deadline to sign-up is November 24. The cost is \$10.00 per person. You can sign up at the next club meeting or mail your check to Chris Harrison, 9100 14 mile Rd, Mecosta, MI 49332.

If you don't want to bowl come watch and have dinner. *This event is guaranteed to be fun whether you're bowling or just watching.*

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!!



Board Meeting

The Board of Directors will meet at 6:30 p.m. on Tuesday, November 4, 2003 at the Foster Community Center.

Members are welcome to attend all board meetings to express their concerns. Due to time constraints, if you have a specific item to be brought before the board it is suggested that you contact the President one week prior to the meeting, and ask to have it added to the agenda. Next meeting: December 2.

Newsletter/Ride Calendar Deadline

The **deadline for the next newsletter is Saturday, November 8, 2003.** Please send items to Charla Scheidler, 10384 Blackberry Ln., Haslett, MI 48840, FAX to (517) 339-1758, or email to: chainwheelchatter@biketcba.org.

Ride calendar information should be sent to Wendell Proudfoot, P.O. Box 1628, East Lansing, MI 48826, or emailed to tcbarides@prowen.com. To be included in the newsletter this information must be received no later than the above-mentioned newsletter deadline.

Cycle Forum

**Topic: "Holiday Travel and
Destination Bicycling"**

Plan to join Alan Huber at **6:00 p.m.** immediately preceding the membership meeting on **Thursday, November 20, 2003** for the next Cycle Forum session.

In This Issue

Meetings/Deadlines	Front Cover
Board Report.....	2
Winter Cycling.....	2
Address Change/New Members.....	2
The Emerald Isle.....	3 & 4
Ride Calendar.....	5
Starting Points/Classifications.....	5
Classified/Member Specials	6
Committee & Club News	6
Easy spoken.....	7
Tour of Hope Progress.....	8
Trainer-izing Your Bike	9
Other Good Numbers/	
Membership Application.....	Back Cover

Executive Board Report

The TCBA Board of Directors met at the Foster Community Center on October 7, 2003. Board members present included Arnie Johnson, Chris Harrison, Charla Scheidler, Ron Claflin, Darryl Burris, and John Foltz. Also present were club members, Katie Donnelly and Dave Pierce.

Discussion Items/Announcements

Charla Scheidler reported that the building use application 2003/04 meetings at Foster Center had been approved through September 2004.

Darryl Burris presented information pertaining to the National Bicycle Tour Directors (NBTDA) Conference to be held in Tulsa, OK in November. Approval was given for Darryl and Mary Burris to attend. TCBA will cover travel and registration expenses and DALMAC will pay the NBTDA annual dues that are due.

Darryl also reported on a post card mailing that is being done in an effort to clean-up the DALMAC database and direct DALMAC riders to the TCBA web site to complete a short survey.

In a conversation regarding community service projects it was suggested that TCBA consider donating bike racks to various restaurants that our scheduled rides frequent. John Foltz volunteered to do some research and report back for further discussion and consideration at a future meeting.

Action Items

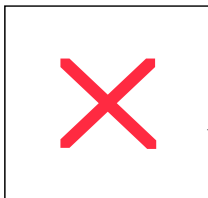
Minutes of the September 2, 2003 meeting were approved as submitted.

Ron Claflin presented a financial report through October 6, 2003. The report was approved as presented.

Discussion took place regarding the proposed dues increase and hiring a mailing service to prepare the Chainwheel Chatter for mailing monthly. Proposals from two mailing services were reviewed and Charla Scheidler was given authorization and a monthly budget to engage the service of her choice. It was also agreed that a change to first-class mailing would not be made, and that there is no need for a dues increase at this time.

Note: Information contained in this article is not the official record of the meeting. The minutes of this meeting will be submitted for approval at the next Board Meeting. Any corrections and/or amendments will be noted in next month's edition of the Chainwheel Chatter.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS



If you move or have your mail forwarded, please notify us as soon as possible. The newsletters are sent bulk mail, and the post office does not forward bulk mail. The post office returns your newsletter to us (we have to pay to get it back), so your membership ends up in limbo until we hear from you. **Please send your change of address to: TCBA, P.O. Box 22146, Lansing, MI**

48909, or email membership@biketcba.org.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS



Gregory Newman
David Lidgley
Mike Rumble

Susan Spaulding
Robert Bowker
Ernest Toplis

Winter Cycling



Hey, there's no good reason to hang your bike up after DALMAC. It's getting too cold, you say? That's one way of looking at it.

Another way is to take the attitude that if you are too cold, the problem is bad clothes, not bad weather. There have been plenty of articles on dressing for winter cycling, so I won't repeat those tips here. The main problems are usually the hands and the feet. For your feet, if booties aren't enough, there are hot pads and electric socks available. There are other options, such as special winter cycling shoes, and some people recommend sandals with hot pads and covers. If you can't find gloves or mittens that work for you, search on pogies. Also, there are hot pads and electric mittens or gloves available.

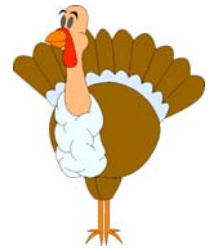
Just go to your favorite search engine such as Google and search on winter cycling. You'll come across www.icebike.com, which could make a good starting point.

Of course you don't want to ride if the road is icy or full of snow, except perhaps if you are riding a trike, but there are plenty of days when the roads are clear. In other words, with all the apparel available for winter cycling, there is no reason you can't enjoy cycling outdoors and stay warm on a cold, clear day.

Byron Drachman

Turkey Talk

A lady was picking through the frozen turkeys at the grocery store, but couldn't find one big enough for her family. She asked a stock boy, "Do these turkeys get any bigger?" The stock boy replied, "No ma'am, they're dead."



CLASSIFIED



This section of the Chainwheel Chatter is published as a service for **TCBA members only**, to **advertise cycling equipment** free of charge. To place an ad, send email to chainwheelchatter@biketcba.org, FAX to (517) 339-1758, or mail to Charla Scheidler, 10384 Blackberry Ln., Haslett, MI 48840.

MEMBER SPECIALS

Oak Park YMCA

Thanks to a generous donation from the DALMAC Fund, the Oak Park YMCA now offers SPINNING classes! In appreciation of the club's support, TCBA members may take the classes for the same fee as a YMCA member.

One day a week/7 weeks

\$33.00 for TCBA or YMCA members

(\$68.00 for non-members)

Mon. 12:10 - 1:10 p.m.

Mon. 5:50 - 6:30 p.m.

Tues. 7:00 - 7:40 a.m.

Wed. 5:50 - 6:30 p.m.

Two days a week/7 weeks

\$58.00 for TCBA or YMCA members

Tues., Thurs. 6:20 - 7:00 p.m.

Marathon Ride/7 weeks

\$69.00 for TCBA or YMCA members

Fri. 6:15 - 7:45 a.m.

Drop In Class

\$4.50 for TCBA or YMCA members

Sat. 9:00 - 9:40 a.m.

Register at Oak Park YMCA, 900 Long Blvd., Lansing, MI 48911, or on line at www.ymcaoflansing.org, or by phone with a credit card at 517-699-YMCA (9622). Classes are offered in seven-week sessions, but if there is space available in a class that has already started you may register for the class for a pro-rated fee (sorry, late registration on the website will not pro-rate fees).

SEW MUCH MORE

Cycling wear: jerseys, cycling shorts, tights, and cycling shells. Reasonable prices. Custom fit. Gift certificates.

For more information call Sue at (517) 627-1411.

COMMITTEE & CLUB NEWS

Thinking Ahead - DALMAC 2004

If you have an idea for a theme, a jersey design, or just a picture of a jersey you particularly like please send them to:

DALMAC
P. O. Box 1628
East Lansing, MI 48826-1628
Or email to: dalmac@biketcba.org

TCBA Club Jerseys

Do you have your TCBA Club Jersey? We have a supply of short sleeve Louis Garneau jerseys with "loose fit" sizing. (meaning that you should generally order one size smaller than your regular bike clothing). They are the traditional yellow and red brick pattern. To view the design, visit the TCBA web site www.biketcba.org. All sizes from XS - XXL are available. They are \$45 each. To make a purchase, contact Charla Scheidler at secretary@biketcba.org. Or, mail your request to TCBA Jersey, P.O. Box 22146, Lansing, MI 48909. Please include an additional \$5 if you would like your jersey mailed to you. Charla will also be selling jerseys at the beginning of every TCBA club meeting.

These will make great Christmas presents!

2002 Incentive Awards - Last Chance

The following members are eligible for 2002 Level 3 Incentive Award items and have not claimed them:

Brad Eschler	Gary Piatek
Terry Figley	Geva Pinhas
Alyssa Hatfield	Joe Stephansky
Andrej Kurkowski	Pete Zipple
Gary Patterson	Justin Zyskowski

Please make arrangements to pick up your award, or have a friend do it for you. All unclaimed items may end up in the next swap meet!

John Foltz

Map Booklets



Did you get your new TCBA Map Booklet?

Each paid TCBA membership is entitled to receive 1 "free" map booklet. If you attend TCBA membership meetings you can pick-up your copy there. If you would like one mailed to you, please forward your request to:

Map Booklet, c/o Tri-County Bicycle Association, P.O. Box 22146, Lansing, MI 48909.

THE EMERALD ISLE

with

Lee & Carol Perrine

on our tandem bicycle

Part 2 of 3



DAY 7--The morning showers ended before breakfast and the sun was shining brightly as we thanked Mrs. O'Sullivan for her fine hospitality. I'm not sure if she blushed or flushed when I compared her to Hyacinth Bucket of TV fame, but she was a fine hostess and I'm sure would have invited us to a

candlelight buffet if time had allowed. The ride along Tralee Bay was beautiful with the ever-present Slieve Mish Mountains forcing up their cloudy showers across the water. At the end of the road in Fenit a paved path extended another half mile along the beach and ended at an old artillery foundation. From here it was only another couple hundred yards across the rocky beach until I was within "camera shooting" range of the Samphire Lighthouse, which was on a little rocky island just off shore. How could I not possibly get a "postcard" photo here? A bright rocky coastline, a beautiful white lighthouse sitting in brilliant sunshine on a rock, with dark purple mountains in the near background. Just gorgeous. We circled the Kerry Head peninsula before turning inland to Ardferth where the thirteenth century cathedral dominates the village. As with most of the ancient ruins we visited in Ireland, the walls are standing but the roof and interior are long gone. They were preparing an old tomb vault for a new burial and I just had to stick my camera through the dark opening for a picture. How sacrilegious, but nobody was looking. By 4:00 o'clock a shower caught us and as we huddled in an abandoned doorway, Marie called from across the street and invited us over for tea and cookies. Of course we accepted and were glad to get in out of the cold rain, but felt guilty walking into her home all dripping wet. She has cousins in New York and Connecticut and was eager to talk with us. After the rain stopped she pointed out the Rattoo Round Tower, which could be seen, from her back yard. We are staying in a mobile home behind the Villa Maria B&B in Ballybunion tonight and enjoy a Chinese supper next door. After a short walk through town we are standing behind the castle ruins high on a cliff above the beach. Sadly only one wall remains. Two paved paths lead down the face of the cliff to the beach for a very impressive view of the wall from below. Many people were walking on the beach and one girl even had her horse. There were several birds soaring along the face of the cliff as they hunted food for the many nestlings that were tucked into crevices under the ledge. 74 km.-one rain.

DAY 8--The first rain was over as we left our mobile home to look for the usual 9:00 a.m. breakfast pub. The road climbed steeply out of Ballybunion and we could soon see the Shannon Bay as we crested the ridge. On the way we passed 4 large windmill turbines humming in the wind. The favorite yard flower has changed to huge white Calla lilies and brown

and white cattle have replaced the grazing sheep in the fields. We came across a really pretty scene along a stream in Tarbert only to be disappointed when we discovered the Blue Heron wading in the rocks was a fake. It was noon but we decided to ride the ferry across the Shannon first and eat on the other side--bad decision. There was nothing on the other side and we had to ride another six hilly miles before finding a restaurant in Killrush. We had complained in Holland that we had to pedal all the time and never got a chance to coast down any hills but after Ireland we've changed our attitude towards hills. It seems to take us about 6 minutes of strenuous pedaling up for each 1 minute of coasting down--not really a fair trade-off. We stumbled onto a neat old castle that had been visited by William Penn (sylvania). In the late 1500s it had been attacked and after the owners surrendered they were hung. There seems to have been a lot of wars, battles and atrocities in Ireland during the middle of the last century. We are only 20 miles from the Loop Head lighthouse but a ferocious headwind slows us till we decide to stop at Carriagholt for the night, 10 miles short of the lighthouse. It was real chilly wind and we didn't even venture out on the streets this evening. ---68 km.-1 rain.

DAY 9--With a bright sunny sky and an early breakfast we are off to the Loop Head lighthouse which was visible high on a bluff only 10 miles away. Would you believe before we got half way there we would be huddling in a tiny old shed trying to keep out of the cold blowing rain showers. In a few minutes the rain ends and there's the lighthouse still sitting high on the bluff glistening in the bright sunshine. After several strenuous ups and downs we finally arrive to find the grounds closed to visitors so we have to take a peek through the heavy iron gates. The many many gulls, Kittiwakes, Puffins and other sea birds that were flying along and nesting in the cliffs made up for what we missed at the lighthouse. Hundreds more were bobbing in the waves just offshore. A bird watchers delight, --we even had our binoculars with us. A couple miles further and we took a walk along the edge of the cliffs looking unsuccessfully for the erosion formed Ross Bridge. The wild waves driven by the strong winds created spectacular splashes as they crashed onto the rocks below. I believe the flags have been flying straight out every day we've been here except when it's raining. We blow into the Killdee Country Club for a tea and muffin break. There wasn't a tree, bush or any thing else on this famous course. Just grass and hills. You could see just about every player on the course from the clubhouse. Their veranda overlooked Moores Bay and the fishing boats would completely disappear as each large swell rolled in. It looked like a scary way to make a living to me. The great tailwind blew us in to Quilty for the night and supper at the Rod and Reel pub overlooking the ocean. 74 km.--1 rain.

(continued on next page)

The Emerald Isle (continued)

DAY 10--We got an early start this morning because our hostess wanted to leave for work as soon as she could take care of her guests. Our ride today would always be in sight of the ocean, sometimes on both sides of the road. In Lahinch we came upon a couple from England who had driven over to Ireland for the weekend in their VW camper mobile and brought their tandem bike with them for a day of riding on the Burrens. Of course if you are on the beach and you plan to ride up to the Cliffs of Moher at 700 ft. you expect some heavy pedaling but there were a couple warm-up hills before the serious part to hold us back. We could tell we were getting close when we could see all the tour busses parked at the visitor center a mile ahead and the stream of people along the edges of the cliffs. Even at 700 ft. above the ocean some folks had to climb the small O'Bryans tower for an even higher view. Of course the great gray cliffs were impressive but not nearly as colorful as our own Pictured Rocks in Michigan. Many of the visitors laid down on their bellies and schooched up to the very edge to hang over and look 600 ft. straight down to the ocean. We walked along the escarpment for a couple hours, enjoying the view and many soaring birds. Back on our bike we could soon see the Aran Islands through the haze about 10 miles offshore. At this point we had to decide whether to turn toward the ferry dock or continue on to the Burren and come back to the Aran Islands later. We opt for the Burrens--a great decision and we find a room for the night at the Marchmont B&B in Lisdoonvarna. The place was all freshly redecorated and painted a bright yellow with gaudy red trim around the doors and windows. Mr. Barrett (the owners husband) was recently retired and he complained to me that his "honey do" list seemed to be getting longer each day. 48 km.--no rain.

DAY 11--We start with a different breakfast today--scrambled eggs and smoked salmon--delicious. We missed the ATM as we left town but we had a little money left. Soon we are in the first forest we've seen in Ireland. Mostly tall firs. The road was quiet and tame to Kilforen and it's ancient ruins and Leamaneh castle, which was in fairly good condition but looked strange sitting in a farmer's yard with sheep, goats, cattle and chickens grazing around it. Further up the Burren hills we come to the ring fort Caherconnel that was built around 400 A.D. and surrounded a farmstead. There are ancient ruins scattered all around the Burren and it's only a short distance to the Poulabrone, a megalithic burial tomb dating back to 3800 B.C. From here it is a steep, winding, 6-mile zoom down to Ballyvaughan and the Galway Bay. It's hard to keep our eyes on the road with the beautiful sweeping vistas that lay out before us. Back at sea level we rode along the bay and past the Blackhead lighthouse. We thought it strange that there was no boating activity on Galway Bay on such a beautiful, warm Saturday afternoon. We follow the shoreline back to Doolin and

check out the ferryboat schedule to the Aran Islands. We still haven't found an ATM and have been informed that there are none on the islands. Our lucky moment when Mac, a taxi driver on vacation stops at our B&B for the night. After visiting a while he offers to help us out with our money problem so Mac, Catherine, Carol and I jump into his taxi and drive up over the mountains to Ennistimon and an ATM. He had offered to do it for free but was happy when I left a 20.00 Euro bill on the seat when we got back to Doolin. We will see them again tomorrow on the boat and Inisheer island. 65 km. 3rd day with no rain.

DAY 12--We had breakfast with our new friends, Mac and Catherine and then we all left for the dock and the strangest departure ever. There must have been a "special" charter because the 10:00 o'clock ferry was long gone when we arrived at 9:30. We spent the morning beachcombing on the rocks till the ferry "almost" returned at 1:00. By now the tide was out and the ferryboat anchored out in the bay at least a half-mile from the dock. Now we found out what the two, large, duck boat type units at the dock were for. They went out to the ferry and proceeded to unload 8 passengers and bring them to shore. On the return trip they would take 8 waiting passengers out to the ferry. After 6 or 7 trips back and forth most of the passengers had been exchanged and it was our turn to hand our tandem over the edge of the dock and down 10 feet to the waiting shuttle below. Luckily I didn't drop it in the ocean and after 1 hour and 15 minutes getting loaded we are on our way to Inisheer Island. We saw many seabirds on the half-hour ride to the island including cormorants, fulmars, guillemots and razorbill auks (we had our bird field guide with us). The harbor at Ballybees was more accommodating for the ferry and we arrived more normally. The small sandy beach in town was unusual in that all the rest of the 2-mile wide island was covered with rocks and stone all the way up to the highest point where the remains of a 15th century fort stood. In times past many of the rocks had been picked up and stacked into stone walls around all the little fields, most of which encompassed less than an acre and some as small as my garden. Even the yards around the houses had six-foot high stone walls around them. Nearly every field had a couple cows or a dozen sheep grazing in it. It was kinda neat riding our tandem down the narrow roads and being able to just peer over the tops of the walls from our seats. In some of the fields the farmers were cutting the grass with a sickle and laying it over the walls to dry. Of course, all the buildings were constructed from the same stones. There was a washing machine in the hostel tonight so we decided to do some laundry. \$5.00 for a load and then we hung it out to dry on a clothesline overnight--it didn't make it so we had to pack up damp clothes the next morning. 21 km. 4th day without rain.

-Watch for the conclusion Next Month-



E A S Y S P O K E N

October Thumbnail Sketch

I'd been yearning for another trip with Sarah Dipitee and my tent ever since getting back from West Virginia last year. But as luck would have it, my major client kept wanting my attention. For awhile, it looked like I'd have a couple weeks in October, but that client spoiled that.

Then, on a Friday morning, there was a bit of company politics that needed to have some time to play out. My project was 'on hold' for several days. Whoopie!

I checked the weather report. There would be rain early Sunday morning - over by 9a.m.. Light winds out of the SSE on Saturday, and on Sunday, they would be 10-18 mph from the WNW.

I had never been in Michigan's thumb area, but wanted to have a look-see. I got out my aging maps from the DNR (now sold dirt cheap by the League of Michigan Bicyclists) and my electronic MAP POINT software. I plotted a route on paved roads that would give me a tailwind most of the time. I allowed Saturday and Sunday about 40 miles each day, and a 20-mile Monday morning return to my car. I also plotted four 'escape routes', just in case I needed to return to the start quickly due to equipment, weather, or other issues.

I arrived in Bad Axe before 10a.m. and found the airport a friendly and safe place to leave my car. My tailwind trip would be clockwise and include a lot of small towns.

The first town was Elkton, where I found a small café and had a good grilled cheese sandwich and Coke. I sat at the counter and struck up a conversation with a retired farmer. He still comes in during harvest to help at the grain elevator. There was still a crop in many fields that I didn't recognize, thinking it might be alfalfa. He said it was soybeans. The big green leaves on a low plant I would recognize had died away, and the stalks with the beans were brown and dried - perfect for harvesting.

Back on the road, I noticed the bank clocks were reporting temps in the high 70s - my weather report from a day earlier only predicted a high of 69. I did a double take on one that read 83 degrees on a funeral home sign, but they must have had their sensor buried closer to the place no one wants to end up.

The next small town was Pigeon, which has a large Mennonite population. I stopped in a small non-Mennonite store and met the owner. He bought overstocked items and those approaching their 'buy before' date and priced them just above his cost. For instance, he had cookies that were 5 for a dollar. When kids came in, he told them to give him a dollar and take what they wanted. A friend kidded him that he would sell more if he became a Mennonite.

I didn't find someone I could ask, but I wondered: When someone there dies and is buried, do they say he has been 'pigeon-holed'?

I went on to Bay Port on Saginaw Bay. I should have taken a short cut around the town and saved a couple of miles. It seemed to me to be a ho-hum kind of place.

From this point on, except for the last 20 miles of my tour, I would be on M-25. It kind-of follows the shore of Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron. As with the case of most roads by lakes, you don't get to see much water. The land between the road and the water is rather pricey, with homes and woods frequently obscuring the view.

Five miles north is a finger of land that sticks out into the bay about 4 miles. On Cres Beach Road, there wasn't an empty building lot on either side. At the end was a signed, private development. I ignored the sign, and found a small park with a couple of platform swings for watching the water birds on the beach, and probably the sunsets.

While I fought off the attacking ladybugs, I noticed one bird up close standing very still on one leg for a long time. Eventually, it moved by hopping on one leg; apparently the other one was injured. A couple of hops later it had to lie down and rest.

This detour added 8 miles to my planned trip, but I was feeling good. It was about 4p.m. and my planned campground was only another 8 miles up the road - no problem!

I went through Caseville and was disappointed, but only because all the potential ice cream sources were closed for the season.

It was about 5p.m. when the official at Sleeper (what a name for a campground) State Park said they were full. He suggested I go up the road to Crescent Beach State Park. He had called two hours earlier when they had 10 open spots. This would turn my 40-mile day into at least a 67-mile day.

Now, 9 miles in a motor home is nothing, but to a guy on a loaded bike doing the arithmetic, I figured my chances were between slim and none. I even stopped along the way to buy dinner - a tube of Pringles and a half-gallon of chocolate milk.

I pulled up to the registration building and was told there were still several places left. "Pick one, get set up, and come back here to drop an envelope with \$20 in the slot."

I found a place that was level, and not all sand. My neighbors said no one had claimed it. It was mine! Before I could get my tent off of Sarah, they invited me to dinner. The Pringles were replaced by brats, burgers, and baked potatoes.

There was a young couple, and both sets of parents. Go figure! They treated me like family from the get-go. One of the dads had lost parts of his hand consistent with a hunting accident. The other dad had diabetes, and had to use a portable unit to do a blood exchanges. They had a large variety of alcoholic beverages and mixers, weren't shy about partaking of them, but never appeared to me to be drunk. I should have been suspicious when they laughed at all my jokes.

It did rain overnight. As is usual on my first few days of camping, I didn't sleep well, but I did get some rest, not feeling like getting up until 9a.m..

The Tour of Hope - Progress Report

Submitted by: Cory MacLennan



I spoke with Julianne (Pattullo) this morning (10/16) and things are going great, other than the fact that they are getting very little sleep. As you can see in the picture here of Julianne and Lance it appears as though Lance is giving Julianne a push, this is in fact exactly what is happening. During this part of the ride they were climbing a mountain. They had to climb approx. 7800 vertical feet. Which if any of you have spent anytime in the mountains this is very steep. Julianne had said that this is the only time thus far that she didn't know if she was going to be able to make it up the hill. As these doubtful thoughts were going through her head, this is when Lance came up on her side and helped her along. This was a very emotional moment for her, as she is used to being the leader and the helpful one. But at this moment she realized that this is very much like what cancer patients go thru. Just when you think you can't go on anymore someone is there to help. This is a very important point that The Tour of Hope is trying to get across, you can't go thru "cancer" alone. You need help and

support from friends, family, doctors, etc. And with the right help and treatments we will someday be able to beat this horrible disease.

I would also like to bring some things into perspective for you about the ride. This is not at all a leisurely ride across the country. They are racing against the clock. The majority of the time they are averaging 28 to 28.5 mph. Even getting as high as 34 mph. This average isn't based on 20 or 30 minutes either. They are holding this pace for 2 to 3 hrs at a time. They were even holding an average of 22 mph with a 25 to 30 mph head wind. That is pretty impressive don't you think?

By the time this issue is printed the Tour of Hope weeklong journey will be over. Visit the Tour of Hope web site – www.tourofhope.org for additional reports and information about the 26 dedicated cyclists.

Easyspoken - (continued)

I first packed everything but the tent. When I got out, my neighbors said I could stick around for a while for breakfast, but I wanted to get back on the road.

I was now 10 miles ahead of my planned schedule with a stiff tailwind to look forward to. I began to think that I wouldn't need a third day to finish the loop.

Port Austin was only 4 miles up the road. I found a nice café with people waiting outside for a table (a good sign). Before I went in, I talked with one couple about my trip. When their name was called, I went in to add my name to the list, and was invited to that couple's table.

It turned out the couple was a brother and sister who had just stopped by after Mass to have breakfast. He used to be an assessor and knew the area well. I showed him a map segment I had with me, and he added some recommendations for the rest of my trip. I retrieved the rest of my map segments from my pannier, confirming that I already had selected most of the side trips he recommended.

He said I should stop at Danny Zebs, a combination bar/restaurant/party store for a unique experience. You know, just after noon on Sunday, it was different - the party store was locked and there was one guy at the bar. The TV was tuned into an infomercial telling us how to make thousands of dollars a week with no risk. I assume this gave equal time to opponents of reality television.

On the road again, I left M-25 to go through Huron City. It had a museum and a number of Elizabethan buildings. I couldn't tell if they were part of the museum, or privately occupied. They were well maintained, but with not a human in sight.

Just down the road, I spotted park with a lighthouse. There was a pedestrian entrance at a split-rail fence. I had to remove a rear pannier to get Sarah through the right-angle turn. The buildings were closed for the season, but the grounds were open. At the far end is a campground. One couple I met said they would be there next year. For \$1400, they could have a spot for the whole season - electricity and sewage included.

Back on M-25, I stopped briefly at Port Hope for a dish of Mackinaw Island Fudge ice cream.

Harbor Beach was my last stop along Lake Huron. The harbor is not natural; it was dredged by the U.S. Army Core of Engineers. So, I wondered (without satisfaction), what was the town called before the harbor was dredged?

Remember the assessor from breakfast time? He suggested an alternate route back to Bad Axe from Harbor Beach. Section Line Road would have less traffic and be more scenic than M-142, so I went that way.

His route had the same number of cute, small towns along the way - zip. This was all farmland, and most of it was post harvest and wide open. My wonderful tailwind was now a full-on headwind for over 16-miles. Seeing ten miles an hour was a brief moment for celebration. More often, it was grind for two or three miles at six or seven miles an hour, and take a rest break.

Well, the rest of the ride was uneventful. I found the airport and got home before 11p.m.. That night, I had the best sleep I'd had in weeks! I didn't get up until noon.

The roads were good to excellent, the drivers were courteous, and most of the people were friendly. Next time, I'll take my shaver and extra camera batteries.

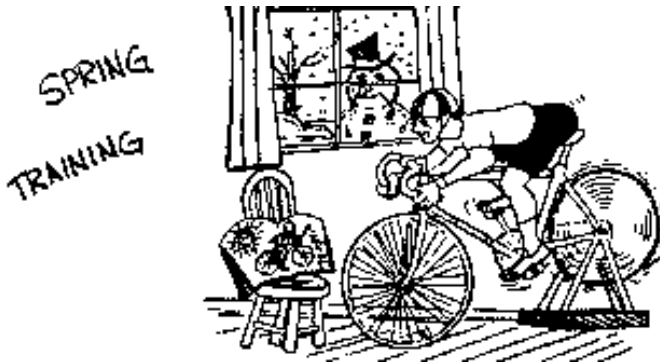
I'm ready to go again. Hey, maybe I'll be out of work in November and can spend a couple weeks in the hills of northern Alabama.

Dick Janson

Just Me and Sarah Dipitee

TRAINER-IZING YOUR BIKE

By: Erik Jensen



With cold weather coming on, many cyclists' thoughts turn to the dreaded "TRAINER", and there are a few things one should do to prepare and maintain their bike when using a trainer. The biggest problem is SWEAT, ironically that is also the reason for using the trainer! Perspiration is essentially composed of salty water, which forms mild acids and bases, both of which attack metals and many other substances. As this perspiration runs off onto the bike it can get into the gaps between the frame and seat post and stem and fork and can cause chemical bonding between the parts, sometimes to the extent that cutting the parts apart is the only repair. It can also settle into any edges on the frame (eg. around cable guides or stops) and components and start eating into the frame under the paint, which sometimes does not show up for awhile, and causes the paint to bubble up and rust (steel) or corrosion (aluminum) to form on the frame. On plastic bikes it can get into the resin and form bubbles under the surface and start to corrode any metal internal reinforcement pieces that may be there. Here are a few tips to help prevent damage while using a trainer.

PREPARATION/PREVENTION

1. Before starting on the trainer, pull the seat post and stem and make sure both are well greased where the surfaces are in contact with the frame or fork. Also grease the threads of the stem wedge and headset threads and the seat binder bolt.
2. Clean and wax the frame, especially where sweat is likely to drip.
3. Using a fan to help keep sweat from getting to the drip point can help.
4. Some company used to make a triangular strip of terrycloth type material that stretched between the seat post and handlebars (wider at handlebars) to catch perspiration, and something like this is easy to make.
5. Wrap some plastic around the top tube and down tube to protect against direct contact of sweat and frame. You can also wrap the stem/head tube area, as sweat can drip down directly from forehead.

MAINTENANCE

1. Wipe any sweat you see off all frame surfaces and parts after every workout. Inspect the frame (especially around fittings) for paint bubbling or rust forming.
2. Occasionally clean, wash, and re-wax the frame (remove plastic, if used, to do this), and wash off parts exposed (use water to wash to dissolve and remove the sweat).
3. Check the stem and seat post at intervals to be sure they are free and re-grease everything you did before if necessary.

If you have an old bike lying around that you don't use much anymore you might fix it up to use as a trainer bike. It is best to disassemble it and make sure all threaded surfaces are coated with grease or anti-seize (especially bottom brackets and stem/seat post surfaces as described above). Trainers are also hard on rear tires so if you have an old one lying around that you just couldn't throw away you might use it and save your good tires for REAL riding.

Veterans Day
November 11

