

QUAD CITIES BICYCLE CLUB

"at the hub of two states"

JULY 1981

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Secy., MARY KEANE

Treas., LEON VAN CAMP

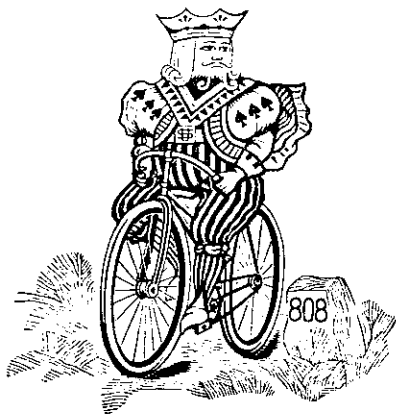
Newsletter Editor, BILL LEIBMAN

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From the President's Saddle:

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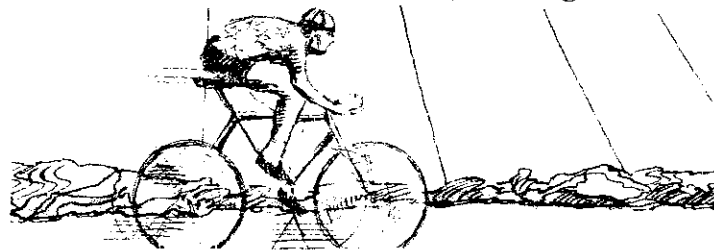
TOMRV IV is history. My deep and sincere appreciation to Bob Nuckles and all his chairmen and volunteers who made it the best VOMRV ever and as many of our participants said, "The best two day ride in the U.S."

Herb Page and Bob Nuckles will guide your club as John Keane and your president move across the Cascades, Rockies and the rest of the rural areas of the U.S. for the next weeks. This has been a dream of ours for three years and by the time you read this, we should be well into Wyoming. Be prepared for a lot of "war stories" when we return.

I encourage all of you who may not have attended an L.A.W. convention to do so this year. It is a different experience and one that offers a variety of riding and bicycling activity.

My compliments to those of you who are sharing your experiences with the club by dropping a note to Bill Leibman. The article by Margaret Paulos was truly interesting and inspiring. I know many of you are taking private trips as well as bicycling with the club. We would all like to hear about it.

For those of you who will be going on RAGBRAI this year. John and I will be seeing you in Missouri Valley. There is going to be a surprise announcement concerning bicycling in the state of Iowa made at that time. Am sure all will enjoy being part of this history making event.

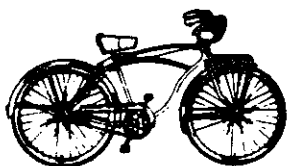


League of Iowa Bicyclists Forming

I biked over to Cedar Rapids last weekend and attended the "Iowa Cycling Conference" convened by Howard Hoy, President. Hawkeye Bicycle Association. Attending were members of the Keokuk, Iowa City, Des Moines, Waterloo, Dubuque and Cedar Rapids Clubs, plus Bob McGehee, L.A.W. state legislative representative, and State Representative Hurley Hall of Cedar Rapids. It was decided to form a **LEAGUE OF IOWA BICYCLISTS**. A meeting will be held at the Ames L.A.W. convention the evening of July 9th. to vote on officers and by-laws. Local clubs, independent cyclists, and bicycle businesses will be invited to join the organization. The object of the organization would be promotion of cyclists' rights provisions: in the state vehicle code and in highway construction.

The bill defining bicycles as vehicles which was introduced in this year's legislature, died in committee. It needs to be studied and revised by bicyclists, and support of legislators throughout the state obtained.

Fred Blessin



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QCBC monthly meetings

Our meetings will continue on the third Tuesday at the Arsenal but there will be no programs until the fall. A short business meeting will be held and discussions concerning RAGBRAI, ride schedules, etc. will take place. The main emphasis now is to ride while we enjoy daylight hours in the evening.

Wanted:

10 speed bike or frame. Prefer 25 inch or larger. Doug Sell—Moline, IL—764-1644.

QCBC First Annual Picnic

Be sure to mark Saturday, August 29th on your calendar. This is the date of the First Annual QCBC Picnic to be held in Duck Creek Park. The picnic will be starting at 5:00 p.m. with volleyball, croquet, etc. We will start serving food at 6:30 at the Duck Creek Lodge. The menu will include bratwurst, potato salad, slaw, beer and soft drinks. In the event of rain, we have rented the Duck Creek Lodge from 6:30 to 10:30. The lodge has an indoor capacity of about 250 people. There will be an admission charge of \$1. per person. Anyone interested in helping prepare the food please contact Dick Wolbers at 359-5639. I hope to see everyone there.



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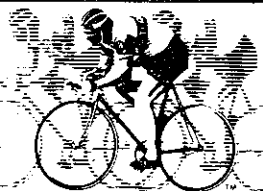
RAGBRAI IX Transportation

Final plans have been made for transportation to Missouri Valley, Iowa for the beginning of RAGBRAI IX. We still have a few vacancies. For reservations send your check, payable to QCBC, to:

Dave Lefever
1126 Bunker Hill Court
Bettendorf, Iowa 52722

Cost is \$40.00 for members and \$50.00 for non-members. We will have campground passes and will be using a rental truck to transport our luggage between towns. Bicycles will be loaded the evening of July 24 between 5-8 p.m. in a Palmer College parking lot behind World of Bikes. Please have your bike handlebars turned and the pedals removed. Bikes will be packed with cardboard as they are loaded. Have your luggage at the parking lot by 6:30 a.m. Saturday July 25. Buses will be leaving at 7:00 a.m. sharp. We would like one volunteer to drive a truck from Davenport to Missouri Valley on Saturday, July 25. If interested call Dave at 359-7922.

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1981 Moline Criterium - Largest Ever

The 15th annual running of the Criterium drew the largest field of participants in its history. There were 350 USCF riders (120 Cat. III and IV's) and approximately 300 Citizens/Stock riders. Our normal crew at the registration desk was very busy most of the day.

Nearly all the improvements planned proved themselves worthy of the extra time and effort involved. The bleachers were full most of the time, the mesh used around the corners prevented a lot of potential accidents and the paved streets picked up lap times considerably. (2:05 for Cat. I & II or approximately 28 mph.)

One very important factor, however, in the success of this race is the QCBC members and friends of members who come out race day to marshall corners, run registration, start races, etc. Without these people the Criterium would be impossible to operate. The following people we would like to thank for their help race day:

Les Truelson	Gretchen Cosby
Jan Gittings	Dan Burns
Mike Cox	Jeff Cozad
Don Learn	Linda Powers



TOMRIVIA (Tomrv Trivia)

Sheri Power reports that on the Monday following TOMRV, her seven-year-old son had a bicycle accident right in his own yard that resulted in a ruptured achilles tendon, two nights in the hospital, and a long cast that he will be wearing for several weeks. Sheri's comment: "We managed to get almost a thousand bikers to and from Dubuque without a serious accident and then have one in our own yard." I'd say she deserves a Bob Frey award, but she's already suffered enough.

Joy Schwartz	Kent Kraft
Bob & Sylvia Nuckles	Debbie Bolton
Ron Bosler	Mike Chritton
Mike Smith	Steve Verstraete
Dick Wolbers	Lyne MacKusisk
Sarah Alter	Dennis & Mary
Jean Eppard	Whitehorn
	Jim Rollins

(Our apologies to any names omitted.)

The raffle winner of the Raleigh 10-speed was Bob Ulman from Moline, \$100 went to Joe Buesebeh from Rock Island, and \$50 went to Anna Calderon of Davenport. The BMX bicycle was won by Mel Holmes of Moline. Linda Ballard won the \$25 gift certificate for selling the most raffle tickets (75) and Mary Keane was second, receiving a \$15 gift certificate. Many thanks to those other QCBC members who sold raffle tickets.

Based on the success this year, and the possibility of some additional money from a beer distributor next year, we are already looking forward to the 1982 Moline Criterium.

Terry Burke

Ames	Iowa	Marshalltown
Arnolds Park	Des Moines (2)	Mason City
Bettendorf	De Witt	Muscatine
Burlington	Dubuque	Newton
Cedar Rapids (3)	Eldridge	Oskaloosa
Clinton	Ft Dodge	Ottumwa
Coralville	Ft. Madison	Spencer
Davenport (4)	Iowa City	Waterloo (2)
Decorah	Keokuk	Waukon
		West Des Moines

The Annual Mountain Climb Gets Higher

TOMRV, the Tour of a Mountainous River Valley, goes into the books for another year. Label this one the "Year of the Two Winds," and label those two winds "tailwind" and "headwind." The big tailwind that virtually pushed us the 84 miles up to Dubuque failed to turn around with the rest of us, and opposed us with considerable vigor all the way home. Add to that all the hills that seem to get bigger every year (one of them actually did get bigger, but more about that later), and the heat and humidity blown up by that big south wind, and it becomes another fine example of bicycling at its painful best.

The ominous start of the ride should have been our clue that the weather would not be on our side this weekend. The skies were pouring rain at 6 a.m. on the early risers who were already on the road. People sprinted from the parking lot through the rain to get to the registration desk. And there in the middle of the downpour, with people running past, thunder crashing, lightning flashing, a sound truck thumping out martial music, stood Field Marshall LeBeau, the man who believes that there is no such thing as bad weather; there are just some days not as sunny as others. He may be right. By 7:30 the skies were breaking to patches of blue between the clouds, and the ride was well underway.

It was well under way for some of us, anyhow. Linda Powers somehow found the only sharp object in the vast Scott Community College parking lot and got the first flat of TOMRV-IV before she had gone 200 feet. A dubious honor at best.

Once on the road, the day became a beautiful mixture of cool tailwind and cloudy skies. We raced across the river valley flats through LeClaire and Princeton, not stopping until we got to Low Moor. Who's got time to stop and smell roses when there is a good tailwind? It's not that we were in any hurry, we just wanted to get to Goose Lake and try that fresh squeezed genuine lemonade. Jennifer, my 10 year old daughter who was stoking the tandem on her first really big ride was a bit skeptical when I told her that one of the highlights of TOMRV is the lemonade at Goose Lake. After tasting it, she agreed.

From Goose Lake, we flew to Preston, took a short rest there, and then headed out to conquer the hill country. The tailwind was really pushing by then, and the few hills between Preston and Bellevue rolled away with ease. In Bellevue, where everyone seems to reload for the final assault on Dubuque, we enjoyed a grocery store lunch in the park overlooking the river. Bellevue, I figure, is about the halfway point of TOMRV day-one. That first hill north of Bellevue is worth at least 20 of the preceding miles. At the bottom, the hill appears to have no top; at the middle, it appears to have neither top nor bottom; and when you're at the top, the bottom was so long ago you forgot it had one.

Everyone seemed to be doing good all the way to Dubuque. Whenever we passed Mrs. Chong and the first aid wagon, she was passing the time reading in the shade of her umbrella, just what we want our first aid chairman to be doing. Ron Cox of Clinton did have a small problem—the center line crack in the road caught his front wheel and destroyed it. Ron was unhurt, but a little unhappy about having to sag into Dubuque. We overtook Bill Langan on one of the hills as he was changing one of the several flats that hit the bugger he and his wife were pulling behind their tandem. I called out asking if he had everything he needed. He had everything, he replied, except patience.

Spirits were high in Dubuque. The easy day left everyone in a good mood. The dinner, which is a good enough reason to go on TOMRV all by itself, was once again superb, especially for people like myself who believe that anything worth doing is worth doing to excess.

Now, you might think that after the lemonade in Goose Lake, after the big dinner, after the Bob Frey awards (I failed again this year to get one of the coveted awards, so I won't go into detail) that there is nothing left of this little bicycle outing worth mentioning. This is not so. There is The Mountain. What mountain, you ask. The Mountain. Chestnut Mountain. The unique anatomic feature of this beast is the slope. The road follows the steep slant of the hill upward to a left-hand 90 degree bend. Everyone has just about caved in before reaching the bend.

and most begin walking on this first part of the hill. Then, as you round the bend, the slope disappears altogether—it turns into a vertical wall. Straight up and down, but mostly up. You don't believe me? Go out and ask the people who are still out there climbing. Had it not been for my 10-year old stoker, I would surely be among them.

If the hill alone were not enough, there was more. Carter LeBeau had promised last year to raise the mountain an additional three feet for this year's ride. And (I don't know why I'm telling you this) you know if LeBeau says it, it's true. The mountain was indeed three feet taller. Carter explained that when his intercessions with the Almighty failed to raise the mountain, he had to take matters into his own hands and raise it himself. So here atop Chestnut Mountain was this three foot high ramp constructed of plywood and two-by-four. For those who were

TOMRV IV SAGWAGON DETAIL

As a rider on TOMRV IV I am sure you will agree that the scenery "Mother Nature" provided was beautiful but another beautiful and most appreciated sight was the TOMRV Cars with their supply of bananas and cold water!

A great big "Thank You" for a job well done to the following Sagwagon Volunteers:

Charlotte Decker	Barb Tucker
Eleanor Koenig	Sue Sharp
Sheri Power	Karen Bane
Mary Shanks	Katie Rutledge
	Mrs Chong

An extra big "Thank You" to two super guys who could not ride their bikes the whole distance due to medical and/or personal reasons but wanted to help us out and what a great help they were!

Bob Frey	Dewey Mayfield
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Both men not only did a splendid job as floating sagwagoneers but also would stop and help make repairs along the way.

These "Sagwagoneers" did a terrific job in manning their stations for hours on end. Their cheerful dispositions and friendly smiles were much appreciated.

Elaine Page
Sagwagon Chairman

still breathing at that point, it was a high point of the ride; the rest of us were busy trying to find better sources of oxygen than just plain air.

Another important event occurred atop the mount. I (I suppose that's "we" on a tandem) had a flat. As we were changing the tube, Bob Frey drove by and offered his pump. The sag service was punctual and efficient.

To me, the ride always seems to be over once the Chestnut peak is gained. It's downhill all the way back home from there. But this year, the most challenging part of the ride was that 70 miles from Chestnut back to the Quad Cities. It was the headwind. The gear-down-get-in-the-drops-and-keep-your-head-down headwind. The people that survived the long grind are real bikers, and real TOMRV'ers. Hope to see you all next year.

Bill Leibman

The ride to Rio - Saturday May 23rd

This was one of our 4 international rides and the favorite of many club members. The general store in Rio has to be seen to be appreciated. Picture a full line of groceries, dry goods, country items and then a barber chair and cafe in one building. Then add 2 tables of farmers playing cards and you get some idea. The breakfast menu is priced by the egg or bacon strips you order. The barber is also the cook and fries the eggs between hair cuts. Great breakfast too.

Another town on this ride is Opheim. It has a classic water tower on a hill that is really worth seeing. Boiler plate construction from the turn of the century and the foundation is stone all the way up.

The ride was enjoyed in perfect weather both ways. Ironically the Quad Cities had a frog strangler rain during the time we were gone
Carter LeBeau

*The family of
Kenneth Buse
acknowledges with grateful
appreciation the kind expression
of your sympathy*

More TOMRV Thanks

There are only two kinds of TOMRV'ers: those who ride and those who help so the rest of us can ride. This year, both groups of people were at their splendid best.

Among the helpers, one who belongs at the top of the list perhaps for all time, is Ken Buse. Ken accepted the toughest of challenges, the job of TOMRV executive secretary. Months later, he learned he had terminal cancer and carried on the job in spite of his deteriorating health. He and wife Fran were still working on TOMRV two weeks before his death.

Sheri Power, who had pitched in to help, picked up where Ken left off, and got the job finished without missing a beat. Well, almost without missing a beat. Seems that somewhere along the line someone gave out Sheri's phone number and didn't get it quite right, so that some unknown woman somewhere received a lot of calls inquiring about the "bike ride." One TOMRV'er reported getting quite an earful from the unfortunate woman.

Andrea Paulos lettered the fanny bumpers. Jonathan and Dick Paulos drove the baggage truck.

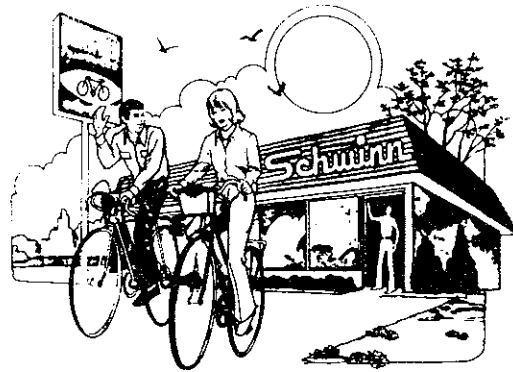
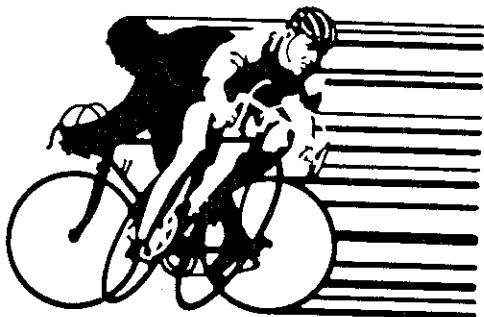
Ann and Dewey Mayfield. Penny and Herbie Page stuffed registration envelopes.

Helen Van Camp, Sue Sharp, Karen Bane and Mary Keane assisted with the registration at Scott Community College.

Barney Bishop, as always, was our man in Dubuque, coordinating all of the activities at Clarke College.

Jerry Neff, of Jerry & Sparkey's Schwinn Shop in Davenport, was the only shop on the ride this year, and did his usual excellent job of patrolling the road helping those in need.

Bob Nuckles



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NEW MEMBERS

Name	Town	Source
Gerald Beachler	Coal Valley. IL	Word of Mouth
Ron Nelson	Bettendorf IA	Media
Jan Garmong	Moline. IL	Steve Adler
Charlene Lundstrom	Silvis IL	Ann Mayfield
Deborah Overton	Moline IL	Ann Mayfield
Lloyd Johnson	Davenport. IA	Not Given
Arthur Jones	Rock Island IL	Media
Joe Neyens	East Moline. IL	Bob Neyens Bike Shop
Chris Snyder	East Moline. IL	Word of Mouth
T.J. Neyens	East Moline IL	Bob Neyens Bike Shop
Mik Calsyn	East Moline. IL	Jim Barber
Gregory Wales	Bettendorf. IA	Not Given
Sue Alden	Moline. IL	Betty Dalton
John Jecklin	Davenport IA	Not Given
James Campbell	Davenport. IA	Warren Power
Steven Kurt	DeWitt. IA	Gift from Dad. John Kurt
Jim Wadle	Bettendorf. IA	Word of Mouth
Doyle Pool	Rock Island. IL	Bob Neyens Bike Shop
Michael Stevermer	Bettendorf. IA	Word of Mouth
Patt Niewiadomski	Allegany NY	Timm Pilcher
Mary Dower	Bettendorf IA	Timm Pilcher
Steven Maring	Davenport. IA	Dick Jirus
Daniel Burns	East Moline. IL	Word of Mouth
Mark Hash	Davenport. IA	Word of Mouth
Wayne Meyer	Davenport. IA	Media
Ronald LeFevre	East Moline. IL	Jim & Linda Barber
Debbie Downs	Moline. IL	Judy Anderson
Rita Cunningham	Bettendorf IA	Jerry & Sparkey's Bike Shop
David Lunsford	Bettendorf. IA	Ed McKamey
Paul DePauw	Geneseo. IL	Media
Steve Spindler	Davenport IA	Carter LeBeau
Dan Priester	Bettendorf. IA	Dave McKusick
John Cofrin	Madison. WI	Don Bates. Sr
	The Winners Are Bettendorf	Word of Mouth

A warm QCBC welcome to all of our new members. Be sure to attend the next club meeting to pick up your copy of the club roster and ride schedule. Hope to see you soon!

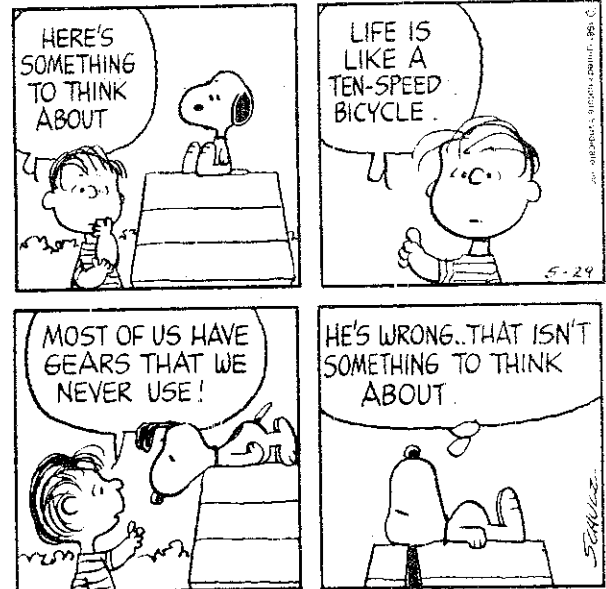
A note to all members on the mailing of newsletters: the post office does not forward third class mail, so if your address changes, please notify club secretary Mary Keane.

Ride to Iowa City

I have been a QCBC member for a year, but this was my first ride with them. We left for Iowa City 8:00 a.m. from the Davenport bike path, about 65 of us. The weather was perfect, and so were the roads. We stopped in Wilton for breakfast, some at the "Candy Kitchen" and some at "food unlimited." Some turned back for Davenport and the rest of us continued. By Atalissa there were only about 25 riders left, it was 20 miles from Iowa City. So close but yet so far. In Iowa City we got our fill of milk shakes and water and headed back. The ride back went a little slower and my friends and I took a lot more breaks than on the way there. My enthusiasm had drained, but thanks to Tom and Maureen Petit's confidence in me, we got back to Davenport about 8:30 p.m. Needless to say, we were the last ones back, but probably the most fulfilled.

Barbara L. McNeal

Peanuts







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The Summer Day

The hot yellow sun pushes down on the back of the biker and presses the wheels of the bike into the hot black asphalt. The rubber tires whisper in a thin streak across the black road, kissing the hot asphalt in passing and gone in a rush of hot summer wind. Steel hard bronze legs force the thin machine like a blade into the silent summer wind, pounding in smooth rhythm, pumping a tempo against the steady hum of chain on cog, singing a quiet alloy symphony that slips away behind to drift in the hot summer air. Man and machine glide on. Hot updraft. The hot yellow sun sucks salty sweat out of the skin and sends it streaking in little rivers down the forehead, into the eyes, where it stings the mild sting of honest hard effort.

The yellow hot sun sits heavily on the dust of the ball diamond where the little leaguers are locked in combat. A boy on the mound with a look in his eye as fierce as the eye of a nine year old boy can manage stares into the eye of a skinny batter with dust on his cheek. He winds up his pitch as the chant of his teammates rises all around him like a swarm of locusts on an August night: H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Swing!

He swings.

The bat catches only hot summer air. A man in a black as hot asphalt suit looks out of his black mask and sends two firm words to drift on the hot summer wind. Strike one.

Out on the road the hot asphalt slips away behind man and machine into the universe; ahead, the road reaches for infinity. Around him is nothing, and everything. Faded red barns watch the hot yellow sun pull green frail shoots of corn from the brown earth, cattle stare their blank stares as they look up from their forage at the whispering man machine, birds start, flit, and dart, too busy to notice. The world is too busy living to be disturbed. The sun pushes the man's growing shadow out onto the road in a thin parabola that skips across the hot blank asphalt in front, the bronzed steel legs are tired, the rhythm is slower, the whisper quieter, the kiss of rubber on asphalt more hushed, the thin

sounds quietly falling behind to rise with the heat from the road. The machine man is tired as he leaves the hot black asphalt road to seek a resting place in the long shadows where the hot yellow fingers of the sun probe weakly through the green leaves. In a rustle of slick nylon and the hollow clanking of aluminum poles he builds a shelter against the approaching night. He makes a fire, the red sun slips away beyond the end of the earth, hot sparks dance up into the cool black night air. The cool air draws the ache from his legs, brings sleep to his eyes, and the machine gathers dew in the darkness.

The eye on the mound threatens again. The skinny batter looks back with intent determination, the eye above the dusty cheek fixed on every move, watching every move on the mound, watching the hard leather ball come shooting through the hot summer air as the locust drone rises to the yellow hot sun H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Swing!

He swings.

The bat catches air. The black mask sets two more words adrift on the hot summer wind. Strike two.

The red summer sun creeps above the rim of the earth, sucking the dark and cold out of the world as it rises. Dew drop diamonds glisten and fade in retreat against the advancing heat of summer day. The dying fire sends last hopes in faint wisps to the sky. The hot yellow roar of the sun wakes the world.

Another threat from the eye on the mound. The eye above the dusty cheek blinks once before fixing its determined stare. The ears shut out the rising crescendo locust chant: H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y

Rested man and cool machine glide back onto black asphalt. Slowly cool tires begin to whisper their silent secrets to the open road, the chain begins to hum, steel bronze legs glide in circles, and the black asphalt begins again to slip away into forever, stretching ahead in a never ending arc to the hot yellow summer sun.

... Off the Back

H-e-e-e-y-Batta-Batta-Batta H-e-e-e-y-
Batta-Batta-Batta-Swing!

Hard wood cuts hot air.

Hot words from the black mask cut the
summer air.

Steee-rike three!

The hot pain of failure cuts a wet streak
in the dust on the cheek of a skinny boy: a
cold sudder of mortality strikes the man on
the machine. and passes.

And the summer day goes on.

Bill Leibman

The newsletter of the Omaha Pedalers Bi-
cycle Club recently reported two accidents
involving OPBC members. In one, John Camp-
bell was struck by a car and suffered multiple
fractures. He was wearing a helmet at the time
and feels that it saved his life. In the other
accident, club secretary Buffy Borchers was
thrown from her bike by bad road while not
wearing a helmet and, as the following eloquent
account of the incident reveals, feels fortunate
to be counted among the quick:

Cloudy, breezy March day,
impatient waiting, flexing muscles,
Squeezing grips, arching neck, tapping feet.

The group assembled, introductions said.
We mount, shiny derailleurs new oiled click,
simultaneous cacophony as winter
softened muscles mobilize.

A flash of spokes, a gasp of air and the
rhythm of motion pulls me ahead of
the group.

I am one with the countryside, peripherally
aware of soft greens, blending multi-
colored houses, fences stretching farther
and farther apart.

My senses expand as the city falls behind
and I crouch to racing position as I
crest a long, lovely bluff.

My bicycle shudders as the road
communicates winter neglect and I
reach for my brakes as the speed
accelerates.

Accumulated gravel signals my attention
as the bottom looms, and suddenly,

without further warning, the street
breaks, and panic grips my awareness,
even as I feel my body propeled forward
over my center of balance.

Voices, a clapsed shoulder, warm, red,
flowing from my nose and head.

Dull ache, body not responding to
my wishes.

Tongue explores a new gap in front teeth.
Sink into a peaceful nap. Voices won't let
me. Which hospital? Get into the truck.

Hold this on your face. Stay awake.

Where's your (expletive deleted) helmet?

Finally they let me lie down

Cold, freezing freezing cold.

Have to stand for X-ray. Can't.

Have to. Can't. Nausea. Lights swim,
knees feel like rubber bands.

Doctor examines my face. Says he wants to
wait for a plastic surgeon.

Do I want a particular doctor? What day
it it? Why doesn't anything hurt?

Another face bending over me, washing his
hands, ordering needles, thread, hypos.
glue, all the King's nurses and all the
King's men.

Long, long time.

Feeling is tentatively creeping back into
my neck, hands, shoulder

And then the pain.

Each beat of my heart reminding me that
I am still alive.

The verdict on the bicycle is no serious
damage. The verdict on the X-rays is
nothing broken

Three cracked teeth, one ragged ear, and a
quiltful of precise little stitches hold
my face together.

A sprained shoulder, a sprained wrist.

All will mend.

Buffy Borchers

Thought for the month comes from the Day-
ton Cycling Club:

"Put your Mettle to the Pedal"

There they were, in a full color photo in the
Moline Dispatch—the notorious gang of four
LeBeau, Page, Keane, VanCamp: the officers of
an equally notorious bicycle club. (Thanks to
Linda Powers for sending the pic.)

Favorite biking stories (con't)

I was setting out one summer day to do a little 35 mile ramble through the hills of southern Wisconsin, planning to meet family and friends at the end of the ride at a little lake for a swim and a picnic. One of the friends, George, a non-biker and proud of it, decided he could use the exercise, borrowed a 10-speed (said so right there on the top tube of the thing) bike from one of his kids, and accompanied me on the ride. We had a rather pleasant trip, George having much less a struggle on the hills than I had expected; and enjoying himself at the accomplishment.

As we neared the end of the trip, it happened. We were charged by a dog. This wasn't any old dog, this was one of those little tiny jobs that looks like an underfed rodent. He yipped and yelped ferociously. Now, to appreciate what happened next you have to picture George, 235 pounds of muscle and grit packed into a 5 foot 11 inch frame, built, as they say, like an outdoor restroom of masonry construction, and the dog, 13 ounces of high pitched yipping. The dog went for George's foot; George pulled the foot off the pedal and kicked; the bike went one way,

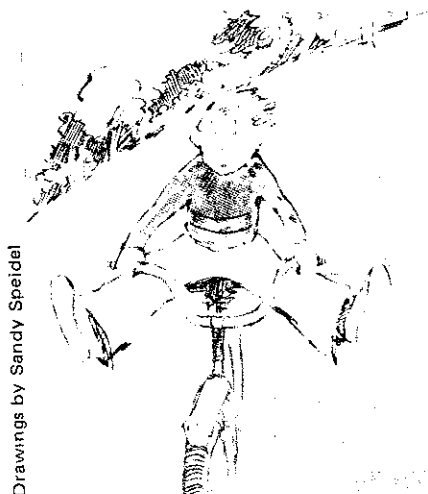
George another. George landed on his back in the road. George was not hurt, but having assessed his situation, that is, him lying in the road and this mini-beast moving in for the kill, he was laughing so hard he couldn't get up.

There is a lesson in this for all of us, best spoken in the immortal words of Pogo: "We have met the enemy, and they is us"

John Hendricks spotted the following bit in a list of cycling information sources given in the back of a book titled "Consumer Guide to Bicycles" published in 1972:

"Quad Cities Bicycle Club, 2727 Grove, Davenport, Iowa 52804. Twenty active members, average age 25. Activities include local and long range touring, family cycling, racing, instruction, picnics, etc."

That average age of 25 works out to 19 teenagers and 1 Carter LeBeau.



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