

Illinois Valley WHEELM'N

OCTOBER 1992



6518 NORTH SHERIDAN ROAD, PEORIA, ILLINOIS 61614



It's that time of year again...

IVW Annual Dinner

O'Leary's Banquet Room
Saturday, November 14, 1992
6:30 p.m. Cocktails
7:00 p.m. Dinner

The cost?

An amazingly low \$4 per member.

(cocktails, of course, are extra, though bringing an entire rooster will probably win everyone's admiration.)

- State-of-the-Club Address (hint: east of Missouri)
 - Door prizes!
 - Elections!
- Helmets optional.

MENU

Salad Table
Choice of Three Meats:
Sliced Roast Beef Au Jus/Glazed
Ham/Baked Orange Roughy
Two Choices:
Rice Pilaf/Scalloped
Potatoes/Homemade Bread
Dressing
Steamed Fresh Vegetables
Fresh Bakery Selection
Dessert Table
Coffee (Decaf available), Tea

Reserve your seat before
November 4. Reservation
form on page 6!

? OF BALANCE

—by Steve Shaffer

WHERE HAS THIS SUMMER GONE? Seems like just the other day I was looking forward to a long and enjoyable cycling season, but now I have to try and do all the chores I neglected all summer—the paint bush has yet to hit my hand.

Now that we all (?) have this tremendous mileage base, we can sign up for the multitude of century rides this fall. There must be one every weekend from now until November. As a balanced cyclist, I feel I'm in shape and my two-wheeled steed is also in shape because I routinely perform some basic maintenance tasks.

I've noticed that many cycles out there on the road are in dire need of attention. The most common problem

is tire condition. These rubber marvels that cushion us from the pavement do wear out. I usually reshod my wheels every two thousand miles or at least rotate the tires (just like you're supposed to on your gas guzzler). The old tires are terrific to use on the wind trainer or for emergency use.

The second most common problem is the chain and associated sprockets. Nothing makes a bike ride smoother than a clean and freshly lubricated drivetrain. A clean chain, freewheel and chainrings will last a lot longer than those oily, grimy, dirty, filthy, etc., etc., things I've seen on the road. After several thousand miles, chains stretch and freewheels wear out, causing vibrations, missed shifts, skipping and excessive noise. Our two favorite local bike shops sell excellent, environmentally safe products for cleaning and lubing the drivetrain.

If your trusty steed has several years use on it, it's probably time to get all the bearings replaced and/or repacked. Unless you have the special tools required for these jobs, I again recommend a visit to one of our local bike shops.

Brake cables should be replaced every couple of years, too.

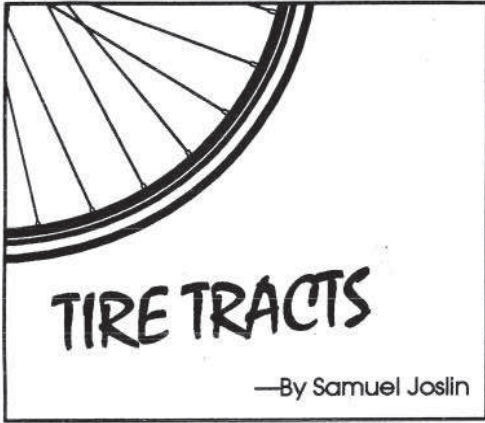
Even gummy-bear brake hoods (you know who you are!) can be replaced and give that bike a whole new look and feel!

The point here is that now that you're in shape, your bike should be in shape too for all those hundred-mile, trouble-free rides.

See ya on the road,

—Steve





DO THE WRIGHT THING The editor's choice for this year's Hub of the Club award is Bill Wright. Who else leads two rides a week?

For those of you unfamiliar with the award, it is given to that person who best exemplifies the volunteer spirit in promoting club activities. The Hub of the club is presented to the winner at the annual dinner.

Bill's Tuesday-night outings from Wilder Waite Grade School in Alta attracted an average of 25 cyclists this year. His other event, the Thursday Night Trail and Gravel Road ride, averaged about 10 cyclists each week.

On the first Tuesday in September, 43 cyclists turned out for an identification ride, during which they attempted to locate a number of landmarks between Alta and Dunlap.

"Let's give Bill some proper encouragement and award him the club's top honor."

Some items, like the water tower, were easy; others, like the design on the back of a wooden swing, were more difficult. Water bottles and other prizes from Russell's Cycle World were distributed at a tailgate party afterward.

About Thursday night rides: Bill says, "I didn't get the turnout of the Tuesday night rides, but people told me they had just ridden roads they didn't know existed before." In particular, Bill was pleased to discover state-maintained fire trails in the neighborhood of Fox Road and the Rock Island Trail.

"I get good attendance all season-long," Bill continues. "My biggest problem is not knowing what to do with all the people who show up." Sounds

like a problem the club needs to have more often.

Finally, looks like he's already planning for the '93 season. Let's give Bill Wright some proper encouragement and award him the club's top honor.

TORA, TORA, TORA Art Brecher finished PACRACC almost before he got started when he tangled with an unleashed farm dog on the first day's ride to Lincoln. Art refers to the dog as

Art refers to the dog as a "kamikaze."

a "kamikaze." Seems the dog just lost control as it ran toward Art, emerged from a ditch, became airborne and finally collided with Art's front wheel. Art's helmet saved him from a concussion but he didn't escape other injuries: He's now recovering from a broken collarbone and four broken ribs.

POLISH PURSUITS Former Peoria cyclist Jerry Lis is alive and well, married and residing in Earth City, near St. Louis. He's a computer engineer with Hilco Technologies, a subsidiary of Hewlett-Packard.

So he's joined the electronic revolution. What does he do? Jerry says "I dress up, go to work and play games." (Remember Jerry, nothing is off the record.) Actually, he's a systems analyst. He travels to companies with several computer systems in place—for example, IBM, Apple and NCR—and creates ways for these different platforms to communicate with each other.

Not bad for a guy who still believed in salt tablets when he first came to this country from Poland.

And Jerry is still riding; like many of us, he's added a mountain bike to his stable. He's also become an avid Rollerblader and competed in two skating races earlier this year.

Jerry taught me the only Polish phrases I know; they translate as "See you later," "Salt and pepper," and "Dogs are no good." I'm going to teach that last one to Art.

USED TANDEM, HIGH SMILES This is the kind of bicycle shop story that should have mail-order outfits shaking in their cleats. When Denny Tresenriter discovered a problem with his multi-big-buck Santana tandem (the bottom brackets didn't line up), he didn't know it, but he was in for a

summer-long wait for its repair and return from the factory.

Normally this is grist for long stories about aggravation, frustration and lost

"That's service with a capital 'R'"

opportunities. But Denny had a champion in his corner. Joe Russell not only lent him a \$3200 tandem for the summer, he ordered it in Denny and Peggy's size. With Joe's blessing and encouragement, the Tresenriters racked up 1100 miles on the machine, then returned it when Big Blue came back from California. That's service with a capital "R."

The Illinois Valley Wheelm'n
Peoria, IL

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a member club of the
League of American Wheelmen

The Illinois Valley Wheelm'n is home to cyclists throughout Central Illinois. Newsletters are distributed each month (except December) through bulk third-class mail. Newsletters are not forwarded, so alert the membership chairperson one month in advance of your move. Membership contributions to the newsletter are welcome—send your articles and personal ads to: Samuel Joslin, 1318 W. MacQueen, Peoria, IL 61604. All contributions must be received (not postmarked) no later than the 15th of the month.

A WRENCHING STORY

—SAMUEL JOSLIN

WHEN I TRAVEL to Bloomington, Indiana in the fall, I always stop by the Bicycle Garage. Its parts supply is amazingly customer-accessible—even the smallest items are clearly priced and well displayed—unlike most shops that store their 5mm bolts and generator grounding screws inside grey cabinets in the mechanics' area.

During PACRACC, I finally met the shop's ex-manager—the man responsible for that high degree of organization—Bill Loring. Bill is now part of the Trek Wrench Force, a on-road bicycle repair program started by the Wisconsin company a few years ago when two Trek employees decided to pull trailers filled with bike parts behind them on RAGBRAI. Today, the Wrench Force

"By Labor Day, Bill had piled up 28,000 driving miles since first hitting the road in March."

consists of three full-size vans and one mini-van supporting 85 events a year.

Wrench Force employees repair all makes of bicycles on invitational events and don't charge a dime for their labor. Helmets and shoes are available on loan for cyclists who left their equipment behind. If a bicycle can't be fixed, the rider is welcome to borrow one of several Treks carried along for just such a problem. In addition, the workshops on wheels are rolling billboards for Look pedals, Park tools and Yakima racks as well as Trek USA.

And they do roll. By Labor Day, Bill had piled up 28,000 driving miles since first hitting the road in March. And that's only the beginning of the job's physical demands. Bill often works 16-hour days; during June, he worked 14 days in a row, supporting the CAMP ride in Missouri and Indiana's TRIRI, both weeklong events. (By the way, Bill says these two rides are among the best multi-day rides in the Midwest.) Right after PACRACC ended, Bill headed to California for four events scheduled during the end of September.

When Bill parks his van, he immediately opens the rear doors and prepares for the next round of repairs and

adjustments. His positive mental attitude is for real, not just for the day. "I like three-day events like PACRACC. One-day rides don't let you get to know the people as well."

Maybe PACRACC, with 800 riders this year, was an easy weekend for Bill. Before this year's Labor Day weekend event, Bill worked the 10,000-rider Hotter 'n Hell Century in Texas, alongside employees from the sponsoring bike shop. How do you help everyone when faced with numbers like that? "You don't," Bill readily admits. "You just do what you can."

Doing what he can keeps Bill on the move. "I had a good time at the LAW rally in Wisconsin and GEAR in the Bluegrass (Kentucky). I got to ride a couple of recumbents and a high-wheeler. You get to see some interesting equipment."

Another part of the Wrench Force are the Trek trailers (made by Burley) which are pulled behind bicycles by volunteers. Bill carries four of the trailers inside the van from ride to ride. Each one is stocked with enough tires, tubes and tools for basic roadside repairs. Volunteers are rewarded for their efforts with a Wrench Force T-shirt, hat and waterbottle.

During the off-season, Bill runs dealer clinics and seminars and helps out on the phone lines taking orders and answering dealer questions.

He signed up with Trek soon after riding in one of its support vans during the Hoosier Hills ride last year. "I asked Tom Martin (another Wrench Force employee), "How do you get a job like this? He told me to interview for the position and here I am."

"It's a great opportunity to give something back to the sport," Bill concludes. "I really like to get out and meet the people who sign our paychecks."

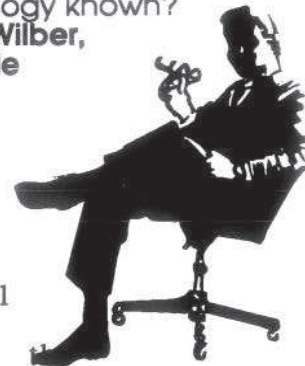
—swj

The Doctor thanks Craig Burgess for his research into this article →

Dear Dr. Derailleur,

I just bought a Torque 6200 featuring "composite" frame construction. Are there any earlier uses of composite technology known?

**Wistful Wilber,
Mossville**



Sure. Here's a baseball story: During

1930s, professional researchers and backyard physicists alike spent literally dozens of manhours testing alternative materials for both bat and ball without the tiniest bit of success.

One who was successful, though, was Isaac Fagbalaggen, the new gofer in the cutting-edge elastic clay lab at Dermont Industries. Working on his own time, and with no regard for his personal safety, Isaac developed a special clay alloy, that, when properly fired in the company kiln, made a bat that outdistanced the venerable fungo, or would have had the fungo existed then.

The bat proved quite popular, especially with George Herman "The Babe" Esther, who used it to nearly power his way to the American League batting title two years running, until the fateful day he faced pitcher Gomez "Frenchie" LeFleur.

LeFleur was throwing a newly developed ball with a core of tightly wound strips of corrugated galvanized steel. The ball shattered Esther's innovative bat into dozens of small pieces, some of which came to be known as "brickbats." Unfortunately, other pieces came to be known as "shrapnel," and led to the bat's decertification for professional play.

In fact, the resulting carnage was so horrific that the commissioner of baseball removed all mention of the bat, Esther and LeFleur from the record books, explaining today's lack of evidence of the event.

—D.D.



THE STRAIGHT DUDLEY

—by George Dudley

How We Spent Our Labor Day Weekend

Well, it was with some pretty fast company, like Lon Haldeman, Bob Breedlove and the Power 2 Tandem Racing Team. But mostly, it was with the 300+ tandem teams, who, like stoker Eileen and me, gathered in Des Moines for the 16th annual Midwest Tandem Rally.

It was a gathering of riders from far and wide. There were 65 teams from Illinois, 12 of those from the IVW area. The total number of pre-registered teams was 334. They were from coast to coast and even a team from England. Lots of age groups were represented, from the under-five set in Buggers, those somewhat older on kiddie cranks, on up to the 70+ age pair.

Friday's ice cream ride set the tone for things to come. The mayor of the city was fully supporting the cycling event of the year in his town. At 5:15 we set out behind a police escort that blocked all the evening traffic that might interfere with the salivating

"At about the 30-mile point we had a decision to make—and lunch."

phalanx of riders on their way to food. It was like riding in the Tour de France. Eat your hearts out, you PACCRAC participants!

The ice cream ride was pretty short, but it got the kinks out after the drive over. Is it time for an aside about the drive? Why not, since it concerns food?

In Coralville (first exit west of river) there's a place called J.C.'s Cafe. It's the sort of place you'd drive by on your way to the Golden Arches Supper Club, if you hadn't been tipped to it. But we figured there was hop for the place. There was a pennyfarthing painted on the outside, and the inside was full of bicycle memorabilia. The soup and sandwiches were great. If you ride in, there's a 10 percent discount, but having your bike in or on your car doesn't count.

Friday night seemed to be ethnic food night. Our little gang had good, but very slow, Mexican at "El Patio." Weedes found a good Greek place near the hotel. In Des Moines' skywalk system there are many eateries that would seem to have something for everyone.

The Embassy Suites' staff did a good job of feeding the rallyists on

"Because of the direction of the wind, only our right shoes developed a squish when on the downstroke."

Saturday morning. The buffet included cereals, fruits, yogurts, waffles, eggs, hash browns, sausage, etc., with pancakes and eggs to order. If anyone bonked before lunch, it was their fault!

Then, there we were, assembled for a great 9 a.m. mass start. The mayor wished us well, the police car's flashing lights went on and away we went. There was a gentle upgrade past the state capitol building and on through the state fairgrounds. Was it humor, or a plug for next year's rally hosts, the MUTS? We rode through a big time dog show at the fair grounds. Lots of barking, but no Halt needed!

At about the 30-mile point we had a decision to make—and lunch. We could have ridden an extra 35-mile loop for a total of 80 for the day. But the sprinkles were starting to hiss on the pork-burger barbecue fire, so we opted for a 46-mile total and headed for the barn. The terrain was rolling. We are most average riders wherever we are, so we end up riding by ourselves most of the time, between the fast ones and the slow ones. The rains were gentle and warm. Because of the direction of the

wind, only our right shoes developed a squish when on the downstroke.

One of the really fun things about riding a tandem, or with a bunch of them, is the reaction of people watching. All of the riders provided that delight. Maybe the motorists blocked by our escort while we were bunched up outbound were less than thrilled, but it's probably the only time they'll see 300+ tandems in one place. One guy in a somewhat scruffy neighborhood, looking somewhat scruffy himself, happened on to his porch as the parade passed by. He took one look and started shouting "Bikers!," "Bikers!"

Back at the hotel, we had hot showers, a pool, a big whirlpool and commercial exhibits. The exhibits are fairly low key, but interesting. My favorite was Gordon Borthwick's pearlescent white custom tandem, purpose-built for the Alsop suspension seat for the stoker. It's the kind of workmanship that makes people want to throw rocks at their "ready made" bikes. Stoker Eileen admired a number of the 18-inch samples of painted tubing and decided our old faithful needed to be Jade Green Metallic in its new incarnation. Now to get the bad news on the cost of reproducing those antique-style Santana decals.

Saturday night about a dozen of us dined Italian at Marsala's. Very good, very slow. Maybe the latter impression was exaggerated by my desire to get back for the second round of workshops, starting at 8:30. I didn't make it, but got the tail end of Jack

"Maybe some of the curves were more of a challenge to the quad bike that was on its maiden run."

Goertz's on the future of components. The guy is just a wealth of knowledge.

Sunday didn't quite dawn as we'd hoped so the sun block and shades were in the bag as we made another one of those great escorted mass starts. Within 30 minutes, the sun was out and the day



continued on next page

continued from page 4

was great. We opted for the 52-milers and rode out to Big Creek Beach, at about the 30-mile point. Still no food stop. We found some petrified raisins to keep stoker Eileen from her threatened bonk. Then we picked up the Saylorville-Des Moines River

"The Michigan United Tandem Society assured us we'd be well handled in their kennel in '93, and no one doubted it."

Trail. "A trail," you say, "I thought you were roadies." This is a trail unlike any I've been on. It's paved with asphalt for its full 23.7-mile length, and it's definitely not an old railroad grade. It has curves and grades that can be a challenge, and wanders among cool woods and along lake shores. Maybe some of the curves are more of a challenge to the quad bike that was there on its maiden run. The scenery was great; it would be a fantastic fall-color show. At the 36-

mile point at Cherry Glen, lunch. We were very well fed, and not a minute too soon.

Joe and Cheryl Russell and their kids were there, along with much of the IVW group. Stoker Eileen and I were sporting our new COWS jerseys, but we were allowed to split from the herd and graze with the Peorians.

The timing of our ride back was just right. We arrived at the hotel just as the practical riding techniques clinic, given by the Power 2 Racing Team, started. Gerry Faw and Paula Davis from Makanda, Illinois were the instructors for two other teams and ourselves. We improved our standing for hill climbing, our pacelining and our cornering techniques. Our instructors didn't at all talk down to us old, slow amateurs. A part of the seminar was an informal presentation by Lon Haldeman on fit and comfort on the bike, particularly for the stoker. In spite of being a record holder and recognized champion in endurance cycling, Lon was very approachable and willing to share his knowledge with us.

On Sunday night, the traditional banquet. The major was m.c., and a good one. He even sang to us. The COWS and the MUTS and the CATS competed for the best-costumed-group prize. The herd won, hooves down. The '94 convention was awarded to Rochester, Minnesota, after we learned

Mayo's has a doctor specializing in Road Rash. The Michigan United Tandem Society assured us we'd be well handled in their kennel in '93, and no one doubted it.

Lon Haldeman and Dr. Bob Breedlove presented the story of their record-setting tandem RAAM ride. I was impressed—8 days, 8 hours and 8 minutes coast to coast, first 400 miles in 20 hours, only 22 sleep hours during the whole ride. Lon did admit he lost a little of the snap in his legs after the first 1,000 miles.

We had hoped to restore a little of our leg snap on the short ride Monday morning, but it wasn't to be. The rains came, so we headed for the post-rally tour at the Tanger Outlet Mall near Iowa City. It didn't have a bike shop, but it provided a place for the stoker to wander for a while.

It was a great event, and you can be sure of finding us with the MUTS in Lansing next Labor Day weekend.

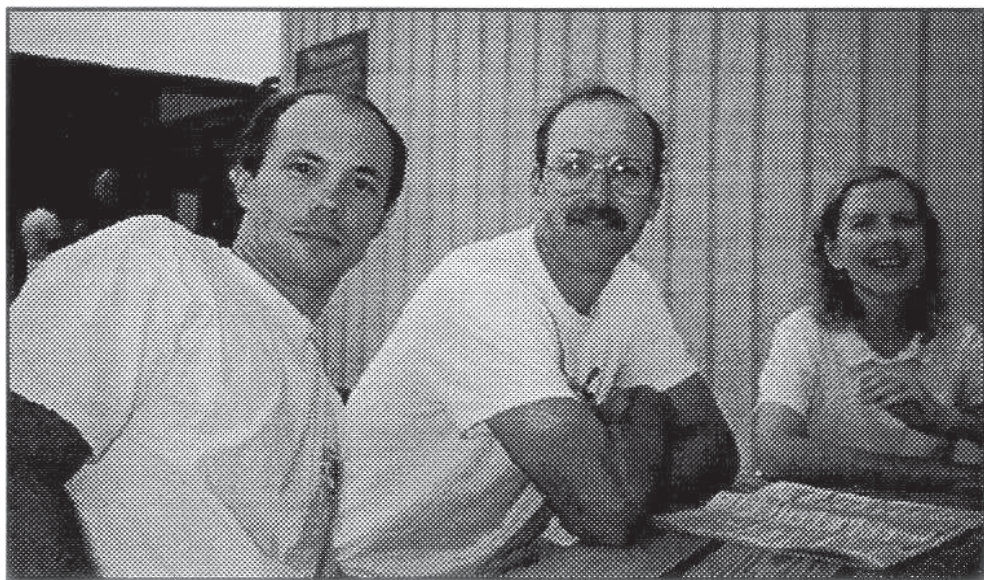
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OCTOBER OTHER RIDES

SAT 3 Ride To The Depot Fall Century. 35,65,100 miles. And a special 35-mile route designed for hybrid and mountain bicycles. Champaign, IL. Includes hot breakfast, food stops for 65- and 100-mile routes, sag, map, marked route. Ride starts in White Heath, outside of Champaign, and goes through Monticello. Late registration after September 23: \$10. Make checks payable to Central Illinois Racing Team and mail to: Depot Century, P.O. Box 3322, Champaign, IL 61821. For more info, call (217) 352-7600.

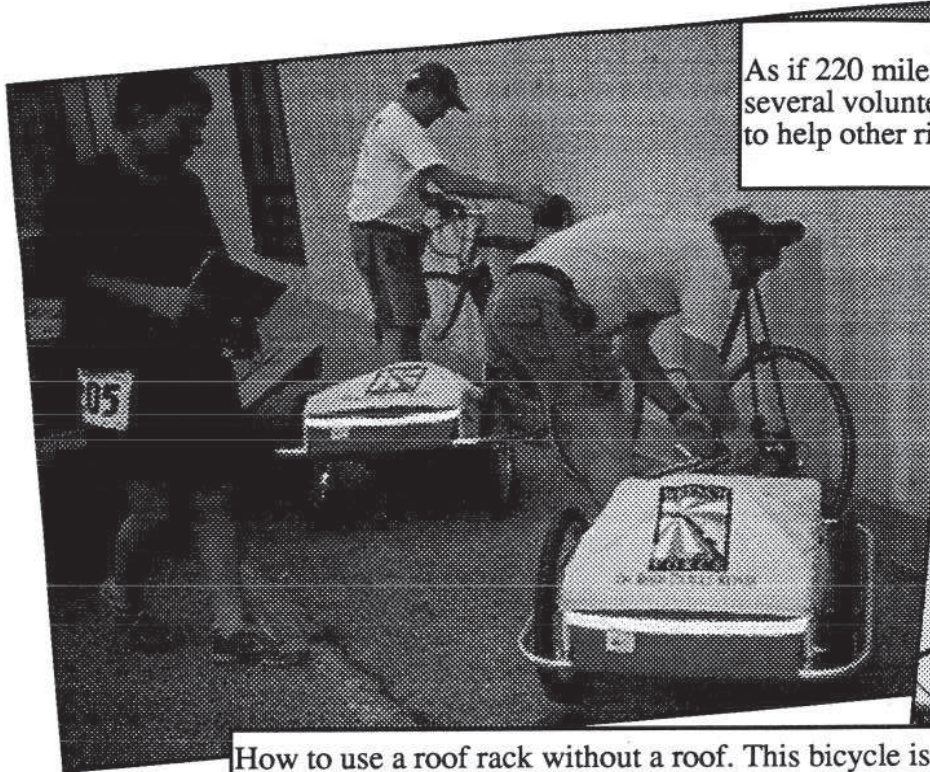
SAT 3 Harvest Ride. Two 25-mile loops—a flat one and a scenic hilly one. Includes rest stop, sag, map, marked route, fall colors. Registration: \$5 individual; \$7.50 families. Make check payable to Central Illinois Cyclists, c/o Jon Collins, 1615 Adams Ave., Charleston, IL 61920. For more info, call Jon or Lynn at 345-2932.

SAT 10, SUN 11 Hilly Hundred. Bloomington, IN. Fifty hilly miles each day. Hilly Hundred, 5224 Grandview Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46208. Call for more info: (317) 251-4130.



PACRACC People Jerry Lis, Ron & Cindy Johnson relax in Lincoln after petitioning organizers for a white-shirt only area.

PACRACC—LABOR DAY WEEKEND



As if 220 miles in three days weren't challenging enough, several volunteers pulled trailers loaded with parts & tools to help other riders along the way. ←

How to use a roof rack without a roof. This bicycle is held by a quick release at the fork and an extension that grabs the bottom bracket. Wheels are then strapped to the frame. →



USER-FRIENDLY FORMS

Annual IVW Dinner

Please reserve (#) _____ seats at \$4 each for total cost of \$_____.

Make check to Illinois Valley Wheelm'n

Send to: Nick Paweski,
Social Chairperson
504 West High Street
Peoria, IL 61606

This form and payment due by November 4.
Questions? Call Nick at (309) 673-0098.

Awards Ballot

Winners will be announced at annual meeting November 14.

Most Improved Female _____
Most Improved Male _____
Hub of the Club _____

Send to: Nick Paweski,
Social Chairperson
504 West High Street
Peoria, IL 61606

Ballot must be received by November 4.

**FROM
TRUE STORIES**

WHY DID I WAIT?



The bar was crowded. A tall blonde with a short temper approached.
 My wife.
 "Where's this month's newsletter?"
 "Grube and Threw said they mailed it last week. You look in the bird cage?"
 She wasn't amused.
 "No. I found *this*."
 The dull yellow label on the August issue hit me like a Nolan Ryan beanball. *Our membership had expired.*
 The bar emptied. She aimed her Super Soaker, then paused. I was sweatin' like a fat dog in a Thailand ghetto.
 "Here's the check," she said. "Sign it. *And don't make me wait.*"
 I signed. We left. Across the street, a lonely bicycle bell jingled in the dark.
 "If you ever...."
 She didn't finish. She didn't need to.

DON'T WAIT...RENEW TODAY!

ILLINOIS VALLEY WHEELM'N MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____ BIRTHDATE _____
 NAME _____ BIRTHDATE _____
 NAME _____ BIRTHDATE _____
 NAME _____ BIRTHDATE _____

ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
 PHONE () _____

Individual (\$10) Family (\$12) New Renew

Applicant Signature _____ Date _____

Make check to: Illinois Valley Wheelm'n, 6518 N. Sheridan Rd., Peoria, IL 61614

**DO NOT WRITE
IN THIS AREA**

EXPIRES _____
 JOINED _____
 PKSNT _____

DISCLAIMER:
 In signing this form, I understand and agree to absolve the officers and members of the Illinois Valley Wheelm'n bicycle club of all blame for any injury, misadventure, harm, loss or inconvenience suffered as a result of taking part in any activity sponsored or advertised by said organization.



Fall Back

Before going to sleep on October 24, remember to set your clocks back one hour. Standard Time resumes at 2 a.m., Sunday, October 25.

This message courtesy of the Uniform Time Act of 1966.

General Meeting

Thursday, October 22, 1992
7:30 p.m.

O'Leary's
Program: Video/Slides of
Diane's Ride and Pasta-Fest

And, before the meeting...

Here's your opportunity to discuss Diane's Ride 1993. Meet at O'Leary's at 6:30 p.m., October 22, before the general meeting. This meeting is open to anyone with suggestions for improving the route, distributing the revenue or more general comments. Laura Otten will chair the meeting.

Illinois Valley Wheelm'n
6518 North Sheridan Road
Peoria, IL 61614

Bulk Rate
U. S. Postage

PAID

Permit No.310
Peoria IL 61601

MEMBERSHIP EXPIRES: 10/03/92

RON & SHELLY ANDERSON
203 LOCUST
WASHINGTON, IL 61571

OCTOBER MEETING—OCT. 22—7:30 P.M.

Review of Diane's Ride and Pasta-Fest

... at O'Leary's