



# PEDAL PRESSES

The Newsletter of the Kalamazoo Bicycle Club Inc.  
October, 1995

## October General Membership Meeting

There will be a general membership meeting on Sunday, October 15 at 7:30pm at Wayside West (upstairs), preceded by a board meeting at 6:30pm. Dave DeRight and a member of the KVRTP team will be present to discuss and update progress on the Kalamazoo Valley River Trailways Project. I would recommend attendance at this because the KVRT Project is very important to cyclists in this area. The nomination of club officers for 1996 will take place there, also. The positions open for 1996 are: president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Rose McKenna, Mike Higgins, Teri Waldron, Dave DeRight, John Mathieson and Vince Odenwaller are interested in filling these positions.

## Letter From The President

Last month, we had a great turnout for our third annual Little Big Race at Fort Custer. There was a total of 289 competitors, of which more than 100 Beginners and 15 kids (one of the kids was three years old!) participated. The weather was sunny and the temperature was in the high 60's to low 70's. Overall, it was a beautiful day and a well-run event (mostly because of our volunteers and sponsors). Several hours of preparation for the course was carried out by the local southwest chapter of the Michigan Mountain Biking Association. This hard work made the trail a pleasure to compete on over the course of the day. A special thanks goes to the event directors: Dan

Ferrara, Scott Steurer, and Mike Teel. These directors, and, of course, I would like to thank the volunteers at this event: John Brady, Phil Caruso, Clayton Gallup, Mike Gapp, Dave Goldenberg, Paul Guimond, Mike Jones, Rose McKenna, Kris Ouvry, Laura Slate, Dan Smith, Stuart Smoot, Jeff and Libbie Wetters, and Jim Wyrick. We apologize if anyone was overlooked on helping out with the race. Well, everyone, the cycling season is still going pretty strong because of the nice autumn weather that we are having. There are still several weeks left before it starts getting cold. Remember, the rides start at 6:00pm instead of 6:30pm because of the shorter evenings.

## October Ride Calendar

October is upon us and the riding season is coming to an end. The colors are at their peak and if the weather cooperates some of the best riding of the year is in October. It has been a great summer for riding and I would like to thank the ride leaders once again for the great job they have done, especially those who lead rides for the entire season (Kathy Barrett, Mike Higgins, Steve Vonderfecht, Harold Gleaves, and Brad Cosgrove). I would also like to thank Phil and Gini Caruso, Don Povendo, Clayton Gallup, Jeff Wetters, and Nancy DeBoer for the leading rides several rides during the season.

A limited ride calendar will continue into October. PLEASE NOTE THAT THE START TIMES FOR ALL RIDES WILL BE 6:00 PM and will probably move towards 5:30 by the end of the month. If you have any questions about the ride calendar or would like to lead a special ride in October, please give Randy a call at 649-1814 and we can organize an impromptu ride most any time the weather looks good, especially on the weekends.

There will be three ride leaders at the Monday Recovery Ride at Texas Drive Park during October. There should be a pace to suit all riding abilities, so come out and give it a try at 6:00 PM. Mike Higgins will lead a group for about 20 miles at 10-15 mph, Steve Vonderfecht plans to lead the 16-18 mph group for 20 to 25 miles, and Kathy Barrett will lead the 19+ mph group for 25 to 30 miles. This ride will continue at Texas Drive Park as long as the weather and light allows.

Come join us on Fridays in the parking lot behind Billy's Bike Shop in Galesburg at 6:00 PM in October for the Tour deGull Lake. The pace will vary depending on who shows up. The route for this ride is well established, but maps are available. This ride will continue until the weather or light gives out.

Check out the Turning Leaves Century on Sunday October 1 starting at Southwestern Michigan College in Dowagiac, MI and the Hilly 100 in Bloomington, IN at Bloomington North HS on October 14 and 15. I've ridden both rides and recommend them.

## A MAN AND HIS DOG

IF I'D known then that he would hit me barely a half-hour later, I'd have paid more attention when I first saw him. I do remember that the scene where I first saw him struck me as so bizarre I remarked on the strangeness of it to the woman I was riding with.

We'd ridden almost 60 miles of a fine-weather spring century, she and I, pedaling along together almost from the start. We'd chat awhile and hammer awhile, well matched in both activities.

I led as we dropped down steeply into a tiny Sierra foothill town. We had to slow for traffic in a village so small its city limit signs were nearly back to back. A dog had been hit and killed just seconds before we got there. As we pedaled by, I could see that dog lying in the road, a thin stream of blood from its mouth bright on the blacktop.

I saw the man who would hit me standing over the dog, straddling the white line dividing the lanes, glaring at the oncoming cars and glaring at us. Something about his stare chilled me.

That man has a vigilante look, I thought. A look that said he knew lots of things in the world were flat wrong; when he could, by God, he'd put them right. The dog's violent death was part of the chaos that man could sense on our streets and highways.

It struck me that we probably were parts of the chaos too, the woman and I, a couple of pain-in-the-ass bicyclers like the dozens strung out up and down his local road. He'd show us.

Sunny, rolling miles passed. The woman and I passed a fellow on a Bob Jackson touring bike for the third time that day, the way fast riders will if they like to stop and eat M&M's at the rest points.

As we passed the Jackson, she led. I remember us rolling along at a pretty fair pace, with me just behind and diagonally to her left, right on the white line at the edge of the road.

The left side of my vision turned dirty orange, and something loud whacked my arm, bouncing me and my bike over about a foot and a half. My front wheel just missed her back wheel. I held on and managed to stay upright. I got my bike stopped and climbed off. The rust-colored van that had hit me pulled over onto the road shoulder just ahead and stopped.

My friend gaped. "What happened she said.

I told her I'd been hit but I was okay. I checked my elbow. It was bleeding but not badly hurt. My hip ached. I decided he'd got my elbow with his mirror and my hip with the side of the van. I got that oh-man-that-was-close feeling.

It occurred to me the van looked familiar. I realized I'd seen it before, several times before, along the century route. I concluded it must be a support or sag vehicle. I thought, "I've been hit by a member of the club that's putting on this ride."

Right away I felt sorry for the guy. "He'll be mortified," I thought.

The Jackson rider jumped off his bike, all excited. He'd seen it all, he said, everything. The van had swerved into me, he said, not me into the van.

I watched the driver get out of his van and stride toward me. It didn't dawn on me at first that he was the same guy I'd seen standing in the road.

He looked at me and asked me just exactly what was going on here. I asked him if he were part of the ride, working on the century. "Huh?" he said.

He didn't know what the hell I was talking about, he said, but if I had a problem we could talk about it right here.

Just then, like a God from a machine, a sheriff's car drove up, and at that instant I realized that this was the man from the surreal dying-dog scene. As the sheriff got us organized to tell him what we'd seen, one by one, my normally mellow friend Tony rode up, braked abruptly to Sunny, rolling miles passed. The woman and I passed a fellow on a Bob Jackson touring bike for the third time that day, the way fast riders will if they like to stop and eat M&M's at the rest points.

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A MAN AND HIS DOG (continued)

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Just then, like a God from a machine, a sheriff's car drove up, and at that instant I realized that this was the man from the surreal dying-dog scene. As the sheriff got us organized to tell him what we'd seen, one by one, my normally mellow friend Tony rode up, braked abruptly to thought the collision had been deliberate. The Nevada County Sheriff's Department would proceed. We got back on our bikes to finish our ride. I noted, surprised, that the assembled officers permitted my assailant to drive off as if nothing had happened.

Once on the bike, I made extra sure I rode well over on the shoulder. I noticed I was a little jumpy when I heard cars approaching from behind. These getting-hit kinds of experiences can have you looking back behind you, take it from me.

I never heard a word from the Nevada County authorities, I'm sorry to say. All of us who'd been there felt sure someone would call on us to testify at the trial. This one time we'd see justice done to a citizen who victimized cyclists. Alas....

I waited what seemed like a very long time before I called the district attorney at the county seat. He said the county felt it did not have a case against the fellow who'd hit me. He said it was difficult to prove intent, to prove that the guy had meant to hit me.

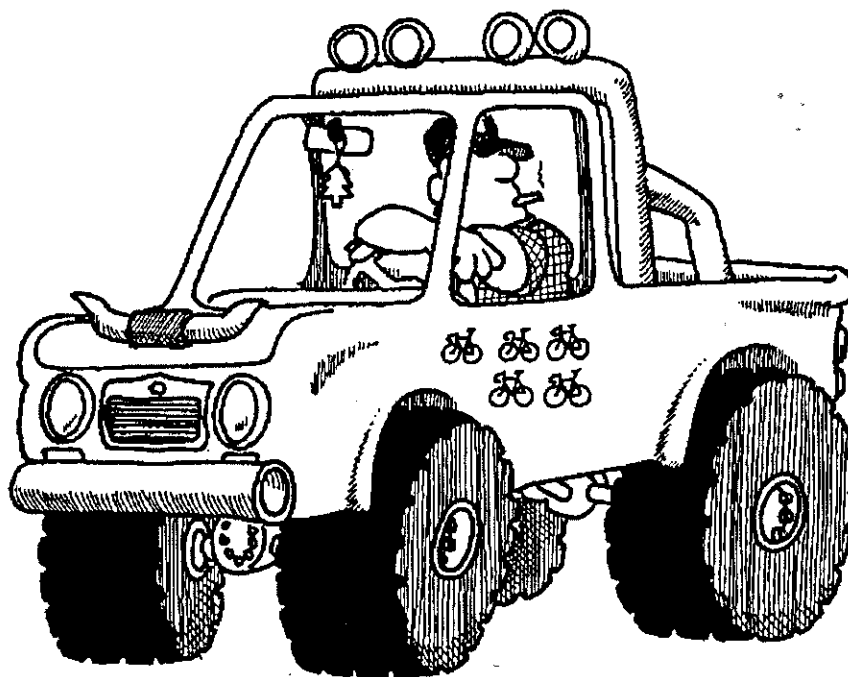
I told the DA that I had never been involved in a thing like this before, that I was not a hysterical, paranoid victim. I told him I rode thousands of miles a year without this sort of incident.

I told him I worked in a bike shop, that I wrote about cycling, that I have good hunches and occasional reliable insights about people. I told him he had a man there in his county who was going to hurt someone, a troubled man. I said that I thought he'd stopped after he hit me because he'd wanted to be caught before he did something bad.

The gentleman from the DA's office said he would take a sincere second look at the case. He carefully wrote down my name, case number, home and work phone numbers—and he never called me back.

Some people told me the thing to do was to sue the guy with the van. Somehow that wasn't how I wanted things to go. I wanted the law to handle it. I wanted the guy prohibited by law from driving so he couldn't hurt you and he couldn't hurt me.

Sure, he was only one of the So Very Many, but he was one, and even one was a start. Oh, well, what the hell, eh?



## Tandem Ride for the Visually Impaired at Texas Drive Park



Sherry Gordon and her captain Paul Banner talk with Frank Machnik just before the start of the evening rides.



Paul Guimond prepares for a spin around the block.  
Nice legs, Paulie!



Steve Vonderfecht tries to explain to Mike Higgins the difference between visually impaired and other handicaps.



Doug Kirk is returning to homebase to pick up another smiling face.

It was a great turn out on Monday September 11 at Texas Drive park for the tandem ride for the visually impaired. Sherry Gordon from Michigan Rehabilitation Center for the Blind lined up 12 stokers for captains who volunteered their bikes and their time. Riders lasted anywhere from 15 to 30 minutes with a wide range of abilities and expectations. Some liked to cruise and a couple really wanted to push the pace. Thanks to Breakaway Bicycles for donating equipment and many thanks to Frank Machnik, Paul Guimond and Doug Kirk for coming out and helping with this event.

### KBC Phone Numbers

**President**  
Bill Watt ..... 349-9562

**Vice President**  
Mary Rass ..... 324-0646

**Secretary**  
Rose McKenna .... 382-5434

**Treasurer**  
Dan Smith ..... 388-5247

**Race Team**  
Brian Clissold ..... 324-1153  
Jim Wyrick ..... 349-1744

**Ride Captain**  
Randy Putt ..... 649-1814

**Database**  
Phil Caruso ..... 381-0135

**Ride Line**  
Ann Johnson ..... 327-7767

**Newsletter**  
Terry Scahill ..... 381-7676  
X90scahill@piglet.wmich.edu

### New Members

Matthew Hunt Mary White  
Mark Krook Dee Sandt  
Greg Sackett  
Gary Spykerman  
James and Patricia Buckert

### October Birthdays

David Goldenberg  
Carol Higgins Mike Higgins  
Kristen Johnston Bob Kennedy  
Alex Ojerio Patricia Peters  
John Thome Anne Guimond

### For Sale

Schwinn Woodlands Mtn. Bike  
17in, \$75.00, call Joe, 324-0751

Yakima Bike Rack, \$125, fits  
guttered roofs, Aero helmet,  
call Mike, 327-0387

Rhode Gear Bike Rack, \$75  
new, call Jeanette, 385-5052

### Frequently-Called Numbers

Alfred E. Bike ..... 349-9423  
Billy's Bike Shop ..... 665-5202  
Breakaway Bicycles ... 349-5555  
Millwood Schwinn ..... 349-6384  
Parchment Bicycle ..... 343-8118  
Portage Schwinn ..... 327-3393  
Safety Cycle ..... 381-7233  
Scooter's Malt Shop ... 626-8860  
Team III Schwinn ..... 962-7688  
Village Cyclery ..... 679-4242  
Vorncamp Bike ..... 344-3599  
Weather Line ... 382-8585 (3333)

KALAMAZOO



BICYCLE CLUB

P.O. Box 50527

Kalamazoo, MI 49005

**Address Correction  
Requested**

\*\*\*\*\*expires 96/01

Phil & Jini Caruso  
2301 Fairfield Ave.  
Parchment MI 49004

