



Newsletter

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

A Publication of the Kalamazoo Bicycle Club, Southwestern Michigan's activity for the Enjoyment of Exploring, Exercise and the Environment.

WINTER 1973

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HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY from the Kalamazoo Bicycle Club to YOU

If your special "Valentine" doesn't have you occupied on the evening of February 14, plan on spending it with the K.B.C. at our new meeting place, the "Alfred E." Bike Shop on South Street in the Marlborough Apt. building.

Either way, bring your Valentine with you. This meeting, we are featuring Dale Rohde, Physical Education instructor at Kellogg Community College in Battle Creek, who teaches courses in bicycling and skiing. Dale comes to us, as he did once before, with a wealth of information and experiences in the fields of bicycling and physical fitness. This is a meeting that you (AND your Valentine) shouldn't miss.

THE CALENDAR local and national cycling events (subject to change, naturally)

- MARCH - Look for the K.B.C. booth at the Kalamazoo Boat, Sports and Hobby Show at the County Center Building as always, great publicity for our club.
- APRIL - The big event this month is the planned BIKE - A - THON to be conducted in conjunction with the Battle Creek bicycle group . . . more information and the date will be announced later.
- MAY 5 - The Second Annual running of the FOUR LAKES CENTURY RIDE just as last year, the course will be in close proximity with Portage's Long Lake, Pickeral Lake, Indian Lake and Austin Lake but THIS year, WITHOUT the wind. As many of you will remember, we had the largest turnout for any K.B.C. event to date - 208 riders of all ages. Let's make this bigger yet !
- MAY 12 & 13 - The annual Tour of the Ohio Scioto River Valley . . . or TOSRV to all cycling enthusiasts. Due to the nearly 3,000 riders that tried the 210 mile/ 2 day ride last year, there was doubt of its running again, simply due to the incredible logistics of registering, feeding, housing and handling that many cyclists all at once, but here it is again, the Granddaddy of bicycle touring.
- MAY 25 -The Great Eastern Rally - a L.A.W. sanctioned event that moves around each year, this time to be held in and around Frederick, Maryland.
- JUNE 2- Pedal to the Pines - Sarnia, Ontario. Another popular event gaining national attention. See Ray Barnes for a firsthand report of last year's ride.
- JUNE 16- tentatively planned for a K.B.C. Rally to be held at Spring Valley Park in Kalamazoo. This would be a family affair, with events for all ages and abilities.
- JUNE 29, 30 & JULY 1 - National L.A.W. Roundup. Last year, the first full year of our young club's activities, this official meeting of the League of American

* * * * *The only good thing about air pollution it brought back the bicycle !* * * * *



Wheelmen (with which we are affiliated) was held in Salem, Oregon, a rather goodly distance from here. This year, it is to be held in Nashville, Tenn., a lot closer to us, and worth the drive for the big 3-day event that it is. As always, there are pre-roundup and post-roundup tours, usually lasting for 4 or 5 days, covering several hundred miles, and always ending at or starting from the L.A.W. Roundup city. For example, the "Memphis Hightailers" club is sponsoring a pre-roundup tour from Memphis to Nashville, or a longer one starting elsewhere and going thru Memphis to Nashville. It would be great to have a representation from the K.B.C. make it's debut at the national roundup.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TOO !

Along with Valentine's Day wishes, it's a pleasure to wish you a Happy New Year also. This new year of 1973 started off with a bang for the K.B.C. While most of all Fall ride schedule got "weathered-out", we began the New Year with a holiday special - a 10 mile run that included the route of Kalamazoo's upcoming initial bicycle lane, starting and ending at Bronson Park.

For this dry, yet cold, cloudy and windy day, we had a remarkable turnout of some 21 riders, of all ages and types of bikes. Our choice, (or our Road Captain's) choice of direction was a good one, as we headed into the wind for the first half of the run (not all will agree, I'm sure, as this direction included the West Michigan Hill thru the WMU campus - uphill, of course).- The topping on the cake was the fantastic downhills (and ups) of Parkview Road and the final beautiful downhill run of Bronson Blvd. Sounds like all we care about are "downers", but in the dead of Winter, after 4 or 5 miles uphill against the wind, it's not hard to appreciate the reasoning behind this. However cold, it didn't seem to stop the riders from conducting an informal rap session in the park afterward. What spirit ! (Br-r-r-r-r-r)

As you may have learned from our last schedule, this was the first ride to count toward our new "point system", or credit for club rides and races. Points will be awarded to club members (members only and those in good standing, so get those dues in) on the following basis:

There will be one point for each mile of a given ride, the total number being the stated round trip mileage on the ride schedule. Each member has the responsibility of seeing that his or her name is credited for the ride. (this is important, as the recorder cannot be responsible for canvassing riders). The points will be awarded for completed rides only. The only partial points that can be given will be in the case of mechanical failure or rider injury that prevents them from completing the ride. There will be 10 points awarded for each racing event completed. If a rider can legally participate in more than one event, he may collect additional points, but due to the strain of racing events, there can be no partial points given if rider or bicycle break down and are not able to finish. Only the regularly scheduled weekend rides and occasional Wednesday evening family rides, club-sponsored races and special events sanctioned by the Executive Board (for example, GLEEP) will count. If you wish to participate in other rides and rallies, ride to work or have a special training program, we wish you good riding and good weather, but no points ! There will be a trophy for the winner in each category, a certificate for all participants, all to be presented at the January 1974 meeting.

***** RIDE SCHEDULE * LATE WINTER / EARLY SPRING 1973 *****

After our January 1st start of 21 riders, we dropped to just 2 on the following Sunday for a ride to Schoolcraft. The January 13th ride to Vicksburg and the Jan. 21st ride to Climax were both cancelled (weather) but the Jan. 27th trip to Paw Paw (25 miles round trip) and the Feb. 4th ride to Augusta (34 miles) each saw 6 riders hitting the cold pavement. February 10th also was cancelled due to a glaze of fresh snow on the roads.

This erratic response is typical of wintertime bicycling the temperature might be only 15 degrees, but if there's a glint of sunshine, everybody and his uncle will turn out for a ride . . . (and sometimes not too well prepared for the rawness of that temperature) . . . and at other times, a gloomy overcast day of some 30 degrees will produce no response at all oh well, the unpredictable bicyclist. But if the "Old Farmer" was correct in his almanac, the weather ought to be on our side for most of the remainder of the winter.

Finishing out February, the schedule looks like this:

Sunday February 18 - Cork Lane Shopping Center to Richland, starting 10 A.M.	Round Trip 34 miles
Saturday February 24 - Oshtemo (Hardings store) to Lawton, starting 9 A.M.	25 miles
NOTE: with this ride, we start the rides at 9:00 A.M. due to earlier sunrise.	
Sunday March 4 - Cork Lane Shopping Center to Climax, starting 9 A.M.	30 miles
Saturday March 10 - Zayre's parking lot to Vicksburg, starting 9 A.M.	28 miles
Sunday March 18 - Oshtemo (Hardings) to Schoolcraft, starting 9 A.M.	25 miles
Saturday March 24 - Maple Hill Mall to Plainwell, starting 9 A.M.	24 miles



FINALLY - - A CLUB PATCH !

Probably the most unusual facet of this issue of our Newsletter is the inclusion (to members only) of our new, official K.B.C. embroidered patch. A year in the making (procrastination had a lot to do with this), they are being distributed at the rate of one patch for each single adult or young adult initial membership, and two for each family membership. Additional patches can be purchased at a nominal price.

We know that you will wear these proudly and put them to good use in drawing attention to our club and its worthwhile goals. Above all, when wearing our emblem or our bright T-shirt, try NOT to be observed pulling one of those careless traffic violations or goofs that we all make once in a while - after all, if each of us can shock just one motorist per day with our unexpected courtesy, it won't be long before we have them all on our side the day may yet come !

ON THE SUBJECT OF \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

WE HAVE ALREADY GONE A FEW MONTHS INTO OUR SECOND FULL YEAR AS A CLUB, AS OUR CHARTER MEMBERS MADE THEIR FIRST YEARS' DUES PAYMENT IN OCTOBER 1971. WE CONSIDER THE DATE OF YOUR ORIGINAL MEMBERSHIP AS YOUR RENEWAL DATE, SO LET'S ALL HAUL OUT THE MEMBERSHIP CARD AND CHECK THE DATE. ALL PAID UP ?

FOND MEMORIES OF MY FIRST BIKE

I like to think of my present bicycle as "my first bike" confident in the knowledge that it will be the first in a series of better and better bikes but once in a while, my ancient memory jogs the present one, and vividly reminds me that there once was a first bicycle for me: a balloon-tired monster born out of wedlock somewhere between a bicycle ranch (where it had been long retired from active rental duty) and the junkyard where most of the replacement parts came from (and, coincidentally, the same place it was headed when my parents mercifully intercepted it). I use the term "mercifully" strictly from the Bike's point of view; MY viewpoint was rather slanted in favor of self-survival in the face of insurmountable odds. In other words, it became a case of an all-out conflict between me and The Bike (as I condescendingly called it within hearing range of my mother). But, in those days, transportation was the name of the game, and The Bike, in spite of all its devilish traits, WAS transportation.

Perhaps one of its worst aspects was that you could not ride it in a way that would allow you to retain your sense of dignity. The seat (if you could call it that), was permanently adjusted for a man of at least 6 - foot - 5 . . . while I was a stubby 5 - foot 1. Just getting ON The Bike was a feat to be marveled at. This top-of-the-world position wouldn't have been too bad but for the fact that the handlebars also were permanently adjusted - for a midget ! In this ridiculous position, I avoided the favorite pastime of the boys in those days - cycling past the girls on our trusty steeds.

"Trusty" just wasn't a deserving name for the Bike, however . . . at any given moment, without a bit of warning, it was capable of reaching up with its chain, and grabbing your pants-leg, thereby shackling you to a hurtling machine of doom, should you happen to be on your way down one of those inclined streets in my town that the local cyclists dubbed "mountains". It would also pull this same trick just as you were trying to sneak past one of the "wolves" the neighbors kept for watchdogs. Seeing my dilemma, he would slow down his initial lunge and gleefully watch me coast helplessly to a gradual stop, furiously trying to unclasp the sprocket's grip on my pants, while he stood by, hungrily licking his chops. He then proceeded to gnaw on me until either I got my pants free or he got bored and went home.

The Bike would sometimes go for a long time WITHOUT losing the front wheel . . . and naturally this deception would lure me into a false sense of security. I would be racing for home as fast as I could past the neighbor's wolves, and suddenly, for a second, I would see the front wheel pulling away from the bike. A split-second later, the exposed fork would hit the ground, whipping me gracefully over the handlebars. Before I could catch my breath, the wolf would be standing on my stomach, reading the menu.

As you can imagine, I spent fully half of my time repairing The Bike and the other half repairing myself. For a couple of years, I went around looking like a living (?) testimonial for "Blue Cross". I avoided stopping The Bike along the roadside to pick up an empty beer bottle for fear people would stop and try to rush me to a hospital. Even on one of our good days, we looked like an accident in which a half dozen people had been killed.

It was on a camping trip one day, that The Bike finally lost its identity as a recognizable entity but that's another story