



QUAD-CITIES BICYCLE CLUB

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"AT THE HUB OF TWO STATES"

August 1988

I Drove the Road Again Yesterday by Jerry Yeast

I drove the road again yesterday. A flood of memories washed over me. The mailbox where we leaned our bikes during our first rest stop was still there. We ate pieces of Marty's homemade bread and affirmed that truly this was "pudding."

In the play *The Matchmaker*, two young boys from the country go to town to have "an adventure." "But how will we know when we're really having an adventure," asks the younger. They agreed upon code word to signal the real thing was "pudding." Each new event elicits from the younger, "is this pudding?"

Our "pudding" began as a dream. Not a big one by bicycling tourist standards. Just an out-loud thought to my son as we drove from our home in Davenport, Iowa to my wife's family in Duluth, Minnesota. "You know Andy, we should ride our bikes up here sometime and camp along the way." A casual comment became an exciting idea that eventually became, "we should either do it or shut up about it."

And so the commitment was made. We had bikes and enthusiasm, nothing else. My wife, Marty, made two light weight sleeping bags from Frostline kits; we borrowed panniers and a cook kit from one friend, a tent from another.

Training rides were perceived as necessary by 40 year old dad, and as a real drag by 12 year old Andy. But they provided the first of many gifts.

Riding northwest of Davenport one Saturday in July we met 12 people on loaded bikes, obviously the bicycle tourists we aspired to be. Thinking we could surely learn from these "experts" (everyone was an expert compared to us), I flagged them down and opened the conversation with all the standards. "Where are you from? Where are you going? How many miles per day. Wow!"

Greg Holler, trip leader of a bikecentennial company tour from Fargo, North Dakota to Davenport, Iowa, cordially answered all our questions. From him we began to sense that our dream could come true. If they could ride their bikes across big chunks of the United States, surely we could ride the 500 miles from Davenport to Duluth.

Unwilling to let go of this wonderful source of information, I invited them to spend the night at our house rather than their planned campground outside of town. Since it was the last day of their adventure, and some could use our transportation help to airports, etc., we got some takers. I stopped at a phone booth and called home to see if it was okay to bring 12 extra people home for the night. Marty, always adaptable, said, "sure." We had a wonderful time that evening living their experience through their stories.

Three weeks later, filled with excitement generated by Greg and his group, we left Davenport - destination Duluth. Our timetable and route were flexible. We would keep to the back roads so as to smell the flowers and cover whatever miles seemed comfortable.

From the President

As I am preparing this month's ramblings, Jesse Jackson is on TV. He sounds so excited you would think he had been chosen in the lottery and received a RAGBRAI pass. With that annual event approaching, I find it difficult to keep my mind on what I'm trying to do. I have participated in nine RAGBRAI's. It seems as if I look forward to it more each year. There are those people who think a person has to be crazy to do a trip like that in one week. Then there are those of us glad that not everyone in the world wants to - because there are enough people doing it now. Although, I have to admit I have never gotten used to the restrooms. But I've also never found a beer that I didn't like. So, win some, loose some. I don't think I will every forget my feeling at the end of my first ride in Burlington in 1979. It seemed as if I had conquered the world. I only hope that everyone has something that they can get that much satisfaction from.

It's been six weeks since our last novice ride, and I have seen a couple of those people on regular club rides. Those novice riders who have gotten up the courage to try one of the regular club rides, come join us and let us know that you are just beginning, and I'm sure someone will pay attention to you - just ask. As we are in the midst of summer we can look forward to several more months of pleasant riding. Most people are in the peak of their conditioning, and we have things like the Fall Foliage ride to look forward to. We will be looking for volunteers in the months ahead - speak up if there is a job you would like.

Dave Lefever

Welcome New Members!

from Chatham, New Jersey:
Richard Bradley

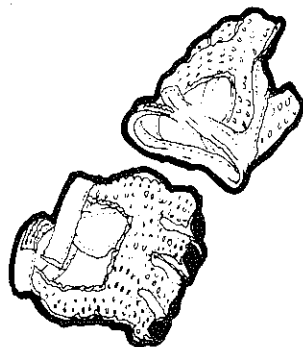
from Bettendorf, Iowa:
Scott Kephart
Kevin Langtimm

from Clinton, Iowa:
Corey Gluesing

from Davenport, Iowa:
Kris Woodard
Jeff Johannsen

from Rock Island, Illinois:
Bonnie L. Stern

from E. Moline, Illinois:
Martha McKay



from Geneseo, Illinois:
Joyce & Gerald De Grande

from Illinois City, Illinois:
Rose & Raymond Kimball

from Moline, Illinois
Julie & Allan Hartsock
Carol & Terry Lockheart
Linda & Ralph Schmidt

from Greeley, Colorado:
Lynn & Robert Waltman

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League of American Wheelmen

6707 Whitestone Road, Suite 209, Baltimore, MD 21207

I Drove the Road Again . . . continued

For Andy, it was a grand adventure. But I had a hidden agenda as well as the obvious one. We were approaching the teen years. With visions of the tough times ahead when we would confront all the teen-age problems that every parent dreads, I wanted time to put some extra mortar in the joints of our relationship. A shared experience like this might, I reasoned, give us that extra glue.

I also wanted to talk of other things I value - my faith, my belief in the goodness of life. It's funny how the things that are so important can be so tough to talk about. Perhaps this trip would create opportunities for good conversation to happen. Beyond your wildest dreams, Jerry, beyond your wildest dreams.

Day one found us 70 miles from home, unbearably proud, and camped in the shade of St. Peter's Temple Hill Catholic Church, three miles south of Cascade, Iowa. Sitting high on a hill overlooking the Maquoketa River Valley, we watched the sun set through the stained glass windows of this beautiful native Iowa limestone church - and talked of our day - and of my feeling that surely someone was watching over our trip.

Day two brought us into Guttenberg, Iowa. Those who think Iowa is flat cornfields have never ridden through "Little Switzerland" in the northeast corner of our state. Triple cranks and granny gears were still to be learned of, and humility is learned at the hand of your 12 year old who rides up hills that you walk.

It rained all night, stopping only long enough the next morning to let us break camp. We rode the hills in the downpour, experiencing some of the "other" sides of bicycle touring. Later we would learn that alloy wheel rims rather than steel brake better and reduce the adrenalin level going down those two mile grades in a thunderstorm.

By early afternoon we had covered only 25 miles and were rapidly approaching our first conflict. Sitting on a park bench in McGregor, Iowa, soaking wet and pooped, Andy wanted to get a motel room right there and call it a day. I argued that, while we were on a loose schedule, we had to do more than 25 miles a day; and besides we'd agreed to camp, not motel! Ah, the joys of compromise. He agreed to go farther; I agreed to a motel to dry our gear and sleep dry. Group dynamics at work.

Two nights later, after having ridden 10 miles out of our way to find a campground the night before, we decided all we needed was 50 square feet to put our tent, and surely that could be had somewhere without

going off our path. And so evening found us north of Eau Claire, Wisconsin in the middle of farm land with no campground in sight.

A bartender at a cross roads tavern opined that a farmer down the road sometimes let trout fishermen camp in his pasture. We were hot and tired and that sounded great. At dusk the farmer dropped by to chat and offered that he had cattle just over the rise. "Curious creatures they are," he said, and we'd probably get a visit some time during the night.

It started at 3:00 a.m. Suddenly aware of the tent shaking and loud snuffling noises, we sat up and looked out the door. Inches away and towering over me, a Holstein cow looked back. We were surrounded! The expression, "sounded like a cow peeing on a flat rock," had new meaning. When the nervousness passed, we found ourselves laughing hysterically at the sound effects of this concert of cattle. At dawn we rolled out, stepping very carefully, broke camp, and headed down the road. Pudding!

By now our pattern was established. Break camp and ride to the first town and eat a big breakfast. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches carried us through the afternoon. Buy food in the last town of the day and cook wherever we set up camp.

This morning found us at the town's only cafe. Andy decided to order eggs and only one pancake rather than his usual three. When it came his eyes bulged. Hanging over all sides of a dinner plate, he had a world class pancake. "Boy, I'm glad I didn't order more than one," he said. "Son," returned our grandmotherly waitress, "nobody ever orders more than one!" Small town America is alive and well.

By early afternoon that day I was learning more about myself and Andy. Why it happened I didn't understand then, and don't now. With 30 flat, easy miles out of the way, I just ran out of gas. Coming into Cameron, Wisconsin I was suddenly so exhausted, I just couldn't continue. So, without any discussion, the son became the father.

"We'll stop here, Dad, and I'll do laundry. You take a nap. When I'm done, we'll see how you feel and decide whether to go on." Two hours later, with clean clothes packed away, I felt fine, and Andy decided we could go on. "And a little child shall lead them." Twenty five miles later we made camp for the last night.

With mixed feelings we left the next morning. We were 110 miles from Duluth. A century ride, (100 miles), was a term we'd heard but not experienced, and we wanted a big finish to our adventure. By now we were well into north woods country. The county

roads became rough but the sweet fragrance of pine made up for it. Car traffic was non-existent. Blue water lakes peeked between the trees. It was a perfect day to end our trip.

The four lane high bridge between Superior, Wisconsin and Duluth, Minnesota is no place for a bicycle, but, with the sun setting over the tip of Lake Superior, it was either ride it or miss the feeling that we'd done the whole thing. So we did.

Five hundred miles in eight days. Not exactly like a cross country ride. But what an adventure for us. And I learned. Learned that if you fill your water bottle at a farmer's pump, you're guaranteed good conversation. That if you spread your map on the table in a small town cafe and wonder out loud about the best route, the friendliness of the locals will overwhelm you. And if you put yourself one on one with your 12 year old son for eight days, you'll put mortar in the joints of your life together.

I drove the route again yesterday. The mailbox in Calamus hadn't changed. The church stood by the road as a reminder of our first night's camp. In my mind I could see a slender 12 year old with strong legs posing for a picture at the overlook south of Guttenberg. This time I was delivering 18 year old Andy to college. We passed those same miles. This time the back seat was piled high with books and clothes and stereos . . . and memories.

Fourth Annual QCBC Double Century

At 5:00 a.m. on June 18, 1988, 27 male and 9 female endurance bicyclists left Northwest Park, Davenport in a mass start of the QCBC Fourth Annual Double Century. These participants represented the largest field since the inception of the event and the broadest range of experience and accomplishment.

Weather conditions for the first 100 miles were conducive to a fast pace. Several riders reported achieving their personal best centuries. Some of these represented sub-five hour times.

The second half of the ride, however, was dominated by the "rolling Iowa hills" between Marse and Welton. This is a stretch of 56 miles featuring rollers which take a rider out of his rhythm and begin a "softening-up" process for the last segment. The last segment, from Elvira to the finish was, again this year, a battle with the resident headwind in this area. The wind plus the last segment of rolling hills outside of McCausland combined to reduce those earlier personal bests to winning overall times of just over 11 hours. The top finisher among the male riders was Michael

Hagerty of Armington, Illinois. Mike registered the best overall time, finishing at 4:10 p.m., or 11 hours and 1 minute. Being a late registrant, we don't know that much about his experience, but we will be in touch for a later article.

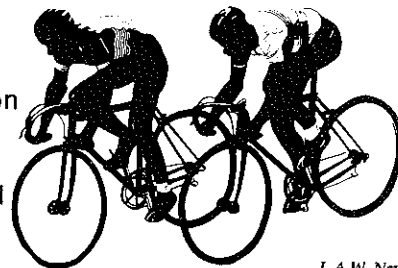
First of the female finishers was Lynn Cox of Clinton, Iowa. Lynn is certainly no stranger to our club, as she is a QCBC member and has many accomplishments. She has participated in such events as B.A.M., Double Trouble, and the prestigious Paris-Brest-Paris. Lynn's time for the double century was 11 hours and 40 minutes!!

There were many significant elements which distinguished this year's event from previous years:

1. Growth from 20 to 36 participants or 80 percent.
2. "Non-club" participation - 30 percent of riders were from outside of the Quad Cities area - More consideration must be provided for these riders as to accommodations, route marking, etc.
3. Competition element much stronger. Four and one-half hours between first and final finisher. Require more support personnel.
4. Female participation much higher - A welcome change. Requires female involvement in planning and organizing.

The number of late registrants increased ridership to an unexpected level the morning of the start. This could have presented some real problems in supporting the ride adequately. We were, however, blessed with a group of willing and competent volunteers who permitted the participants to concentrate on their riding. Our personal thanks to:

Joe Lopez
Kristin Jordan
Rosemary Jamison
Gayle Campbell
David Hill
Paulinn Carnard
John Simander



L.A.W. News

Finally, we are very impressed with the performance of the nine female entrants. Lynn Cox, as reported earlier, was within 30 minutes of the overall winner. The remaining eight riders all completed the ride. That's a 100 percent completion rate for the female riders. Approximately five of the nine had never completed a double. Congratulations to each of you!!!

Next year will be even bigger and better. You can complete a double century. Start your build up program now for 1989!

Joe Jamison

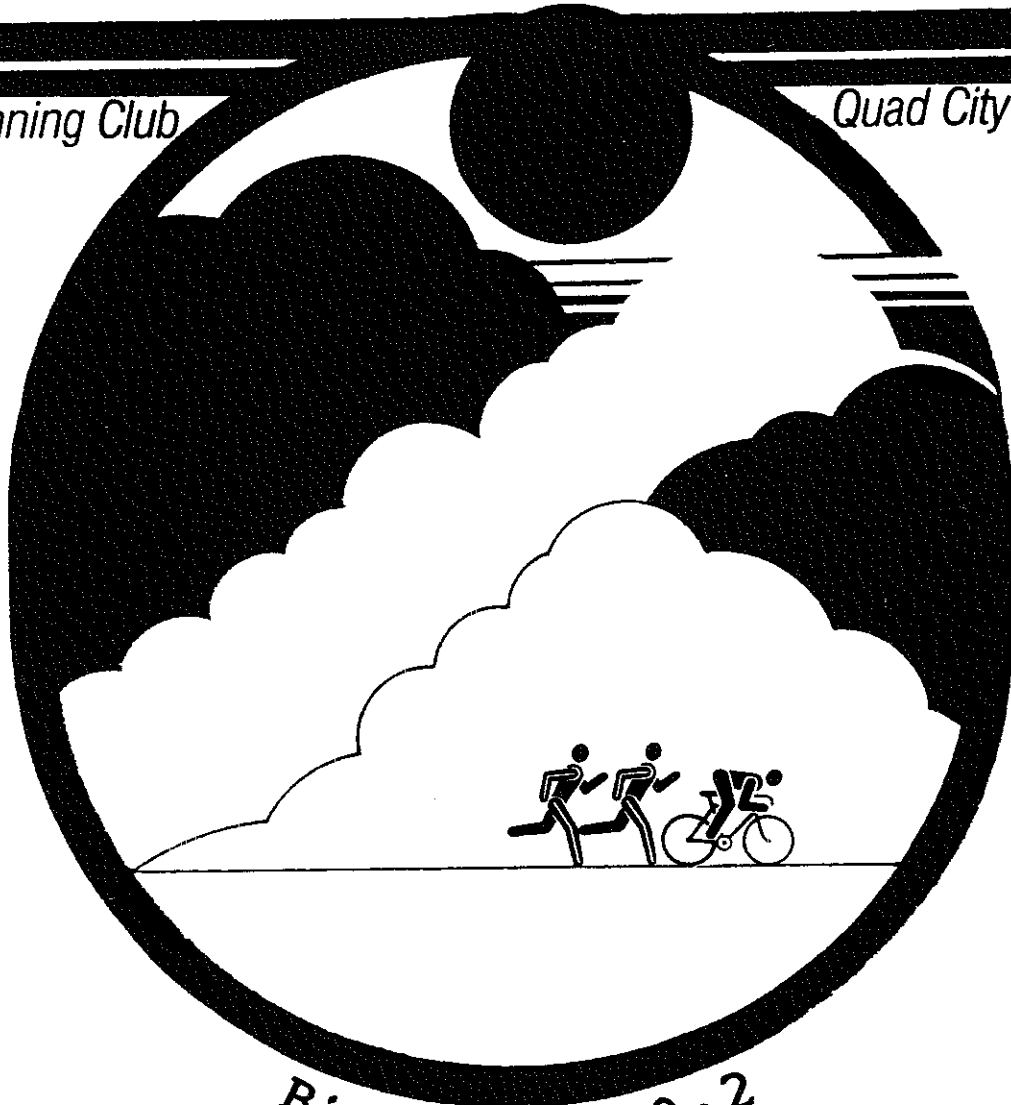
results on next page

First Annual BI • STATE • BI

Loud Thunder State Park September 18, 1988

Cornbelt Running Club

Quad City Bicycle Club



Biathlon 2.20.2

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE BY SENDING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO:
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Women on Wheels 1988 continued



Day 2 - Freeport to Burlington, Wisconsin

We take off at 5:30, after the ceremonial picture taking in front of the motel sign. We ask the desk clerk to do the honors. We followed Highway 75 east of Freeport about 5 miles to the River Road along the Pecatonica River. We know it was going to be a pretty ride when we begin to see a lot of snakes (you know, the "S" curve warning signs?). It was a little hilly, but indeed, very pretty. Not much wind this early, but predictions are for SSW, so we're heading east and north. Highlights of this part of the ride are a round barn near Pecatonica, many limestone houses, beautiful churches in the area, and the Pecatonica River in the early morning mist

At about 18 miles, we come to Pecatonica, and the Pec Cafe for breakfast. Get there about 7, but we don't leave until 8:30. And, there are only five of us! Besides, they're out of everything we want - blueberry pancakes and American fries.

Back outside, we peel off our jackets, remarking that this is something we'll have to try hard to remember this afternoon - we were cold before 7 a.m.! Pancake power gets us over the hills, in and out of the river valley several times, to just west of Harrison, where Jan discovers a slow leak in her rear tire. We decide to pick a shady spot to change it. Jan and Sue find the thorn, patch the tire with duct tape, and change the tube. A young man in a utility truck stops to see if we need help, and we get into a discussion of the relative merits of Schwinns vs. Treks. He's a biker and has just bought a new Trek. It's great to find a "friend" on the road.

On the road again, this time north to Shirland along the Sugar River. North some more to cross into Wisconsin. (No state sign, so we settle for pictures at the Rock County sign.) The wind is becoming more west than south, so we head east along the state line into Beloit. We stop at the first bakery for cookies, but they don't have juice, so we ride on into town. Look, Jeanne - the Turtle Creek Food Co-op! We all decide to stop there and get something healthy for a change. Even Pat admits that it can't hurt once in a while! The members are nice, and they offer water and advice on the best route through town and on to Clinton, the next town to the east.

We head east through Beloit and find County P, the State Line Road. Looks great! We get confused by a half-turned road sign, though, and head too far south - we're back in Illinois! Oh, we're happy. In fact, this is one of the nicest parts of the ride so far. We meet a man and his daughter driving a tractor with a load of hay - "What are you girls doing out here?!" Jeanne and Betty explain our tailwind ride, and they have found some new firends. They agree to take our pictures, this time under the "Welcome to Wisconsin" (We finally found it again!). He wants to know if we've ever run into any covered-wagon trains on our bike tours. He raises Belgians, and that's his dream - to join a wagon train. No, we've never seen one, but we hope he gets to fulfill that dream someday

We're at Highway 140, which goes into Clinton. It's straight north, and there's only a side wind, but it's the closest town, and the water tower is calling us. We stop at the first cafe in town - the Sundown. Real mashed potatoes and homemade pie - this must be the place!

There's a County X a couple of blocks north, and the west wind is blowing stronger than ever, so we'll take it east. We go through Allen's Grove and Darien on the way to Delavan; a beautiful road and a great tailwind. At Delavan, we stop at a pizza and ice cream parlor for cokes. No, it's not Happy Joe's! It's down to 93 from the high of 95, but still HOT! We've got about 75 miles in. What's about 25 miles away and likely to have a motel? We pick Burlington as a likely spot, even though with Clinton and Allen's Grove behind us, it's getting to sound too much like home!

Highway 11 looks busy, so we elect to follow the blacktops going in the right direction. We find some beautiful roads - smooth, low traffic, and shaded by trees. I think out loud, "Celeste would have liked this road." We feel carefree and adventurous, ignoring our maps and truly escaping our goal oriented existence for a few hours. We follow the Springfield Road over Highway 12 and through the "Valley View" area. A picture postcard view to the south of a beautiful valley dotted with farms and cows on the green hillsides. Worth every mile so far to see this!

Q C B C Double Century 1988 Results

Position	Name	Hometown	Age	Sex	Actual Time	Suggested Time
1	Mike Hagerty	Armington, IL	40	M	11:10	13:22
2	Dave Holmes	Davenport, IA	26	M	11:15	12:0
3	Dave Debok	Russell, IA	32	M	11:15	12:22
4	Henry Logan	W. Burlington, IA	37	M	11:31	13:0
5	John Thier	Davenport, IA	41	M	11:37	13:30
6	Kentley Lowenstein	Davenport, IA	47	M	11:40	14 :15
7	Lynn Cox	Clinton, IA	34	F	11: 40	13: 8
8	Joe Yuhas	Des Moines, IA	31	M	11:40	12:15
9	Paul Black	Des Moines, IA	39	M	11:41	13:15
10	Bill Langan	Davenport, IA	38	M	12:28	13:8
11	Ray Roark	Ottumwa, IA	41	M	12:40	13:30
12	Jim Hanson	Moline, IL	58	M	12 :55	15:30
13	Dennis Isely	Elroy, WI	36	M	12 :55	12 :53
14	Gabe Verstraete	E. Moline, IL	44	M	13 :27	13:53
15	Rich Nelson	Davenport, IA	36	M	13 :27	12:53
16	Joe Jamison	Bettendorf, IA	52	M	13:28	14:53
17	Jan Burt	Geneseo, IL		F	14:55	
18	Jerry Sears	Geneseo, IL	47	M	14:55	14:15
19	Larry Gay	Geneseo, IL	52	M	15:18	14:53
20	Cindy Van Dee	W. Des Moines, IA	30	F	15:22	12:45
21	Linda Lueders	Bettendorf, IA	33	F	15:22	13:22
22	Charlie Sattler	Davenport, IA	42	M	15:22	13:38
23	Dave Parker	Davenport, IA	37	M	15:25	13:0
24	Sue Dau	Davenport, IA	31	F	15:34	12:45
25	Linda Simander	Davenport, IA	42	F	15:38	14:8
26	Pat Bolton	Davenport, IA	41	F	15:38	14 :0
27	Jeanne O'Melia	Milan, IL	47	F	15:38	15:0

Tandem Category

1	Bruce & Becky Perry	Davenport, IA	38 & 39	11:15	13:15
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Participants

James Olson	Davenport, IA	46	M
Mark Keele	Davenport, IA	33	M
Vince Carnard	Davenport, IA	33	M
Rick Kozma	Davenport, IA	34	M
Matt Schimenz	Hillsboro, WI	25	M
Jim Johnson	Genoa, IL	33	M
Mark Dismer	Davenport, IA	36	M
Ron Dorch	Davenport, IA	50	M

TANDEM:
2 males
2 females
Mixed

Age 19 and under
20 - 29
30 - 39
40 - 49
50 - 59
60 & over

WOMEN:

Age Group Winners (and Record Holders)

MEN:

Age 19 and under	No Record		
20 - 29	Dave Holmes	11:15	1988
30 - 39	Dave Debok	11:15	1988
40 - 49	Mike Hagerty	11:10	1988
50 - 59	Jim Hanson	12:55	1988
60 & over	No Record		

No Record
No Record
Bruce & Becky Perry
11:15

No Record
No Record
Lynn Cox, 11:40
Jan Burt, 14:55
No Record
No Record

Some Thoughts on Falling

I have been a member of this club for six months. I have attended one novice ride and ridden on several other club rides. My cyclocomputer shows a total of 718 miles ridden this year.

I have fallen once.

A fall changes your life drastically.

You can't tie your own shoes.

You can't brush your own teeth.

You can't cut your own meat.

You can't drive your own car.

You can't sleep more than two hours at a time without pain medication.

Your fellow workers offer you "training wheels."

You have a broken bone in your shoulder called a clavicle.

Your body is black and blue from knee to shoulder.

Your "road rash" is not a badge of distinction.

The doctor says you will have to wear the horrible harness across your chest for another five weeks.

What conclusions do you reach from the above statements? Well, after six months of serious riding, I thought that I had the activity under control. I had planned on taking the Davenport Park Board's class on "How to Ride," but it was cancelled for lack of interest. (Perhaps I would have saved all the pain if I had attended this class.)

Upon reflecting, never take any situation for granted. My accident occurred on a clear day with no rain, gravel or sewer grates. (I still don't know what happened.) But I also know that there are few real, genuine accidents and I must have done something that violated the old, established laws of physics. The plane of my bike and the momentum of my body were not coincident at the time of separation of bike-body. I do know that hitting an immovable object - such as a concrete street at approximately 15 mph. - can do terrible things to flesh, bones, pride, etc.

I think the worst damage was to pride. How can you look your children in their faces after years of telling them what to do and how NOT to do IT, and not be able to pick yourself up from the street? The enormity of the situation became apparent when I heard the siren of the ambulance and the attendants closed the door with me inside and transported me to the hospital.

It doesn't help when the nurses in the emergency ward said, "We wondered what the first casualty of the day would look like?" It appears that I was THE ONLY casualty of the day!! at this particular hospital

In retrospect, the most enduring quote heard was "There are two types of bikers, those who HAVE fallen, and those who WILL fall."

When reconsidering, I remember that I worked during Moline's Criterium bike races and saw several serious accidents - much more serious than mine. But it didn't stick in my memory - because it didn't hurt ME. I now have considerable more respect for those racers who participated and fell on Moline's streets.

In conclusion, don't take your biking lightly. Any lapse of concentration, or error in judgement can cause unending pain. I was lucky, in that I had the services of police, ambulances, hospitals, doctors, etc. to tend to my body's needs. How about a serious accident on the back roads, when riding alone?

Please ride smart . . .

John E. Greve

Avoid Accidents

Each year, cycling sends more people to the hospital than any other recreational activity. In fact, more than half a million of us will require emergency medical care in 1988. So who's to blame? According to a recent survey by the University of Kansas Medical Center, it's usually the cyclists.

Nearly half of 492 Kansas City cyclists surveyed had been involved in an accident, and 59 percent of the time they considered themselves at fault. This, despite averaging 11 years' riding experience. Cyclists blamed motorists in only 17 percent of the mishaps and cited mechanical problems 15 percent of the time.

About 10 percent of the accident victims required hospitalization (average stay, 7 days), while 65 percent suffered only minor injuries or no injury at all. According to the survey, the most significant injury-reducing factor was the use of gloves.

Overall, researchers predict that one in every 20 cyclists will be involved in an accident this year. Statistics show that hospital stays were shorter and injuries much less severe for those wearing helmets.

taken from
Bicycle Touring
Summer 1988

WOW continued

At Springfield, we pick up Highway 36, so it's back to reality, but there's a wide shoulder to ride on, anyway. Three miles down the road, another welcome sight - the sign says Rainbow Motel, Rt. 36, Burlington. Great, there is a motel to look forward to! Highway 36 gets extremely busy in town, and it's about 4:30, but we find the motel easily. "Sorry, no rooms" the sign says, but we go in anyway. Luckily, they manage to find one room for the five of us. With a rollaway, we'll take it! Besides, they also have a pool. After a short tour through town, we finish with 101 miles for the day, and treat ourselves to a frozen custard - better than ice cream!

Guests for dinner, Bob Nuckles and Barbara Woodside drove out from Madison. We may have to make them honorary WOW members, since this is the second year they've met us on the road! We have Chinese food (more frozen custard!), and turn in after listening to the weather report - did they way northeast winds?! If they don't switch from the current southwest, we're only 30 miles west of Milwaukee - will we run into Lake Michigan tomorrow?

watch the newsletters for the continuing saga of the WOW riders

Bike Fever

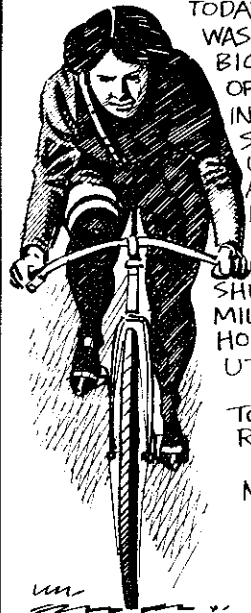
by Joel Perlish
(with apologies to John Masefiel)

I must get out on the roads again,
to the lonely road and sky,
And all I ask is my 10-speed
and a map to steer her by;
And the wheels' kick and the chain's song
and the pedals turning,
And a white haze on the sun's face,
and my legs all a'churning.

I must get out on the roads again,
for the call of a touring ride
Is a noble call and a strong call
and one I must abide;
And all I ask is a tailwind
to make me feel like flying,
And a bright sun, white clouds,
and the birds with their plaintive crying.

I must get out on the roads again,
to those wonderful bike days,
To the fresh air and the warm breeze
and the moon's twinkling rays;
And all I ask is a new-found friend
and sleep that is wonderfully deep,
And the memory of miles under my wheel,
and memories of smiles to keep.

BIKECENTENNIAL
BIKE BITS



ALL BUT FORGOTTEN TODAY, MARGARET GAST WAS AN AMERICAN BICYCLE RACING STAR OF THE 1890'S. BORN IN 1876 IN GERMANY, SHE CAME TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1890 AND BEGAN CYCLING IN 1893. THE HIGH POINT IN HER CAREER CAME IN 1900 WHEN SHE COMPLETED A 2600-MILE RIDE IN 295 HOURS AND 55 MINUTES. LATER SHE TURNED TO MOTORCYCLE RACING AND BECAME KNOWN AS "THE MILE-A-MINUTE GIRL". SHE DIED IN 1968.

Write for free touring information catalog:
Bikecentennial, P.O. Box 8308E, Missoula, MT 59807

QCBC Fall Century

Saturday, September 10, 1988

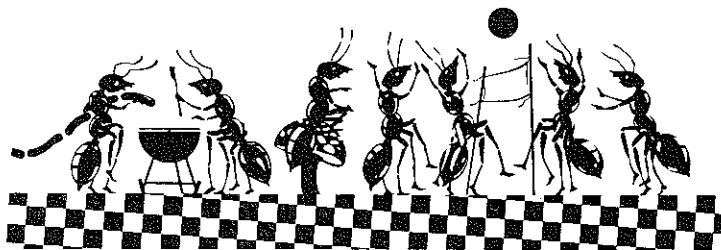
We are looking forward to seeing everyone at Geneseo City Park between 6:00 a.m. and 8:00 a.m. A new interesting route is planned for your cycling enjoyment. Maps, fun, partly cloudy, and 78 degrees - \$5.00.

Sag drivers needed - please call Jerry Sears at 1-309-441-5919.

Come One! Come All!

Pork Chops, Fun and Games and Prizes!

Don't miss the annual Quad City Bike Club picnic at 2:00 p.m., August 14, Emeis Park, Davenport. Bring a dish to pass and your own table service and napkins. Tickets - \$3.00 and children under six are free - available at Bike N'Hike, On Two Wheels, Jerry and Sparky's, or Bikes Unlimited Plus. For more information call Jeanne O'Melia, at 787-2985.



Ride Report Double Trouble

On July 2 and 3 five QCBC members rode the fifth annual McHenry County Bicycle Club Double Trouble Ride from Crystal Lake to Champaign. Riders included Jim Hanson, Joe Jamison, Charlie Sattler, Kently Lowenstein and Gabe Verstraete. After a Friday evening of loading up on pasta and pizza, all riders were eager for the 5:00 a.m. group start. Led by a pace car, the majority of the 62 participants rode as a pack for the first hour. At that point the pace car dropped off and we had covered the first 20 miles of our 200 mile ride. Riders broke into smaller groups for the remainder of the day's ride to Champaign. The weather, wind and terrain were ideal. Sunday's return was a repeat of Saturday only a little warmer (90 degrees) and more wind.

Two days of fantastic riding on quiet country roads with first class sag services. All QCBC riders qualified as outstanding finishers for their respective age groups. Special congratulations go to Jim and Joe who broke the previous Double Trouble record for the over 50 category. Someone needs to buy Charlie a compass so he won't get lost and have to ride 40 extra miles for a 240 mile Saturday; and still he made his

qualifying time. It was a marvelous way to spend a weekend - seeing the beauty of this great country with good companions, on a bicycle.

Gabe Verstraete

RAGBRAI XVI

Iowa put her arms around us and we her! What a wonderful week in Iowa!

Cindy Mohr

Classifieds

For Sale:

1986 Basso Road Race bicycle, 58 cm Campy SR equipped
\$350.00 or best offer
Call Butch at 319-326-3416

For Sale:

Schwinn LeTour Luxe
18 speed, low miles
21 inch
very good condition
\$150.00
Call 319-355-4187

From the Editor (Cindy Mohr)

In 1982, the first transcontinental bicycle race, the Great American Bike Race, had four participants. They were Michael Shermer, John Howard, John Marino and Lon Haldeman. This year 43 men and women left San Francisco, California and "endure" the endless 3,100 miles across the United States to Washington, D.C. The race began on Sunday, June 19 and ended around July 3, when all riders still on the road cross the finish.

Intrigued by this race and the riders determined enough to train, and earn the invitation to participate, Daryl and I drove to Vandalia, Illinois on Sunday, June 26 in hopes of seeing one or maybe several riders go by the time station there. We were in luck - just as we pulled into the McDonalds' parking lot (location of the time station) we saw Roger Charleville at the stoplight. We would learn later that he finished fourth.

The couple in charge of this particular station were very nice. They set up camp on the lawn of the McDonalds, playpen, baby bottles and all. We learned that three riders had already gone through the check point. They were able to keep in touch with the time station ahead of them, and they informed us that Franz Spilauer, a 33 year old from Vienna, Austria, was due in about an hour. As I watched Spilauer ride by I tried to imagine what kind of physical pain he must be suffering from, how tired he must be, and how many more miles he has to go. His support vehicles were close by, and he chose this location to stop for a short rest and shower. My husband asked how he was doing. He answered in broken English, "Good, just a little tired." We didn't know it then, but we were talking to this year's winner.

We were particularly interested in a racer named Bob Breedlove from Des Moines, Iowa. He is a 36 year old orthopedic surgeon, and this was his first RAAM. He won Paris-Brest-Paris in 1987 on a tandem with Lon Haldeman. After learning he was several hours back, we decided to track him down. So off we went backtracking the course in hopes of seeing our Iowa hero. After about an hour and a half, there he was - dressed all in white for protection from the sun. I was able to get some good pictures from the car; and as he drove by, we wished him luck. Breedlove finished seventh with a time of 10 days, 12 hours and 29 minutes.

It would have been a two day wait before any of the women passed by this way; so feeling pretty lucky that we were able to catch the ones we did, we headed home.

The race this year was dedicated to the children of our nation and their well-being (International Missing

Children's Foundation) Listed below are some statistics:

43 competitors
150 motor homes
100 support people
12 million calories burned
non stop 8 - 12 days
toughest endurance feat
6 women participants
6 - 12 people in crew
length of race 3,100 miles
highest elevation - 11,307 feet at Berthoud Pass, CO
1,500 miles through Great Plains where headwinds and high temps caused many participants to drop
Appalachian Mountain Range - 200 miles of constant one to two mile climbs
50 percent of entrants finish
1/2 are veterans; 1/2 rookies
each participant needs two support vehicles
each participant finances his own race at an expense of \$7,000 to \$25,000
limit of participants is 50

Interesting totals from past RAAM's:

participants - 123
official finishers - 49
finishers - 68
combined miles ridden - 284,228
states touched - 24
percent of entrants officially finishing - 39.8%
percent of all finishers - 55.3%
percent of first time entrants - 21.1%
percent of repeat entrants - 36.6%
percent of finishers from Midwest - 37.5%
percent of finishers from West - 52.1%
percent of finishers from East 10.4%
(official finishers)

In my opinion all finishers are winners - they win more than a race. RAAM riders are dedicated to being their best. Said a veteran of marathon biking, Lon Haldeman, "You can't pay me enough to do RAAM."

Official Times of 1988 RAAM

1	Franz Spilauer	9 days, 7 hrs. 9 min.
2	Rob Templin	9 days, 15 hrs. 33 min.
3	Rich Fedrigo	9 days, 20 hrs. 2 min.
4	Roger Charleville	9 days, 20 hrs. 43 min.
5	Rob Kish	10 days, 1 hr. 16 min.
6	Peter Kosche	10 days, 3 hrs. 30 min.
7	Bob Breedlove	10 days, 12 hrs. 29 min.
8	David Bogdon	10 days, 15 hrs. 1 min.
9	Steve Born	10 days, 15 hrs. 28 min.
10	Kevin Zelenka	11 days, 1 hr. 34 min.
11	Mark Aimerito	11 days, 2 hrs. 52 min.
1	Cindy Staiger	
2	Karen Anderson	
3	Nancy Raposa	