

QUAD-CITIES BICYCLE CLUB

AUGUST 1992 ■ Jim Deal — Editor

Deadline for Articles 10th of each month



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Escape routes to the country

By Chuck and Diane Oestreich

The weather forecast says, "And for tomorrow, high in the 80s with low humidity." You've got the day off, and want to use that great weather to its best advantage — on your bike.

So you make your plans. But first off, you're a bit stymied. You live in the heart of the Quad-Cities and you want to get out on those country roads where you can zip and whip without worrying much about traffic. Sure, you can put the bike on the car and drive out to a likely starting place. But what if you just want to jump on your bike and roll. And what if you are a bit of a purist and want to spend some quality time completely away from that arch enemy of bicyclists — the car?

The other option, then, is to take off from home and somehow wend your way through the congested city to the great rural nirvana. But how can you do that pleasantly?

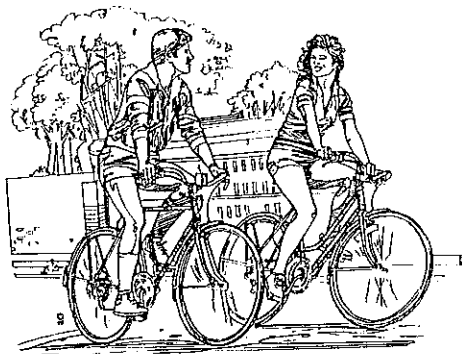
Here is Part One of our highly selective guide to escaping the Quad-Cities on a bike.

We're lucky. In the wheel of the Quad Cities, we live at the hub within a few blocks of downtown Rock Island. Consequently, we can take any number of spokes radiating from the Mississippi to get out on the rim in search of that magic "escape velocity."

There are many spokes, however. So for now we'll concentrate on those on the Illinois side of the river. We'll pick up Iowa at a later date.

The Rock River is Illinois' main restriction when going south. Only two bridges usable by bikes cross the Rock, one from Rock Island and one from Moline.

The bridge from Rock Island Highway 67, also called the Milan bridges, has always given us fits. Drivers coming down Rock Island's 11th Street turn into smoking speedsters from hell as soon as they cross Blackhawk Road



They floor the accelerator and dog-fight with each other for the two bridge lanes. Neither car nor bike is safe anywhere on this stretch. There is a sidewalk, but it is usually covered with fishermen, broken glass, and cement trucks — so it's no help.

Even if you successfully use this bridge, if you want to go south or west from here, you cannot avoid the dreadful Andalusia Road. It is full of traffic, railroad traps (ask our editor, Jim Deal), and cut-throat shoulders. One of our friends and long-time TOMRV biker Hollis Hegg was creamed on this stretch last winter.

From Barstow Road the possibilities are endless. If you have the time and energy, all northwest Illinois is within your grasp.

So avoid going south from Rock Island Moline offers an improvement, a slight improvement. You can't use the I-74 bridge, but the one right next to it, Highway 6, is all right. We love to get around much of the South Park traffic by using the Kiwanis bike-jog trail along the Rock River. We ride it to Harold's on the Rock and then it's just a few blocks to the bridge.

Once over the bridge, however,

you're dumped in the midst of airport-motel congestion and the frenetic Highway 6 traffic. Even driving out to Horace Mann Elementary, called for by many club rides, doesn't solve the problem because both roads out, 6 and 150, are usually busy.

There is salvation for Illinois riders, however. It lies to the east — east of East Moline and even Carbon Cliff. The newly reconstructed Highway 84 bridge over the Rock, while busy, has a very wide shoulder. Turn right as soon as you go over the bridge and wend your way through the back streets of Green Rock. From here, eastern and southeastern Illinois is open to you. Getting to this bridge is somewhat of a problem, but 84-92 through East Moline, Silvis, and Carbon Cliff isn't too bad.

Since the Illinois side is sandwiched between the two rivers, the thumb of land between the rivers which wanders to the northeast is a godsend — a way out of the Cities without a bridge.

Take the Mississippi River bikepath to East Moline or Hampton for a couple of options. You can head north on 84, but beware. Close to the cities, traffic is fast and heavy and the road is narrow and bumpy.

But from either East Moline or Hampton you can cut back to the middle of the thumb and find that biker's delight — Barstow Road. Once you cross busy Highway 5-92 (by stop light), you can start floating — 20 miles of light traffic, good surface, and interesting scenery (at times you're right next to the glistening Rock River).

From Barstow Road the possibilities are endless. If you have the time and energy, all northwest Illinois is within your grasp.

In summary: Go east, Illinois bike rider, go east. Stay away from bridges if you can. Use the Mississippi River bikepath both to avoid the city traffic and to reach the country.

Bicycles are cool in September

Sunday, Aug. 23 — Marty's Massillon Magic

8 a.m. — Donahue is our beginning point. Donahue is 5 miles west and 3 miles north of Eldridge. It's easily reached either from Eldridge or by taking Rt. 130 a few miles beyond Farm & Fleet, and turning north on Y-52 for 6 miles. From Donahue, go north on Y-52 to Hwy 30; left on Hwy. 30 through Calamus to OLD Hwy. 30 (road that has no car traffic) and continue west to Wheatland and Lowden. Turn right on Y-24 to Massillon Don't miss Sybil's General Store! Old-fashioned hard candy, herbs and spices, and shade, all in a wonderful 1930's setting. Return same route to Wheatland, OR enjoy a change of pace by heading east from Massillon on 3 miles of fine gravel (easy to ride) to Toronto; right on Y-32 to Wheatland; continue south from Wheatland on Y-4E through Big Rock, Dixon, and end your magic ride where you began — at Donahue. 50 miles.

Saturday, Aug. 29 — Chief Blackhawk Circle Tour

8 a.m. — Jaydon Distributing Co., Andalusia Rd., Milan. Right on Ridgewood Rd. to Rt. 192; right on Rt 192 through Taylor Ridge and Edgington to Rt. 92; left on Rt 92 to Illinois City; in Illinois City, right at 238th St. through Loud Thunder Forest Preserve to Rt. 92; right on Rt. 92 to Rt. 192; straight on Rt. 192 through Edgington. Return to Jaydon. 48 miles.

Sunday, Aug. 30 — You Can't Rollerskate in a Buffalo Herd

8 a.m. — Airport Park, Indian Bluff Rd., Moline. Right on Indian Bluff Rd. to Milan Beltway (4-way stop); left on Milan Beltway and cross Rt. 67 to Ridgewood Rd.; left on Ridgewood Rd. to Rt. 94; right on Rt. 94 through Taylor Ridge to Reynolds. Return same route 30 miles.

Longer Option:

At Reynolds, continue on Rt. 94 to 190th Ave.; straight on 190th Ave. through Buffalo Prairie to 322nd St.; right on 322nd St. to Rt. 92; right on Rt. 92 through Illinois City to Rt. 192; right on Rt. 192 through Edgington and Taylor Ridge. Return to Airport Park. 68 miles.

Bi-State-Bi

8 a.m. — Loud Thunder Forest Preserve, Andalusia. The course consists of a flat 2-mile run, a challenging 16-mile bike ride and finishes with another flat, 2-mile run. You may participate as a solo entry, or, if you're not a runner, team up with another runner in one of the team categories. As usual, there will be plenty of door

prizes, and refreshments for the participants. For more info, contact: Cindy Bottrell, 355-7122.

September

Wednesday, Sept. 2 — Mid-week Time Trial

6 p.m. — This is the last of the five 20 km/12.4 mi. time trials.

Saturday, Sept. 5 — Rushin' Through Moscow

8 a.m. — John O'Donnell Stadium, Davenport. Suggest parking in lot west of stadium. West on River Dr. (So. U. S. 61) to S. Concord St.; left on Concord to Rt. 22; left on Rt. 22 through Buffalo, Montpelier and Fairport; right on Sweetland Rd.; cross Hwy. 61; turns into F-70; continue on F-70 to Y-14; right on Y-14 to last hard-surfaced road before Rt. 6; left through Wilton to Moscow Rd. (north of the steel plant) to Moscow; right on X-54; left into the Cove restaurant (just before I-80). Return same route. 88 miles. May be shortened by 10 miles by returning on Rt. 6.

Sunday, Sept. 6 — Mosey to Maquoketa

8 a.m. — Northwest Park, Division St. and bike path, Davenport. West on bike path to Pine St. exit; right on Pine St. to Rt. 130; continue straight on Rt. 130 to Y-52; right on Y-52 through Donahue to F-21; right on F-21 to Y-54; left on Y-54 through Grand Mound to E-63; left on E-63 to Y-46; right on Y-46 through Elwood to Rt. 64; right on Rt. 64 to Maquoketa. Return same route. 90 miles.

Saturday, Sept. 12 — All Alone to Prophetstown

8 a.m. — Ben Butterworth Parkway, Moline. Meet at east end, near Case/III plant. Take bike path to exit at East Moline's 7th St.; right onto 7th St.; left onto 12th Ave.; left on 13th St. to Morton Dr.; right to 40th St.; right on 40th St. across Rt. 5 to Barstow Rd. Continue straight on Barstow Rd. through Barstow and Osborn to Rt. 92; right on Rt. 92 through Joslin to Spring Hill Rd.; left on Spring Hill Rd. to Prophetstown. Return same route. 80 miles.

Short Option:

9 a.m. — Barstow, Illinois. Meet club members there for a ride to Prophetstown. 64 miles.

Sunday, Sept. 13 — Arm and Feet Ride

8 a.m. — Eastern Ave. entrance, Davenport bike path. West on bike path to Pine St. exit; right on Pine St. to Rt. 130; straight on Rt. 130 to Y-52; right on Y-52 through Donahue to

Y-4E; left on Y-4E through Dixon and Big Rock to Wheatland. Pack a picnic lunch to eat in Wheatland. West on old Rt. 30 to Lowden and Y-14; left on Y-14 to Rt. 130; left on Rt. 130 through Bennett, New Liberty, Plainview and Maysville to Pine St. Return to bike path 77 miles.

Short Option:

8:30 a.m. — Farm & Fleet, Rt. 130, Davenport. Club members will join you there for a picnic lunch ride to Wheatland. 62 miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 15 — QCBC Monthly Meeting

7 p.m. — David D. Palmer Library Auditorium, Palmer College, Davenport.

Saturday, Sept. 19 — Wild Goose Chase

8 a.m. — Colona Grade School. South on sidewalk to service road. Left at 2200N (Colona Village Hall), going straight to T; left and then 1st right (¼ mile); right at 900E (Henry Cty. 13); left on Rt. 6 to Geneseo; left at Park one block to Pearl; right on Pearl to Chicago St.; right on Chicago to 1st left (C. D. Ford sign). Follow road to Atkinson, staying north of the tracks; cross tracks at Church St. to Rt. 6; left on Rt. 6 to a right on the Atkinson-Galva Rd. to Grandma's Restaurant. Return same route. 46 miles.

Longer Option:

At Atkinson, continue on Rt. 6 about 3 miles to Wild Goose Conservatory. See Wild Gooses. Return to Atkinson and continue ride. 52 miles.

Sunday, Sept. 20 — Heartlands' Annual Weekend of Centuries

This year's ride features a "surprise" Illinois route. Shorter routes will also be available. Good food will be the rider's reward after the century ride. Bring the family for a day of fun. See newsletter or call Jim Karr, (309) 787-3577 for details.

Saturday, Sept. 26 — Mississippi Palisades Overnight

8 a.m. — Eastern Ave. Entrance, Davenport bike path. Left on Eastern Ave. to 46th. St.; right to Jersey Ridge Rd.; left to F-55 (Mt. Joy Ave.); right to Z-16; left to F-33; right on F-33 to McCausland and Z-30; left on Z-30 through Low Moor and Elvira to Rt. 136; right on Rt. 136 to Ten Mile and E-50; left on E-50 past Bryant and Andover to Almont (tavern) and Rt. 67; left on Rt. 67 to Rt. 64; right on Rt. 64 through Sabula and cross the Mississippi River to Savanna and Rt. 84; left on Rt. 84 to Mississippi Palisades State Park. Be prepared to carry your gear if no sag is available. Return same route on Sunday. 60 miles each day.

I survived the TOMRV ride

By Jim Deal

I survived TOMRV, and the thing I like best about saying that is that I can say it in the past tense.

If I've ever done anything more physically challenging, I can't remember what it was. Even my experiences in the Air Force, including basic training and a year in Southeast Asia during a war, don't compare to the demands of a ride up the Mississippi River Valley.

This, once again, was one of those bicycle-riding adventures which caused me to question my sanity. Half-way up the 900th hill I'd climbed in that 93-degree heat, my body demanded to know just what the hell I thought I was doing to it.

When you get right down to it, meeting the challenge and surviving is an accomplishment — I'm not sure of what merit — but it's something you can tell people you've done that most of them couldn't do.

If you are single, this achievement will impress people of the opposite sex with your physical stamina and endurance. Depending on what you or they have in mind, this could work to your advantage.

If you're a grandfather — as I am — you can put those young whippersnappers who have trouble pedaling to the corner market in their place.

One of the principal benefits is the meal you get to eat when you finally

make it to Clark College. My only disappointment with the meal was that my stomach wouldn't hold second helpings. (Let me also remind you that it is not nice to make jokes about the size of your newsletter editor's stomach.)

The scenery at times was stunning. I'm a little hazy about exactly where I was at times on the ride, but I believe it was just after Chestnut Mountain when I looked down through some trees at the Mississippi River and found the view beautiful.

On the ride back to Bettendorf, after struggling up some of those seemingly interminable mountains, I was rewarded with panoramic views of deep green valleys. I found the city of Bellevue to be quite attractive with its open riverfront and scenic stone bluffs.

Each of the sag stops was welcome, and God bless the people who volunteered to staff them. It helps to know there's relief up the road.

I'm also glad I took Gabe Verstraete's advice and had my small chainring changed from a 42 to a 38. I believe it enabled me to make it up a few hills I might not have climbed otherwise.

And, by the way, just whose idea was it to end the ride with killer hills at both ends. I didn't think I was going to make the climb up the bluff to Clark, but I decided the only way I was going to get off the bike was if my

legs stopped pumping and I fell off.

Will I do it again? Boy, I don't know. I think I will, but next time I hope to have more mileage before the ride — a 650-mile base wasn't enough — and I plan to take off of work the Friday night before the ride.

My congratulations to Chuck and Diane Oestreich for organizing the ride so well. The routes were very well marked, the sag stops open on time, and the arrangements at Clark very accommodating.

Thanks, also, to Dean and Debbie Mathias for talking me through some of the more difficult portions of the ride and for Dean's help in repairing my glasses after I cleverly ran over them.

It happened this way: Sweat was running in my eyes. I took off my glasses to wipe away the sweat. The glasses slipped out of my hand, fell right beneath my bicycle and the rear wheel ran right over the nosepiece.

If you're expecting mechanical trouble with your bicycle — or eyeglasses — stay close to Dean. He carries a repair kit that weighs almost as much as he does and has enough tools in it for any contingency. Dean said his goal is to be able to repair an 18-wheeler should one break down near him.

With Dean's help and his pliers, I managed to bend my glasses back into a usable shape and complete the ride.

Now, about next year . . .

'Hog Capital' ride features food, bicycles, competition

By Steven Gay

Anyone who enjoys the outdoors, bicycles and small towns will want to check out the "Hog Capital" bicycle ride in Geneseo Illinois on Aug. 8. Anyone with a bicycle (and a helmet) can enjoy this well organized and superbly supported event which offers rides of 32, 64, 132 or 264 miles on lightly traveled, historic rural roads.

The day kicks-off with a continental breakfast and registration at 6 a.m. Riders may register and start riding their preferred distance anytime between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. Everyone who attends will receive a sports "goodie bag," a bicycle merchandise souvenir, plus all the fruit, energy drink, sandwiches and snacks they desire. The day finishes with a cookout and awards ceremony starting at 6 p.m.

The highlight of the day is the rac-

ing marathon which starts at 7 a.m. Racers from all over the country will travel the 64-mile course four times on their speciality racing bikes. The competition is expected to be keen as Bob Cadwallader of Sioux City, Iowa, attempts to capture his first Illinois Road Series Title by outpacing season long rivals Mike Friedrich and Gary Waggoner.

Regardless of age or experience, every cyclists who attends is treated to the hospitality and camaraderie of the volunteers who encourage and support with supplies and enthusiasm. Recreational riders may register that morning for \$12, while the marathoners may enter for \$25. Call 309-441-5581 or 708428-4206 for more information.

So pump up your tires, dust-off your appetite and get ready for this annual mileage pig-out!

Guess the temperature on Leon's next ride

By Leon Van Camp

The guessing game — or what is the temperature going to be on my next bike ride?

While puffing up the hills of TOMRV in 90-degree temperatures, I kept thinking: Boy, I hope it cools off for the Wisconsin ride next week!

With no TOGIR ride available this year, I opted for GRABAAWR instead.

Expecting more hot weather, I packed accordingly. Guess what? The first morning at Boulder Junction the official temperature was 22 degrees. Water hoses and basins were frozen solid.

During the day's ride, several people asked me how I could stand biking in shorts. Trying to be nonchalant, I simply remarked that "we" in the Quad-Cities Bicycle Club bike all winter, so we're used to it (heh-heh).

All in all, it was a beautiful, well-organized ride. Now, I wonder what the temperature is going to be on RAGBRAI?

Beat the dog days on the road

Saturday, August 1 — Fireside Flapjacks

8 a.m. — Ben Butterworth Parkway, Moline, near Case/IH plant. Take Great River Trail north to Hampton; right to Rt. 84; left on Rt. 84 through Rapids City and Port Byron to Cordova and the Fireside Restaurant. Return same route. 40 miles

Sunday, August 2 — Novice Ride No. 12

9 a.m. — Meet at Sunset Park, Rock Island, ball diamond. Take a historical tour of "Old Rock Island." Approximately 8 miles. Leaders: Marge Dixon, Betty Sears, Chuck and Diane Oestreich. This is the last of our "official" novice rides. Please stay in touch with the new friends you've made, and make plans to join several of the many rides remaining this season. Any of them can be tailored to your own abilities, and can be enjoyed by all! Have fun and keep biking.

Zefal Zinger

8 a.m. — Jaydon Distributing Co., Andalusia Rd., Milan. Right on Ridgewood Rd. to Rt. 192; right on Rt. 192 through Taylor Ridge and Edgington to 175th St.; left on 175th St. to 190th Ave.; left to Rt. 94; straight on Rt. 94 to Reynolds; continue on Rt. 94 one mile to 176th Ave.; right to Ridgewood Rd.; left on Ridgewood Rd. and return to Jaydon. 42 miles

Wednesday, August 5 — Mid-week Time Trials No. 4

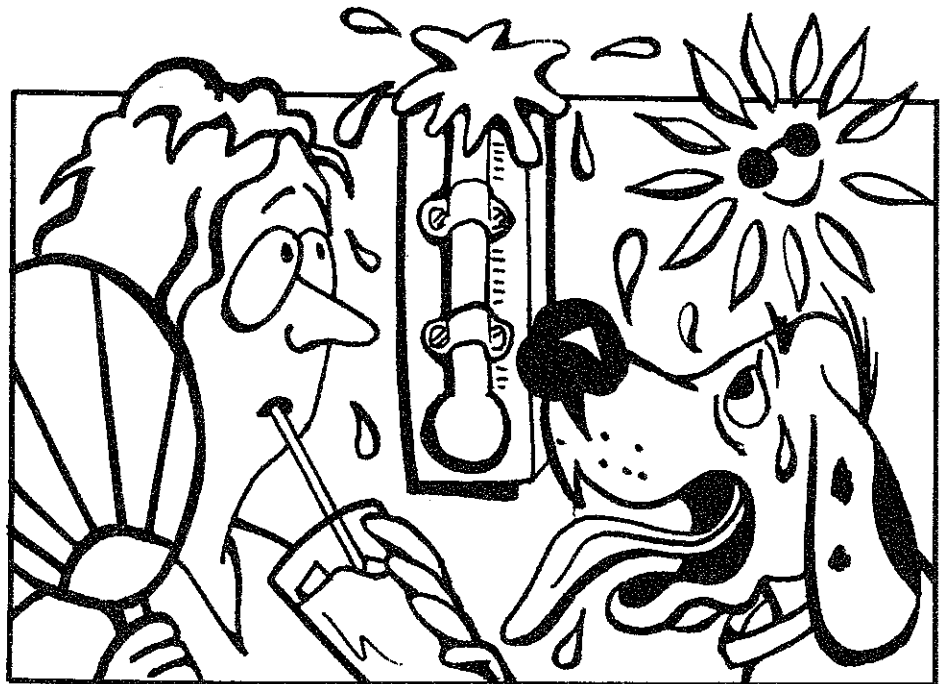
6 p.m. — This is the fourth of five 20 km/12.4 mile time trials. After a summer of riding, this should be your best time yet. See Page 11, "Racing Events" for location of this ride.

Saturday, August 8 — Give Me Liberty

8 a.m. — Durant City Park, Durant, Iowa. Left on Rt. 6 to west edge of town. Take hard-surfaced road left to 1st hard-surfaced road on the right; right to Y-14; right on Y-14 then left into Wilton. Go through Wilton on Rt. 6; left on Rt. 38 to steel plant; right on hard-surfaced road to Moscow and X-54; right on X-54 to F-44; left on F-44 through Rochester to Springdale and X-40; left on X-40 to West Liberty and Rt. 6; left on Rt. 6 through Atalissa to X-54; left on X-54 to Moscow and return to Durant 50 miles

Sunday, August 9 — Scott Co. Village Century

8 a.m. — John O'Donnell Stadium, Davenport. Suggest parking in lot west of stadium. East on River Dr. to Rt. 67;



straight on Rt. 67 through Bettendorf, LeClaire and Princeton to F-33; left on F-33 through McCausland to old Rt. 61; left on old Rt. 61 to Park View and F-41; right on F-41 to Long Grove and Y-64; left on Y-64 to Eldridge and F-45; right on F-45 to Y-52; right on Y-52 through Donahue to Y-4E; left on Y-4E to Cob Town and F-31; left on F-31 to Rt. 130; left on Rt. 130 through New Liberty to Plainview and Y-40; right on Y-40 through Walcott and Bluegrass to Rt. 22; left on Rt. 22 through Buffalo to Rockingham Rd./2nd St. to Gaines St.; right on Gaines St. to stadium. 100 miles.

Shorter Options:

28 miles — turn back at LeClaire. Return same route.

40 miles — turn back at Princeton. Return same route

52 miles — at McCausland, continue on F-33 to Z-16 (Utica Ridge Rd.); left to F-55 (Mt Joy Ave.); right to Jersey Ridge Rd.; left to 46th St.; right to Eastern Ave.; left to bike path. Return to start by bike path and Gaines St. 75 miles-at Cob Town, go south on Y-40 to Plainview and Rt. 130; left on Rt. 130 through Maysville to Pine St.; straight on Pine St. to bike path. Return to start by bike path and Gaines St. 85 miles-at Plainview, see Cob Town return.

Saturday, August 15 — Senior Olympics

See newsletter for location and time or call John Greve, (309) 786-8187.

Hog Heaven

8 a.m. — Horace Mann School, Moline. Left on Rt. 6 through Coal Valley to Osco Rd.; right on Osco Rd. through Osco to Cty. 32; left to Cambridge and Rt. 81; right on Rt. 81 to Osco Rd.; right to Cty. 32; left to Orion and Rt. 150; right on Rt. 150 one mile to hard-surfaced road (Cty. 12); right on Cty 12 to Rt. 6; left on Rt. 6. Return to Horace Mann School 50 miles

Sunday, August 16 — East Fenton Showdown

8 a.m. — Geneseo City Park. East on Pearl St. to Chicago St.; left on Chicago St., becomes the Grange Rd.; straight across Rt. 92, follow hard surfaced road to Spring Hill; right on Spring Hill Rd. to Prophetstown; left on Rt. 78. Continue on Rt. 78 and after you cross the I-88 overpass stop at the West End Cafe on the left. One block past cafe take Black Rd. left to Fenton; after tracks turn left on Fenton Rd. to Wilmot Rd.; left on Wilmot Rd. to Moline Rd. (old Rt. 2); right on Moline Rd. to Erie; left to downtown Erie; right on bike route to 5th Ave.; left on 5th Ave. past high school to Spring Hill; right on Spring Hill Rd. to Rt. 92; left on Rt. 92 to the Grange Rd.; right on Grange Rd. and return to Geneseo. 70 miles.

Tuesday, August 18 — QCBC Monthly Meeting

7 p.m. — Ben Butterworth Parkway, Moline. Meet at the large shelter at the east end of the parkway near Case/IH plant. A social ride will follow the short business meeting.

Katy's a jewel in the rough

By Chuck and Diane Oestreich

Jefferson City, Mo., the state capital of the stubborn state, spreads over a southern bluff of the Missouri River. Across the river lies a wide flood plain and then another rising, cliff-like bluff. Along the flood plain snakes the Katy Trail, Missouri's gift to mid-America's bike trail riders. When completed it will be over 200 miles long, making it the nation's longest trail. It will allow bikers from metropolitan St. Louis to travel to their state capital, ride close to their state university at Columbia, and be within striking distance of Kansas City at the other side of the state.

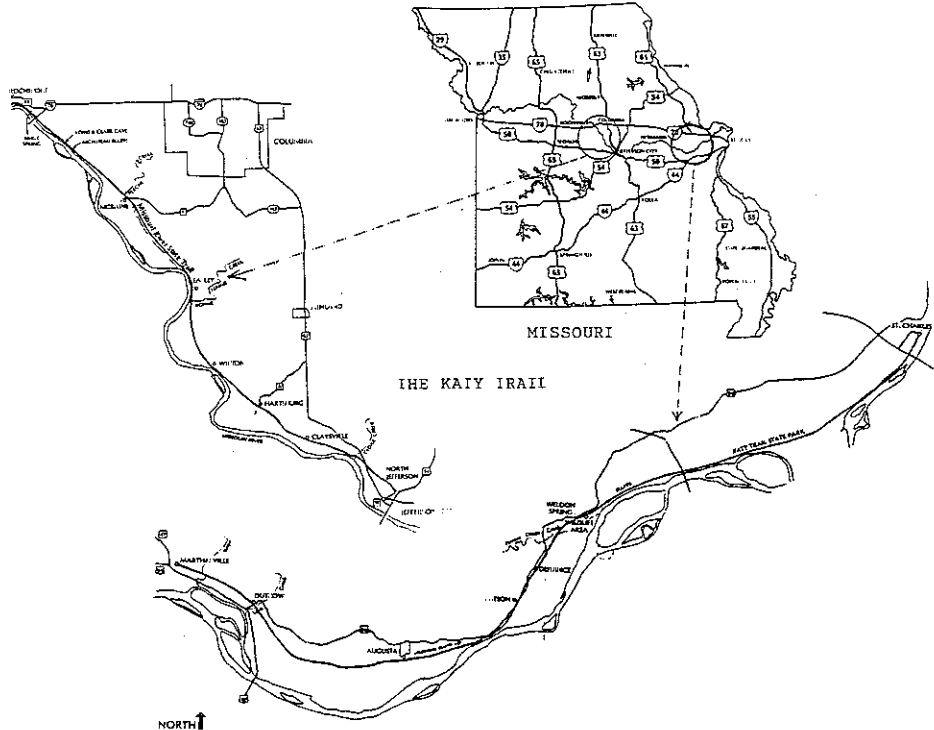
Right now two major sections of the trail are complete and open. On a breezy spring morning, we left Jeff City for our first ride on the Katy. The name, by the way, stands for the Missouri-Kansas-Texas (M-K-T) Railroad, which abandoned the line in 1986.

The trail is new, so the crushed rock surface is still a little "soft." However, our hybrid tires were up to the challenge, even though we did pick up more dust than we cared to. Although nice and wide, the Katy does drop off sharply at each side, so swivel necks and both eyes on the scenery are out.

The Katy handles intersections with roads in a novel way. Two swinging gates stand at each side of the crossings. The gates are locked, but with enough of an opening between them to allow a bike to squeeze through. The space is so narrow that we actually had to check its width with our strapped-to-the-backrack tent. We squeezed through.

The Katy's bluffs are magnificent. They are what gives the trail character and makes it stand out like a sudden waterfall on a placid river. We can live without floodplains, but riding below bluff after bluff of towering limestone outcroppings is novel, exciting, and soul fulfilling.

Near this section's western termi-



nus at Rocheport we left the trail to find accommodations around Columbia. The county highway we took was interesting — ups and downs, with a gradual ascent up the bluff, but it led to our nemesis, heavy traffic. We later found out that a bike path leads from Columbia to the Katy's end at Rocheport.

Instead of simply retracing our route the next day, we headed due east from Columbia via county roads recommended by friendly local bikers. The land here is "horsey," spread with white fences, columned farm homes, and tinkertoy legged colts. One steep climb left us wiping our sweat next to a hedge reminiscent of England.

The road took us to Fulton, the home of Westminster College. The townspeople were in a dither anticipating Mikhail Gorbachev's coming visit. But we were in more of a dither

when we saw the panels from the real Berlin Wall that Winston Churchill's granddaughter had turned into a sculpture.

On the next day we explored the section of the Katy closest to St. Louis. (It actually begins in St. Charles, Mo., not Illinois.) This part of the trail (38 miles long) has been open the longest, is more populated and popular, has more support facilities (even rental bicycle shops), and is also captured between river plains and imposing bluffs.

We enjoyed our days on the Katy. It has the potential to be America's premier bike trail with its total distance and its beauty. Right now its roadbed needs to be harder, campsites need to be located close to it, missing portions need to be finished, and maybe those gates could stand a little more open space.

Volunteers make QCBC, 'Old 61' look good

By Bruce Perry

The first two miles of County Park Road (old '61') was cleared of litter in only about one hour on a recent spring evening. This quick and pleasant pickup of roadside litter was done by an energetic group of 14 club members. Still unexplained are the two new club jerseys that were found along the road by lucky volunteers Thira Smith and Mary Blessin. It is hoped future participants will be as

fortunate.

Dick Claussen assisted the effort with his work and truck and through him the club was able to provide pop and cookies to the volunteers on hand when we finished. My thanks and the club's thanks to Gary Pearson, Judy Gunther, Becky Perry, Eric Perry and April Perry, Bob Smyth, Joe Jamison, and Fred Blessin (hope no one was missed). I feel confident that these volunteers along with those who assisted

the initial pickup and those who have expressed a desired to help will continue to make this an even more enjoyable club project and a public-relations success.

We are required to clean up our assigned section of road twice a year and expect to be needing your help in mid-September. Plan on coming out. You will make yourself feel good and will make others (motorists and cyclists) feel good about us.

Tour offers sensual delights

By Carol Boyd

Crisp pine-scented air, blue lakes shaded by white birch trees, narrow black-topped lanes winding through old-growth forests, sweeping ridges giving way to hidden valleys, a pungent quiet broken only by the clear tones of the whipporwill and bobwhite — if these sensual delights appeal to you, then you should ride on GRABAAWR (Great Annual Bicycle Adventure Along The Wisconsin River).

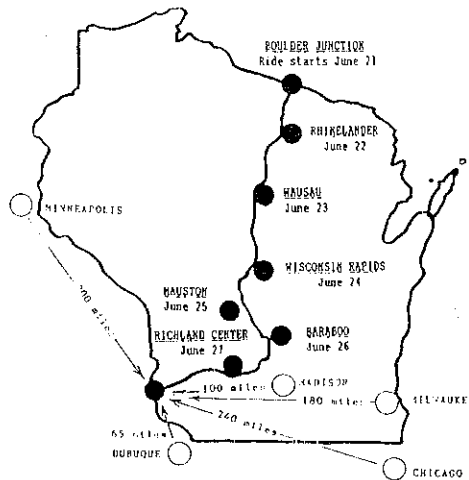
This year's tour, the seventh, was held from June 20-27. The route, which changes slightly from year to year but always follows the Wisconsin River, began in Boulder Junction. Other stops were at Rhinelander, Wausau, Wisconsin Rapids, Mauston, Baraboo, and Richland Center. The tour begins and ends in Prairie du Chien, a three-hour drive from the Quad-Cities.

Riders park their vehicles at the high school and are transported by luxury motor coaches to the starting point. School gymnasiums are available for those who wish to sleep indoors except for the first night, when everyone must camp out. Meals are furnished at the overnight stops by local civic groups, and shuttle buses into town are available for cyclists wishing to sample the local cuisine or night life.

The tour, sponsored by Common Cause in Wisconsin and many other groups, is extremely well organized and supported. Two well-stocked trucks from TREK USA and one from the Wheel and Sprocket bicycle shops patrolled the route, offering on-the-road assistance, as well as in-camp repairs in the evenings. In addition, the TREK Wrench Force cycle repair crew towing their tool buggy rode with the cyclists. Numerous sag vehicles were visible to offer food and water or to pick up the injured or tired rider. Two semi-trailers transported the luggage, which was unloaded just outside the gymnasiums and adjacent to the camping areas.

Representatives of the local communities were on hand upon arrival to offer maps, brochures, and information, and there was some sort of entertainment each evening. Swimming pools were available at every stop, and the showers were adequate for the more than 800 riders.

And stunning scenery it was! Each day brought new pleasures, as the route wound its way down from the north woods through the sand country into the unglaciated hills of the Baraboo Range, over the ridges and into



the valleys of the lower Wisconsin River basin, for a drop of 1,050 feet for the week. The use of low-traffic county and town roads with generally good surfaces made it possible to luxuriate in the vistas without fear. Deer, birds, and wildflowers were abundant, and the route crossed and recrossed the Wisconsin River as it swelled from a rushing stream to the mighty tributary that empties into the Mississippi.

Day 1: (Boulder Junction to Rhinelander; 62.2 miles) was mostly level riding in deep woods broken by tree-studded lake and river views. The only towns along the way in this resort country were Saint Germain and Lake Tomahawk. Weather was crisp and clear, after a record-setting low of 22 degrees the night before in Boulder Junction.

Day 2: (Rhinelander to Wausau; 80.8 miles) was the most challenging riding of the tour, both because of the length and the terrain. Few riders made it up the Brokaw Hill outside Wausau without grumbling, although TOMRV veterans would not find this hill exceptional. The good-sized towns of Tomahawk and Merrill offered many places to eat and refresh during the long ride.

Day 3: (Wausau to Wisconsin Rapids; 72.8 miles) provided a leisurely, relatively level ride with interesting stops. The Point Brewery in Stevens Point offered riders free liquid refreshments and fruit, although the cool, cloudy weather served to keep down consumption, and the Dairy State Cheese Factory was a good place to catch an ice cream cone in the afternoon. An unexpected treat was a stop to pick strawberries and eat them fresh from the field, juicy and ripe. For the bikers who arrived early enough, Wisconsin Rapids had a tour of the Consolidated Paper Company's Biron paper mill.

Day 4: (Wisconsin Rapids to Mauston; 68.7 miles) traversed the backwaters of the river, with much riding over bridges and along causeways, marshes, and reservoirs. Riders could stop at Buckhorn State Park and Castle Rock Lake for a picnic (and a swim, if it had been warmer). No hills and a tailwind made this an easy day; entertainment at Mauston was provided by the "Mighty Carson Players" theatre at the school.

Day 5: (Mauston to Baraboo; 43.3 miles) was play day, the route running right through the central Wisconsin resort country. After a series of country lanes that wound in among the dairy farms, the ride entered the Wisconsin Dells on Highway 12, the rural views suddenly replaced by water slide parks, duck rides, mini golf, pancake houses, and all manner of tourist attractions. With such a short day, riders could stop at the Family Land water slide or picnic at Mirror Lake State Park, or go on to Baraboo to the International Crane Foundation or the Circus World Museum.

Day 6: (Baraboo to Richland Center; 67.3 miles) made up for the relative ease of the previous three days with an abundance of long hills and some headwinds. The south shore area of Devil's Lake State Park with its deep blue lake surrounded by spires of granite was a quiet spot to pause and gather one's energy for the day ahead.

Day 7: (Richland Center to Prairie du Chien; 67.1 miles) provided several gentle hills and a couple of long ones as the route went up over the ridges and down into the valleys of the lower Wisconsin River. Lunch was a picnic at the Boat Launch along the river at Boscobel; then a long ride on County Highway C along a peaceful backwater stream gave way to a short span of Highway 18 and the triumphant return to Prairie du Chien after a total of 462.2 miles.

This was an "old people's ride" with an average age of 41. Males outnumbered females, 595 to 286. People were friendly; it was easy to strike up a conversation with a fellow rider.

Among the Quad-Citians on GRABAAWR-VII were, in addition to the author, Leon Van Camp of Davenport, Elizabeth Schwegler of Rock Island, and Curt Hulteen of Geneseo.

It is expected that GRABAAWR-VIII will be held next summer in late June or early July. A brochure can be requested in February from Common Cause/Wisconsin, P. O. Box 6184, Madison, WI, 53716-0184; telephone (608) 256-2686.

Jack profits from my biking

By Jim Deal

At least one person is profiting from my disastrous bicycling season — my friendly pharmacist, Jack Cosgrave, in Silvis. He gets to keep filling prescriptions for the antibiotics of which I seem to be constantly in need.

I've had my share of difficulties with biking. My first year, it was severe nerve problems related to bicycle seats. Several dozen bicycle seats, bicycle seat pads and bicycle shorts later, that problem seems to be under control.

My second year involved continued experiments with bicycle seats, etc., and my horrific accident on Andalusia Road while crossing some railroad tracks. The front wheel of my bike slipped on the wet tracks, and, during the airborne maneuvers that followed, I sustained a number of injuries.

This year has been the year of the infections. I'm not sure how that falls on the Chinese calendar.

It all began after TOMRV. The following week I began to suffer severe pains when I attempted to take deep breaths, and I started coughing a lot. I soon learned that I was the proud host to a case of pleurisy — an inflammation of the lining around the lungs according to my handy, home medical guide — and my doctor prescribed antibiotics. Jack, my man, filled the bill with pills. (Doesn't make much sense, but I like the sound of it.)

I was off the bike and out of the YMCA for two weeks. My conditioning — such as it was — went to hell, but I finally seemed to get over it.

I hit the trails the first week I was healthy, and went on the Johnson Sauk Trail ride with Jim Karr and Merle (sorry, Merle, I haven't got that last name down yet). It was a great day and a nice route. We left from Geneseo and headed out to the park — a nice little area if you get a chance to visit. Jim and Merle found plenty of wild blackberries along the roads and raided the bushes like a couple of bears getting ready for hibernation. We had an enjoyable 56-mile ride.

The next weekend it rained out the

club rides, but Monday dawned bright and sunny, so Gabe Verstraete and I headed for Tampico and Dutch's restaurant where hungry travelers may find the most delicious pies. (Verstraete doesn't really play fair tempting me with these bakery goodies. I had the chocolate. I can't remember what Gabe had, though he is partial to the chocolate-peanut butter.) We enjoyed a slight tailwind and flat, well-surfaced roads all the way to Tampico which allowed us to average 19 mph on the trip out and slightly less on the trip back. Altogether, we covered 90 miles on pie-power. It was a thoroughly enjoyable ride... until that night.

I won't go into the gruesome details, but suffice it to say that my first trip to the potty that night was a pipe-bending experience. Things got worse over the next two nights. My plumbing — both external and internal — was taking a beating. On the third night, it became very apparent that I suffered some serious problem. So I called my doctor, and he told me what to do. He said, "Ting! Tang! Walla, Walla Bing Bang" — whoops, wrong doctor. The diagnosis was another infection, and, for the cure, I had to go see — yeah, you guessed it — my man, Jack. I said, "Give me those antibiotics, Jack, I wanna kill hell out of some bacteria." (Actually, my wife picked them up for me, but my version is much more exciting.)

About this time, I also had a visit with my ace acupuncturist, Dr. Joe — he of the steady eye and sharp needles. I told him my dilemma.

"How long you ride?" he asked.

"About 6½ hours," I replied.

"Too long, too long," he said. "No more than 2 hours. That's enough."

His reasoning sounded good to me, and I believe I will be following his advice in the future, which means no more 90-mile rides for this kid.

That's it. My problems should be over. I've paid my dues this summer. I've had all the problems a biker deserves to have. Right? Nooooooo! I no sooner get off the antibiotics than I get hit with a respiratory condition

that makes me feel like one of the living dead.

Am I discouraged? Am I ready to quit? Have I had all I can take? Yes, yes and yes. There comes a point of diminishing returns when the pleasures of biking are outweighed by the pains and problems.

I'm not sure what I'm going to do at this point. I've enjoyed biking and don't want to give it up. I've met a lot of nice people and seen a lot of nice country, but the only one enjoying this biking season is my man Jack, and he may even feel a little sorry for me.

News items

This is the smallest newsletter I've published in the two years I've been doing this job. Chuck and Diane Oestreich and I can't be the only ones working to fill this thing. I realize I don't get in all the pictures I receive, but I believe I've published everything everyone has written. Without contributions, we have no newsletter, so start writing.

TOMRV credits

In my account of my TOMRV experiences, I neglected to mention what a fine job Susie Laforce did handling the administrative and organizational chores that make TOMRV such a successful ride. My story was intended to be a first-person account of what I experienced. I usually leave the thank yous to the ride chairs, but certainly Susie deserves a big round of applause for her work on behalf of TOMRV. She does an exceptional job each year, and we all appreciate her efforts.

New editors

Hey, I'm still trying to get out of this newsletter publishing job. Two years is enough, and my schedule isn't getting any lighter. If anybody out there is ready to put their journalistic skills to work, let me know.

COME TO THE SEPTEMBER MEETING

Hear Steve Verstraete talk about mountain biking.

7 p.m. Sept. 15 at the David D. Palmer Library Auditorium, Palmer College, Davenport.
Refreshments and door prizes.