

THE LOUISVILLE BICYCLE CLUB

Founded in 1897

www.louisvillebicycleclub.org

November/December 2009

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Keep Writing!

The Louisville Cyclist is a bi-monthly newsletter of the Louisville Bicycle Club.

*Please submit articles and photos to:
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1906 Lower Hunters Trace
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**Deadline for the
Jan/Feb 2010 issue is
December 10**

Please let us know what you think this newsletter needs. After all, it's your newsletter!



A Tale from the Dog Pound

by Earl Jones, LBC President

Some report that 2001 was the year the club started going to the dogs. That was the year the Mad Dogs made the scene. While a few dogs have stopped riding with the club or, as we say, have gone "to the farm" in the 56 years (as dogs count) that have elapsed, most are still hanging around the front porch.

And this past season we saw the birth of the Pups in Training, a mostly women's group that started about mid-season to train for century rides. Led by Laura Trachtenberg, it was a great success.

But the dog story that caused me personal angst this season involved a real cycling dog. For real.

It was at the club picnic that I met this dog. No offense, but this dog was a real bitch. She sat in a basket on the rear fender and barked at anyone who came too close. Her human domestiques had provided her with every cycling necessity, including a helmet. I thought it was cute that the dog was accumulating club mileage until I realized that her mileage could be as high as her owner's, who were some of the club's longest riders. In fact, they were past yellow jersey winners, which meant that the pooch could wind up with more miles than yours truly at the end of the season. With my usual struggles to wind up with a decent season total, it would certainly be the final humiliation to be bested by a dog.

The touring guidelines didn't offer any relief: There was no canine exclusion. And the anti-discrimination provision of the club's bylaws could be read by a foxy lawyer as prohibiting any move to deprive the pooch of the mileage credit that the LBC statisticians had posted on the stats website.

Fortunately I had scheduled a few weeks of vacation in August and was able to do more riding, enough I'm sure, to beat out Bitsy Dobbs. Check it out.



Wayside Park volunteer cleanup crew, story p.6 (photo courtesy Andrew Murphy)



NEW MEMBERS

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The Louisville Bicycle Club is affiliated with the **League of American Bicyclists (LAB)** and the **United States Cycling Federation (USCF)**.

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| Tinal, Matthew | 4528 Dove Park Blvd | Louisville, KY | 40299 |
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| Wright, Troy | 158 Bent pine Ln | Brandenburg, KY | 40108 |
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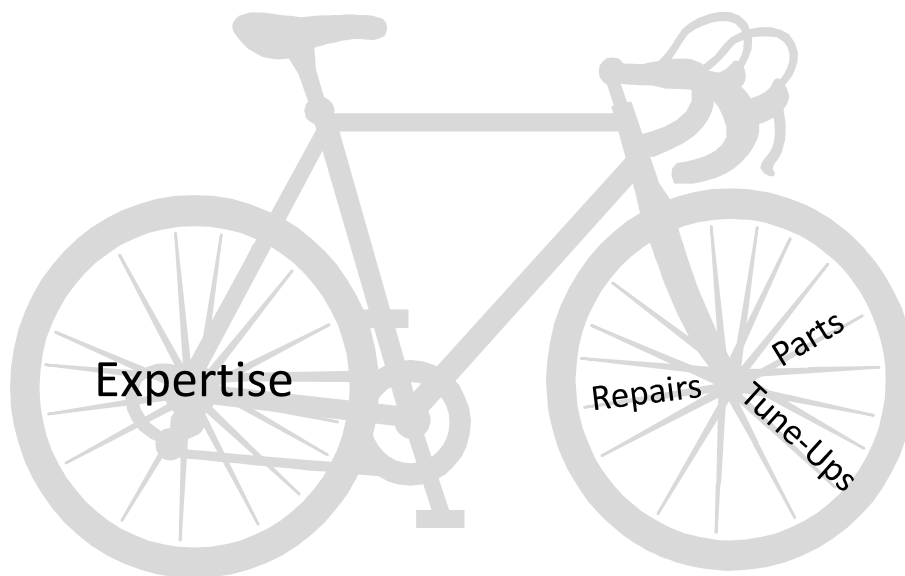
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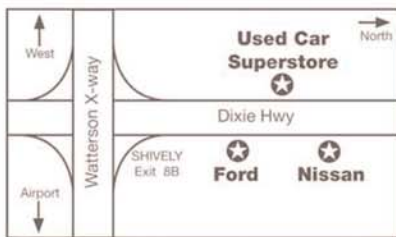
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CYCLING TEAM



The seasons continue to fly by!

By the time you read this the 2009 Ohio Valley Cyclocross series will have already completed 7 of its 16 races, including three of four local races: the US Grand Prix of Cyclocross (Oct 24 & 25) and our club's own race that was held at Fisherman's Park on October 4th. The final local race in the series will be Storm the Greens, the state championships race, on December 6th at Champions Park on Zorn Av.

I am pleased to report that our race at Fisherman's park went very well, with 260 racers from around the region competing in nine races for a share of \$2000 in prize money and merchandise. This is our second year at Fisherman's Park and it has already become one of the more popular courses on the CX circuit. It features natural corridors mowed through the vegetation surrounding several fishing ponds with plenty of rolling and off-camber terrain which provides both a tough challenge to racers as well as great viewing for the spectators.

Several of our team's racers finished in the top ten in races throughout the day including Blaine Heppner (9th, cat 1/2/3 masters 35+), Rick Lyons (5th, cat 1/2/3 masters 45+), Joe Nalley (10th, cat 3), Marty Bearden (6th, cat3 masters 35+), Darrell Edwards (6th, cat 3 masters 45+) and junior Will Bain (10th, cat 4). But the women on our team really had a great day. New team member and first time cyclocross racer, Erika Edwards won first place in the women's cat 3/4 race and 7th in the women's cat 1/2/3 race, Terri Meek finished third in the women's cat 1/2/3/ race and Lindsay Atkinson finished 8th in women's cat 1/2/3 race. Way to go ladies!

As you can imagine, there is lots of work that goes into putting a race on, from getting permits and planning to building the course, running the races and finally cleaning everything up at the end of the day. Many of our team members put in long hours to insure that this event was a success. I would like to congratulate all our team for their efforts and especially Duane Walker who took on the job of organizing the event and kept everything going throughout the day.

I would also like to thank the members of LBC's newest mini club, the PUPs, who came out to helped Lynn and my brother-in-law Dan serve up some tasty burgers, chips and drinks during the event. And a special thanks goes to club member extraordinaire: Andy Murphy, who served as our excellent

announcer for the day. Murph is a master with the microphone and kept everyone informed as well as entertained during the races. Thanks for your help guys!

Our roster for the 2010 season is now set and we will again have nearly 50 racers on the team.

I would like to welcome newest members: Joe Sitzler, Larry Pethick, Andy Zakel, Nick Bohler, Andrew Boyd, David Jarboe, Sam Hartman, Lindsay Atkinson, Erika Edwards, Don Fisher, Matt Brindle and Joe Nalley. All look to be very strong racers and when added to the many returning veterans on our squad, it looks like BikeClicks/Team Louisville is well on its way to another great season of racing.



Center on the podium, Erika Edwards wins her first women's 3/4 race.
(photo courtesy Craig Dooley, Backroads Photography)

This is also the time year when we look for sponsors for our team. I would like to welcome back our title sponsor, BikeClicks.com, along with Kindred Care, Heine Brothers Coffee, Bluegrass Brewing Company, Phil Patterson Painting, and Clarksville Schwinn as well as welcome our newest sponsor, Air-Xchange. It is only through these companies' generous donations as sponsors that LBC is able to fund its racing program. I would encourage all our club members to use these companies' services whenever possible. If you know of a business that may be interested in joining our team as a sponsor, please contact Steven Webster or me. We will be glad to talk with them about this unique opportunity to support bicycle racing in our area.

Cyclocross 2009

by Mark Luking, LBC VP Racing



Darrell Edwards (no relation to Erika) crossing barriers. (photo courtesy Craig Dooley, Backroads Photography)



Members of BC/TL women's squad: Erika Edwards, Joan Hanscom, Suzanne Webster, Terri Meek & Lindsay Atkinson. (photo courtesy Craig Dooley, Backroads Photography)

We've Adopted Wayside Park!

by Andrew Murphy, LBC VP Advocacy

On Saturday, October 10th, a group of LBC volunteers started a clean-up program at Wayside Park. Wayside is an Olmsted Park and we are doing this clean-up in conjunction with The Olmsted Parks Conservancy. The park is at the intersection of Southern Parkway and Oakdale Avenue and is the location of "Ruff's Memorial Wheelmen's Bench". The LBC has a history with The Wheelmen's Bench, with The Club having restored portions of the bench in the mid 1980's and paid for the placement of the historical marker that still stands today.

We started the project by removing the juniper shrubs at the corner of the park and cleaning the sidewalk around the bench itself. We had a total of 10 LBC volunteers on hand and I'd like to thank them for all their hard work. In the photo (front page) they are left to right; Donna Connell, Stewart Prather, John Cummings, Ellen Mackin, Richard Heckler, Mike Upsall, Steve Montgomery, Eric "EzE" Sellers, Charlie Drexler and Andy Murphy.

We're not sure when the next weekend project will be scheduled. The Olmsted folks are discussing with Metro Parks what our next step should be. We'll make announcements concerning the Wayside Park project on the KyCycList (club email list.) If you already subscribe to the mail list just keep your eyes open. And if you don't subscribe, you can find a link to subscribe on the LBC homepage on the internet <http://www.louisvillebicycleclub.org/>.

Again, thanks to everyone who came out and did such an outstanding job!

Right: Wayside Park before & after work. (photos by Andrew Murphy)





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My First Century

by Linda Caso

Somehow the title “My First Century” for something as auspicious as my first 100-mile ride seems woefully inadequate. I still feel the thrill of those words and you’ll forgive my feeling of pride almost two weeks later. Completing a century is something I always dreamed of but never really imagined I would do.

Starting at the beginning; I am a relatively new cyclist, sort of. I joined the LBC in April of 2008 at the urging of member Cherry Baker, as a result of a promise I made to a co-worker in 2007 to join him on the MS ride the following year. I knew of the MS ride from my days in New York as a “semi-cyclist.” There I would take out my hybrid bike with the fairly thick tires and ride a “long” 10 or 15 flat miles. When I shared this feat with my friends and family, they oohed and aahed appropriately for “all the miles I rode.” I thought, “I’m a cyclist, I go to the gym every day, so just how hard could it be?” Well, having to live up to my commitment in 2008, I did find out. But that’s a story for another time.

Fast forward to Spring 2009: I stayed in the gym all winter, took spin classes with Dean at Milestone three times a week, lifted weights to strengthen my core and walked the Triple Crown and mini-Marathon in preparation for this year’s cycling season. You see, after my experience with the MS ride in 2008, I was completely addicted!

I rode every chance I could last year and was determined to be prepared not only for this season, but to fit in a Century at the first opportunity.

And then providence intervened.

Shortly after the season began this year, I learned that I required major surgery. Reluctantly I scheduled my surgery for June 29th, right in the heart of the cycling season and what a season it turned out to be. The weather was perfect nearly all summer long. Every beautiful sunny day during my recovery I would look longingly out the window and imagine myself on the Saturday morning ride from the Yellow lot. I would think about all my newly minted cyclist friends out on the road, whooping it up to Iroquois Park, flying down the “big” hill like the Red Baron. A lonely tear would fall down my cheek as I realized my dream of a Century would have to be deferred for yet another year.

On August 17th I was given the “all’s clear” to return to the

gym and normal activities. On August 22nd, I went down to the Yellow Lot for the John Carr Memorial ride. It was a great occasion (albeit very sad) to return to riding. I’ll admit to being very nervous about getting “back in the saddle.” However, as the expression goes, it’s “just like riding a bike”, and you really don’t forget! With that first rush of wind and feeling of exhilaration, I was right back where I had left off the season before: just darn crazy about riding. Although my heart told me to push myself as hard as I could, my body cried “uncle” after 17 miles. And so somewhat dejected I kept straight towards home (the Yellow Lot), when all my friends turned right on 6th headed toward Iroquois. But what a thrill it was to be back in spandex!

I managed to ride the next several weeks on Saturdays, and on September 12th, knowing I could not ride the OKHT, I volunteered to help during registration. The weather was perfect, bringing out a record crowd for the Club’s annual ride to Bardstown. Being in the midst of all those happy, excited faces was just too much, so when the offer was made by my Mad PUP friend Patsy Maguire to do the “Cookie Stop Ride” on Sunday, I jumped at the chance. So Sunday Sept 13th, with barely 3 weeks of riding under my belt of no more than 30 miles, I nervously embarked on a 50-mile ride to the

Cookie Stop. No one was more thrilled than I that I survived the 25 hilly miles (with no low gears I might add) to the Famous OKHT Cookie Stop SAG. I will admit that I only made it back to Sawyer Park through sheer determination and the encouragement of the Mad Pups, especially Laura Trachtenberg.

On September 20th, John Cummings and Andy Murphy, affectionately known as Murph by everyone in the club, scheduled a “Good First Century” ride, primarily at the urging of Laura T. for the Mad Pups, who all began riding with me the year before and desired to accomplish their first Century this season. While I knew that I could not hope to complete a Century, I couldn’t resist going out for my second “fifty-mile ride” since recovering from surgery. Off I went loaded down with water and snacks, which I ended up not really needing, to challenge myself to a fifty-mile ride. The day was overcast and threatening but to my surprise, and I think John’s and Murph’s, nearly 90 cyclists showed up at the Yellow lot that morning to join the ride. It was so exciting you could feel the electricity in the air. Bernice McGill, upon spotting me for the first time



Linda Caso headed west on Riverside Drive in Southern Indiana
(photo courtesy Allison Dobbs)

My First Century (cont.)

by Linda Caso

since my surgery, exclaimed “Oh Linda, you’re doing your first Century!” I meekly muttered that I wasn’t planning on 100 miles but would go as far as I could. Well for those of you who know Bernice, you know she didn’t leave it at that. She followed with “Oh you can do it! You’re a strong rider!!” With that, we soon left the parking lot like a herd of wild buffalo off to stake our share of the wilderness! What a sight it was. Before I realized what was happening I was being swept along in the euphoria.



Pre-ride briefing and on the road to Utica.
(photos courtesy Allison Dobbs & Larry Preble)

Across the 2nd Street bridge I went into Jeffersonville down to Utica. Before leaving the bridge, “IT” felt necessary to welcome me back to the two-wheel road by gifting me a flat back tire. Oh no I thought, is this an omen of things to come? Pups Ron DePrez and Bill Flick gallantly pulled over and changed my flat.



Linda Caso, dealing with a flat tire on the Clark Memorial Bridge
(photo courtesy Larry Preble)

With the time it took to change the tire we found ourselves at the back of the pack. Racing along at an uncomfortable speed of 16 mph in an attempt to catch up, I began thinking I had made a huge mistake. You see, once looking at the cue sheet I realized that my plans of a fifty-mile ride were foiled. The way the route was mapped, my choices were, 25 miles, 75 miles or the full 100 miles. Yikes! Well 25 miles was just too short for all the preparation I had gone through to be there that day and after causing Ron and Bill to fall so far behind, I felt it would be a disservice to their gallantry. Yet somewhat out of breadth, already uncomfortable in my seat and legs beginning to ache at barely 10 miles, I couldn’t imagine how I could do 75, especially since 50 of it included that dreaded windy “Farnsley Moremen.”

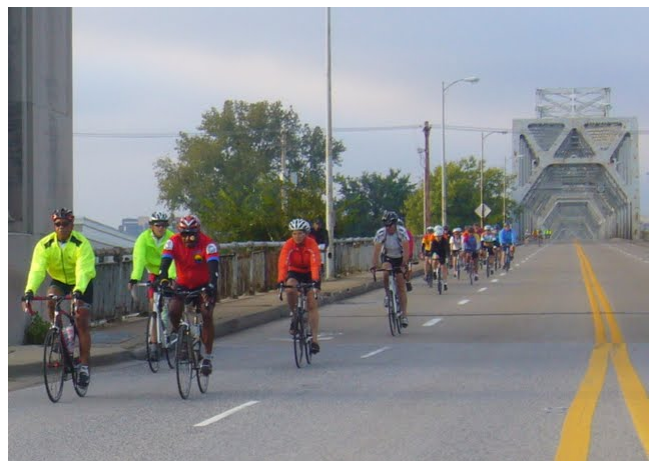
Just at that point a knight in shining armor (okay orange and

black spandex) appeared. John Cummings, one of the two ride captions, must have read my mind, because he said, “Linda, you’re looking Great! Your form is perfect and you’re doing really well.” So as not to make a fibber out of John, I straightened up in my saddle, stopped whining to myself about my sore butt and legs and kept pushing forward. As we made the loop to head back to New Albany and across the bridge, John rode up next to me and gently suggested that I take my speed down to between 12 and 13 mph and ride at that speed for the duration of the 100 miles. Well of course I was focused on just making it across the bridge and back to the Yellow Lot where I belonged! As I got closer to the bridge and my turn-off home, along comes the second of the knighted pair, Murph. He chats me up and asks how I’m doing. I lie and say, “okay, considering.” Murph then asks if this is my first Century. Again I meekly say something about not really planning on a century, just getting back on my bike after a long lay-up. Before I could finish, Murph, shouts out, “Wahoo hoo Linda, that is awesome your first Century!!” Oh boy, I’m now thinking, “I have to go on, because I can’t let John and Murph down.”

Through some miracle, I managed to make it back downtown from Farnsley Mormon, where I have already told the folks I’m riding with that 75 miles is all I can manage.

Providence, that old devil, does it again. With shouts of encouragement from my riding buddies in my ears, and one last challenge from Lynn Luking who is riding (against doctors advice because of recent eye surgery) with her husband Mark as her guide and personal cheerleader, the light changes to red, leaving me to deliberate on going forward or going home. When the light changes to green, almost without my knowledge my bike makes the right turn onto 6th street and I am heading toward Iroquois Park for the last 25 miles of our Century ride. I keep telling myself that this is familiar ground and I can turn around at any point, but the lure of riding my first Century gets the best of me and I now fully engage in the possibility of actually completing this goal of which I have dreamt for so long.

Ten hours later, at 6:15 PM, I am back in the Yellow Lot on Main Street where I began my journey that morning, beaming, laughing and crying, with the full knowledge that I have completed something that only that morning seemed impossible to even comprehend: My First Century!



(photo courtesy Larry Preble)

2009 Old Kentucky Home Tour Appreciation

by Lynn Luking, OKHT Director



My Old Kentucky Home Bicycle Tour, the Louisville Bicycle Club's Premier Cycling Tour - The Legendary "Old Kentucky Home Tour" had another GREAT year. The weather was perfect and the roads were marked so well that the riders didn't even need cue sheets! The luggage and sag supplies made it to Bardstown and back to Sawyer Park in trucks from our Re-Max Realtor friends –Jack Mays and Robert Socolar.



Dr. Margaret Preble and her friends –Tonya Robinson Beachamp-Katy Aceree-Reggie Jones and Lydia McMahan sure know how to "rub folks the RIGHT way" to make them walk upright again! The lines to their tables were very long—go to www.okht.org to see pictures of these hard working ladies! The nurses from Flaget Memorial Hospital passed out samples of Chamois Butt'r and first aid kits to help the riders get back on their bikes for a safe ride back to Louisville!!

Yoga classes by Tami Combs from Baptist Milestone were a huge success again this year – She relaxed some folks to sleep!

New for 2009-OKHT created 4 levels of sponsorship packages. This allowed our sponsors greater latitude in choosing their level of OKHT support. The OKHT would not happen without the generous support from our sponsors. Go to www.okht.org and click their logos to learn how you can support them.

Also new for 2009, the OKHT web page was redesigned and updated by LBC members and Team Louisville Racers—Steven and Susan Webster. They created the www.bikeclicks.com webpage. Click on www.okht.org to visit each of our sponsors' personal web sites to learn more about them. They now have more coverage than just the back of our OKHT jerseys!!

A big THANKS goes out to Sandy and Carl Davis – the Pottershop Hill Sag stop was a well stocked and a fun place to visit this year. It made you "want" to climb Pottershop Hill just to be part of the fun and collect the new Pottershop pin. We had a record high of over 200 get pinned this year!! I've heard that folks are making plans to "practice" riding up the hills so they too can belong to the "2010 Pottershop Club". Carl also made the corn hole games [*Does that make him The Great Cornholio?* - Ed.] we enjoyed in Bardstown.

Finally-When you see any of the 100+ volunteers that gave up riding this year so you could—THANK them and think about volunteering in 2010 so they can ride OKHT and enjoy the fun that you had this year!!

If you have any suggestions on how to make 2010 OKHT better—go to www.okht.org and click on "suggestions for OKHT" tab.

Lynn Luking
2009 OKHT Director

2009 New Rider Clinic Summation & Thanks

by Tom Armstrong, LBC VP Education

The New Rider clinic season has drawn to a close. Over the course of two series of classes, we had over a hundred and fifty people come out as students. Out of those, we apparently chased away a hundred and thirty or so, because most only came for one or two lessons.

Looking at the bright side, however, I awarded ten certificates to folks who completed more than six of the eight sessions. Riders learned about many topics, including where to ride in the lane, where to be when entering and exiting intersections and the best attended class of all, how to fix a flat tire (there were many experienced club members at this one!). We had great groups of students for all classes; many asked good questions showing an eagerness to learn what the volunteers and I could contribute.

As an aside, if you feel you earned a certificate, but have not yet received it, drop me an email at

education@louisvillebicycleclub.org and we can sort it out.

Many thanks to the volunteers who rode with the new riders, helped me with teaching during parking lot drills, took over when their expertise was greater than mine, and in general made things go very well. Special thanks and recognition go to Steve Sarson and A.B. Sandefur for their construction of the program we as a club have used for the last few years. Another special thanks to Barb Tretter who kept track of who was in attendance each session.

I have some goals for the coming year, including making the New Rider clinics more closely match the League of American Bicyclists Traffic Skills 101 curriculum. This will require some minor tweaking of the format but it will better equip new riders to join in the local traffic patterns and improve cycling safety for all of us.

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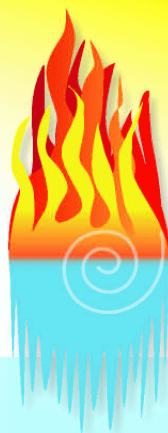
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My First Century (AKA: Riding with the PITS)

by Laura Trachtenberg

Normally I would not be writing a column for the newsletter, but someone in the club asked me to send in my comments on my first century. So, here I am, commenting on my first — and second — centuries, and how I got there.

A century was never really on my agenda. When I started riding with the club about four years ago, the 18-mile slow and easy was enough of a challenge for me. I remember being happy when I could average over 11 miles per hour on that ride. (Of course, as many of my friends know, I STILL don't average much more than 13 – 14 on rides).

When John and Murphy decided I would do my first century this fall, I knew I would have to start training. (Notice I did not say when I decided). Just as I started to train, I was very fortunate to hook up with a bunch of delightful and wacky people (now known as the Mad Pups or Mad PITS).

Over the summer the Mad PITS organized into a defined group and, thanks to some very clever writing and tech savvy people, now even have a shutterfly and google group. If you visit our page, you will find the following description:

“The MAD PUPS are an informal group of members of the Louisville Bicycle Club that aspire to do longer distance rides. This group is not about speed but about the encouragement and support of each other as we work to meet our cycling goals.

PIT is the acronym for Pups In Training. Like pups, we run in packs and always stay together. Our name derives from the fast paced “Mad Dogs” team whose speed we cannot match but we have great fun trying.

We have multiple goals which are constantly in flux and increasing. For example, we aspire to complete a century ride in, oh say, less than 24 hours. This year we have had members complete a difficult century in little more than 8 hours (saddle time). Several of us have also completed a triathlon: a 65 mi. bike ride, followed by a sprint of 26 feet from our bikes to the ice cream stand, followed by a grueling but refreshing dip of 2 ½ minutes in the Waterfront Fountains.”

Many may have seen several kycyclist postings of “mad pit show and go” rides over the summer. These rides were to increase our mileage in order to be ready for the centuries. None of our rides were billed for more than 50 miles, however we kept on increasing them by 10 mile increments. SO, we would list a 50 + 10 + 10, +10, etc. A few times the increase was prompted by someone throwing down the gauntlet. That way we never had to face the reality of how far we went! All rides always included food and ice cream, so they tended to take longer than usual.

After having done an 82-mile ride one Saturday, I felt I was ready for the first century: the Hope Ride. John said it would not be too bad, as long as it did not get windy. Hills I could handle; wind, I was not sure about. All went well for the first hour or so and then the wind came up. Out there in the corn fields, the wind was brutal. It came from every direction and

was relentless. It broke my spirit. (I found out how much I really wanted to accomplish the century and how much I felt I would not be successful).

I did finish my first century, but it was not pretty. I found a century much harder on my psyche than I had expected. It had me in tears at mile 40 and mile 72. I fell behind everyone (yes, I am STILL SLOW), but not as far as I thought. Just being behind, however, felt like a defeat to me.

I finished with a smile on my face (thank goodness), and learned a good lesson: I CAN do it. I just had to realize I had to do it at my own pace and not be defeated because I fall behind the group. I was also surprised that, even with the wind, I averaged 12.4 mph for the ride, which was only 1/10 mph less than I was hoping to be able to accomplish. Until I get a turbo charger for my bike, I will just be sweeping the group that I ride with.

My second century, the “Good First Century”, was much better than the first. I knew what I was up against and I knew the psychological hurdles (FAILURE!!) that needed to be overcome. We approached Iroquois Park (both up the hill and around the bottom) at approximately mile 75. I told myself “NO WALKING”. As I started grinding up the hill, I was amazed that it was not as hard as I had anticipated. In fact, the only place we walked was through the car show, which does not count, because they forced us to walk. Yes, I was still near the back of the pack but I completed the whole ride with a smile on my face, even with a leg cramp for the last 40 miles.

Where has all this led me? Thanks to the encouragement of several people in the club, I have ridden approximately 4500 combined club and non-club miles this season. Before riding with the club, I probably rode about 100 miles a year. I have also learned that I can do what I set out to accomplish, as long as I realize it may not be as fast as many others. I have also learned NOT to get mad at myself when people are waiting for me at the next turn, as I slowly grind up the hills.

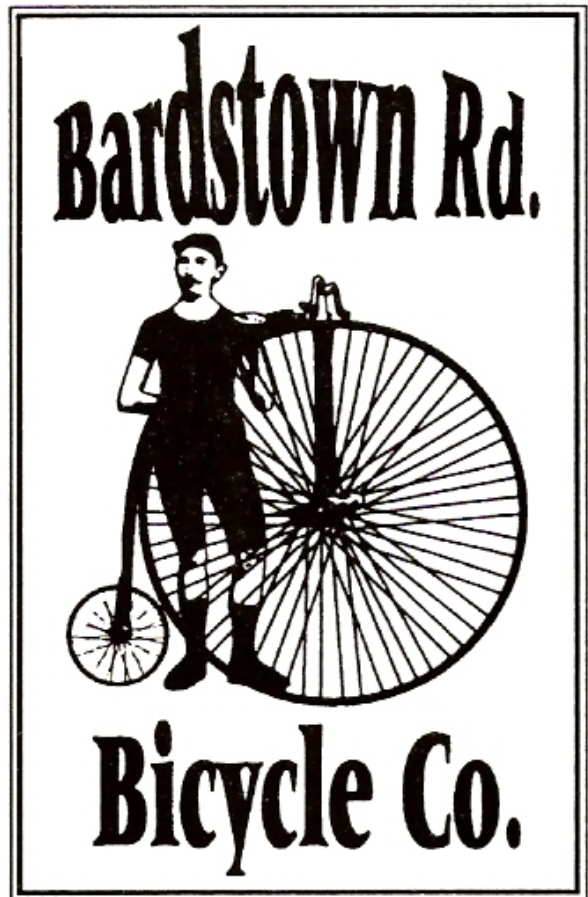
Another lesson I have learned is I am still not ready for a Mad Dog century. Maybe some day, but I still need to get faster on the hills so I can finish in less than 10 hours.

Am I ready for another century? Yes! But it will, again, be one of John and Murphy's excellent centuries for those of us who enjoy being Mad Pups, EXCEPT for the most recent throwing of the gauntlet by the Mad PUPS.



(SCARY, ISN'T IT?)

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Recently the Louisville Bicycle Club had their annual overnight ride down to Mammoth Cave and back, a 234 mile journey lasting two days. When the alarm went off, I had second thoughts about the ride and participating, not because of any fear of the distance but due to the weather change. Yes, I normally ride throughout the year when there is not ice on the road, (I bought a mountain bike specifically to handle snow but haven't invested in studded tires), but the colder, windy weather made me want to burrow down more deeply into the warmth of my bed rather than get dressed and drive to the start. Initially I rolled over, pulled the covers up, and decided to "oversleep." Memories of the good times I have had on this ride over the years played in my mind like a movie however until I arose, grumbling but awake. I really can't remember NOT having a good time on this ride, and I hope this will not be a first.

It was cloudy and cold despite the predicted sunshine, matching my mood, but as I tagged along with the small group I chose to ride with I began to be glad that I had come. There were more memories to be made, and Lord knows we need to have memories to create good dreams to savor those times when we decide not to leave or are unable to leave the warmth of our home and blunder into the world. As I was riding, I thought about cycling and how interesting it was that we had riders today ranging from pre high school graduates to those in their seventies, riders that could average 20 mph and those that could only average 14, riders that are men and those that are women, riders from different socio-economic backgrounds, riders that hold different political beliefs, riders that have significantly different employment types: all united by their love of cycling and by the challenge that back to back centuries bring. Where else does one get this kind of mix? I thought about how most of us would not have this opportunity if it weren't for ride captains, the unsung heroes of the club. Since Duc quit offering Wacky Tacky, Donna Connell and Steve Rice are the only captains I know that offer overnight adventures.

This year there was a new twist to the ride. Mike "Sparky, Lemon Boy, Bird Dog" Pitt, Sue Pitt, and Deb Sexton were catering lunch along the way. I enjoyed hearing the difficulty they had in getting cheese sandwiches since I run into this problem quite often as both of my children are vegetarian. Evidently it is easy to get meat and cheese on a sandwich, but the woman making the sandwiches could not process the idea of leaving the meat off of a sandwich. Mostly I admired their stoicism and good attitudes standing in the cold waiting for riders to arrive because it was not a pleasant day to be standing around waiting for riders to come in.

As we passed small towns, I realized that I recognized businesses that were new and mourned those that were gone. The new store where we stopped to use the restroom is nicer than the old store where the restrooms were outside and you needed a key, but the old store held memories that the new store

doesn't offer. Bernice and Mike later sparred back and forth over one such moment at the now deceased store. I remind myself that just because something is new, it is not necessarily better or worse, just different. I need to remind myself of this as I have a tendency to value the old more than the new because there is normally a memory attached to the old.

On the way, we traversed a couple of new roads. Yes, they had hills, and yes, I teased Susan about living with a sadist, but the roads were well worth the climbs with breathtaking scenery and not having to face a busy road. I'll take scenic over busy every time. Our group grew larger as we neared the end of the ride and got held up by a train. It never fails to amaze me how little time it really takes for all those riding at different paces to regroup, seldom more than ten minutes or so. A few of us giggled about the time Steve "Gnarly" Royse didn't get to the start in time to have his luggage sagged and stopped to buy used clothing. What clothing it was... a shirt with what appeared to be a burn from a marijuana seed in the pocket and bright yellow shorts with sea creatures running about. I mourn those from past adventures that are not with us today and send up a prayer that all is well with them.

As usual, despite the cold, we sat and laughed on the lawn after we cleaned up, enjoying our "adult beverages" and sharing jokes. Wives and children and grandchildren were there, and even a pet. For dinner, we normally all gather and eat together. This year, Windy, a past waitress, came to visit and she spoke of the changes since the first Mammoth Cave ride. If I remember correctly, she said there were five people that first year. This year was somewhere around the 35 mark. What magic those first few people sparked; that it has lasted and grown, probably unintentionally? Tomorrow is the ride home, but for now I am busy making a few new memories to carry with me.



Melissa "Puddle" Hall pours it on!
(photo courtesy Larry Preble)

Mammoth Cave

by Melissa Hall



Andy Horray at the Wigwam Village.
(photo courtesy Larry Preble)



"Don't worry Puddle, the owner says he doesn't bite."
(photo courtesy Larry Preble)



L-R: Andy Horray, Nate Calloway, Rick Croslin, Allison Dobbs,
Janice Theriot, Steven & Ben Meredith and Larry Preble
at the House with Hair! (photo courtesy Larry Preble)



Supper Time!
(photo courtesy Larry Preble)

Do you have something you want to share with your fellow club members?

Send us an article and photos for the newsletter! We can accept hand-written manuscripts, hardcopy print-outs or articles on disk (Word documents preferred), or e-mail.

Send them to David Ryan (Packman), VP Communications (see cover for addresses) or hand them to any club officer.

The Louisville Bicycle Club reserves the right to edit all submitted articles.

See cover for deadlines.

The newsletter is sent third class. The post office will not forward to your new address. Please notify Barbara Tretter, club secretary, of any address changes.

All the news...

We have a full issue this time, folks. There are four century stories (including mine below), officer reports and lots of pictures! I want to thank you all.

It is getting close to three years as your editor. I'm honored and enjoy doing it - so much, I plan to run for a fourth year.

This issue, a full 16 pages, shows that some of you can be as motivated to write as well as to ride. All it takes is an email, or occasionally snail mail, no special software or formatting (in fact, that gets in the way because I have to take them apart to print anyway), and maybe picture attachments with accompanying captions and credits.

Sometimes extended ride reports are sent to the mail list. That may be nice for a few feedbacks but they only reach a fraction of our members that way. If you have good original personal cycling stories you would like to reach everyone, please consider sending them here.

My first double century was in early 1989. I rode three centuries the previous year and several in late Winter/early

Spring. I had a new Schwinn mountain bike with a comfortably wide spring seat wrapped in several plastic shopping bags whose slippage against each other ameliorated friction, which I also used to commute to work starting in February. On weekends I pushed out farther and farther. At the break of one Saturday dawn I decided to ride from my home in PRP west of Dixie Highway, as usual, to Lexington via KY-44. It was to be a very pleasant day.

My habit was to take a meandering route outbound until the most direct route home resulted in the predetermined mileage. 44 is rural and winding until Lawrenceburg and Versailles, so I was well over a century in downtown Lexington, first I'd ever been there. The most direct route home was 88 miles, mainly US-60. I first took Old Frankfort Pike, stopping briefly for water and a look around at the Headley-Whitney museum where a late-afternoon piano recital with a young lady was in progress. I had a leg cramp at 150 miles on a hill on 60 and my butt got sore near the end despite the bags. I got home after 18 hours, just after midnight, with 201 miles after doing a few doughnuts at a nearby parking lot to make sure I was over 200.

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