

# THE LOUISVILLE BICYCLE CLUB

Founded in 1897

www.louisvillebicycleclub.org

January/February 2010

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Awards Banquet  
January 16

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

*Please submit articles and photos to:  
David Ryan ("PaCkMaN")  
1906 Lower Hunters Trace  
Louisville, KY 40216,  
editor@louisvillebicycleclub.org,  
502-447-7814.*

***Deadline for the  
Mar/Apr 2010 issue is  
February 10***

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



## Final Edition\*

*by Earl Jones, LBC President*

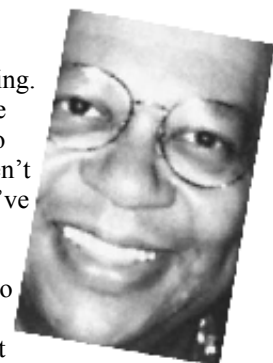
This is my final Newsletter article as LBC president.

I've enjoyed working with to improve the clubs and promote cycling. It's hard, at least for me, to realize that ten years have passed since that first election. I've learned a lot and I hope I've used all of it to advance the club. But, as many of you know, one thing I still haven't learned is bike mechanic skills befitting my high office. For that I've had to rely on the many wonderful LBC friends I've made.

I've also enjoyed writing these letters. Some have been great fun to write. Some have dealt with weighty cycling topics while others have just provided me the opportunity to whine or rage about a pet peeve. But I have always appreciated the opportunity—and the challenge.

I'll have a lot more to say at the annual meeting and awards banquet, which will be held on January 16 at Masterson's. I hope all of you will be there.

**\* *Of Earl's column, not the newsletter!!!***



## All Good Things Must End



A Fall View from Clark Fire Tower Hill, October 2009  
Looking east toward Madison, Indiana  
*(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)*

## EMAIL NEWSLETTER DELIVERY

The LBC 2006 budget for newsletter costs is \$5,000, which represents nearly 25% of our total program costs. In an attempt to reduce this cost so monies can be used by other programs, the Executive Committee has introduced email newsletter delivery. This optional service began with the newsletter for May/June 2006. The newsletter is sent in PDF format to those who have signed up for this service. Each delivery saves the club \$1.25 in printing and mailing costs per issue per membership. Those who choose email delivery will typically receive their newsletter 4-7 days before those who receive their newsletters via regular mail.

Club membership applications and membership reminder postcards will be modified to include this option. If, after trying email delivery, you find you prefer the paper copy, you can revert back to regular mail delivery.

**As of December 2009, almost 2/3 of LBC members have signed up to receive the e-newsletter!**

Thanks for your cooperation.  
LBC Executive Committee

Also, beginning with March/April 2007:  
The electronic newsletter contains  
**COLOR PICTURES!**

To sign up for this option please go to  
<http://www.louisvillebicycleclub.org/forms/enewsletter.htm>.

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### YOUR CLUB OFFICERS (Executive Committee)

#### Earl Jones

President  
502 287-7770  
[president@louisvillebicycleclub.org](mailto:president@louisvillebicycleclub.org)

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#### Jim Tretter

Treasurer  
502 491-7120  
[treasurer@louisvillebicycleclub.org](mailto:treasurer@louisvillebicycleclub.org)

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

## NEW MEMBERS

Elmer, Carl & Judy	1706 Bass Cir	LaGrange, KY	40031	(502) 222-2415
Kriegshaber, Steven & Aldridge, Annette	3527 Hughes Rd	Louisville, KY	40207	(502) 291-5391
Livingston, Adam	4901 Monaco Dr	Louisville, KY	40219	(502) 287-3837
Pilkinton, David	305 Winding Way	Shelbyville, KY	40065	(502) 552-9979
Remington, Linda & Family	3803 Debsom Way	Louisville, KY	40241	(502) 748-1331
Seger, Khris	9229 Valleyview Dr	Evansville, IN	47711	
Smith, Ronald	211 Bonner Ave	Louisville, KY	40207	(502) 742-9142

## Reaching for New Highs

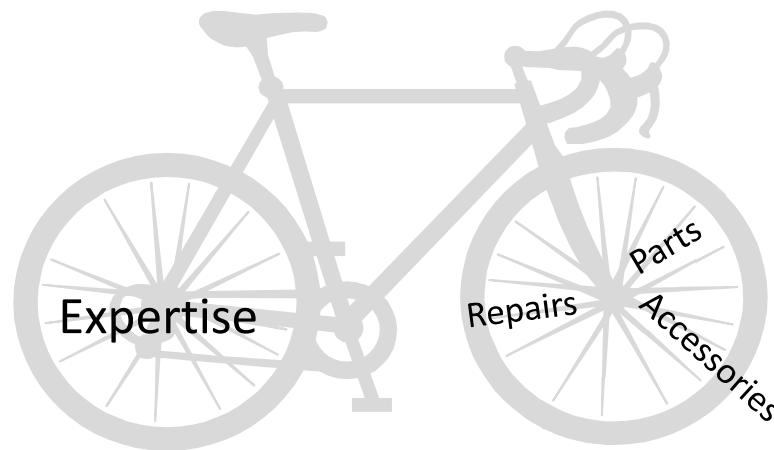


The Clark Fire Tower, Henryville, Indiana, 1038 feet + 100  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)

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## We Are Invisible

by Andy Murphy, LBC VP Advocacy

After a recent “Wheeling Into The Night” ride, Eric “EzE” Sellers and I were riding our bicycles home from the ride. As we were riding on Longest Avenue approaching Bardstown Road, we both noticed a lady in an Audi pulling out of the alley behind Heine Bros. Coffee. She didn’t stop—it was more like a thoughtful pause, and she was heading right for us. We both started screaming, which got her attention and she stopped. She seemed genuinely surprised and gave us an apologetic sort of wave. We both agreed that the incident didn’t seem malicious, but the potential for a very real tragedy was undeniable. Eric

and I were both properly dressed to be out riding at night. My helmet light is a retina searing 488 lumens. Eric had 2 lights on the front of his bike. We both had reflective ankle bands, jackets and multiple red lights. As we rode along after the incident, Eric told me that Stewart Prather had told him a while back, that if people don’t expect to see you, they don’t see you. This incident was a perfect illustration of this. The point of this story is to remind you to ride as if the people driving cars can’t see you, whether it’s during the day or at night. They should see you and you hope they would, but they might not. Be safe.

## Cycle For Life

by John Larson

When Dick Rauh described his heart attack on the listserv, I commented that this was one of the most important messages we would ever read. Little did I know that I would be an example of that. On my way to my office one Thursday, I experienced a dull ache in my chest. It was not sharp, and I had no shortness of breath. Since it did not respond to antacids, I took an aspirin and went to the emergency room. The EKG was normal (indicating no significant damage), but the blood work (Troponin) showed probable early heart attack and subsequent lab confirmed that. The heart catheterization was done the next day revealing a 95% blockage in a branch of the main coronary artery. They successfully opened the blocked area with a balloon (angioplasty) and placed a stent to keep it open. I went home on Saturday and was back on my bike on Monday for the Fat Forty Ride (Yes, the cardiologist said it was OK).

associated with shortness of breath, take an aspirin and go to the ER. I believe that all cyclists over 40 should carry an aspirin in their bike bag in case of an emergency (also an antihistamine for allergic reactions). Your suspicion should be heightened with a family history of early heart disease. (My mother had a myocardial infarction at 52 years of age.)

I tell this story to reiterate Dick’s message. If you have an unusual chest discomfort, it does not have to be stabbing or

I firmly believe that if I did not cycle regularly, I would not be telling this story. I do not smoke and have no issues with weight, blood pressure or diabetes. You have to live with the genes your parents gave you, but you can postpone problems for years and speed up your recovery time. Exercise makes the heart stronger and more efficient (and thus a lower resting heart rate). A lot of people have Lance Armstrong as their hero, but my heroes are people like Bernice McGill, AB Sandefur, Dick Williams and John Kelly. They are all 75+ and cycling stronger than cyclists a fraction of their age. I aspire to follow in their cycling tracks.

## Reflections on the Cookout Ride and Other Musings

by Doe Cummings

The kids and I own and ride horses. My husband, John, spends most of his free time on one of his four bicycles. We like the advantages of the four-hoof drive of the horses, while he prefers chain drives and apparently the pain of his calves burning as he rides his bike. Why? This obsession escapes me; the kids and my horse are loving friends.

rode by. Additionally, since bikes don’t attract flies, they weren’t constantly shooing flies from their bicycles.

Last spring John began to talk of having a 25 mile ride starting at our farm in Mt. Washington and a cookout following the ride. After some discussion with his cycling friends we agreed on a day in October.

They started trickling in after about two hours. Most of them were fussing about all the hills and the headwinds. Some looked tired, but the one thing I noticed, even though they complained, is they were all laughing and smiling.

It was a beautiful, albeit breezy, autumn day at the farm. My friends, some of whom are slightly overweight, wore jeans and boots and drove pickup trucks to the farm. Imagine what the neighbors thought when the bicycle people arrived driving compact cars (not a single pickup), wearing spandex shorts, colorful jerseys and funny shoes. The horses and goats, having never seen such a spectacle, were a bit unnerved!

Some of these people had never been to a farm nor have been around horses, goats or chickens. They were quite impressed with the creatures up close. A few even wanted to take some horse manure home for their gardens. “City people”!

It was quite a sight as about 20 people wearing brightly colored jerseys left the farm for the 26-mile trek/ride up and down the hills, through the beautiful farm lands and rural communities in and around the Floyds Fork Corridor.

We settled down to a great pot luck feast consisting of homemade barbeque and other tasty specialties brought by the other bikers. After eating we sat around the bonfire enjoying each other’s company, and told lies, along with some boring discussions about headsets, chainrings and other nonsense. After awhile I came to the conclusion that these people, even though they are skinny and wear spandex in public, were not so strange after all (with the exception of Martin). Most were really, normal people and are welcome to stage a ride from our farm anytime they want.

A pang of jealousy hit me when I realized that they wouldn’t have to stop and pick the bicycle manure up off the road or worry about the bicycles eating the neighbor’s flowers as they

My family and I hope to see our cycling friends at the farm again next year!

A special thanks to Larry Preble for his photography skills.

## Volunteer Call Up

by Tom Armstrong, LBC VP Education

Yet another call for volunteers!

As we look forward to the 2010 riding season, many of us look for ways we can make our club better in some way. Some captain rides—LOTS of rides. Some host Trainer Tours (Thanks, A.B. and all who help with them!). Some help with races. Many help with OKHT.

And some help with the education program.

I am working on some changes for the 2010 education program so that, if re-elected, I can award the League of American Bicyclists' "Bike Ed Traffic Skills 101" certificate to those completing the course. To make this happen, I will need volunteers--several volunteers.

I would prefer that volunteers have taken the course, obviously. It would be even better to have most of the Club's League Cycling Instructors as volunteers (and several club members that are also LCIs, regardless of current status with the LAB, do volunteer regularly).

The Club's banquet is scheduled for January 16th. If I am to continue as VP Education, I need to get my education committee going as soon as possible after that date, so that we can make good things happen with the education program for 2010. I plan to have a committee meeting on January 17th to discuss our views on where and how we can have our classes. Please drop me an email at [education@louisvillebicycleclub.org](mailto:education@louisvillebicycleclub.org) or call me at 502-523-9581 if you are interested in helping.

## LBC Cares for the Troops

by Steve Kersey

Dear LBC members,

I just wanted to give you a big thank you for the donations in support of our care package program. The money and snacks will go a long way in our efforts to provide some relief to our guys.

I have had some feedback and they appreciate what we are doing. Snacks, books, and magazines are being shared by a number of soldiers and marines, which is our goal. We can't reach them all but we can affect the morale of those we know and their teams.

We will be sending out packages soon for Christmas. The delivery time stretches out quite a bit because of the holidays so whatever we want to arrive by Christmas needs to ship soon. You mentioned the possibility of some children making cards to send. That would be a great addition to our packages.

I have attached a picture of Marine Major Kevin Williams and his 1SGT. He is from Louisville and currently serving on the Pakistan border with the Afghan Border Police. You may have seen his name in the news about a month ago. His team was ambushed and he lost several Afghan soldiers, along with his interpreter. He is our point of contact in Afghanistan and

wanted me to thank everyone for their support.

Again, thanks for your assistance. They deserve it.

Steve Kersey  
Jordan Technologies, Inc. (OKHT Sat. SAG 1 stop)



Marine Major Kevin Williams and his 1SGT  
(photo courtesy Steve Kersey)

## PUPS CORNER

by Laura Trachtenberg

WOW! With our first season behind us, it is now time to think about the second season for the Mad PUPS. YES! We are here to stay! And we will be back with even more pups than last season.

During our inaugural season, we were not able to put any rides on the schedule, as all our rides were spontaneous. However, this coming year we do plan to have scheduled rides. Beware, though, they probably will have a "general" mileage length, with the final, absolute length to be determined when we finish the ride. Also, most rides longer than 50 miles include

food and, of course, ice cream. We tend to wander, so you may not get a cue sheet, but we do stay together. Most times, our rides are "destination rides", such as the time we started at the Yellow Lot and ended at our (unplanned) "destination" at mile 75. That destination turned out to be Grater's ice cream in St. Matthews.

Right now, with winter upon us, some of the pups are trying to hibernate, but we are still riding. If you would like to join us on any ride, or become an official MAD PIT / MAD PUP, just give us a yip!



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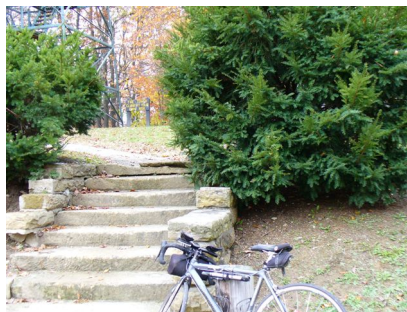
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## Looking Back from the Heights



Louisville on the Horizon from the Clark Fire Tower shelter looking south, 22 miles  
(photos courtesy Melissa Hall)



Hello LBC members.

I am chair of this year's nominating committee, a position I accepted with alacrity. I have asked Matt Fegenbush and A.B. Sandefur to serve on the committee with me.

Here's how our jobs are described in the club's bylaws:

*A Candidate Search and Nominating Committee, whose Chair shall be appointed by the President following recommendations by the Executive Committee and who shall in turn select a minimum of two (2) additional members to serve on the Committee, shall identify interested Club Officer candidates and prepare a slate consisting of one or more candidates for each office for presentation at the Annual Meeting. The Candidate Search and Nominating Committee shall close their search for additional candidates at midnight seven days prior to the election at the Annual Meeting. The Chair of the Candidate Search and Nominating Committee shall insure that the slate of candidates is published to the membership at least seven (7) days prior to the Annual Meeting in the Club newsletter or on the Club website.*

This year's annual meeting will be held on Saturday, January 16, 2010, at the awards banquet. This nominating committee will have the candidate slate ready at least by January 9, 2010.

As a fairly new member (I recently celebrated my first membership renewal), I have thoroughly enjoyed the activities of this club, grown to respect and care about its members, and desire to see it continue to be a strong organization in the Kentucky/Indiana region.

I take the charge of chairing this committee seriously because it is a very important process for the future success of the organization. I invite you to thoughtfully consider and search out the many talents that individuals bring to our club. If you know (or suspect) someone who is strong in the areas that are described for each office, please think about nominating him or her or asking him/her to consider serving. Please communicate your interest or the interest of others for nominees to any one of the three committee members. Our emails are below.

Thank you in advance for your participation and contributions!

Dianna Decker

skaterdecker@bellsouth.net

CC: AB Sandefur - a.b.sandefur@insightbb.com

Matt Fegenbush - matt.fegenbush@gmail.com

-----  
**!!!LBC Awards Banquet is Saturday, January 16, 2010!!!**

**Masterson's Catering, 1830 S. Third Street (at Cardinal Blvd.) 6 to 10 p.m.**

**Return this registration form by January 11 with check in amount of \$10.00 per person to:  
 LBC Banquet, c/o Barbara Tretter, 9004 Willowood Way, Louisville, KY 40299.**

\_\_\_\_\_ \$10 x \_\_\_\_\_ = \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed.  
 Name(s)



## 2010 Club Officer Candidate Statements

Those available at press time. Others will be available on the club website later.

### President

**Andy Murphy** (Currently Vice President Advocacy):

After 12 years of steady leadership, Earl Jones has decided not to run for the position of Club President for another term. Earl has presided over the club during a very exciting period. We've grown to be one of the largest bicycling clubs in the country and have very active Touring, Racing, Education and Advocacy programs. I would like to thank Earl for his leadership. He's left some big shoes to clip in to.

I have decided to run for the Club President's position. I have served as VP Advocacy for the past year and during that time we've adopted Wayside Park--the location of "Ruff's Memorial Wheelmen's Bench". We are in the process of adopting a portion of The Louisville Loop. I have volunteered at many cycling events around the city, including: U.S. GP of Cyclocross, Master's National Road Championships, Tour de Olmsted, the OKHT and The Mayor's Hike and Bike. I also serve on the Education/Encouragement Team at Bike Louisville. Those of you that know me, know me as a person of high energy and I sincerely want to improve cycling in any way I can. I will bring the same can-do attitude to the President's job as I've brought to the VP Advocacy job. I would appreciate and respectfully ask for your support.

Thank you for your consideration.

### Secretary

**Barbara Tretter** (incumbent):

I have been secretary for the past 8 years. I plan to run for office again for the 2010 term, and that will be my last term in office. I will be actively looking for a replacement for this office for the 2011 term. Thank you for the support you have given me in the past.

### Treasurer

**Jim Tretter** (incumbent):

I've been an officer or director of the LBC since 1986 and intend to run for Treasurer again, possibly my last year.

### Vice President Advocacy

**Laura Trachtenberg:**

I am candidate for VP-Advocacy. I have been active in the club for four years, and appreciate all the support I have been given from all my friends in the club. Those that know me know I am an advocate of safe cycling for all skill levels, and that I am not shy when it comes to promoting a good cause. If elected to this position, with Murphy's help, I will continue to promote the Louisville Bicycle Club, safe bicycling in Louisville and the rights of all cyclists.

### Vice President Communications

**David "PaCkMaN" Ryan** (incumbent):

Thank you all for allowing me the privilege of serving the club's communications needs for three years. The upcoming year will certainly see changes in technology relating to communications. I have heard your opinions on current and future needs in the communications area (Recently, the request for meeting minutes online has been fulfilled.) and I plan to move us forward in significant ways.

### Vice President Education

**Tom Armstrong** (incumbent):

As the 2009 riding year draws to a close, many of us look back on our accomplishments as well as things that didn't go as hoped. In my case, we reached many folks with the New Rider Clinics and encourage them to ride well and safely. In my last column, I discussed the number of folks who earned certificates.

As a Club officer, I figure that my highly-paid job had two goals: First, I wanted to continue the programs we've had for a year, to get settled in and decide what, if anything, I want to change. Second, I want to improve our program for coming years, laying a groundwork on which I can build a more comprehensive program, reaching more cyclists, that your next VP Education can use as a springboard for his/her ideas.

One year has not been enough time to reach the second goal.

The Louisville Bicycle Club is recognized nationally as having one of the best education programs offered to members and non-members at no charge to the riders. The League of American Bicyclists' "Traffic Skills 101" course is typically taught for a fee, ranging from \$100-125 or more per rider. Our traditional New Rider Clinics have taught much of the same skill set, but haven't had the ability to offer a certificate that has any weight beyond simply saying "I did this!"

If re-elected to serve, I intend to work in conjunction with Louisville Metro Government, through a grant process, to enable the Club to offer the League of American Bicyclists' TS101 certificate to those who successfully complete our new-and-improved New Rider Clinics. I also want to expand the club's offerings in education, and by doing so expand the opportunities for those with teaching skills to volunteer their time and knowledge to help all club riders enjoy cycling more safely.

I hope I may count on your votes.

### Vice President Racing

**Travis Kerns:**

The Louisville Bicycle Club has been a great addition to my life as I have discovered many new friends and the amazing health benefits of cycling. After having ridden for a few years and thinking racing would be enjoyable, I contacted the racing team and have since discovered the absolute addictive nature of racing. I have been on the racing team for two years and have thoroughly enjoyed getting to know the racers and want to contribute in any way possible. Serving as the VP of Racing would be an honor and allow me to serve the team and the club that have so well served me.

## A November Century Ride

by Melissa "Puddle" Hall

When you get a day in the seventies in November, particularly a weekend day, it is like manna from heaven. It is a gift that would be a shame to waste, a gift that you can spend the entire day opening. Just to be able to watch time unravel, paradoxically where the threads unravel yet at the same time begin to weave a tapestry, part of the blanket that will warm you when you can no longer traverse the open road: this is a blessing. Thus since there are no century rides on the club schedule and the weather was calling me to come out to play, I decide to explore on my own. Sometimes my ramblings turn into centuries that I later put on the schedule and share with others, and sometimes I keep them as my own. Sometimes the roads click and weave to form a pattern to be repeated and sometimes they don't. You just never know. It is difficult to plan an impromptu century for others because it means trying to have regular store stops and roads that are easily traversed and whose destination is known. Today I only need to care for me and each fork and intersection will be an invitation to explore.

I ride out in leg and arm warmers, shorts and jersey. The air still has a bite to it and I wonder if I should have put on more but I am not going to turn around. The brightness of the sun and the cloudless sky tell me I will soon be toasty warm, a treat this time of year. The wind is still at this point and the leaves litter the road, not colorful and yielding like earlier in the fall, but brown and crispy. I remember how much I used to enjoy crunching through the leaves as a child and how I shared that with my own children. I think that is one of the nicer things about having children, that ability to relive and share some of the simple pleasures. Recently my daughter was talking about how I would rake leaf piles and her brother and she would jump in them, scattering leaves everywhere. She wondered that I did not get mad. How could I tell her that I would have raked the entire earth to see the smiles light their faces and feel their giggles reverberating inside my heart? What is a little extra work in the face of such pleasure? Like lava, peals of laughter gurgled and erupted into the air spewing happiness there: a transient moment to treasure.

I have a tentative route in my mind and a proposed destination but experience has taught me that when you are traveling new roads, you may or may not get where you are going. This is particularly true in certain counties in Indiana which seem to have a surfeit of gravel roads. Thus, prior to leaving, I stuff my bike bag with snacks and make sure I have plenty of water. I think of Bernice and how she worries that I ride alone, a worry shared by my husband, but he knows I need this. I am not an easy woman to be married to with this need for solitude and the outdoors, but it is as necessary to me at times as food and water. I know that there is always possible danger on the road: cars, people, dogs, accidents. I accept this as a risk I need to take. Fear can cage you if you let it. I know: I lived that way for a time until I refused to be caged any longer.

Near the start of the ride, I think of Brian B. and grin as I hear him say, "Can you feel the wind on your face?" I wonder if he knows I remember this, this wisdom he passed on to me, a wisdom that was hard won. You can spend so much time cultivating speed that you lose the love. I hear a hawk, his cry shrill and piercing, and I watch him float lazily across the sky searching for his breakfast. I think of Grasshopper and how he loved seeing a hawk while on a ride. There are still a few birds chattering and I think that if I pretend hard enough, maybe I can believe, just for today, that it is spring and the winter is behind me instead of waiting hungrily ahead, her hoary, gnarled fingers

outstretched and greedily grasping, waiting her turn, though not patiently even though she knows eventually she will have her way.

After about 20 miles, I am on roads that I don't know. I decide to brave the gravel on one road that looks to last a couple of miles because it is on my way. I know that Mule would love the gravel, but it is difficult for me. Not coming from a mountain biking background, gravel holds a fear for me; but I try to remember what I have been told and put my weight backwards in the saddle and keep my shoulders relaxed and my hands gentle on the handlebars. When I come to a hill, I think that maybe I understand why the gearing on mountain bikes is so much easier than on my road bike because I find I can't stand without my tires slipping but I am having trouble turning the crank over while sitting. I dig in and lumber slowly up the hill. Strangely enough, I find I am enjoying the gravel and the feeling of accomplishment, though I can't deny thoughts of what that gravel would do to me if I fall. I think of the different ways of riding a hill. Sparky once described Eddie as making love to the hill, and today that is how I feel, enjoying every little dip and nuance. This hill is not to be attacked, but gently coaxed to cooperate with my efforts.

Each intersection calls for a decision, and I resolve that despite my gravel adventure the next choice will be paved road. After all, it is November and daylight is short. Imagine my combination of delight and consternation when the road that started as paved begins to alternate between gravel and pavement. Sometimes roads lie or misrepresent themselves. I descend a hill only to find the road ends at a wide creek crossing. Well, it doesn't actually end, but the other part is across a wide creek. The GPS shows one road going down the creek and I can see the other road across the stream. It beckons me and I decide to wade, taking off shoes and socks and strapping them over my handlebars. I roll up my leg warmers. The water is cold, quickly numbing my toes. The crossing is slippery with green slime covering the rocks until I come to where the water is deeper and moving faster. The algae here is long and green, streaming in the current like mermaids tresses, stunningly verdant and beautiful in a land now practically stripped of color. At first I am reluctant to step on it thinking it may be more slippery than the other algae, but I find it actually is easier to walk on, softer and less slimy, almost like a brilliant, emerald green carpet on the stone. I am glad it is warm so that I can wade and don't have to turn around and retrace my steps.

These unexpected events are one of the things that I love about exploring on a bicycle. I know by now that this probably is not a century that will ever wind up on a club schedule, but it is a century that may be shared sometime with special friends, the ones I know who are okay with unexpected happenings and understand the delight of the unexpected. Then again, I may never come this way again, so I soak up the beauty and delight in being alive and having a bicycle. At the end of my creek crossing, I sit and eat my sandwich. The sun is so warm and I hope it is pouring into my skin. I would like to sit and linger here, lazing in the warmth, but it is time to go so I put my shoes and socks back on and take off.

I never make it to my original proposed destination, but I notice that I have a smile pasted on my face and I know that barring something unexpected, it will still be there when I go to bed tonight. This is one of those days that will haunt my dreams with happiness. And there will be other days to head to North Vernon.

Last night I slept the deep, quiescent sleep of a child, uninterrupted by bad dreams, my senescent need to use the bathroom in the middle of the night, or insomnia of any type. I lolled in bed until 6:45, an unaccustomed luxury. Even my furry alarm clock did not waken me. This is one of the things I like about a long ride or a challenging workout, this sound slumber. But not yesterday. Yesterday I was up at 5:00 a.m. making the final preparations for a Christmas breakfast century ride. I have been fortunate that Christmastime has always been a time of contentment and joy for me, and I am thankful for this blessing.

I have offered this ride for a number of years now, a ride where friends arrive early and have breakfast before heading out into the inevitable cold to complete a December century and I look forward to it. It is my way to celebrate their friendship, for these people are important to me. My husband is reclusive so it also is one of the few chances, other than intimate family dinners, that I have to use the china my mother bought me while in Europe and my grandmother's silver. The table cloth this year is one my daughter gave me following a vacation she took to Mexico a number of years ago. It is white lace and the red and green look festive against its background. My home is small, but I like to share it on this day. It is not fancy and sometimes I greedily lament that I don't have as much as some others, but then I realize how lucky I am to have a home and that it suits me. There is warmth here and there is love, but more importantly there is history. This is the home that withstood the storms of teenage years, the occasional tempestuous marital spat, and the joyful graduations. This is the home my husband and I saved for and dreamed of as we denied ourselves vacations and other luxuries to squirrel money away in the bank keeping it separate from the college fund. There is something very fulfilling about earning what you have, a pride of ownership that doesn't come when something is easily gained or given.

The cleaning is done and the tables are set the day beforehand. It is odd to have such a fine weather forecast this year: a ride start in the twenties with a high in the lower thirties, but with sun. More importantly, little wind is forecast. I have ridden this ride in much worse conditions. One year we had rain. Another year we had snow. One year we came in at dusk after suffering a plethora of flats and mechanicals. I know that each of these years will be discussed, if only briefly, during the ride. One year I actually had to cancel the ride in December and have it in January instead. I try to remember who has ridden and eaten each year, and the only one I can think of is my good friend, Mike "Diesel" Kamenish. Thinking of his friendship makes me smile for he was the very first person to really talk with me on my first club ride even though he, like the others, were originally looking for "the bitch." But that is another story and has nothing to do with being a female Mad Dog.

Steve Sexton is the first to arrive this year, but others quickly follow. Their cheeks are rosy from the pinch of the air during the short walk from the parking lot and there are smiles on their faces despite the earliness of the day. I like the way they look in the candlelight, their faces a study in shadow and light. I like the way the chimerical smell of pine filters through my home and mixes with the smell of cooking food. I like the way Loreena McKennitt's Christmas music caresses me in the background mixing with the sound of conversation and laughter, the cherished sound of people I care about. I give a short, silent prayer of thankfulness for all of my blessings, including these people, each one so very different but each one a friend. I am brimming with contentment and my smile filters

to my insides until my heart hurts.

At 8:00 a.m. I chase everyone from my home so that I can put things away and get the ride off at 8:15 a.m. Daylight is short this time of year and I don't like having to rush people too much at store stops. I have thrown a light in my Carradice just in case. Blowing out the candles, I set off the smoke detector, a parting gift to my daughter and husband. My daughter trudges out of her bedroom with sleep-filled eyes and tells me, "Nice touch, mom." Now that she is grown, however, it is said with a generous smile, and not the teenage surliness that seems to permeate every mother/daughter relationship during those teen years.

Off we go. The bikes lace the road in front of me. On the way to the first store stop, we pass a dog who can't decide whether to continue his morning meal or make us his morning meal. He races along with his mouth stretched wide with food, struggling to breathe but not lose his prize. Soon he gives in and slows, gulping desperately in an attempt to finish his food before we are past. Not long afterwards, we pass the leg of some deer who fell prey to a local hunter. It is too bad it is not near the dog's home where it could be of some use. The first stop is Pekin, well known for having extremely pornographic ashtrays in the past. The ashtrays are gone, but it still holds broadswords and other weapons reminiscent of an earlier era and time. We chat for a bit, not wanting to hurry as this is the last we will have of Dick "Minner" Rauh's company for he still is recovering from his heart attack, has not been riding, and well remembers how difficult this course can be. I am glad he came to share the first of the day, but I look forward to when he regains his full health so he can be with us for the entire ride.

On the way to lunch, of course there is the usual flat tire. I see a bit of humor in this as Bill had just been talking about these tires online and saying that he had not had any flats with them, thus jynxing himself and ensuring that he would. Some things are better not spoken of and flat tires are one of these subjects. All but two who are farther ahead stop and wait. It is cold but the sun is shining. Then it's on to Lavonia and the Amish store for lunch. For you who have not been there, it is worth a ride or a drive to see the furniture they sell and to eat their fine food. <http://www.dutch-barn.com/> I really am not hungry after such a big breakfast, but I still manage to snarf down a sandwich patiently made by the Amish women in the back of the store.

The last stop before home is the Red Barn Bait Shop near Salem. Amos is working and it is good to see him. Brown dog shows up, and his fur tells me he is getting old. There is some joking, but we are all ready to head on. It appears we will have plenty of time to get in before dark, but in the winter you don't want to cut it too close. There are flats and mechanicals and it is hard to work on things when your hands are frozen.

I love this last stretch of road, past Delaney Park and up Mount Eden. It is isolated and traffic is light. I remember once traveling it and seeing more Amish buggies than cars. The pavement is rough, but the patches are better than the holes that did yawn in the road waiting to ensnare an unwary riders tire. And of course while I am glad we beat the darkness, like all good things, the ride ended too quickly. Everyone waves and goes home. Some I will see before Christmas and some I will not, but I wish love and joy to each one and happy bicycling in 2010. Mostly I wish that we are all able to gather together once again next December for a Christmas century.



## November 2009



The Road More Gravelled  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)

## December 2009



The overflow table. Have to sit here if you are late ;-)  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)



Stream of Consciousness Bike Routing  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)



Perry Finley looks on as Bill Pustow deals with fate.  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)



Wade to Go!  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)



Relaxing outside the shop of Red Barn Bait.  
(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)





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## 5 Layers of Bike Safety

by Tom Armstrong, LBC VP Education

In the League's BikeEd programs, we teach many tactics and skills. One concept we often teach is the **Five Layers of Safety**. I like this concept, as it focuses on prevention of incidents rather than on reacting to those incidents.

Many of us know—or think we know—all about how to ride. Just as many who want bikes off the roads think they know the law is on their side, though, we sometimes have it wrong. Following the rules as written can help us be safer cyclists and better users of our roadways. Here are the Five Layers of Safety, with some annotations, as found in a few places online:

- **Layer 1 - Control your bike.** About half of all cyclist accidents are single rider crashes. If you can skillfully control your bike by starting, stopping, and smoothly turning, you can better avoid falling. Learn how to control your bike when you need to stop or turn quickly.
- **Layer 2 - Know and follow the rules of the road.** A bike is a legal vehicle in all 50 states. As a vehicle driver, you are required to obey all traffic laws, signs, and signals.

Ride in the direction of traffic, on the right side of the road. Never ride against traffic.

Intersections are where most car-bike crashes occur. Use the right-most lane that goes in the direction you are traveling. Use correct lanes for turns. Before you get to the intersection, position yourself in the proper lane. Use hand signals to indicate your intentions whenever it is safe to do so.

When you are riding with other cyclists, stay alert and follow good group riding procedures. Use hand and voice signals. Cyclists riding in a group are much more likely to collide with one another than with motor vehicles.

- **Layer 3 – Ride in the smartest lane position.** Know when you should take the full lane and when it is ok to share the lane with motor vehicles. Use your lane position to let other drivers know your intentions. Many inexperienced cyclists will hug the far right edge of the road in an attempt to not obstruct motor vehicle traffic. Doing so on a narrow road leaves the cyclist no room to maneuver. Eventually a foolish motorist will try to squeeze by when there is insufficient room, putting the cyclist in grave danger. In lanes that are too narrow to share with cars, you should ride closer to the center (about where a car's right tire would be) instead of trying to squeeze closer to the right.

By using smart lane positioning and the first two layers, many crashes can be avoided.

- **Layer 4 – Manage hazards skillfully.** Learn and practice evasive maneuvers such as the quick dodge, quick turn, and quick stop to either dodge obstacles or to avoid motorist's mistakes.

In tight traffic, taking evasive action might force you into another vehicle's path. When it isn't safe to dodge or turn, you'll need to master skills like riding or hopping over obstacles (potholes, debris, rocks, glass, trash), riding through hazardous surface conditions (oil slicks, sand, gravel) or stopping very quickly without losing control of your bike.

- **Layer 5 – Passive protection.** When all else fails, helmets and gloves are your last line of protection. Make sure your CPSC-approved bike helmet fits properly—it should not wobble or flop around on your head when your chinstrap is buckled.

Even with a great helmet, you might be unconscious if you crash. **Carry a state-generated ID**, any important **medical info**, **emergency contacts**, and your insurance information. Cell phones can be handy in an emergency.

### Park Tool School at Bluegrass Bicycle

Bluegrass Bicycle is a proud supporter of the Louisville area bicycling community. We are also proud of our affiliation with the Park Tool Company. We have partnered with Park Tool to offer the following bike maintenance classes.

**Intermediate Class** - The intermediate class is approximately a ten hour course. We will offer two sessions of this course. This is for someone who has tried some basic repairs. The student should have some familiarity with the topics presented, but not necessarily have experience. The course will be presented on the following dates and times:

Session 1	Sunday, January 10, 5-8:00PM
	Wednesday, January 13, 6:30 - 9PM
	Sunday, January 17, 5-8:00PM
Session 2	Wednesday, January 20, 6:30 - 9PM
	Saturday, February 6, 3:30 - 6:30PM
	Monday, February 8, 6:30 - 9PM
	Saturday, February 13, 3:30 - 6:30PM
	Monday, February 15, 6:30 - 9PM

Your instructor will be Tom Armstrong, Service Manager at Bluegrass Bicycle.

Students who attend all four classes will receive a Park Tool certificate of completion. The class will include the following topics: setting up your workshop, basic bicycle repairs, tuning your bike and replacing key components

The cost of the course is \$100 + \$24.95 for the course material - Park Tool's Big Blue Book of Bicycle Repair (2nd Edition). If you already have the book (BBB-2), you are not required to buy another one for this class. Please register for one of the sessions by calling Bluegrass Bicycle at 502-241-2440 (or email us at [info@bluegrassbicycle.com](mailto:info@bluegrassbicycle.com)) with your name, phone, and email address. Class size is limited so first come first serve. If demand warrants we will offer additional classes.

Though not a requirement for the class, we will offer some great deals on Park Tools and workstands. If you have tools, please feel free to bring them. Be prepared to get your hands dirty, and have fun doing so!

Thank you for allowing Bluegrass Bicycle to be of service for the biking community. We hope to see you in one of our classes.

Best Regards,	877-757-BIKE (2453)
Bob Clifford	502-241-2440
Bluegrass Bicycle LLC	502-693-7212 (cell)
6015 Crestwood Station	<a href="mailto:bob@bluegrassbicycle.com">bob@bluegrassbicycle.com</a>
Crestwood, KY 40014	<a href="http://www.bluegrassbicycle.com">www.bluegrassbicycle.com</a>

Bluegrass Bicycle is also a Gold Level Sponsor of the OKHT.

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**Puddle's Corner**

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.

Just a pic from the Christmas Breakfast Century (stories p.10-12)



David King breathing fire with his new, custom made ride. Sweet!  
*(photo courtesy Melissa Hall)*