

Tacoma Wheelmen's Bicycle Club

Newsletter

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Group bike trips like "Survivor"

Dorian Smith

For cyclists who want to succeed a long bicycle trip in a group, the best resources are not bike maintenance manuals, equipment inventories, or fitness regimens.

The best way to learn how to endure a trip is to watch the television show, Survivor.

For more than a month it was the nation's top-rated television show as viewers watched struggles for food, shelter, and protection from the elements. But what became apparent after the first or second episode was that the pseudo castaways' biggest concern was getting along with the group and avoiding the dreaded vote to leave the island.

This summer, I joined a dozen Tacoma Wheelmen on a 900-plus mile two-week trip through parts of Idaho and Montana. The accumulated elevation gain

was more than 28,000 feet. Temperatures hovered near 100 degrees on some days. There were a few mechanical failures and numerous flats.

One day two summits were climbed. Another summit unexpectedly brought near-freezing temperatures. There were ant nests, mosquitoes, viral infections, periods of heavy rainfall, and shortages of Moose Drool beer, But in my observation the biggest concern was the pre-occupation of the group's dynamics.

Like the stranded survivors on television, we all had some measure of reliance on the group.

Everyone's camping gear was hauled in the same truck and it was assumed everyone would stay at the same campgrounds or motels and sometimes dine at the same cafes. But no amount of pre-planning could cover every contingency, leaving numerous sociological interactions, alliances, leadership struggles, decision-making, agreements, and misunderstandings.

It would take a book to describe all the group dynamics on that trip but here are a few of my observations on the Idaho-Montana trip.

Riders travel at different paces: Most often there were two or three strong riders who were at least a mile ahead. One morning I joined them. A couple hours later my heart monitor told me I'd had enough. Over dinner that evening, I was discretely asked by several slower riders, "So, tell us, what's it like riding with them? What do they talk about? . . ."

Some riders awaken slower than others: Most mornings, some riders had packed tents and equipment and were heading down the road just as others were rolling out of their sleeping bags.

There's always a power struggle: Whenever unforeseen problems arose (like a day-long downpour), there were usually three or four people who did most of the talking. They vied for the supremacy of their suggestions. Even when consensus seemed to be reached on a plan, some riders took off on their own.

Problems concern some more than others: Some riders reacted with frenzy more than others. These could be unexpected gravel roads. Hot, unshaded stretches. Unexpected hills. Waitresses who couldn't answer if the vegetables were fresh. One day I was non-plussed by a gravel road. Then I had to remind myself through the dust, "This was far better than staring at a computer at work."

Hills are appreciated differently: Some riders thrive on hills and quietly enjoy the shift to Granny gears and standing on their pedals. They can't ride alongside others who blurt out, "Oh, gawd, another hill. Oh, gawwd!"

Some riders don't stick to the pre-planned route: Monuments and historical markers are brief momentary stops for goal-oriented riders, to confirm that they are on the right route. Others took off their helmets, sipped Gatorade, took a picture and usually would suggest an impromptu side trip, "Gee, let's see where that road goes . . ."

Some riders need more help than others: One rider was stuck on one chainring for a couple days. Some had tents that needed two people to set up or take down. I frequently couldn't interpret the maps. Last year another rider even broke his frame (Luckily, he found an obliging welder.)

Every day someone is the object of irritation: This can be caused by bad moods or misunderstandings. But not always. One day I was the first to reach our camping resort even though I wasn't the fastest rider. But I had asked directions. A half hour later the others arrived hopping mad at me. When I asked why, they said they had spent a long time wondering where I was and left someone at the last junction to spot me. "You see, we aren't mad at you, we were concerned," one rider said through his clenched teeth.

I wouldn't have survived a vote off the island that night.

Past pedaling

anne heller

Historical highlights of TWBC's 110 years

Cycling 200 Miles in 1897

Have you noticed the escalation in your mileage as you metamorphose from a beginner into a seasoned cyclist? I began bicycling six years ago and still remember my astonishment the day I rode thirty miles on the Burke-Gilman Trail. It didn't seem possible that a person could go so far on a bicycle. Of course I could barely walk when I got off the bike. But I went thirty miles!!! Was I impressed. Recently I did my all time longest ride, 122 miles.

Whenever I get too smug about my cycling accomplishments I remind myself of what wheelmen did a century ago without the advantages of decent roads and high tech equipment.

For example, the July 10, 1897 edition of Scientific American has an article titled, "Two Hundred Miles on a Bicycle in One day." It recounts a 21 hours and 54 minutes round-trip between New York and Philadelphia. The rider's speed varied from eight to twenty miles an hour depending on whether he was on plank or sandy roads, cobble stones or asphalt. It was not only the condition of the roads, but also the equipment that determined speed and enjoyment of the ride. This rider was enthused about a recent innovation in bicycle design, the pneumatic tire. As he said, "the pneumatic tire above everything else has doubled the distance which can be covered by a bicycle for a given amount of fatigue, it holds the same relation to the solid rubber tire that this did to the iron tire of the primitive bone shaker."

The writer was a true cyclist. In 1875 he rode forty miles on an iron-wheeled penny-farthing. In 1881 he did 160 miles in a day on a rubber-tired, 52 inch diameter, high wheel "roadster." Now, in his fortieth year, he embarked on a 200 mile trip on his pneumatic tired "safety" bike.

The trip went well. At Princeton, New Jersey, 54 miles from New York, he stopped for a cold bath and a breakfast of poached eggs and tea. On his arrival in Philadelphia he had another cold bath and a lunch of steak and boiled rice.

The return trip was uneventful except for the headwind that slowed his progress and called for a "careful husbanding of strength." Does this sound familiar?

The rider suffered no ill effects from his effort other than a "numbness of the hands, due to the vibration of so much riding over stones." He attributed his success to a carefully planned diet and training program that he summarized in this way: "The writer would advise all wheelmen who may not be accustomed to vigorous exercise to preface a century run or an extended country tour with a little preliminary training.

In the present case this amounted to little more than living up to simple hygienic rules for a few weeks before the journey, as follows: Rise at six A.M., drink juice of half a lemon in water; cold sponge bath; two or three mile ride on wheel at a lazy gait; breakfast of shredded wheat and milk, poached eggs, brown bread and tea; for lunch, steak (no potatoes), brown bread and cooked fruit, stewed rhubarb preferred; for dinner, roast beef or mutton, vegetables (no potatoes), brown bread, cooked fruit and tea.

Half an hour later a fifteen or twenty mile spin, starting quietly but coming home at a good gait. Then a rub down followed by cold sponge bath and bed not later than ten P.M. On the road the diet was just the same, supplemented by an occasional raw egg and sherry (the latter carried in a small flask in tool bag) at any convenient roadside house or farm."

I cannot disagree with him on any of the above other than the prohibition on eating potatoes.

RAW - Ride Around Washington

Robert Deehan

RAW (Ride Around Washington) is a 400 mile, fully supported 6 day bicycle tour that follows the Columbia River from its mouth to Walla Walla in late August.

The first two days of the ride the scenery was quite green. On the second day I took one of the route extensions that included some great hills. On the rest of the route I met up with a couple of riders who I would ride most of the rest of the tour with.

The third day we went through Vancouver, Washington and ended the day in Stevenson. Part of the route that went into Oregon (Historic Highway) was not marked with 'Dan Henrys' I went through this section with friends I had made on the second day. There were a lot of beautiful waterfalls on this road and we stopped at most of them.

The last three days on the trip were in Eastern Washington where the temperatures were quite high. By this time I was taking the breathtaking views for granted. The route went by Maryhill Museum on the fourth day. It was around 100 degrees by the time my friends and I got to the museum so it was nice to have a cool place to visit. The fifth day we past many vineyards. The last day was the longest at 88 miles.

This was my first week long tour and it was a lot of fun. I plan on doing another tour like this again. There were only 164 rides on RAW. Cascade Bicycle Club organized and ran the tour and they did an exceptional job. It was the least expensive your that I saw at Bike Expo. I would highly recommend it.

From the President's Handlebars

La Presidenta, Anne Heller

Those who attended September's general meeting had the opportunity to hear a member of the Tacoma Police Department address issues of bike safety. More interesting than his presentation was the discussion this generated among members of the club.

Clearly, there are a variety of opinions out there about the responsibilities of those behind the wheel and those behind the handlebars. I think this is a healthy discussion all of us should be having on a regular basis.

The next time you are on a ride with two or more people, think about and talk about what you and your riding companions are doing and how you are reacting to traffic around you. While traffic laws allow you to ride double, when is it appropriate?

When riding double, are you impeding traffic? Is it the better part of diplomacy to ride single? Where should you position yourself on the road to make turns safely? Is there a better and safer way to approach an intersection?

What is adequate illumination at night? Do you rely on mirrors or look over your shoulder? Do you ride in the center of the lane or as far to the right as possible?

Do you run red lights or ride on the wrong side of the road? When is it appropriate to ride on the sidewalk?

Think about and talk about these and other questions. Go to the library and obtain the video titled "Effective Cycling," I guarantee it will elicit more discussion. It is our lives and well-being at issue here; we are the ones with the greatest stake in developing safe riding habits for ourselves and our friends.

While four-wheelers are often rude and dangerous to two-wheelers, we have the opportunity to educate ourselves and "them" by how we behave on the road.

Government report
bob myrick

Anne Heller and I attended a meeting on October 11 for stakeholders in the SR 16 trail proposal. This trail will run from the new Narrows Bridge along SR 16 to Union Avenue and beyond. It is being provided along with the widening of the highway. The State originally agreed to build this trail in 1974 as partial mitigation for the highway construction. The State is preparing a scoping report which comes before the preliminary and final engineering. Metro Parks, Cheney Stadium, West End Neighborhood Council and Tacoma Planning and Public Works people attended the meeting to discuss their concerns.

I attended a meeting on October 12 to listen to the concerns of farmers and neighbors along the proposed rail trail running from McMillin to Puyallup. After 14 years of on-again-off-again negotiations, Pierce County Parks has finally struck an agreement with Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railroad to purchase nearly all but a 30 foot width of its corridor. The 30 feet will remain active rail under the new operator. This section will be a rail with trail that will run from the existing McMillin trailhead to Meeker Junction which is near the Van Lierop bulb farm.

The trail will connect from Meeker Junction to the Puyallup Riverwalk at the Puyallup River Sumner Bridge via a dead end road. The purchase price for the nearly four mile corridor is \$650,000 and will be paid for through a combination of grants and Conservation Futures money.

The Puget Sound Regional Council Enhancement's Committee has proposed \$8,097,000 in grant monies to be awarded for projects in the region. The

Interurban trail in Milton would receive funding. The Puyallup River trail would be extended. The design work for the McMillin to Puyallup rail trail would be accomplished. Downtown Tacoma would receive funds for streetscape improvements. Sound Transit would receive funds to help with proposed bicycle accommodations.

Carla Gramlich is leading the effort to install bike lids and racks within Tacoma's various neighborhoods using grant monies that have been allocated to our club by the Neighborhood Councils. The Bicycle Alliance of Washington(BAW) legislative committee will have met in Tacoma on October 21 to discuss the next meeting of our State Legislature. The BAW will also have negotiated dates for the various club ride events scheduled for 2001.

I am happy to be back in Tacoma after a 75 day absence. It took me 51 days and 3000 miles to reach St. Louis by touring bike. Many thanks to Steve and Phyllis for showing me the way. I have seen much progress here in the community. The Sound Transit trains are up and running. The new Pierce Transit parking garage is finished. The train depots are going up in Puyallup and Sumner. The University Place improvements have been laid down on 67 th Ave W and 27th Street.

Our next meeting will be at 7pm on Tuesday, November 1 at the Shakabrah Java restaurant on Sixth Avenue. Please try to attend and continue to monitor your local government actions and advocate for cyclist's rights and needs.

Cheap Energy Bars from Bicycling Magazine

Submitted by John Campbell

This easy-to-make energy bar costs only 17 cents apiece. They taste great, too! Whip up a batch and see for yourself.

INGREDIENTS

24 dried figs

¼ cup honey

4 tbsp. orange juice

2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 ½ cups unbleached flour
½ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. canola oil
¼ cup dark corn syrup
2 egg whites
1 cup oat bran

DIRECTIONSAdd figs, honey, orange juice and 2 tbsp. lemon juice to food processor and mix on “chop” setting until figs are finely cut. Set aside. Put remaining ingredients (except oat bran) in mixing bowl. Beat with electric mixer for 3–4 minutes at medium speed. Add fig mixture until everything blends. Roll 20–24 balls and coat with oat bran poured on plate. Place balls on pan and bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes or until warm and a bit puffy. Place in refrigerator to harden.

Membership

New Members

Kenneth T. Murray, Christine Kaufman, Charles and Barrbara Altier, Mel and Elizabeth Spitler, Philip L. Chang, Koko Waters, Donna Bonfoey, Dennis and Valerie Burns, Terry Conner, Kelli Sexton

Renewals

Jan Wieser, Fay Tong, Dorian Smith, Henry, Maryanne and Daniel Retailiau, Liz Pulos and Douglas Ballor, Wendi Pfannenstiel, Joseph Osborne, Patricia Lavelle, Steven and Mary Kubiszewski, Linda Higgins, Chris and Shawn Goodman, Robert Deehan, Judi Coy, Lonna Cain, Janice Brame, Mark, Debbie and Pete Bozanich, Sue Yerian, Greg Torfin, Karin and Ernie Stephenson, Mark Springer, Barb Root, Anne Marie Dahl, Tonya and Walt Richardson, Deborah Ottow, Dean Northrup, Sally McHugh, Milton Loflin, Georgene Hawkins-Kunz, Russell Hale, Dolores Fitch, Karen Comer and Charles Wolf, Lana Chaffee, Bob Burton, Scott and Sue Biles, John Campbell, Bob Vogel, Elaine Sumey, Douglas Shipman, Dorothy Schedvin, Mike, Debbie, Chris and cassie Romaine, Paul and Judy Rice, Mat and Connie Reitzug, Dan and Leslie Neibrugge, Chris Miller, Melody Mayer and Bill Scheidt, Lois Marquart, Noreen Light and Al hampton, Barbara Lee, Evonne Howard, bruce and North Pyhar, Heinz Haskins, Jean Graves, Tom and Lisa

enlow, John Davis family, Bill and Ruth Daugherty, Michael J. Campagna, Phil, Helen and Gary Burgess, Paul Buckmaster, Steve Brown, Carla Gramlich, Thomas Barocan, Phillip Johnson, Michael Smith

Want Ads

FOR SALE Minoura Mag-Rollers with magnetic resistance upgrade. Unit is in great shape, \$25.00. Mike Welch, 253-874-0322, sclays@aol.com. (9/00)

WANTED TO BUY an adult 17" hybrid - comfort bike with front fork suspension. Would prefer seat suspension, too. Karen Nye, (253) 756-0167. (9/00)

FOR SALE Green Trek 1200 Road Bike 49 cm Ritchie clipless pedals, Shimano RSX components, Aluminum frame, chromoly stem. About 200 miles. \$600. Claire Hagens, (253) 752-0857. (9/00)

Need bike rack and panniers. Bill Newman. billn@lakewoodpres.org . (9/00)

FOR SALE Zeigler-Lam full suspension mountain bike \$900 firm. Top of the line, Mega 2000. Sram 9.0 components all the way through. One frame size fits all. Great handling, built for down hill runs and rugged terrain. Must see. Used one time in the B.C interior. Too much bike for me. \$1200 value, includes self supporting rear rack, and "super gear" which gives you the option of powering forward while pedaling backwards. Nancy Block-Olexick, blockne@dshs.wa.gov, (360)-893-6649. (10/00)

FOR SALE Yakima Supreme Getaway, brand new, never been used but is outside of its box, \$150 (\$320 retail at sportsrack.com). I also have the four bike add-on to go with it. If you might be interested in buying this rack please let me know via email. Allyn Woods, a_woods@hotmai.com. (10/00)

FOR SALE 1992 21.5" Rocky Mountain Hammer steel front suspension mountain bike for sale. Set up for taller rider (6' plus) with 180 mm cranks and 135 mm stem. Manitou 4 fork w/ oil damper, handbuilt wheels. Great way to try singletrack riding. \$150 OBO. Duncan Parks, (253) 274-5040. duncanparks@telisphere.com. (10/00)

Ride partner wanted: I live off the south end of Pacific Ave. Looking for ride partners close by. I am available mornings (work Tue-Fri from 12 noon). I seem

to average about 15mph on distances up to 60 miles. Willing to ride at a slower pace, not willing to ride in a really fast group. Phil Chang, (253) 209-3934, philchang@home.com. (10/00)

Stolen LeMond Maillot Jaune, 53 cm. Campy Chorus grupo, Mavic wheels, shimano pedals. Bike is yellow/gold on top tube, transitioning to purple going toward bottom barcket. Any information please call, thanks. Ken Fielding, 253-851-8535, mfield8888@aol.com. (10/00)

“I’m Bob Warfield, Somewhere On The Road In...”

BRUGGE, BELGIUM (Anno 2000).

It is a gray Wednesday morning, following Labor Day. I enter the towering mystical gothic space of the Brugge Kathedraal. It's high masonry vaults barely approach those of the world's largest cathedrals. Within, eye and ear may consider almost all this vast space from any point along its central axis, free of the interior embellishments which usually and oddly compartmentalize large cathedrals.

It is 0924 hours, and for the next 33 minutes, I am in heaven. God's grace reigns.

A paradise of pulsing chords and connections reverberates. The music cascades, schools and thrills every conscious nerve and fiber as a Gregorian liturgy consecrates the hallowed domain with a soaring splendor from one of the world's great organs.

Brugge, once the center of Continental culture and wealth, faded to obscurity as its commercial arteries silted above the easy draft of North Sea clients. Curiously, this dismal interlude may have saved what remains today, removing it from despoilers' lists and routes.

And what remains is a gem. Within its egg-shaped perimeter is a masonry gothic marvel of intact architecture, canals, spires, old markets, alms houses, lace houses, once those other houses too (formerly common), courtyards, magisterial towers, parks and paths, a grand public concourse, taverns, cantankerous swans, and the best beer and finest chocolate in the known world.

MECHELEN, BELGIUM

Mechelen holds a "spectacle" tonight. Saturday gains repetition, and Sunday, following a grand procession because it is Year 2000, and because Charles V, born in Ghent in 1500, spent virtually the first thirty years of his life here, ten as Kaiser Karel.

Half of town, it would seem, is caught up in the show. Anyone out of diapers and ambulatory has a role. The costumes are sumptuous. Bonnet to shoe leather, faces made, arms, hair, wigs and wounds.

Characters are ranked by social class, trade, plunder and favor. Brocades wrap wealth and feathered caps flatter. Swords, halberds, lances, baskets, carts, straw and burlap everywhere. Urchins practice their grimace and the injured their limp. Hoops and sticks, stilts and blindfolds limber up. Tops spin, carts haul knights-to-be into collisions of mock combat. The soccer ball stays in the schoolyard with curtain call. What organization. The audience gathers at venue one. Fanfare and proclamation yield to a chorus of bishops, red robed and regal, singing confirmation of Karel's coronation to resounding triumphal ascent by nations assembled under the colors of dukes and ladies in dazzling finery and pressing crowds of peasantry in submissive and joyful praise.

It's really quite a show. Love to have seen it. Perhaps there's still time. It'll repeat in twenty-five years - global warming permitting. I'm off to Amsterdam tomorrow. Back in 1520, Charlie owned it all. Belgium didn't exist.

Die Weinstrasse "Guns" pop and sputter across the coming harvest and into the gardened sanctuaries by the edge of town. September 1 seems to date resumption of the hunt; OK to shoot anything neither neighbor nor grape. If it stirs, it's game. But, in fact, the racket is caused by gas shotguns banging away at a prospect of birds pecking profits. It's effect often sends them into town, where refuge and irony head the fare.

Pearly morning light banks over a green corduroy of vineyards flanking road and town. They reach beyond the horizon and into a rising band of dark wood where paths, paved and well trod for centuries ponder fall and hope. This day, heralded by cooling dawn for the past week, breaches an emotional veil of seasonal

change. The equinox may sharpen vague awareness and confirm the beginning the millennial exit, but nature cares little.

Along the Weinstrasse, darkening stains of human attempts to comprehend itself are posted and ribboned in chiseled angst and lost joy by monuments and placards of forgotten debt. Wars of 1848, 66, 70-71, 1914-18 and 39-45 seem to signal nothing more than occasions of serial turmoil turned into the earth. At what page will history's account recall, resonate, release?

We entered the Weinstrasse, a necklace of steeped hamlets and clustered quaint, in the midst of celebration. The wine, sweet, plentiful and affordable, slows us into shaded tables for lunch at midday. Would that every day were so. My vote for ultimate cute goes to the town of Diedesheim. If discovered, it could be bombed by Donald Duck. After all, Disney won the war didn't he? What's this place doing left around?

Reminding us of the relief of victory, as it were, is Weinstrasse's Southern Gate. At Schweigen-Rechtenbach stands a pair of ten meter square stone towers, staired within and bridged straight across with a covered timber platform. Into the upper face of the rustic right-side tower is boldly carved an eagle, head left, right wing open with its taloned foot grasping a vineyard wreath. Within the wreath, quite abused but still distinctly recognizable, is the remnant of a Nazi swastika. Once, there was night.

Little evidence of resistance shows along the Weinstrasse. But a poignant "Kilroy" graffiti is left beneath the eagle a neatly carved outline of Texas with a five pointed star, and the notation, "Min Wells, 3-45." National Socialism may be hammered out of the eagle's wreath but, high as pride above Bingen Stadt, overlooking her Rhein and destiny, stands Germania, sword and orb in hand. Wherefore her symbolism over more than a quarter of this thousand years we now depart?

Soon the Rhein bends into view. Swelled and swift beyond our last glimpse, it wreathes with increased commerce and urban embrace. But adjacent hills,

defying ease, loom into scruffy woods crests, unscathed. Still, tattered walls, turrets and castles occasion to guard past glories along its course.

As the Weinstrasse passes from view, it shall be recalled, each time we visit our friendly neighborhood supplier, "that a day without wine is a day without sunshine." In this life, "Ein prosit, salud, skol, und gemuetlichkeit mine freund." Auf wiedersehen.

Bike-Tech

Eddy Johnson

(eddyj@galaxy-7.net)

Hello bike clubbers.

Due to the tremendous volume of bicycle maintenance questions that I received (thank you Dorian) I'll tackle the ones I have heard most frequently. Let's start with the ever popular chain lube quandary, what kind should I use or what's the best?

As far as lubricating properties go, Tri-flow, hands down. I have to admit that there are tons of lubes out there and I have not tried them all. I have tried a few of the wax based lubricants. I used to melt paraffin on my stove and dip my chain (darn fool). I've also used White Lightning and Pedro's to name a few. Those products have their place in the world.

Do you only ride in dry weather (must be from out of town). Do you like to slobber on the chain lube? Are you constantly tattooing your leg with your chain rings? Then maybe you should consider the waxy stuff.

Do you ride a lot in wet weather? Do you find the silence of a happy chain to be a taste of the good life, then go for the "Flow". Tri-flow is picky, It attracts dirt. You have to keep on top of it by wiping down your drive train every so often and only lube the rollers. But it lasts, even in wet weather and it's hard to beat the slickness of Teflon.

I'm going to try Boesheid, I've heard some good comments about it. I'll let you know after a few weeks of commuting in the rain.

TWBC Annual Banquet

Bob Myrick

Each year, our club sponsors an annual banquet to reflect on the past year's activities and accomplishments. It is a time for fellowship and a time to honor significant achievement. The banquet will be held on Saturday, January 13, 2001, at the Tacoma Mountaineer's Club, 2302 North 30th Street.

This fun, evening event starts at 6pm with dinner at 7pm. Tickets are \$13 for adults and \$9 for children. Mail your reservations to TWBC, Banquet, PO Box 112078, Tacoma, WA, 98411. The banquet is a time to reflect on the past year and reaffirm your interest in bicycling. We recognize noteworthy mileages, volunteerism and accidents. There is always good food, beverages, merriment and good humor. Sometimes it's the only time of year when the Code 2 riders meet the Code 3 and 4 riders or when the club members who only ride on Tuesdays meet with the weekend cyclists.

The banquet is traditionally the largest gathering of your fellow club members. We will limit attendance to about 88 people due to the size of the club house. Please send your ride logs to our Touring Captain, Carol Davis so that we can recognize your accomplishments. If you have slides from the past year, contact Steve Lay or me so that we can prepare another great slide show for your enjoyment. As always, we welcome any help, so call me for an assignment.

Membership Task Force Meeting

Ralph Wessels

A task force has been formed to discuss ways for the TWBC to attract and retain members. The first meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 8 from 6:00 to 8:00 PM. They are planning to order-in pizza. A second meeting will be held in early December to finalize recommendations before they are presented to the

TWBC Board. Anyone with interest in the subject, or just eating pizza with fellow Wheelmen, is welcome to attend the meetings.

The members of the task force are John Campbell, Don Izenman, Phyllis Lay, Dorian Smith and Ralph Wessels. Contact any of them if you have suggestions. The meeting will be at Dorian Smith's house located at 3805 North 36th Street in Tacoma. Call Dorian at 752-9498 if you need directions.

A Bicyclist's Toast

May the road rise up to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And the rains fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.
Adventure Cycling