

# Extra<sup>o</sup>rdinary Reflections

The Newsletter of the Bombay Bicycle Club, Inc.

July/August 2000

Madison, Wisconsin

Volume 26 Issue 3

## From the Touring Chair

The bicycling season has been underway for 2 months now. Instead of my writing up what's going on with the rides, I thought I'd ask some of the May and June ride leaders to remark on their rides. I want to thank them for sending me their commentary.

Dean Schroeder led the Indian Lake Cruise ride on Sunday, May 7th. Here are his comments:

"For my Indian Lake ride on May 7, we had 78 riders. The weather was fine, about 75 degrees. I rode socially (leisurely) with Max Austin, Dennis Dresang, Margaret Peterson, Alice Honeywell, and two of her friends, Shirley and Dave. We had a good time, including a major rest stop in Martinsville to try Alice's quad-stretching technique, which requires a picnic table! At Indian Lake, the birds were indeed singing up a symphony, as advertised in the ride schedule, and we saw four sandhill cranes gliding in formation in lazy circles over the lake. I rode back with Margaret, and by chance we connected up with Dave and Bruce Mayer coming back on the long ride."

Heidi Fields led the Windy Day Ride on Saturday, May 20th. She had about 10 riders participate in nice weather.

Howard Goldman led the Blast to Blanchardville ride on Sunday, May 28th. He wrote "May 28th was a bad weather day and only four souls showed up at the start in Mount Vernon."

Jay and Donna Denovo led the Tandems Away ride on Saturday,

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## Discount Coupon for Wright Stuff Century

BBC Members in good standing may register for the Century Ride for the low price of \$12.00. Please submit a copy of this form with your registration form contained in the flyer inserted into this issue. Please remember that the low early registration fee applies only to applications postmarked by Friday, August 11th.

Name of registrant: \_\_\_\_\_



## From the President

It's been a mixed blessing this spring in regard to weather. I never thought that the Midwest could have a "rainy season" such as this; it certainly has affected the amount of time available for riding when one has job and family obligations that limit free time. Unfortunately, I'll be training for GRABAAWR on GRABAAWR... At least I'm riding with a group that will not be racing to the next town but will enjoy a relaxing day out, seeing the sights and stopping at all the Ice Tea stands. Last year we arrived so late to the baggage area that we were unable to tell where the baggage had been thrown off the truck, there was so little left unclaimed. We're an ungainly looking group to begin with: Mitch, who's just 13, will try my road bike this year, if he fits it; I'll be riding his mountain bike with slicks (yes, I'm that short) and Mitch's father will be riding a stokerless Tandem as a back-up SAG. The tandem back-up worked well last year, although the constant stream of jokes about the "missing" stoker by other riders may cause us to get an inflatable doll to tie onto the back seat.

A League of American Bicyclists' Rally may be held next year in Madison in July as things seem to be falling in place for this event. We're still looking for a volunteer to take on the overall organizational coordination. A smaller event than the LAB rallies of the past, this will consist of a two-day educational conference held over the weekend that includes one full day of rides. We have a volunteer, Stuart Kipnis, to organize the rides and the Bicycle Federation of Wisconsin will be heavily involved in the selection of speakers and programs. Bill Hauda, of Bike Wisconsin, has offered volunteers and staff to help, as rally participants may choose to ride on GRABAAWR and slip off its route at the Merrimac ferry to head into Madison for the rally. It's been years since we've showcased our premier bicycling community to the rest of the nation.

The Wright Stuff Century flyer is included in this issue; do use the coupon that gives you the special early-bird registration price for members, and remember to register by Friday, August 11. Word is out on what a great ride this is: I'm fielding calls for flyers from other states. We have a group from Austin, Texas coming as well as members of the Bloomington Bike Club located in Illinois, whose own Labor Day ride has ceased to exist.

My thanks to Johanna Bierwirth, Bob Steinberg, and Stan Kanter for all the work they have done and will be doing to put this year's century ride together. Further thanks go to David Callan, the new Food Coordinator, and to Kafryn Leider who is willing to help him, to Diane Swartz for the flyer update, and to Scott Pauli for the T-shirt design. Many thanks to Dean Schroeder and Neil Fortney who will be marking the routes, and to Dave Peterson who will be heading up the SAGS this year. We are grateful that the Madison Area Repeaters Association is continuing to assist with emergency

—Please turn to page 4

# The Beauty of Commuting By-Cycle

by G. Rae Van Sluys

a.k.a. The Predestined Pedaler

The driveway delivers me into the street for a short climb to the stop sign. Exquisitely awake and alert, I turn eastward into the sun, feeling an odd synergy of energy and relaxation as my two-wheeled beast rolls to the stoplight at the boulevard. Ahhh, there's barely a breeze on this balmy nearly November morning. The crossing guard signals a greeting with a comment about "shorts weather." A half-mile ahead, vehicles



emerge from a curve as if shooting a rapids (a.k.a. the Beltline exit ramp) and pour down Seminole Highway Hill past the Arboretum entrance where I deftly turn left and seek respite from the motorized madness. Reverently I lift my face skyward into autumn colors caressing altostratus clouds obscuring all but the faintest of the sun's sensual rays. I coast past towering jack pines posing in a wardrobe of dark green that abruptly drops back to reveal fuzzy graying goldenrod

flowerheads topping tall stems of withering leaves. Branches of red sumac hold only a paucity of wilted yet still brilliant foliage. A welcoming chorus of birdsong belies this season's age, sounding as if spring has returned.

The bike feels sturdy beneath me; my arms extend to hands resting comfortably with fingers curled securely around the handlebars; both legs move in a steady cadence, pressing feet firmly against the pedals in an easy circular motion. Cycling quietly, I hear every small creature's scampering through rustling leaves that line the road and blanket the wooded landscape. Leaning into a slight upgrade, I admire the tallgrass prairie wildflower field filled with companions to turkeyfoot, milkweed, purple coneflower, lupine, blazing star, heals-all, aster, and mullein on my left where last season a ruffed grouse flushed and startled me. My gaze shifts to the orchestrated array of trees symmetrically spaced on my right according to the caretaker's synchronized plan. Dividing my time equally between the two scenes, I soon find myself under the protective canopy of long-needled white pines and firs, softening the hill's crest and a few uncomfortable memories. Late one evening two summers ago, these pines concealed me in their shadows from a motorist. Now damn the snake poacher who reportedly roams, bucket in hand; and the deer control policy dictated by a sprawl of suburban wealth.

The pavement drops and I cycle downward through a sea of sentinel tree trunks rising from orange hues of leaf-littered ground

cover, culminating in naked limbs reaching toward sunrays seeping sheepishly through the low-layered clouds. Back at ground level a yellow tomcat steals into the underbrush. One solitary wild turkey strutting awkwardly alongside the road seems oddly out of place until it disappears along an edge of marshland plants that thicken into dried cattail stalks along Wingra Bay. Open water sheltered from the breeze reflects a pale blue sky gently holding a full moon within an hour of the horizon. Such serenity denies Nature's bold balancing act.

Reminded of Her Majesty's way, my tires roll past the carcass of what appears to have been a rabbit. Either blunt force or wild struggle recently left these remains in a bloody sorrowful state, leaving me to wonder what fate caused a strip of fur with tail still intact to be torn from the unfortunate bunny's back and discarded twenty feet up the road. A new day flanked by rising sun and setting moon remarks the end of this small creature's existence, and I sigh.

Seasons past have brought me to terms with muskrats, turtles, fireflies, warbler-watchers, the blackbird's shrill song, flocks of Canada Geese with chicks, and herons, both Great and Green. The springtime fragrance of lilac, magnolia, and crabapple lingers (in my mind for olfactory benefit) beyond two full seasons. This planet graced with such a plethora of wildlife - flora and fauna - is grand to behold.

Leaving the Arboretum I turn onto the bike path skirting Wingra Creek, where a single pair of mallard ducks - drake and hen - drift in lazy angles across the stream's slow current. Two miles of blacktop undulate harmoniously with the riverbank, connecting Lake Wingra with Monona Bay through several busy city intersections. Somehow the usual traffic seems less irritating as I course my way over the chewed-up concrete of back streets toward the capitol, visible now across the rippled bay. The wind roughens the water and my ride until, within seconds, thousands of floating, swimming, and diving coots artistically realign my attitude.

The wind-roughened surface intersects with three other distinct patterns: the sideways line of streaming water behind the mud hen's body; the diagonal v-line from the frontal view flaring out from the waterfowl's torso; and the concentric circles left by submerged coots who suddenly pop back to the surface with comic relief. An occasional white pigeon enhances the tapestry of black dots on the satiny sheen of water. As this activity fades into several astonishing shades of blue-mirrored magic, a break in the clouds reveals a shy pastel sky in reflective contrast to the bold steel gray of bay from the cloudbank that hangs between moon and sun. Hazy sunlight filtering through the

Commuting By-Cycle, continued from page 2.

eastern edge of clouds brightens the blue through a continuum of vibrant hues. I feel a surprising but genuine bond with artists inspired and compelled to capture the texture and colors of an extraordinary scene.

When the coots are less plentiful, muskrats slip almost unnoticeably onto shore. For a few years a large mute swan presided in

graceful dignity over this placid pond, sharing it last year with its mate. These things require timing and a watchful eye.

Another natural distraction snaps me back to the present as a small flock of Canada geese linger on the grass within a foot of the bike path, barely an arm's length away, as if I were invisible. I like that concept, but decide not to test its theory. The geese remain unconcerned while I slow almost to a halt. Coasting past these huge land-bound birds, I refocus on a perfect line of five other geese sharing the water in nonchalant ease with the coots. A distant honking of migrating geese calls attention to an airborne flyline. It is all at once entrancing and invigorating.

I've just experienced some of the finest moments of a 40-minute commute to work by bicycle. These precious features of our natural environment are not to be wasted. I'm reminded to be mindful, grateful for, and respectful of Earth's resources - and special rare mornings like this. p

## Letter to the President

Sarah:

I recently spoke to a fellow with the Dane County Highway Department. I was concerned about rumble strips cut recently into Sprecher Road at its intersection with County Highway T. They are particularly wide and troublesome and they are cut through to the shoulder. This is a busy road and the rumble strips will make for a dangerous situation. I suggested that they leave a 6" to 12" uncut strip adjacent to the shoulder. I was told they'd never had a complaint and had never heard of such a thing.

I have trouble believing this but if a few more folks call up and help enlighten them we'll all be better off. Thanks.

—Jeff Trapp

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From the Touring Chair, continued from Page 1

June 3rd. Here are Jay's comments.

"For Tandem's Away (June 3rd) we had about 12 tandem teams, one triplet and perhaps 25 single bikers. Many of the tandem teams had lunch together at the park in Lake Mills and about ten of us got together to dine at Pasqual's later that evening. Tandem and single bikers mixed nicely in the parking lot after the ride, exchanging stories. A downside was the locked bathrooms at Fireman's Park.

"About half the tandem teams came from out of town. At least two teams had brand new bikes and were going on their first group ride. After the ride, I received three e-mail thank-yous, including one compliment on the cue sheet and one request for more tandem info.

"There was lots of talk about the article in Silent Sports about the triplet on GRABAAGR (find it at: <http://www.silentsports.net/grabaagr.html>). Notice of the ride was also put on a number of tandem listservs. I think the publicity helped raise awareness about the ride and increase the turnout, especially of folks from out of town. If you have an opportunity, look at the website mentioned in this paragraph, it is really interesting."

Jim Vincent sent these comments about the Devils Lake Delight on Saturday, June 10th:

"Devils Lake Delight had about 15 riders. The weather was warm and extremely windy. The ferry operator told several of the riders that a storm was approaching so once we got across the river everybody except the tour leader rode out to Devils Lake and then back to the Ferry on Marsh road. I did the entire route and got back long before any bad weather hit. Don't always listen to what somebody tells you about the weather!"

Jerry Klotz led Parfrey's Pretty Pedal and wrote the following:

"About 30 (?) showed up for the ride which got off at 8:00 AM. As I did not have time to ride the route this year before the ride, I was pleased that the ferry was running and no roads were flooded out. There was a stretch of Highway 60 and O'Conner Road past Fish lake of about a block in length that was under construction and had to be walked. Also, for some reason Parfrey's Glen was closed with the restrooms locked. In addition, the pump at the ferry had been removed and so I had to wait till Lodi to refill my water bottle. I helped a young lady change a flat, and gave two late comers a map as I swept the route. All in all, it was a pleasant day's ride with no major problems (that I heard about.)"

David Peterson wrote about the Thursday night rides:

"Last night in Oregon (Thursday, June 22nd) was our biggest turnout this year (about 30). We had one complete rainout (Waunakee) and one severe drenching part way into the ride (Verona). We haven't seen an increase in numbers over last year, but weather may be a factor. No accidents so far this year. We're keeping our fingers crossed. The participants seem to be enjoying the rides, and we continue to receive favorable comments. Generally, about half of the riders stay for dinner with us."

And finally, I led a Leisure Ride, Tour of Three Lakes, on Saturday June 17th. The weather was sunny and warm and about 20 riders participated. The ride went past lakes Wingra, Monona and

Waubesa. All the lakes had a lot of water and no boats. I saw some canoes. A good portion of the ride took place on bike trails—the Wingra Creek Bike Trail, the bike trail past the Sheraton, the Nobbie Trail (this was mainly dirt and ruts and went under the Beltline), and the Capitol Bike Trail.

—Nancy Crabb

The Presidents's column, continued from page 1 communications, that Carolyn Senty is repeating her job of last year and entering the information from the registration forms to a spreadsheet, and that Sarah Hole is generously organizing the day-of-ride registration table again.

We're still looking for a "Rest Stop Coordinator," a job that entails enticing a group of people to man the three rest stops as well as a few people to work on the clean-up. There are plenty of ways you can help, so please call Bob Steinberg at 848-3461 and let him know you're available. We do need you!

As always, Fred Gooding is looking for articles about bike tours for the newsletter. I know a lot of Bombay riders participate in organized tours over the summer; so write a short synopsis of your tour vacations - the highlights, the pitfalls - and share your experiences with us!

See you on the road...

—Sarah Grimes

## BBC's Wright Stuff Century Tyrol Basin, Mt. Horeb, Sunday September 3, 7:30 AM


Let's do some hills! You'll enjoy miles of the area's most scenic back roads as you climb and coast over three optional routes. The hilly 60 and 100-mile routes include Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin Visitor Center at Spring Green. The 30-mile loop is relatively flat—perfect for that first "long ride." Start with a full water bottle and finish with the welcome back buffet. Support services include rest stops with loads of good snacks, mechanical assistance, sag-wagon/sweep, and musical entertainment. Nearby are parks, swimming pools, family bike trails, and lots of popular tourist attractions. FEE. For information call Sarah Grimes, 608-263-5992, email: [SE.Grimes@hosp.wisc.edu](mailto:SE.Grimes@hosp.wisc.edu), or Johanna Bierwirth, 608-441-9547. email: [johannab@sonicfoundry.com](mailto:johannab@sonicfoundry.com).





—Photo by Fred Gooding

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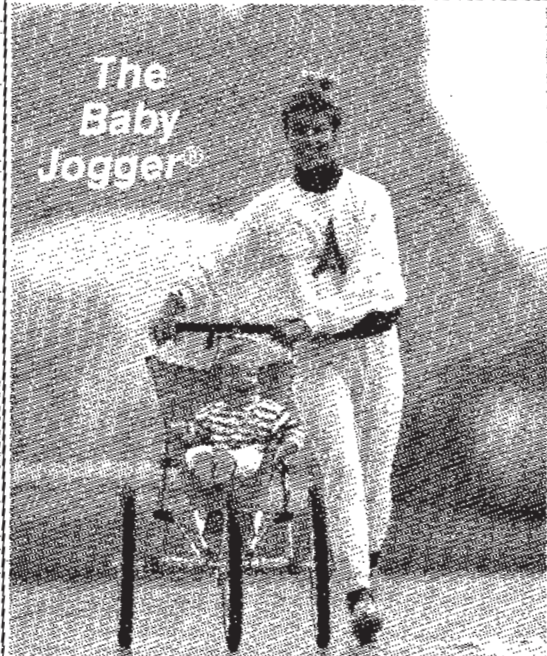
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On New Years Eve I celebrated 2000 (also the big 50) by calling Northwest and spending a huge chunk of frequent flyer miles on a ticket to China. This was to be my first solo adventure outside of Europe and the US, and I planned from the beginning to go as an independent traveler (all well-meaning advice to the contrary). While researching and planning the trip I read in several guidebooks that renting a bike to get around is a great way to go. Then I stumbled across Biking in Beijing at a travel website and ordered it. After some weeks (it's a pretty obscure title) it arrived and further stoked my fantasies. Eight million bikes in one city! I gathered from all this reading that it wouldn't be exactly like what I'm used to (helpful Mandarin phrase when renting: "the brakes don't work"). After living in The Netherlands I'd developed a pretty good take on non-recreational biking cultures, but, as with all armchair expertise, on the ground it was a whole new eye-opening adventure.

After a fourteen-hour flight, customs, and a long taxi ride, I arrived at the West gate of Peking University, where I was to meet my first Chinese host. It was about 8:30 p.m. local time and while I waited for Aireen by one of two enormous stone lions, I watched in a

slightly surreal jetlagged daze as hundreds of students streamed in and out of the gate on their bikes. Aireen finally arrived, on her bike, of course, and we used it to walk my (by then quite heavy) pack to the hotel.

The next morning, with errands to run (top priority: change money, as the hotel did not accept credit cards and wanted payment in advance for my stay!), I ventured that it would be fun to rent a bike. We stopped at the busy bike repair shop on campus and made inquiries. There were three modest bikes available that might be large enough, all men's models (not usual for women) and the excellent price was \$1 to rent for the day, or \$10 to purchase. Of course, that price did not include gears, drops, shiny paint, and so on. One was actually too small for comfort, one seemed promising at first but sadly lacked brakes, both front and back, and the third was about the right size, with modest braking power and a seat that was only somewhat lumpy and not so low that it would cause my knees to exceed their range of motion. There was some very sticky, quite recently applied black paint on the top tube but what the heck, it would do. We transacted, I left a cash deposit for the full price (but no ID, or anything like that), and away we pedaled, through the campus, weaving among the

crowds of student bikers and pedestrians. It was truly breathtaking! I couldn't get the big silly grin off my face. "I'm really here, riding along on this crazy bike, the sun is shining, and hey, I'm finally in China. I'm actually bicycling in Beijing!"

After a nice practice session, we headed out to brave the boulevards. Oh, my. Fortunately Beijingers have traffic down to a science, including the numerous bus drivers who clearly know



exactly how many centimeters away you are. You're borne along on a great river of buses, big trucks, private cars, taxis, scooters and motorcycles, bicycles, pedicabs, cargo bikes, and pedestrians.



Fourteen million people in Beijing, eight million bicycles (about the same number as all of The Netherlands)—and they rarely collide. You set your course, keeping in mind your true place in the pecking order, and everyone somehow works it out. There are bike lanes on all the big streets but they are very crowded and not especially sacred. At busy intersections, the strategy is to achieve critical mass, cross in a large pack to the centerline, some walking and some riding, and then move forward again in ragged formation to reach the other side unscathed but with heart pounding. The cross traffic accommodates, barely. The only thing that saves the day is the relatively sedate speed and consistent pace of the whole mob. You hardly ever go so fast that you can't do a two-foot down braking maneuver in a pinch. Of course, I didn't miss my clipless pedals for one instant.

What a rush! But the grin never left my face. I was, without doubt, the only non-Chinese on a bike in that part of Beijing that day, therefore a total spectacle, but it was cool. (In fact, I never saw another Western tourist bicycling, on my entire trip. I know it was

the off-season, but come on. Were the guidebooks making it all up?) The remaining days were very full and we used alternate modes of transport, so Diana Kingsbury's cool Biking Beijing route maps didn't get used after all. Next time, I'll go truly prepared to



score a more comfortable bike and go for it.

After five days in Beijing I boarded the night train to Hohhot, the capital of Inner Mongolia. I was to meet the parents of a UW Madison student and visit with his father's middle school English class. This was a truly wonderful chapter in my trip. The first day I met the principal and many teachers, had a wonderful Mongolian barbecue lunch with the entire Qi family, and spoke to a group of



200-plus students about my travels. The next day another English teacher, Mrs. Gao, borrowed me a bike from her colleague and we took a leisurely tour of the city. We cruised the main streets and then wound through the old part of town, between food stalls and vegetable carts, passing through ancient carved gates and stopping to visit a department store, a shrine, and a temple and for a wonderful lunch. It was a constant delight for all the senses, and the bike was the ideal vehicle for the occasion. It was

—Please turn to page 8.



City Biking in China, continued from page 7  
 the full experience, including the attended bike lots I had read about. That evening, Mrs. Gao and a group of her top students took me out to dinner after school. I was escorted up the bike path by eight teenage boys, who took turns riding alongside and making polite conversation in their best practice English. It took some real concentration to listen, answer, and ride in the traffic. Fortunately, Hohhot is a city of only two million, with far less traffic than Beijing and a more leisurely pace in general.



From Hohhot I traveled, again by night train, to Langzhou, where I was really on my own for the first time and spent all my time wandering on foot. Here I photographed the bike mechanics, a perfect example of the ubiquitous repair “shops” to be found throughout China on nearly every block and by each major intersection. These guys look like they could fix almost anything. There is also an ongoing process of salvage and reincarnation that keeps the enormous fleet on the road for many, many years. I stopped once to get my seat raised and the charge for the operation was something like a penny. (Keep in mind that the average person in China makes about \$200 per month.)



From Langzhou I traveled to Xian, the city that is most famous outside China for the discovery of the terracotta warriors, though less well known for being home to 20,000 plus computer programmers. There, with growing confidence, I decided to rent a bike from the hotel and

tour the city at length. Fortunately, the hotel had a pretty comfortable bike for rent, in good working condition, for the relatively

huge sum of \$1 per hour.

Xian is quite easy to navigate because the old town is laid out in a perfect square. It is the only city in China with the original perimeter wall still intact. The 26-kilometer wall is about 30 feet high and twenty feet wide, with 12 huge gates. I set out from the center to ride to the closest gate with a plan to go all the way around the city, following the wall as closely as possible. I'd heard one could walk the length of the wall, so why not try bicycling alongside it?



### Cycling Gear

Most bikes are black, with handbrakes and a bell. No gears. Women ride women's bikes, often in heels and skirts. Bikes range from truly ancient to newer models, some in colors. Once in a while you see a sort of mountain bike. People lock their bikes with the little rear wheel built-in key locks. No cables and certainly no kryptonite! Very few bikes have lights or reflectors, and no one wears a helmet. I gave my little clip-on reflector light to Aireen when I came back through Beijing on my way home, and she pronounced it very cool, i.e. American. I saw one rider in Beijing on a tenspeed and he looked really out of place, hunkered down and going so fast. My only glimpse of full-on biking gear on the whole trip was some footage of Chinese bike racers on TV. (I'll bet that team is formidable, since they learn to bike almost as soon as they can walk.)

It turned out to be wonderfully doable. I spent the next few hours experiencing an astonishing variety of sights, pedaling down wide tree-lined streets and along narrow alleyways through commercial areas with whole blocks of tiny bustling factory-shops filled with machine parts, or hardware, or furniture. Flying through the crazy intersections, especially by the gates, dismounting at times to navigate narrow paths through crowded, over-stimulating neighborhood markets offering every variety of fresh vegetables, snacks, and small electronics. Cruising quiet back streets where children played and folks tended tiny vegetable plots, and braving a stretch between two gates outside the wall that was a crowded rush of buses, trucks, exhaust fumes and the constant stream of three wheeled bike carts that haul everything from vegetables to



loads of bricks. (These are the hardcore professionals, the Chinese elite equivalent of NY bike messengers. They ride hard and sometimes quite fast and the loads are huge. Their colleagues



drive three wheel bike taxis, just big enough for one person to sit in a small canvas-covered cab on the back.) At one point the only choice was to clamber over road construction, along with everyone else.

The wall was always looming close, except when I cycled through the great crowds by the railway station, the only place where

it's been leveled to accommodate dozens of buses and taxis. I did park the bike at one point and climbed to the top, a broad, smooth expanse that just didn't seem nearly as interesting as street level. Finally, after about four hours, I completed the full circle and stopped for a break, leaving the bike in an attended lot to wander on foot in search of a big bowl of noodles. (I'd learned by then to walk along and check out all the tiny sidewalk cafes until I saw cooking underway that looked interesting and then just point with the universal sign for "one of those, please") This provided strength for a further ambitious foray out through the main gate and into the outlying areas to visit a recommended museum. As it turned out, I rode quite some distance, for about two more hours, and saw the everyday commercial part of the city, but never did find the museum, due to traffic flow, changing street names and general difficulty in asking for directions with only a map and sign language. It really didn't matter. I finally got back to the hotel in the late afternoon, every bit as tired and happy as I've ever been after any perfect summer bike ride through the green Wisconsin countryside.

I hope to go back to China before long, and to spend part of the next trip bicycling in the countryside. As a woman traveling alone, I felt quite safe and secure in China, far more so than in South America or Africa and actually more so than in the US or Europe. The only challenge to seeing very much of the country by bike is the sheer scale of the place—about the same as the continental US. p

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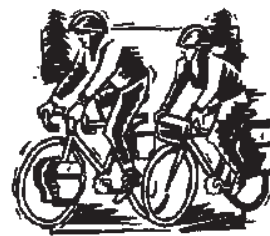
One of the twelve gates in Xi'an

### Accidents

In two weeks in China, I only saw two bike accidents. One was a minor collision between two bicyclists who went down in an embarrassed tangle and just as quickly were back up and pedaling away. The other was a bike taxi driver who clipped a bicycling older woman, knocking her over, and then raced away without stopping, to the considerable outrage of onlookers. The pollution was the worst hazard of all. It felt like the equivalent of smoking about half a pack a day but truly that was the case whether walking or biking.



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## From the Editor

First of all, overdue thanks to contributors to the first two issues of this year. Once again, Dave Peterson has shared his many years of riding experience with us, while still being alive to tell about it.

And thanks to Dean Schroeder for his story about a large ride last summer in Wyoming. It seems that "mass" rides are becoming more popular; the trip that Dean and the Petersons were on was one. Several BBCers were on the Northwoods to Capitol tour of last month.

Special thanks go this month certainly go to Johanna Bierworth for her marvelous story and photographs in this issue about her trip to China early this year. The photos were all taken with Johanna's digital camera, the first such published in this newsletter.

In its issue of last May 22, the New York Times published an interesting article whose thesis was that most fatal bike crashes are caused by drivers—not exactly news, but reassuring to hear from such an unimpeachable source. If you have access to Times files, you might want to look at it. I had hoped to reprint it here, and asked the Times for permission. Since the fee the Times charged would be \$150 (\$100 additional to get the 700-word article on a diskette), the Board would have decided to decline the honor if I'd asked. Of course, if I could earn 35 cents for each word I wrote, the BBC might need a new editor.

I asked a not-very-bicycling friend not long ago why she thought "ExtraOrdinary Reflections" is the name of this newsletter. She answered, "ExtraOrdinary Reflections" could have to do with looking back and astounding one's self with what that process reveals. Or it could be the realization that the more things change the more they change, or not. Now, figure that one out."

Well, I couldn't. So then I went ahead and asked her why the Club's name is what it is. She didn't have a clue. Do you? No prize if you've been a member for more than twenty-five years.

—Fred Gooding



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- Joining the BBC is about the fastest way you can get to meet fellow cycling enthusiasts and participate in a wide variety of group rides, especially rides where a moderate pace and group sociability are values. There's almost always someone going somewhere near your own speed so you never have to ride by yourself. Well—hardly ever.
- Rent the Club's hard shell bike travel case. The airlines' baggage gorillas will have to go to a lot of trouble to damage your bike or it. Call Dean at 256-8813 to check on its availability.
- Rebates are available to BBC members who join either the League of American Bicyclists or the Wisconsin Bike Federation.
- A rebate is available on Effective Cycling class tuition.
- Dues include a subscription to ExtraOrdinary Reflections, published every other month from March until November. Through its moribund Letters column, you can sound off about anything you think would be of interest to fellow cyclists.
- Members may place free classified ads. These ads may be approximately 30 words or less, and should be mailed or e-mailed to the editor. (Please see the back page for addresses.) They will run once, but may be renewed.
- Club events for which a fee is charged have discounts for club members who apply early enough.

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Are you a member of L.A.B.? \_\_\_\_\_

Please tell us how you heard about the BBC:  
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Please make a check for \$15.00 payable to the Bombay Bicycle Club of Madison, Inc., and mail it with this form to:

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**ExtraOrdinary Reflections**, the newsletter of the Bombay Bicycle Club of Madison, Inc., is published five times per year. Comments, articles, photographs, and letters are welcome. You may send them by e-mail (preferably) to the editor (FGOODING@AOL.COM) or to: Editor, ExtraOrdinary Reflections, 321 South Midvale Boulevard, Madison, WI 53705-5030.

## Membership Renewals:

Please check the expiration date on your mailing label. Your timely renewal is the only sure way to continue receiving ExtraOrdinary reflections and the various other membership benefits. Please see the renewal coupon on page 11 for renewal instructions.

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