

Extra^{Ordinary} Reflections

The Newsletter of the Bombay Bicycle Club, Inc.

September/October 2000

Madison, Wisconsin

Volume 26 Issue 4

Fall BBC Meeting

Where: Shorewood Community Center

901 Swarthmore Court, Madison

When: Sunday, November 5, 5:00 p.m. – 7:15 p.m.

•Please see the map below for directions.

Agenda:

4:30 - BBC Board arrives to set up.

5:00 - Socializing. Soda will be available compliments of the BBC, but bring your own beer. Delinquents will have an opportunity to pay up their dues.

5:30 - Pizza spread—Free to BBC Members!

6:00 - BBC Business Meeting.

6:30 - "Biking the Swiss Alps"—slide show by Jerry McAdow and Jim Miller. One of the passes they made was on the route of last summer's Tour de France.

7:00 - Door prizes

7:15 - Clean up



President's Message

I've just returned from a bike tour in Canada and have been reminded by our editor that the deadline is again looming for ExtraOrdinary Reflections. July has been a great month for me as I have participated in two tours, GRABAAWR and Cycle-Canada; however, vacations do tend to increase the workload at the office and I am paying dearly right now for those escapes. Other than one day of pouring rain (the first day on GRABAAWR) the weather has cooperated, and the rides were very enjoyable. We felt really blessed to have a great week in Canada with temperatures in the 70's and 80's as Canadians have had a cold and wet summer so far.

On the CycleCanada ride, Stan Kanter and I, with 26 other riders mostly from the United States, pedaled from Toronto to Montreal over six days, approximately 400 plus miles in all (650 plus kilometers). On the first day we were routed on bike paths to avoid traffic while departing from downtown Toronto; however, on weekends, every rollerblader, pedestrian and bicyclist all seemed to be vying for space on the trail, so we had our own traffic jam. The same thing occurred going into Montreal, where bicyclists are not allowed on the roads when there is an existing bike trail. In some cases, pedestrians had their own parallel path, sometimes paved, sometimes not, which was helpful, but traffic remained heavy and the going slow on the trails in the cities. Most of our time riding though was spent on quiet countryside roads while we followed a path that kept Lake Ontario to our right. Our cue sheets contained no maps, only verbal directions which often left us debating whether we were on or off the route, and most days we added extra mileage to our total for the day. The first day's instructions contained over 60 turns, and we quickly learned that signs on Canadian streets were sometimes inconsistent. We were surprised by some routes, particularly the one that sent us off road over a construction site. Overall, it was a very interesting ride, made even more so by a group of characters from Iowa whose antics proved quite entertaining over the course of the week.

On news concerning the Bombay Bicycle Club, at the moment it looks as though the League of American Bicyclist's Rally to be held in Madison will be delayed until the summer of 2002. Maureen Becker of LAB just relayed that information to us— and we are still looking for that individual who would be willing to be an overall chair for this event.

Don't forget that the Wright Stuff Century ride is on Sunday, September 3, a date that is fast approaching. p

—Sarah Grimes

The Northwoods Experience

by Kathy Schramm

Co-director, Northwoods to Capitol Tour

The second annual Northwoods to Capitol Tour was an inspirational biking adventure. From June 24 to July 1 more than 160 riders enjoyed the picturesque back roads and friendly small towns of central Wisconsin.

"Let me say what a life-altering experience the ride was," said cyclist Carrie Treviranus. She called the Northwoods to Capitol Tour the "most special" weeklong ride that she had ever been on.

"I was absolutely elated when I found out the tour was starting in Wautoma," said Wautoma Mayor Rick Taylor. Taylor welcomed the riders at the outset of the tour. An avid cyclist himself, he joined the group the following morning riding the first several miles.



The Northwoods to Capitol Tour 2000 weeklong excursion began in Wautoma on June 24 amid the beautiful Wisconsin countryside. Participants pedaled for 378 miles up through the glacial hills and forest of central Wisconsin to the shores of Chequamegon Bay on Lake Superior and Bayfield. Tour participants proudly raised almost \$6900 for the Bicycle Federation of Wisconsin (BFW). The BFW promoted biking throughout the central part of state, holding press conferences in many cities along the tour's route.

We had "Optimal weather conditions...the weather god smiled and took pity on our tired posteriors," said rider Todd Herritz. Yes, we were certainly blessed. As the rain poured heavily during our Saturday afternoon rider informational meeting, I tried to reassure folks that this was just God's idea of a damp initiation before a beautiful week of biking. Throughout the week, as I stepped back to take the ride in, I knew my many dry-weather prayers had most

definitely been answered.

"The Sunday ride through Waupaca County was a gem," said rider Cheri Sykes. The beautiful winding roads through the Chain



O'Lakes area provided for a picture-perfect first day of riding. Cyclists pedaled to the Red Mill, a restored turn-of-the-century grain mill built on the Crystal River, and then continued on to view the giant pickle vats.

No doubt one of the most popular days of biking was on Thursday, as the route meandered through the Chequamegon National Forest.

"It was a high religious experience in the beauty of the place. I was feeling good, my best ever as a rider," participant Tony Chojnacki said. The beautiful two-lane roads through the forest certainly treated the Northwoods riders, as they pedaled 40 picturesque miles along the wooded passageways.

"Traffic was extremely light and the cyclists practically had the forest all to themselves. Couple that with clear blue skies and little headwind; we heard that pedaling through the forest was



definitely a major highlight of the trip," said Eric Schramm, co-director for the Northwoods to Capitol Tour.

"Usually I'm not good with side trips, but Copper Falls, Eau Claire Dells and the Concrete Park certainly changed my mind," rider Suzy Zweifel said. Many participants told us how they enjoyed our rider rest stop at the Concrete Park in Phillips. Concrete Park has a uniquely wonderful collection of over 200 life-size figures, constructed out of concrete and embellished with glass, wood, mirrors, metal, and stone.

Many other attractions competed for the rider's attention. At Timm's Hill, the highest point in Wisconsin, cyclists had a terrific lunch stop, sponsored by the Rib Lake Boy Scouts. After lunch, many hiked the short distance up the hill to the Timm's Hill lookout tower for a breathtaking view of the area. The best-kept secret two miles south of Mellen is the Penokee Overlook. It has a spectacular scenic viewpoint. For me, it brought back memories of being in the Smoky Mountains.

Cycling through the national forest and sightseeing were not the only high points on the tour. The Wild Goose Restaurant, of Luck, catered a delicious and healthy meal plan for the entire week. Riders who chose the meal plan savored a candle-light dinner of Chicken Marsala with skewered vegetables, served at Park Falls High School.

Impromptu activities also entertained the bikers in the late afternoons. Among those was a Northwoods to Capitol Tour Olympics, where cyclists were challenged in different daily events (e.g. egg balance, tire toss, biking the slowest lap).



Eric Rank (mechanic with M & M Mobile Mechanics) established the winning time for biking the slowest lap at 4:35.

Other outstanding cyclists on the tour were recognized at the Thursday night Northwoods Awards Ceremony. Twelve-year-old Gatie Gabor re-

ceived the award for the Northwoods Most Inspiring Rider. Katie was really an inspiration to us all. Every time we saw her on her bike, she was smiling and biking with great contentment. Eleven-year-old Kyle Duckert received the award for the Northwoods Cyclist Who Trained the Least. The farthest he had ever biked before the tour was only 10 miles.

Riders could partake in almost nightly entertainment. Cyclists again enjoyed wonderful vocals, and awesome guitar-jamming music with the return of the Yada Band. Later in the week, relaxing New Age sounds soothed the bikers into a mellow state as they listened to guitarist Eric Sorenson's performance on an Australian Didgeridu and eight other musical instruments. Carrie Treviranus, talented singer and tour participant, serenaded her fellow cyclists with her beautiful voice and guitar at the Northwoods Tour campfire. Many riders attended The Big Top Chautauqua tent show in

Bayfield, hosted by Warren Nelson. Nelson greeted the cyclists before the performance began, and I proudly presented him with a Northwoods T-shirt. Nelson donned the Northwoods t-shirt in



the second half of the performance as tour participants cheered.

"Simply stated, bicycling touring is our love and passion. We try to produce a tour that we would want to bike on as a participant," said Eric Schramm, tour co-director. Yes, we love cycling and we can't imagine seeing the world any other way. Here's what some of our riders had to say about their week on the Northwoods to Capitol Tour:

"Overall, for me, the trip would actually approach a '10,'" said Suzie Zweifel. "Give yourselves a pat on the back, you deserve it."

"Thanks for the superb tour experience," said Todd Herritz. "I now have the 'excellent' end of my tour continuum established."

"The people who were on this tour were all great bikers," Sandra Frassetto said. "The community' of bikers was indeed present... everyone caring and watching out for each other... a great experience"

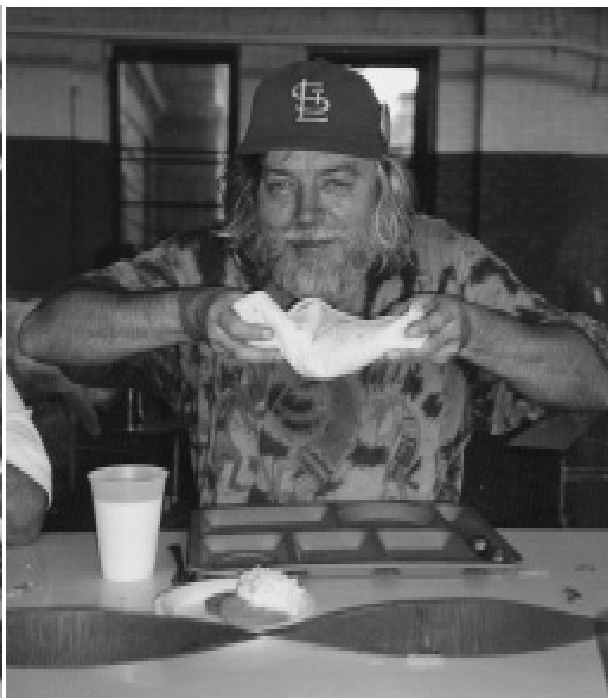
"You always had plenty of opportunities to create friendships, and the tour had a real sense of family," Laura Quast said.

Mary Ann Duckert (who biked with her two young grandsons) said, "Best of all was the making of new friends and the reunion with old friends. We always felt part of the group and appreciated all the work done by all of your volunteers, staff, and of course the tour directors, to make this bicycle tour a highlight of our lives!"

Join us next year, won't you? We'd love to have you ride the Northwoods to Capitol Tour! We are already planning a similar, not identical route for 2001. For more information check out the Northwoods web site at www.bikenorthwoods.com or watch for our brochures in November. We'll see you in 2001! Don't miss the fun! p

—Please turn to page 4.

More scenes from this summer's Northwoods to Capitol Tour





Special Thanks

We also couldn't do our tour without the help and support of the following wonderful sponsors: The Wisconsin State Journal Daybreak Section and Rhonda Reese; Wheel and Sprocket; Planet Bike; Meriter Hospital; PS Mueller; Balance Bar; Burley; Cannondale; M&M Mobile Mechanics; Wireless Works; Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum; The Hair Forum; Waterford Precision Cycles; Sandhill Pet Clinic; and Cellcessories.

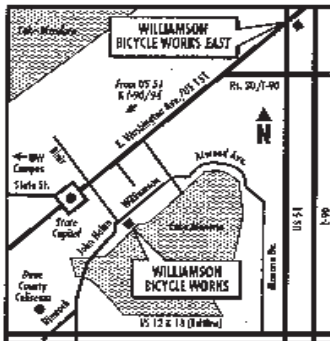


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Waterfalls and Wineries of the Finger Lakes

by Alice Honeywell

Editor's note: Alice and her women friends (and some of their male significant others) have been touring together for many years. Heading in a clockwise direction from Canandaigua and going as far east as Skaneateles, this year's tour, in the third week of July, meandered around a number of New York's Finger Lakes.



Cycling from Canandaigua, New York, on our way to Seneca Falls on our first pedaling day, we had the choice of riding 50 miles or 25. Since Seneca Falls and the Women's Rights National Historic Park were high on my agenda for this trip, and since it always takes several hours to get organized on the first day, I opted for the shorter route and had time to enjoy the town and the park, especially the museum. (Two of our fastest riders pedaled the whole 50 miles and had a couple of hours at the park, but I was not in their league.) It was here in the Wesley Methodist Chapel in 1848 that Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton gathered 300 interested women and men from the surrounding countryside to ask for ratification of their "Sentiments"—a statement modeled on the U.S. Declaration of Independence in which they declared that women should be treated equally under the law. Sixty women and thirty men signed the declaration of women's rights. In the next fifty years and after, women would become involved in "the movement," working for the right to vote, for temperance, and numerous other reforms. The reform movement also led some women to take up the sport of bicycling, seeing the bicycle as both a tool of reform and a ticket to freedom.

On that first cycling day we felt the only rain of the tour, even though some of the days were gray and we were threatened by

rain numerous times. For about an hour we pedaled in a warm, steady rain, but used our raingear only at lunchtime in the town of Hammondsport on the sixth day. We've been wetter in the mountains of New Mexico than we ever were in the Finger Lakes region of New York.

Our route adapted part of the Bon Ton Roulet, a large organized tour that runs in the Finger Lakes region every year. An unhappy surprise was that many of the roads we had picked ourselves turned out to be gravel. Much of our original route plan had to be scuttled, and we ended up mostly on county and state roads. A pleasant surprise, though, was how lightly traveled the county

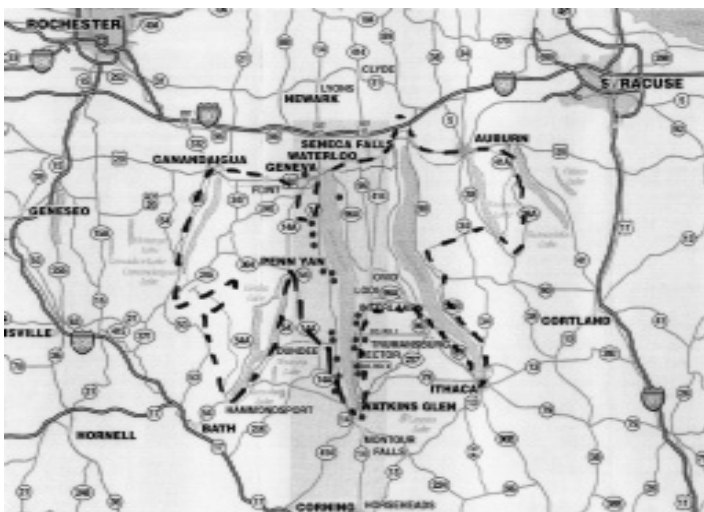


and state routes were. The shoulders were wide and smooth, and we never felt endangered by traffic. Drivers were courteous and the scenery was lovely. This part of New York is truly rural—so rural, in fact, that stores with ice cream and Gatorade did not come up nearly as often as we would have liked.

Leaving Seneca Falls, we stopped at a fresh fruit stand, where I loaded up with locally grown black cherries to eat out of my handlebar bag, before we headed north toward the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge. Passing several picturesque canals—the primary transportation system once upon a time—we stopped several times to take photos and rest. Our brief breakfast in camp was meant only to sustain us until we could find a "real" breakfast down the road, but all such attempts failed, and we couldn't find food until the town of Auburn. There the grocery store, complete with deli, was the best bet, and we took our findings to a downtown park.

Refreshed and refueled, we headed to Skaneateles (pronounced SKINNY-ATLAS), the most upscale community we found in the Finger Lakes region. The estates lining the lake had boathouses grander than some Maple Bluff residences, and the shops seemed too lovely to be entered by the likes of us with our sweat and grease. So we found ice cream and lounged in the public park for an hour or so before heading south to Moravia.

Half of our group camped and half stayed in B&B's; I was in the "roughing it" group. Named for our thirteenth president whose log cabin birthplace was supposedly nearby, Fillmore Glen was



the only park where I found ear plugs necessary. The “Glen” was lovely with its rocks and waterfall, but for some inexplicable reason, our reserved campsites were located within a few feet of the highway. The park (and the town of Moravia) is at the bottom of a long hill (as most of the towns on our route were), and monstrous diesel trucks needing to gear down passed right by us, seemingly all night long. The one restaurant in the little town was unprepared for our group of 13, but the young cooks and waitress did the best they could. Most of us left satisfied.

On our third cycling day we headed to Ithaca—not as the crow flew, but north and then west and then south. The steepest hills



are at the southern ends of the lakes, so we opted often to add miles and enjoy saner hill-climbing. From Moravia, we headed north for several miles to Sherwood Road and then west to Aurora, the home of Wells College, Dory’s alma mater. She had not been back in 32 years, so we all participated in a group photo and paid homage.

Most of the group then headed north to the MacKenzie-Childs Pottery Studio, where they witnessed an indescribably eclectic art display—on the ceiling of the house, no less—and enjoyed lunch. I had wanted to explore Ithaca, and fearful that time would be short, I headed south instead. I reached town in time to enjoy an extravagant dessert at an outdoor café, put up my feet, sip tea, and observe the daily

activity. Tempted to find a bike shop and get some new shoes, I quickly changed plans when I found that the only one that could help me was in Collegetown, a mile or so up a steep hill on the Cornell University campus. No thanks. I had seen quite enough hills for one day.

The terrain in the Finger Lakes region is not much more difficult than the driftless area of western Dane County, but some of the hills are as long or longer than our Observatory Road. I found fifty or sixty miles of them day after day to be a challenge. We did get up to over 45 mph a couple of times on the downhills, so there was a payoff anyway.

Buttermilk Falls State Park at the south end of Ithaca was our destination, and we enjoyed the falls and the quiet campground there very much, once we scaled the heights to reach it. Margaret and

Dave Peterson got extra credit for climbing three or four times the number of hills the rest of us did at three or four times the altitude by going first to Cornell’s Sapsucker Woods, an ornithological park on the east end of town. I suspect they slept extra well that night.

Dinner in Ithaca was at the home of the famous vegetarian cookbooks, the Moosewood Restaurant. They don’t take reservations, and since the campers took longer to set up that night, we went in two shifts. My lasagne was worth waiting for, and the others raved about their dinners as well. No one was disappointed, as evidenced by the number of T-shirts purchased at the gift shop after dinner.

After breakfast at the Ithaca Diner the next morning, we met the B&B’ers and headed toward Watkins Glen, not the most direct way, of course, but north to Taughannock Falls State Park, where we hiked a mile or so to the falls and back, and then farther north along Cayuga Lake before turning west to the town of Interlaken and then over to Lodi (yes, Lodi) and south to Watkins Glen. Along the shores of Seneca Lake, wineries began to appear. Some of us stopped at Wagners, one of the bigger ones. Dehydrated and intolerant of alcohol in general, I felt tipsy after just a tasting session and had to drink a lot of water and eat a Power Bar just so



I could get back on my bike. I did manage to pick out a favorite white wine, however—Melody—a “medium-bodied wine full of aromas of melons, peaches, and apricots, and mouth-filling flavors of melon and green apple.” It traveled in my rear pannier for the

Please turn to page 8.

rest of the day, up and down, past more waterfalls, and on the descent into Watkins Glen. Our destination at Watkins Glen was the Seneca Lake Watch B&B, where we all stayed for two nights.

Dinner that night was at the Seasons Hotel in Watkins Glen, an experience not to be missed, according to those who ate there. But for various reasons, some of us went back to Ithaca, where we found a wonderful Italian restaurant, Giovanni's Osteria Paesana, and rewarded ourselves appropriately after a hard day of pedaling.

Finally—after our fourth cycling day—we took a day off from pedaling. We hiked the Watkins Glen Gorge in the morning, past numerous lovely waterfalls, and then traveled by van in the afternoon to Corning for a tour of the Corning Museum of Glass. The museum—and the glass show—were fascinating, and we spent several hours there, drooling over some of the Steuben pieces in particular. Our dinner venue, Pelham's Upstate Tuna Company in Corning, topped off our day. I loved my mahi mahi with mustard sauce and the exotic salad bar that went with it.

Feeling strong on our fifth cycling day—as we often do after a day off—we decided to add miles to the original route and cycle north to Penn Yan on Keuka Lake—the Y-shaped lake. It was on this stretch that we went through a large Amish area, passing up the opportunity to shop for quilts because a too-steep hill separated the main road from the shop. After making the turn around the north end of the lake and keeping the lake in our vision all the way south, we reached the touristy town of Hammondsport in time for lunch at Café Alfresca. The tomato bisque soup and grilled cheese with tomato slices were just the thing. I added a white chocolate almond scone to go and nursed it all the way to Prattsburgh.

We campers were kind of dreading the honky-tonk Wagon Wheel Campground just outside Prattsburgh, but our fears were groundless because we were allotted a very quiet, private area far from the pool and shuffleboard crowd. It was one of our favorite sites of the whole week. Rain threatened here as it had numerous other places, but we escaped once again. Dinner consisted of ordered-in pizza and lasagne on the wide veranda of the B&B where the others were staying, with mint chocolate three-layer brownies served by the B&B hostess. I was sure if the cycling didn't kill me, I would face death by chocolate.

When we asked advice from the B&B host about how we could add more miles to the route we had chosen for the next day, she just shook her head. We were having fun and hated to take the most direct route back to Canandaigua. We ended up taking every Italy-something road we could find—Italy Hill Road, Italy Friend Road, Italy Valley Road, and Italy Turnpike—not necessarily in that order. Numerous map sessions en route that day became necessary as we debated where we were and where we should be aiming to be next. Naples was our lunch stop, where we dallied at outdoor tables at Bob and Ruth's Vinery on the north end of town. It was there that we met a group of 28 other cyclists—27 men and 1 woman—doing the "Quadzilla," a 400-mile loop of the Finger Lakes with a route similar to ours in 40 hours. My friend Bobbi, an animal herself, said to one of them, "You make us look like wimps." His response: "That's why we do it."

Our last rest stop was at an ice cream shop in the little town of Cheshire where Margaret lived up to the name with the smile she shared as she dipped into her fresh peach ice cream over fresher peach cobbler. We finally made our way to the B&B where the others had agreed to meet, moved gear from the support van to our individual vehicles, and headed home.

I strongly recommend our Finger Lakes route to other cyclists who love hills. I don't recall many flat stretches, except along the very northern ends of the lakes. We pedaled about 50-60 miles per day most days, fewer on a couple of days, and that amount seemed just right to most of us. p



One of the many falls in Watkins Glen State Park



Left to right, top to bottom: we're not telling who pulled this stunt; another one of the falls for which the region is renowned; help from an old pro; one of those many vineyards; some grapes from one of them; and a navigation debate, e pluribus unum.

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From the Editor

Thanks go to the authors, Alice Honeywell and Kathy Schramm, of our two main stories this month. And thanks especially to all the photographers whose work appears here also. Unfortunately, I don't have a list of the Northwoods to Capitol riders who produced pictures, but for the Finger Lakes trip they include Alice, Max Austin, Dory Blobner, and Margaret and Dave Peterson. I personally was glad to see both stories and all the pictures, because I had been planning to go on both tours but was visited by some strange "virus," and "we don't even try to diagnose them," said some doctor.

Thanks also to Andy Muzi and Steve Meiers for helping to clear up the mystery of how the BBC was so named. My first objective on the next trip to Toronto will be to find that bar.

And finally, more thanks to Andy Muzi for his art work, which regrettably cannot run in this venue.

—Fred Gooding

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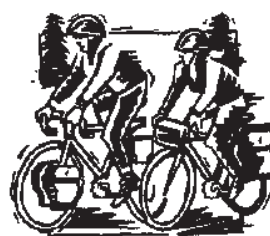
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Letters to the Editor

Editor's note: In the last issue the question arose of where the BBC's name came from. Here are two theories.

To the Editor:

Just read the latest Extraordinary Reflections. As I recall, Ken Kaemmerle had seen one of the Bombay Bicycle Club restaurants while traveling (Montreal?), and he and Jerry Kiergaard liked the name and logo.

I tried to talk him out of it on general principle, as it was theft of intellectual property, but I failed to everyone's later embarrassment and much confusion when Bombay Bicycle Club opened a restaurant here in the early '80s.

The restaurant's logo was a colonial Englishman on an ordinary with a pith helmet, and I believe the newsletter's name is related. Perhaps some other gray panther has some details. . . I'm interested if you find out more!

—Andy Muzi

To the Editor:

When the club was started maybe 25 years ago by Wilbur Wright and a few friends, it was very small—half a dozen people or whatever. Wilbur had been to the Bombay Bicycle Club—a chain restaurant in Toronto—and liked the name. It stuck.

Several years ago there was an attempt to change the name. It didn't communicate anything about what the club was, and there was confusion with the restaurant in town. People would call them for ride info. One of the club officers got served legal papers by

the restaurant. But no one could come up with a better name, and others didn't see there was a problem, so the name stayed.

At one time the newsletter was the Ordinary Reflection, based on the ordinary bike (a big wheel bike-boneshaker is called an ordinary)—the logo consisted of an ordinary and someone in a pith helmet—I guess the tie-in with Bombay. Someone, Tim? [Gloeckler, former editor], changed the name a few years ago.

Maybe someone should interview Wilbur so folks have some sense of history of the club.

—Steve Meiers

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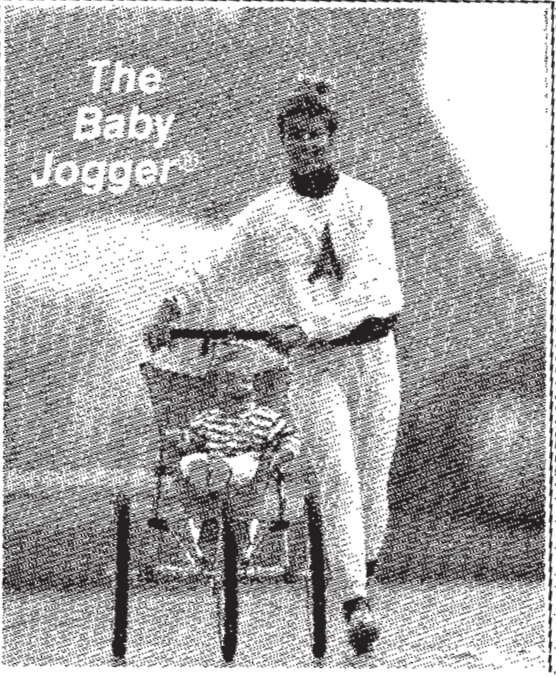
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Membership Renewals:

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.

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