

Rollin'

September, 2012

Newsletter of the Silver Wheels Cycling Club, Inc.



Editor's Column

By Larry Best

So there I was, minding my own business as usual when all of a sudden I get an email from the Pres. asking "Where the @%\$# are those 3 articles I sent to you? You were supposed to put them in Rollin'!" I smugly answered that I never got them and that maybe it was a computer glitch. A little while later I decided to look in the trash section of my email and sure enough...there they were. GULP! I immediately emailed an apology and promised to kiss his ring if he wouldn't beat me with that 10' section cable housing he keeps in his garage just for occasions like this. By the way, I haven't heard back about that yet which kinda concerns me. Anyway, that's why you got a double feature of Rollin' last month. I hope that didn't cause too much hand wringing among you.

By now the swap meet is over and everybody that sold stuff is probably all set for retirement.

Or maybe not quite. A swap meet is just a little different from a garage sale. A garage sale is where junk changes garages. A cycle swap meet is where bike junk changes garages. See? It's much more specific.

By the time you read this our new web site should be in place. I haven't seen it yet, but I'm confident it will be great. I can't say enough about Tia and Tom Andrako for all their hard work.

Upcoming events:

Don't forget Joe Etzler's annual SWCC picnic on Sat. 9/8/12. The Hancock Horizontal Hundred in Findlay, Oh is on 9/9/12.

Marge Goelz –Cyclist Extraordinaire

By Ed Stewart

Most of our newer members will not know Marge Goelz but those who have been with Silver Wheels from '98 through at least '09, you got to know her pretty well. I'm writing this because Marge is currently in hospice, closing a battle with cancer with the same manner of pride and character that she has shown probably all her life. This is not an obituary,

this is a recollection of one of the more remarkable friends I've ever had.

I first met Marge when we had our initial meeting for forming Silver Wheels on April 15, 1998 in the meeting room we still use for our club meetings every other month. It was a grand beginning a great gathering of "senior" cyclists interested in perhaps forming a club and riding together. Who knew then what all would follow over the years since. Marge and her husband Ralph were in the audience that night and were among the very first to eagerly sign up to join. Twenty-eight others signed up that night.

In those early years Marge and I rode together many times, often just the two of us. Back then I had to work hard to keep up with her, something that always puzzled me, she being at least a few years my senior. But we rode and rode, always talking about kids and grandkids and rides we've done and wanted to do and what can we do with this new club we just started. Always the optimist, Marge would just say things like "It doesn't matter what you do, just do it. Everyone will have fun." She was right, as usual. Our new club was so eager to be successful there were almost never any setbacks and if anything seemed difficult we always would laugh it off and it would turn out all right.

I have a cabinet full of memories riding with Marge Goelz, all of them wonderful. I imagine anyone else who ever rode with her would say the same thing. We talked recently and she reminded me of a time when we were riding together and I asked why she rode so much. "I just love to ride." Was her answer and that said all that you had to know about her. At her bedside recently we talked more about her early cycling, when she was a child. She told me how back then bikes were rare and she used someone else's bike to ride on by walking up a

steep hill then coasting down, her feet splayed out, afraid to pedal. At the bottom they would stop then walk back up and do it all over again. Sometime later her parents got her a bike and added training wheels. She told them to remove them because she did not need them. They did and she showed them how she knew to ride already.

One of the funniest stories I tell about Marge was from one of early rides in the club. It was our first overnighter to Wooster (this was a tradition for a few years). On our way back we stopped for a break next to a horse farm and there were a few horses milling about in the field close to us. We had some apples leftover from our snacks so Marge decided to offer one to a horse. Since it was a ways off, she decided to toss the apple to it. Well, that apple hit the horse right on the snout and it bounded away, leaving the rest of us laughing our shorts off.

Marge was not only into bicycling. She enjoyed all sports and anything competitive. She was a champ at tennis and corn hole. She loved to line dance and play volleyball. She loved board games of about any sort. She was very good in all of these.

In recent years we had not seen a lot of Marge, not so much because of her health or age, but because she was following her grandchildren in their pursuits of sports – mainly softball. We always knew that if Marge was not riding with us she was at a game somewhere.

Marge loved camping and whenever camping and biking could be combined she was in heaven. She participated in at least a dozen GOBAs, loving every hill, every little town, and every new friend she'd meet. Her kids even made a clock for her of the 12 GOBAs she rode.

If you never had the chance to meet and know Marge Goelz, you have missed out on a real

treat. She is one of the main reasons Silver Wheels is what it is today, because she was so important to our beginning, in welcoming new members and giving our club the personality it has. We all picked up what Marge was offering, that positiveness and cheer and “you can do it” attitude.

Marge Goelz will be sorely missed but never forgotten.



Chuck Harris | 1935-2012: Gambier cycling enthusiast was always looking behind

By The Columbus Dispatch



Chuck Harris was known nationally and among Ohio bicycle enthusiasts for his innovations in making customized rearview mirrors for helmets.

He was a colorful fixture at bike tours in Ohio, where “the Mirror Man” would show up with his brown VW bus and handmade grinding machine mounted on a bicycle frame.

Harris, 76, who had his own shop for bicyclists for years in Gambier in Knox County, died on Saturday at the Knox Community Hospital in Mount Vernon. He had been in failing health after suffering a stroke in April, said his daughter, Bonnie Coleman of Columbus’ North Side.

When bicycling became a popular pastime during the 1970s, Harris was one of its

innovators. Coleman said that her father — a bicyclist himself — got the idea of putting clips on mirrors after seeing a bicyclist with a dental mirror taped to his helmet.

As the years went by, Harris perfected a custom-designed mirror that could hook to a bicycle helmet. It was hailed for its quality, and Coleman said her father had customers worldwide.

But what distinguished Harris was how he used recycled materials to make equipment, said Chuck Perry, a longtime member of the Westerville Bicycle Club.

For instance, Harris would turn discarded plastic beverage bottles into helmet visors. Harris won a number of awards for his innovative recycling efforts, Perry said. The rack in front of Harris’ store in Gambier was made of old bicycle rims.

“He was a gentle, kind soul,” Perry said. “He led a simple life and was content to find uses for other things that people threw away.”

Harris, his wife and two daughters moved from New Hampshire to Brinkhaven, Ohio, in 1973. They then moved in 1975 to Gambier, where he opened the shop because there was a market among Kenyon College students, Coleman said.

On a personal note, I met Chuck in 1974 on an organized ride somewhere in Ohio. Colorful might not be an adequate term to describe him. He had a scraggly beard and wore a plaid shirt with pinstriped bib overalls. I noticed he was making some kind of adjustments to a few other riders’ helmets. I asked him what he was doing and he showed me one of his mirrors. There was nothing like it at the time. He said try it on this ride and if you don’t like it just give it back. If you like it, pay me for it. I’ve never ridden without a mirror since.

Larry Best

Sharrows? What's that, a new health food?

Cleveland Metroparks parkways are favorite riding routes for many road cyclists. Over the years, increased auto traffic has created tension and incidences, especially when cars want to pass cyclists. This is particularly pronounced in Rocky River Reservation where the narrow, winding parkway has become a commuter route and provides access to many communities.

Sharrows are marked spots with arrows used to indicate that bicycles may share the automobile lane per Ohio law.

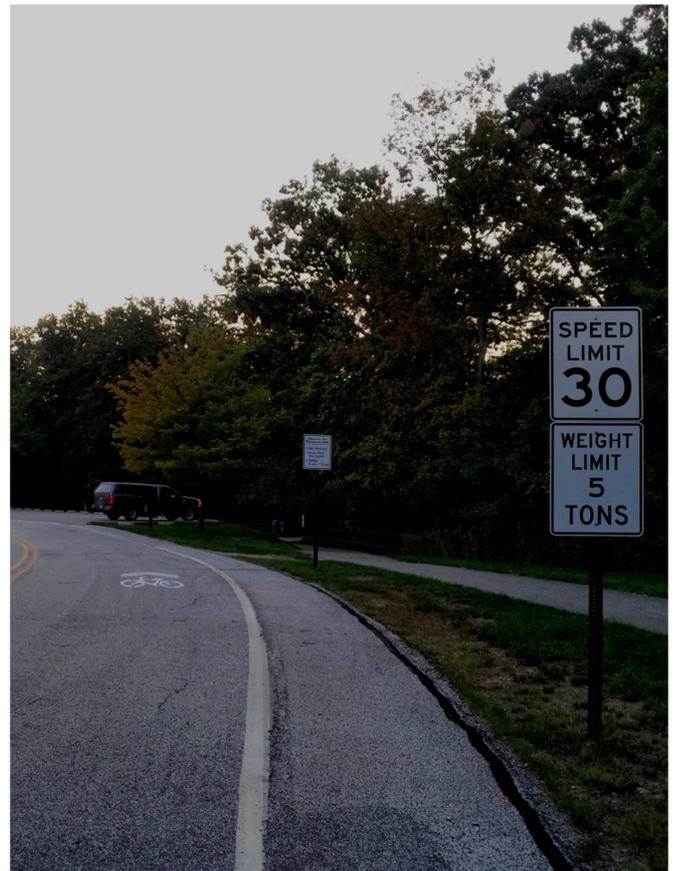
Cleveland Metroparks chose to try them to alleviate bike/auto conflicts on Valley Parkway in Rocky River Reservation. Here's one:



Cleveland Metroparks parkways are favorite riding routes for many road cyclists. Over the years, increased auto traffic has created tension and incidences, especially when cars want to pass cyclists. This is particularly pronounced in

Rocky River Reservation where the narrow, winding parkway has become a commuter route and provides access to many communities.

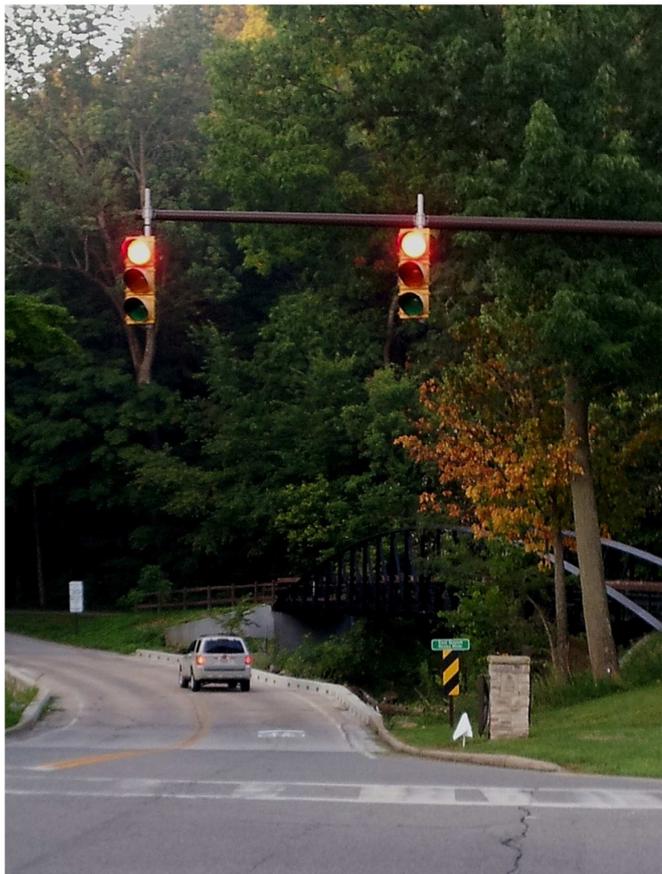
Sharrows are used to indicate that bicycles may share the automobile lane per Ohio law. Cleveland Metroparks chose to try them to alleviate bike/auto conflicts on Valley Parkway in Rocky River Reservation. It's clear from public comments at the strategic plan sessions and from Ranger reports that the "Share the Road" signs currently in place are ineffective. Many drivers think the bikes must by law be on the all-purpose trail when in fact a bicycle is a legal "vehicle" on the road. Most cyclists riding on the parkway are traveling at speeds above 15 mph, too fast to safely or enjoyably use the all-purpose trail with its groups of walkers, joggers, kids, baby strollers, dog leashes and in-line skaters.



Sharrows are generally used when there's not enough room to add a bike lane. As a pilot

project, the Park District is painting them at entrances, exits and sharp turns from Detroit to Barrett Road, 13 miles It's clear from public comments at the strategic plan sessions and from Ranger reports that the "Share the Road" signs currently in place are ineffective. Many drivers think the bikes must by law be on the all-purpose trail when in fact a bicycle is a legal "vehicle" on the road. Most cyclists riding on the parkway are traveling at speeds above 15 mph, too fast to safely or enjoyably use the all-purpose trail with its groups of walkers, joggers, kids, baby strollers, dog leashes and in-line skaters.

Sharrows are generally used when there's not enough room to add a bike lane. As a pilot project, the Park District is painting them at entrances, exits and sharp turns from Detroit to Barrett Road, 13 miles.



Lost and Found at Dog Days

By Joe Etzler

While sagging the long route I stopped at Jilbert Winery where a woman asked me to contact the parking folks in Lagrange. She had lost her credit card in the parking area. I could not reach anyone in LaGrange so when I stopped there; I found her card but forgot her name. Shortly afterward I greeted a rider and asked him how he liked the ride so far. He said it was great but his wife had lost her credit card somewhere. I told him it was a terrible thing to lose a card but a wonderful thing to get it back, and handed the card to him. He seemed surprised and grateful.

Want Ads

Hey folks...guess what? Want ads are wanted!

Got something you didn't sell at the swap meet? Got anything related to cycling that you'd like to turn into cold, hard cash so you can take that 4 week vacation to Hawaii you've been dreaming about? That's what this space is for. Send me the ad worded exactly the way you want it to appear and I'll see that it gets in. No charge, of course. If you want include photos too, no prob.

Letters to the Editor

Well, after my rant in the last issue here are the responses I got.....

OKAY, I hope you enjoyed reading those.

Remember that letters to the Editor must be related to SWCC or cycling. I will withhold your name if you request and no one will ever know except you and me.

**Jeez! Don'cha just hate
it when that happens?**

