

Rollin'

Newsletter of the Silver Wheels Cycling Club, Inc. September, 2015

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Editor's Column



By Larry Best

So there I was, minding my own business as usual, when all of a sudden I had to take an emergency trip to New Joisey. My significant other has a brother had some medical problems so off we went via car. The trips up and back were pretty routine. The

weather was perfect and along route 80 we saw some fabulous scenery. The leaves were at their peak under bright blue skies.

I had only been in New Jersey twice before and that was to Atlantic City. The first time I was 8 years old and the second time I was 10. It's pretty safe to say I didn't remember a lot about. One of the memories I have was staying in a hotel on the famous Boardwalk. I also remember prying a buck from my dad so I could ride to the end on the board walk. I don't know how long the board walk was but I'm guessing it was probably 60 or 70 miles. Well, that's what it felt to an 8 year old.

We found ourselves in Union, N.J. Union is about 30 miles from the big apple and I had no desire to go there. I hate cities. Elyria, where I live, is marginally too big. Lorain is a big city in my opinion. Anyway, Union is supposed to be a rather nice suburb of Newark and NYC. As we were driving around going to the nursing home, the bank, the house, and the lawyer's office I kept looking around. We went through three or four suburbs and I kept asking myself,

“If I lived here where would I ride?” Traffic moved all right but it was heavy all the time. The streets were mostly two lanes in each direction and there was no room for bicycles. No accommodations either. There were side streets but they almost all dead ends that only went a few blocks. I came to two conclusions:

1. People don't live in New Jersey. Cars live there.
2. I have a new sense of gratitude that I can leave my driveway and immediately be on a two lane country road. Not only that but the Inland Bike Trail is about ¼ mile from my house.

I can't believe how lucky I am.

Cycling Injuries Up Among Middle Aged and Older

The Journal of the American Medical Association, reported that bicycle-related injuries have increased a lot over the past 15 years, and riders 45 and older have gone up more than any younger age group.

The data for this study was obtained from emergency room information.

The rate of bicycle-related injuries during this period among all adults increased by 28 percent -- from 96 injuries per 100,000 people in 1998-1999 to 123 injuries per 100,000 people in 2012-2013.

In 1998—1999, the dates of the first study, cyclists 45 and older accounted for 23 of 100,000 injuries. In 2012-2013 cycling injuries among people age 45 and older accounted for 123 out of 100,000, a very significant increase.

A doctor at The University of California, San Francisco, who led the study, said a

rise in the number of men coming in after cycling accidents piqued his and his colleagues' curiosity, leading to the study. "There are just more people riding and getting injured in that [45+] age group," he said. "It's definitely striking."

One reason behind the dramatic rise in bike-related accidents could be a similar rise in popularity of cycling during roughly the same period of the study. Between 1995 and 2009 Americans older than 25 made up the bulk of the biking boom, according to the National Household Travel Survey. The biggest increase was among older riders, though, especially men in their 50s and 60s, taking up road cycling. "If you consider a 65-year-old who falls off their bike exactly the same way a 25-year-old does, the 65-year-old is going to sustain more injuries even if they're in great shape," the doctor who led the study said.

He remains a proponent of cycling despite the findings of the study. "The last thing I want people to take away from this is that bike riding is unsafe or bad. It's a great way to stay healthy and it's a great way to get to work," But he believes basic safety precautions are absolutely essential, including wearing a helmet and reflective gear, using lights and riding defensively.

The group who participated in the study agreed: "As the population of cyclists in the United States shifts to an older demographic, further investments in infrastructure and promotion of safe riding practices are needed to protect bicyclists from injury."

Pure Adventures

I know that the cycling season is coming to an end and wanted to let you know about our recreational trips where you can cycling Italy, Spain, France, Croatia and get the hill training but also a fun vacation. We can also support winter training camps in Arizona or the Southwest USA.

If you're interested in this kind of cycling reach out, I am with Pure Adventures. We do self-guided cycling tours throughout Europe and the Southwest USA.

Would love to hear from you. Feel free to check out our page www.pure-adventures.com
Melanie

WANT ADS

SARIS "THELMA" 2-BIKE RACK FOR SALE

Used three times, in "New" condition, new car does not have trailer hitch.

Comes complete with Saris Instructions. Great rack, very adjustable, especially great for carbon bikes as frames do not touch the support. Reasonable offers accepted. Can even deliver. Please contact me at:

a2sail@yahoo.com **Alan Zelina**

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THELMA 2-BIKE

- Carries up to 2 bikes.
- Doesn't contact bike frame.
- Folds down flat for compact,

\$329.99

ADD TO CART

BUY LOCAL

I have only a couple of pictures from SWCC's Halooween get together. So...Happy Halooween everybody. OH! Am I late with that? Well that makes up for the folks who started posting Christmas cards and other stuff in September.



This Ain't Bikin'-This Is Hikin'

By Joel-don't even think you can keep up with me-Edmonds

The Silver wheels winter hiking season will begin Saturday November 1st with a hike at French Creek Reservation, 4530 Colorado Ave, Sheffield Lake at 10AM. Joel Edmonds will lead a hike of 5 miles or more. He will not be staying on the main trails and there may be a stream crossing. There might also be an easier hike on the main walking trail that circles the park. If you wish to be part of the hiking group please contact Joel Edmonds at lostonthetrail@gmail.com all hike info will be done through email, there is no schedule we make it up as we go. If you wish to lead a hike that would be greatly appreciated as not everyone enjoys Joel's "hiking style"



SIGH

I'm not sure and I don't want to guess how many more arguments we'll get into with motorists that start off by them saying something like. "You should get off the road. You're not paying for the road, you don't pay any gas taxes. I pay and you're just a moocher." Or words to that effect.

"Wait a minute there Mr. 350 horsepower, air polluting road hogging, bullying, chuckhole making, ignoramus."

The roads are **NOT** paid for with gasoline taxes. No, no, no they're not! They're paid for out of the General Fund. Everybody pays into the General Fund therefore everyone pays for roads. If you never owned a bike, never owned a car, never took a cab or a bus, but walked wherever you needed to go for your entire life, guess what? You've still paid for those roads.

Anti-cycling bigots almost never do more than 2 minutes of research prior to their pontificating about why our a**es should be kicked off *their* roads.

Here's how the funding for roads goes.

13%	comes from bond proceeds
18%	comes from fees, other misc. taxes , investment income
15%	comes from property taxes
47%	comes from the General Fund
7%	Tolls & Vehicle tax
Less than 1%	Gasoline tax

The end.



Marching To Your Own Drummer

There are many different types of riders in SWCC. Some are casual riders, some are speed oriented, long distance, bike path only, there are even a few recumbent riders. There are also a group that enjoys touring. Some of these touring types have toured overseas, toured from Maine to Florida, Toured locally to Findlay State Park and a few have ridden all the way across the United States.

Because there seems to be more interest in touring as years go by, I thought I'd give some words of wisdom about how to prepare for that trip that's been on your bucket list.

A Beginners Guide to Cycle Touring: How to prepare

Step 1: Get a spaghetti-strainer and several small sponges. Soak the sponges in salt-water and paste them to the inside of the spaghetti-strainer. Place the strainer on your head. Find a busy road. Stand by the side of the road and do deep knee-bends for 8 hours. This will acclimate you to a day's ride.

Step 2: Take some 200-grit sandpaper and rub your rear-end and the insides of your legs for about 20 minutes. Rinse with salt-water. Repeat. Then, sit on a softball for 8 hours. Do this daily for at least 8 days.

Step 3: Each day, take two twenty-dollar bills and tear them into small pieces. Place the pieces on a dinner-plate, douse them with lighter fluid and burn them. Inhale the smoke (simulating car-fumes). Rub the ashes on your face. Then go to the local motel and ask them for a room.

Step 4: Take a 1-quart plastic bottle. Fill it from the utility sink of a local gas-station (where the mechanics wash their hands). Let the bottle sit in the sun for 2 or 3 hours until it's good and tepid. Seal the bottle up (kinda, sorta) and drag it through a ditch or swamp. Walk to a busy road. Place your spaghetti-strainer on your head and drink the swill-water from the bottle while doing deep knee-bends along the side of the road.

Step 5: Get some of those Dutch wooden-shoes. Coat the bottoms with 90-W gear-oil. Go to the local supermarket (preferably one with tile floors). Put the oil-coated, wooden shoes on your feet and go shopping.

Step 6: Think of a song from the 1980's that you really hated. Buy the CD and play 20 seconds of that song over and over and over for about 6 hours. Do more deep knee-bends

Step 7: Hill training: Do your deep knee-bends for about 4 hours with the salt-soaked spaghetti-strainer on your head, while you drink the warm swill-water and listen to the 80's song over and over (I would recommend "I'm a cowboy/On a STEEL horse I ride!" by Bon Jovi). At the end of 4 hours, climb onto the hood of a friend's car and have him drive like a lunatic down the twistiest road in the area while you hang on for dear life.

Step 8: Humiliation training: Wash your car and wipe it down with a chamois-cloth. Make sure you get a healthy amount of residual soap and road-grit embedded in the chamois. Put the chamois on your body like a loin-cloth, then wrap your thighs and middle-section with cellophane. Make sure it's really snug. Paint yourself from the waist down with black latex paint. Cut an onion in half and rub it into your arm-pits. Put on a brightly colored shirt and your Dutch oil-coated wooden shoes and go shopping at a crowded local mall.

Step 9: Foul weather training: Take everything that's important to you, pack it in a Nylon cordura bag and place it in the shower. Get in the shower with it. Run the water from hot to cold. Get out and without drying off, go to the local convenience store. Leave the wet, important stuff on the sidewalk. Go inside and buy \$10 worth of Gatorade and Fig Newtons.

Step 10: As Archimedes hypothesized: "Use a simple lever to move the Earth from one place to another". After doing that, go around your house and lift heavy things that you never imagined a person could lift. Surprise yourself. Do 1,000 sit-ups. Then 10,000. Eat lunch.

Step 11: Headwinds training: Buy a huge map of the entire country. Spread it in front of you. Have a friend hold a hair-dryer in your face. Stick your feet in taffy and try to pull your knees to your chest while your friend tries to shove you into a ditch or into traffic with his

free hand. Every 20 minutes or so, look at the huge map and marvel at the fact that you have gone nowhere after so much hard work and suffering. Fold the map in front of a window-fan set to "High".

Repeat. Argue with every girlfriend/boyfriend you've ever known and be RIGHT. Solve all the problems of politics, faith and economics. At the end of the day, get into a huge tub filled with hot soapy water and relax, because tomorrow is another **BIG DAY ON THE BIKE!**

LAST PAGE

A good friend of mine, a cyclist, got married recently. Like some Grooms you've no doubt heard about, my friend left a little late. Fortunately he arrived for the ceremony in the nick of time.

Here's a picture I took of the bride and groom at the altar.

