



Delaware Valley Bicycle Club



Nov. 2004
Nov. '04

Giving Thanks



Dominick Zuppo

During a recent weekend, a club member posted a message on the DVBC list-serve, an Internet tool that serves as our club's "electronic water cooler." (Members and non-members alike who go to the club's website, select the Mailing List option on the home page, and subscribe to the list can send and receive messages about ad hoc rides, upcoming events and cycling news from other subscribers.) In his message, the poster listed the meeting place, time, prospective route and pace of the outing. Having been unexpectedly free to ride that day, I traversed the back roads of Wallingford and Media on my way to the start at Rose Tree Park.

One of the first things Eric said to me was, "thank you" for coming out and joining him on the morning trip. And after we talked shop with a few other riders who were traveling to Manayunk, we headed off to Ridley Creek State Park and points beyond.

The morning was cool but clear as we followed portions of our Bonkers Metric Tour. The noise we made while on the park trail reminded me of riding my bike as a child; we used to ride wildly through the streets of Parkside, trying to flatten the burnt and brittle leaves that had succumbed to the change of seasons. Climbing Dilworthtown Road is always an opportunity to generate warmth, and that day was no exception. As we rested at the Chadds Ford Wawa, we complimented a Cub Scout troop on their tasty fund-raising

display and admired a 1940's Indian motorcycle, its sidecar gleaming in the sun.

Along Route 100 we followed the Brandywine River, currently content to dwell within its proper boundaries. We passed the cannon as we left Wyle Road. That gray, stoic sentry of conflicts past was surrounded by an array of floral splendor, and we wondered why another was placed in a field nearby. The sunbathing turtles were nowhere to be found as we passed the pond on Creek Road, and the ascent of Gradyville Road was surprisingly swift.

We made our way back to the park in Upper Providence, and since we had both cycled to the start we continued to ride home. At Eric's house, he again thanked me for the company, and added that without the companionship he might have shortened his outing.

But it was his "thank you" that remained with me as I rode on. How often do we hear those words? And why does it seem so difficult for some to express their thanks these days?

The month of November gives us a wonderful opportunity to ponder those questions, and some answers. Is the expression of thanks some sign of weakness, an acknowledgment that we could not complete a task without aid from another? Does expressing thanks waste time? Or require eye contact?

I think back to those weeks and months immediately following the terror attack on our country and remember how people treated one another. As horrific as it was, it seemed to remind us of the frailty of life and the

*Time to plan for the
DVBC Holiday Banquet,
Monday,*

*December 6th,
7:00 pm at Rosario's.*

*The cost is \$5.00 for
club members and for
each family member.*

*Send money and
confirmation to
Bob Leon at the
Club mailing address.*

importance of civility. Truly, we don't need another incident to remind us that our lives are connected in many ways.

Giving thanks should be easy. Both the donor and the recipient benefit from the expression. And it really doesn't take that long to say.

To our members, those who love bicycling and joined the DVBC, lead rides, volunteer at our annual tours, serve on our Board of Directors, and share their time and knowledge, I would like to say, "Thank you." To our tour sponsors, those who champion our sport by donating goods and services, our helmets are off to you for your many years of contribution. And to the many companions I've met, and have yet to meet, on club rides, I'd like to say "thanks." See you on the road!

The Delaware Valley Bicycle Club

P.O. BOX 156
Woodlyn, PA 19094-0156

<http://www.dvbc.org>

DVBC Meeting Place

Delaware County Peace Center,
Springfield Friends Meeting,
1001 Old Sproul Road
(behind the car wash at Rte. 320
and Old Marple Road).



GO BONKERS!

DVBC welcomes articles and ride reports for the newsletter. Please submit your proofread materials to the Editor before the 12th of each month.

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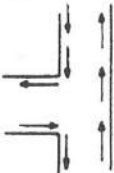
Bicycle Coalition of the
Delaware Valley

Please note that the views expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views of the DVBC, nor do we endorse products or services advertised.

Ride Guidelines



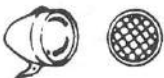
Obey all applicable traffic regulations, signs, signals and markings.



Keep right.
Drive with traffic, not against it.
Ride single file.



Watch out for car doors opening, or for cars pulling into traffic.



Protect yourself at night with the required reflectors and lights.



Right



Left



Stop

Use hand signals to indicate stopping or turning.

1. Arrive early and be ready to leave on time. Rides start no more than 5-7 minutes late.
2. Make sure your bike is in proper working order before you arrive.
3. Carry a spare tube, patch kit, and water bottle.
4. Practice safety and obey all traffic laws.
5. A helmet is mandatory for all DVBC rides.
6. All Club rides are rated according to the degree of difficulty. Do not "bike off" more than you can do. Go on rides within your ability, interest and experience. If you're in doubt about your ability, try out a ride one class below the one you're not sure of and work your way up.
7. Ride classifications:
Class D: For new, inexperienced riders or families: 7-9 mph average moving speed with frequent stops and as few hills as possible. The group will wait for all riders. The ride lengths are usually less than 10 miles, but longer distances are permissible.
Class C-: For average riders: 10-11 mph average moving speed with rest stops as needed. The group will wait for stragglers. The recommended distance is 10-30 miles.
Class C+: Also for average riders: 12-13 mph average moving speed with rest stops every 45-60 minutes. No obligation to wait for stragglers if cue sheets or maps are provided.
Class B-: For more experienced riders: 14-15 mph average moving speed with rest stops at the discretion of the ride leader. No obligation to wait for stragglers if cue sheets or maps are provided.
Class B+: For strong riders: 16-18 mph average moving speed with rest stops at the discretion of the ride leader. No obligation to wait for stragglers if cue sheets or maps are provided.
Class A: For very strong riders: 18+ mph average moving speed with rest stops at the discretion of the ride leader. No obligation to wait for stragglers if cue sheets or maps are provided.
8. Each rider assumes his/her own risk on all rides.
9. Those who ride ahead of the group are on their own ride.
10. Always notify the ride leader before leaving the group.
11. Ride leaders should adhere to the advertised speed of the ride.
12. Ride leaders are not expected to be bike mechanics.

Note: In the case of questionable weather or road conditions, the Ride Leader may decide to cancel the event. Call the ride leader if in doubt. The general public is invited to all events organized by the Delaware Valley Bicycle Club. Except for the Bonkers Metric, Brandywine Tour, Club banquet and Bonkers picnic, all club events are free to the general public. The general public is welcome!

The Legend of Sleepy Valley

By Javier Pazos (adapted from the Washington Irving tale The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow)

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the western shore of the Delaware, there lies a small town, which by some is called Providence, but has long been known by the name of Sleepy Valley. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers in the air, is the apparition of a figure on a mountain bike without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of one of the original members of the Sleepy Valley Bicycle Club, who lost his head while riding without a helmet. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of Rid Geek State Park, where he would chase down other bikers and spirit their souls away to Velohala. The spectre is known by the name of The Headless Cyclist of Sleepy Valley.

It is against this backdrop that we visit one of the legendary ride leaders of the Sleepy Valley BC: a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane. He was tall, but

exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at the top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose.

He was a conscientious man, and always ran a strict ride. However, he was not a cruel ride leader; on the contrary, he would take burthen off the backs of the weak, and lay it on those of the strong. When rides were over, he was even the companion of many a rider; often escorting home the ones who happened to be pretty. He was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the cycling damsels. He would delight them with his anecdotes of alien abductions, and of the direful omens of government conspiracies; and devour their marvelous tales, particularly that of the headless cyclist.

Among the pedaling disciples who assembled for his rides, was Katrina Van Tassel. She was a blooming lass of vibrant youth, universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but for her vast expectations. She rode a pink, T-Mobile Giant and wore a designer jersey with provokingly short shorts, to display the prettiest knees in the country round.

Ichabod Crane soon found

favor with the young morsel, especially after he had visited her paternal mansion. The house was a palatial Eden with every amenity and the largest collection of antique bikes he had ever seen. The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. He had competition, though. Among the most formidable was the preeminent "A" rider, Brom Bones. He was a burly, roaring roistering blade with the sculpted quads of a Tour de France champion. He was foremost at all the races; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. Sometimes his pace lines would be heard dashing along the roads; and all the riders, startled, would listen for the moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay,

(Continued on page 4)

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there goes Brom Bones and his gang!"

Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to take him on outright; he would need to work surreptitiously and bide his time. His opportunity came when he received an email from the scrumptious Katrina: would he join her for an ad-hoc ride she was leading for her special friends? The gallant Ichabod spent an extra half hour primping himself up to look his best. He borrowed a bike from his friend, Biker Bob, and set off. But it is meet I should, in true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of our hero and his ride. The bike he bestrode was a broken-down Schwinn Gunpowder whose undersized frame was rusted through and had completely outlived its usefulness.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a machine. He rode with a short seat post, which brought his knees nearly up to the hog-style handlebars; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; when he would hit a bump, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. An old '78 Bell helmet rested on the top of his nose, for so the scanty strip of forehead might be called.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the ride on his favorite bike, the Serotta Daredevil. But Ichabod prided himself upon his riding and storytelling. He moved up next to the fair Katrina and began to exchange yarns about ghosts and road-goblins; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself at the back of the peloton.

There was the story of F.X. Pedrix: the omniscient sprite who appeared to know everything about everyone, and yet no one seems to remember ever seeing him on any rides. And then there was the Mad Russian: a delirious Slavic poltergeist who would present

himself on the most frigid days of the winter season clad only in his BVD's. But Ichabod's favorite ghoul was the decapitated rider who lurked in the nearby State Park. Ichabod charmed the voluptuous young Katrina with his tales of the headless cyclist.

Not to be outdone, Brom Bones immediately trumped him with his adventure. He told how he had once been overtaken by the aforementioned trooper and challenged him to a race to the top of the hill on Forge Bridge Road. Upon besting the headless spirit, it vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. Ichabod knew that now was the last chance to make his move.

What happened next shall forever remain a secret, but it's a fair guess that poor Ichabod was shot down. Without looking at or acknowledging anyone else in the group, Ichabod slowly pedaled off back to his abode — via the Rid Geek State Park. All the ghost stories he had heard now came crowding upon his recollection. Every tree that rustled in the wind, and every squirrel that scurried through the branches, spooked him to no end.

Just then, a shadowy figure emerged from the dark. Ichabod stuttered, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. The shadowy object neared and Ichabod could make out a large cyclist, mounted on a black Cannondale with a powerful frame. Ichabod quickened his pace and the mysterious rider matched him. He slowed down and was matched again. Upon turning onto Forge Bridge Road, Ichabod saw the shadow of his fellow-traveler; Ichabod was fear-struck — the rider was headless! — but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him in a single front pannier.

Ichabod put Gunpowder into

high gear and started sprinting towards the summit; but the bike seemed to have a mind of its own and turned into the ravine. Ichabod held on tight as his cranky old machine whizzed through the forest, missing trees by inches. He felt Biker Bob's favorite saddlebag come loose and fall off, and momentarily fretted over how Biker Bob would have his head. But his more pressing fear was reawakened upon hearing the fat tires of his pursuer crush the prized saddlebag. Just ahead, he could see the main road. He thought, "If I make it there, I'm safe." Surely then the ghoulish menace would vanish in a puff of smoke. Just then he saw the spectre grab his head to hurl it at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black Cannondale, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

A search party eventually found the rusty old Schwinn, along with what was left of Biker Bob's saddlebag. Nearby they found Ichabod's cracked helmet next to a smashed pumpkin. Ichabod's body was never found. Nobody knows what happened to him, but there is a rumor that he is still alive. It is reported that through fear of the goblin and a vengeful Biker Bob, as well as the shame of Katrina's rejection, he's left town and joined the Bicycle Club of Suburban City Cyclists — where he is now a ride leader and board member.

Brom Bones, meanwhile, did eventually win over the delightful Katrina. He tended to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell. But we'll never know for sure, because all he ever did say was, "HAPPY HALLOWEEN, DVBC!"



DVBC Ride Calendar

NOVEMBER 2004



*****Recurring Weekday Rides*****

Tuesdays 6:00 pm Miles:15-20 Class:C NightRiders	With the waning of the light another season of night riding begins. We spin around Southern DelCo in the dark. Bike lights front and rear are a must. You must call or e-mail the leader to confirm the start time and location. Very cold or wet weather will cancel ride. Most rides start at 6 PM. Contact Dave Trout at 610-368-0760 Email: brider-ride@usa.net
Monday, Nov 1, 7:00 pm Miles:0 Class:ALL Board Meeting	The DVBC Board Meeting is open to all club members. We meet at the Delaware County Peace Center, Springfield Friends Meeting, 1001 Old Sproul Road in Springfield. Contact Dom Zuppo at 610.544.8630 or membership@dvbc.org
Saturday, Nov 6 9:00 am Miles:74 Class:B+ Tri-State Journey	Meet at Westtown-Thornbury Elementary School for a ride on scenic roads in PA, DE, and MD and a last look at the leaves. Final average should be 16-17 mph. Contact Glenn Lyons at 610-399-0624 or rollingspeed@comcast.net
Saturday, Nov 6 9:00 am Miles:50+/- Class:C Valley Forge / Manayunk	Meet at Rose Tree Park for a ride to Valley Forge then on to Manayunk for something to eat before returning to Rose Tree. Call Bob to confirm ride. Contact Bob Leon at 610-833-2365 or bleon@craftech.com
Saturday, Nov 6 9:30 am Miles:45+/- Class:C Cruise the Delaware Canal Towpath	Meet at Riverside picnic area, Washington Crossing State Park, for one of this year's best trail rides, 8-10 mph, an option for shorter distance ride. As the trail is not paved, a hybrid or mountain bike works best, but a bike with touring tires will do the trick. Plan for a full day's adventure. Directions: North on I-95 and then NJ 29 North immediately after crossing Scudder's Falls Bridge. Continue N. on 29 for approximately 8 miles to Mercer County Rt. 546. Left, then quick right. Go to the back of parking area. Or take Septa's R3 train to West Trenton and then bike NJ 29 or canal path, about 5 miles to the park. Leaders: Steve Trobovic 610-687-9229, wildyugo@comcast.net and Pat Hagggar 610-896-1987 (home), or 610-517-8294 (cell, day of ride), phagggar@comcast.net . Contact Steve Trobovic at 610-687-9229 or wildyugo@comcast.net
Sunday, Nov 7 9:00 am Miles:50+ Class:B Regime Chain	Head out in a new direction on the right ride at the right time for the right reasons. Start at the R5 Wayne Train Station. NOTE THE NEW START TIME. Contact Brian Wade at 610-254-9485 or bwadedvbc@aol.com
Sunday, Nov 7 9:00 am Miles:35+/- Class:C Kountry Kitchen	Meet at Kingsway High School at Routes 551 and 322 for that familiar ride to breakfast. Contact Bob Leon at 610-833-2365 or bleon@craftech.com
Sunday, Nov 7 9:30 am Miles:40+ Class:A Show & Go	If you show, we will go. If you don't show, I'll go. If I don't show, you can go. Meet at Rose Tree Park on Rte.1 for a ride out and back without stops. Contact Antonio Rocha at 484-802-8374 or tony@craftech.com
Saturday, Nov 13 9:30 am Miles:50-62 Class:B+ West Chester Loop	Meet at Elwyn train station off of Rte. 352 south of Granite Run Mall. Bring \$\$ for food and drink. Contact Ed Becker at 610-348-0533 or edbeckerstar@aol.com
Sunday, Nov 14 9:00 am Miles:34+ Class:C+ Manayunk/Art Museum	An easy-paced ride starting from the Drexel Hill Cyclery on Burmont Rd. in Drexel Hill. Travel to Manayunk and do the Art Museum loop if the weather is nice and everyone feels like going a few extra miles. Expect some hills, but no one will get dropped. Bring money for a snack. Contact Bob Martin at 610-352-2114.

Sunday, Nov 14 9:00 am Miles:50+/- Class:C Fun Wheelers Ride To Marsh Creek	Start: Manhattan Bagel, Chesterbrook Shopping Ctr. Fun Wheelers ride (~12mph pace). Gentle 20 miles to start, then some hills. Although we stop to regroup, not a ride for beginners. Cue sheets. Bring snack, H2O & \$. A multi-club ride. Call if you want to do this ride. No calls = No ride! Contact Steve Trobovic 610.687.9229, 610.209.8259 (cell on Sun) or wildyugo@comcast.net
Sunday, Nov 14 9:00 am Miles:55 Class:B Wheel Man Eats Grease	... and do hills. Start at the R5 Wayne Train Station and ride up into Montgomery County. Contact Brian Wade at 610-254-9485 or bwadedvbc@aol.com
Saturday, Nov 20 9:00 am Miles:35+/- Class:C Kountry Kitchen	Meet at Kingsway High School at Routes 551 and 322 for that familiar ride to breakfast. Contact Bob Leon at 610-833-2365 or bleon@craftech.com
Saturday, Nov 20 9:00 am Miles:40+/- Class:B Peter's Brandywine Loop	A waterfall, a covered bridge, woods, horses, new housing developments, and plenty of ups and downs. Click into your pedals at 320 Market (south of Swarthmore) at 9am sharp. Rain or temp below 35 degree cancel. Contact Peter Schmidt at 610-328-2375 or pschmid1@swarthmore.edu
Sunday, Nov 21 9:00 am Miles:60 Class:B Easy There	... but back is a different story. Start at the R5 Wayne Train Station and shoot up to Coventry. Expect a few hills after lunch. Contact Brian Wade at 610-254-9485 or bwadedvbc@aol.com
Sunday, Nov 21 9:45 am Miles:45-60 Class:B/B+ Westtown & Beyond	Start at the Moylan-Rose Valley Train Station at Manchester and Woodward Rds. in Moylan. Ride through the beautiful wooded hills and valleys of western Delaware County, Chester County, and possibly Delaware. Food and rest stop at midpoint. Contact Ira Josephs at 610-565-4058 or ira@dvbc.org
Thursday, Nov 25 9:00 am Miles:30+/- Class:C+/B- The 4th Annual Frozen Turkey Thirty	Start at Rose Tree Park and ride out through Ridley State Park. Please bring a case of can goods/nonperishable food for the needy as a psuedo-registration. Food will be donated to a local charity. Contact Brian Wade at 610-254-9485 or bwadedvbc@aol.com
Friday, Nov 26 10:00 am Miles:20+/- Class:C John Heinz Wildlife Refuge	Bring out your MTB or Hybrid for a nice easy-paced scenic ride through John Heinz. Paths are generally paved and flat with option to ride more or less miles. Bring water and snacks. Meet at entrance at 86th & Lindbergh Blvd in Philadelphia. For directions or details visit http://heinz.fws.gov/ Contact Ed Becker at 610-348-0533 or edbeckerstar@aol.com
Saturday, Nov 27 9:30 am Miles:50-62 Class:B+ West Chester & Beyond	Meet at Elwyn train station off of Rte. 352 south of Granite Run Mall. Bring \$\$ for food and drink. Contact Ed Becker at 610-348-0533 or edbeckerstar@aol.com
Saturday, Nov 27 10:00 am Miles:18-28 Class:C CU At Selene	Start at Selene Whole Foods Co-op, 305 West State Street, Media. Enjoy the beautiful scenery of the hills & valleys to Ridley Creek State Park & beyond. Free refreshments afterward inside the store. Free parking in lot just West of Co-op. Contact Ira Josephs at 610-565-4058 or ira@dvbc.org
Sunday, Nov 28 9:00 am Miles:34+ Class:C+ Art Museum	An easy-paced ride starting from the Drexel Hill Cyclery on Burmont Rd. in Drexel Hill. Travel to Manayunk and do the Art Museum loop if the weather is nice and everyone feels like going a few extra miles. Expect some hills, but no one will get dropped. Bring money for a snack. Contact Bob Martin at 610-352-2114.
Sunday, Nov 28 9:00 am Miles:45 Class:B- My Favorite Martin	Meet up with Bob Martin's group in Manayunk for bagels, but not before we do a few hills. Start at the R5 Wayne Train Station. Contact Brian Wade at 610-254-9485 or bwadedvbc@aol.com

Club members, we need volunteers to serve on the DVBC Board. If you would like to volunteer, please contact Dom Zuppo, domzuppo@att.net, so that he can put your name on the list. Nominations will be voted on at the Holiday Banquet in December.



Welcome New Members

Jeff Becker
Robert Brothers
Cathy Leahy

Bob Rhoads
Tom Schlenker
Anne Thompson

BONKERS

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Bike Dirt By F.X. Pedrix



Lance is right; in the DVBC, it's not about the bike. It's about food. Most of our rides revolve around food and routes are dictated by our favorite places to eat—Kountry Kitchen, Sugar Hill Deli, Northbrook Orchard, Kimberton Whole Foods, Hank's, Bucks Country Coffee Shop, etc. Brian's Oct. 9th ride was a whopping success. Destination: an apple orchard for (mostly) baked goods.

Still better are the times when no pretense of riding is made. Like the recent gathering of Wednesday night riders who marked their season's end at Iron Hill Brewery. A mere thirteen attendees racked up a tab of well over \$400.

For Ed II, the problem is not riding the hundred miles to Mays Landing and back. He's done that many weekends throughout the season—and sometimes much further. The difficulty has been getting Sugar Hill Deli to serve him a hoagie he can handle. Finally, last month, he found the solution: just ask for half the usual meat. So instead of the sandwich being eight inches thick it will now be four. Ed says, "Too bad that place isn't at the end of the ride."

Plastic Boy recently found himself in a similar quandary. His Sugar Hill Deli hoagie was egg salad in a hard hoagie roll. With each bite the Portuguese Pistol was compressing the two rigid halves of his roll in a powerful dental vice. Something had to give and it was the egg salad. The harder Plastic Boy bit, the more directions his egg salad squirted. With few napkins and no silverware, the Pistol was at the mercy of his sandwich. Finally, his meal was reduced to a hoagie roll in his hands and a pile of egg salad on the table—and on his face, his biking clothes, his bike.... Not one to pass up an opportunity, Charlie then started in on Plastic Boy, suggesting that the Pistol's lack of manhood had been exposed by a mere egg salad sandwich. This, he pointed out, was the same Plastic Boy who interrupted a ride some months ago to purchase diaper rash ointment.

Valerie's Jersey Jaunt several weeks ago featured many highlights, including an appearance by the club prez, the return of Dreamer after neck surgery, and, not least, a triumphant return by our club's Legend after his serious illness.

Our club's three-time conqueror of Mt. Washington does take on less

demanding events but not without self-imposing a handicap. Last month he rode the Savage Century. (I get nauseated just *thinking* about that one.) Thousands of feet of climbing over a hundred miles seemed easy so he arrived with a fixed gear (42x17) bike and no freewheel. Climbing was not a problem (even one measured grade of 21%), but descending some mountains without the ability to coast did take its toll. Nevertheless, Javier recovered quickly and even broke from the pack on a couple of the final, smaller hills.

Juror #6 (no, the mob hasn't gotten him yet) will be off the bike in November recovering from a hernia operation. Apparently he hurt himself lifting opponents' pieces off the board while attaining championship level in chess. The Juror anticipates a return to cycling in time for Brian's annual Thanksgiving "Frozen Turkey Ride." He also thinks he will be back in Soy Boy's good graces as he has taken a job demolishing a chemical plant. Some years ago he fell out of favor with Soy Boy when he confessed to working at an herbicide factory. He could almost hear Soy Boy thinking out loud, "...All these years I've been riding with the enemy!"

In the Century Department, our reigning True Cyclist of the Year has shown that he is not resting on his laurels. The Polish Prince is closing in on his personal record of 26 hundred-milers in a year. He has registered 22—and counting. The Eye of the Needle has attained a personal best with fourteen. Babs and I are tied, along with billions world wide who don't even ride bikes.

And, speaking of my lovely wife Babs, after learning the details of one October Saturday's riding she was inspired to put pen to paper. I think you'll agree that Bab's poetic work represents a literary upgrade to this column:

Four riders eat at Kountry Kitchen
Coffee, sausage, pancakes, eggs.
High on life, there ain't no bitchin',
It's just a stop for weary legs.

A group of guys in Elmer dining,
Charlie, Len, and two named Bob.
All four content, not one whining,
But getting there was quite a job.

The wind is east, it's blowing west,
It's roaring south and north.
Against their progress it blows best;
Keeping them from moving forth.

Four bikers dine on U.S. 40.
Faces lit with sated smiles.
While eating breakfast they feel sporty.
Can they ride a hundred miles?

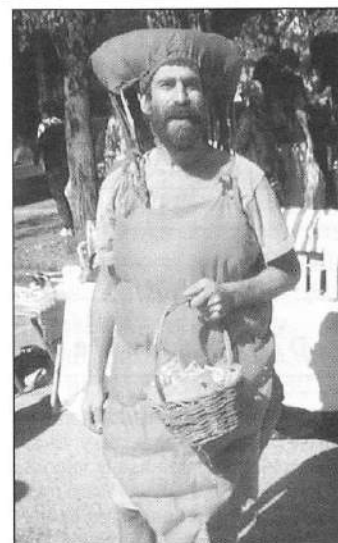
The schedule calls for miles one hundred,
They're supposed to ride them all.
"Do we have to?" each one wondered.
"It's an order mighty tall."

Four cyclists break their fast in Elmer;
Stuffing faces to the gills.
The headwind is an overwheeler;
What they need is Tyler's pills.

A pair of Bob's, a Len, a Charlie,
Getting fuller all the time.
If they only had a Harley,
A century would be sublime.

Four riders leaving Kountry Kitchen,
Their aspirations turned to foam.
Motivation they're not rich in,
They bag the ride and head for home.

Keep ridin' and sendin' your gossip,
news, jokes, trivia, rumors or outright lies to
me or my spies.



One DVBC member dramatizes the intensity with which he espouses the cause of vegetables—in this case, the carrot.



Delaware Valley Bicycle Club
P.O. Box 156
Woodlyn, PA 19094-0156

Application for DVBC Membership

(Expires 1 year from date joined/renewed)

Annual Membership: \$15.00 per household.

Check one: ☐ new member or ☐ renewal

Please print clearly and use your 9-digit zip code, if known.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ Date of Birth: _____

E-mail: _____

Membership includes: DVBC Newsletter (10 issues per year), discounts at most Club sponsors, Club subsidized events. Your membership attracts advertisers and helps influence local government decisions concerning bicycle issues

The **DVBC Safety Fund** is used to promote issues regarding cycling safety in the Delaware Valley. I wish to contribute:

☐ \$1 ☐ \$5 ☐ \$10 ☐ \$15 ☐ \$20 ☐ \$25 ☐ other: _____

Amount enclosed: \$15 (membership) + _____ (safety) = _____

I'll volunteer for: ☐ Ride Leader
(check all interests) ☐ Tour Volunteer
☐ Board Member

Please send your check or money order to the:

Delaware Valley Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 156, Woodlyn, PA 19094-0156

In consideration of the acceptance of my application for entry into the DVBC, I hereby waive, release, and discharge any and all claims for damages for death, personal injury, or property damage which I may have, or which may hereafter accrue to me, as a result of my participation in the DVBC. In addition, this release is intended to discharge in advance the promoters, the sponsors, the Delaware Valley Bicycle Club, the promoting clubs, the officials, and any involved municipalities or other public entities (and their respective agents and employees) from and against any and all liability arising out of or connected in any way with my participation in any event, even though that liability may arise out of negligence or carelessness on the part of the persons mentioned above.

I further understand that serious accidents occasionally occur during bicycle riding; and that participants in bicycle riding occasionally sustain mortal or serious personal injuries, and/or property damage, as a consequence thereof. Knowing the risks of bicycle riding, nevertheless, I hereby agree to assume those risks and to release and hold harmless all of the persons or entities mentioned above who (through negligence or carelessness) might otherwise be liable to me (or my heirs or assigns) for damages. It is further understood and agreed that this waiver, release, and assumption of risk is to be binding to my heirs and assigns.

Signature

Signature of parent or guardian (if under 18 years)