

Tacoma Wheelmen's Bicycle Club

Newsletter

September 1998

Founded 1888

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Legal Questions, Swap Meet, & Annual Budget

The September Meeting

Our September, 1998 meeting will feature local attorney Richard Levandowski, who works with clients on bicycle injury cases. We do not want an injury, but when it happens legal help is often required. Learn about legal services in this area from an expert, and bring your questions!

You will also have an opportunity to bring your bicycles, parts, and equipment to the meeting for trade, selling, or bartering. Tables will be available to display items before the meeting.

Finally, our September meeting is our annual meeting for approving the club budget for the next fiscal year starting October 1, 1998. Members are encouraged to attend this meeting to vote on the budget. A copy of the proposed budget, prepared by board members, is on page 9 of this newsletter.

The date of the September meeting is the 15th, and the location is the South Park Community Center, 4851 South Tacoma Way, Tacoma, WA. Starting time is 7:00 p.m. Come on out and take part in your club's activities and business, and enjoy the food and door prizes. **(Contact: Steve Brown 253-752-4038)**

Celebrating 110 Years Of TWBC

Annual Picnic Set For September 19, 1998

Club president Ernie Stephenson and wife Karin have graciously offered to host the annual club picnic at their home at 2723 176th Street East, in Spanaway.

Starting time is 12:00 noon, and food will be served at 1:00 p.m.

Listen to the Ride Line for bicycle rides to the picnic. This is a relatively flat ride from Tacoma. Food will be provided so you have one less excuse not to bicycle.

The picnic is no cost for club members and a nominal fee for guests. Please RSVP to Steve Brown at 253-752-4038 by September 10th so we know how much food to buy. We will make final plans at the September board meeting.

See you at the picnic!

Touring Captain Needed

by Ernie Stephenson, TWBC President

Mary Kubiszewski has informed me of her decision to resign as touring captain of TWBC effective September, 1998. She has done a splendid job over the last

year, but she has too many outside commitments to continue.

Mary accomplished a number of important things over the last year. These include revamping the code system for club rides. She not only clarified the difficulty levels of each ride, but went on to find a simple alphabetical system to grade the difficulty of the course itself.

She was also saddled with the sudden loss of our ride line call machine. In hardly any time at all she was able to replace it with a new system and have that up and running within days.

Mary took a lot of pride in seeing her job through. She even went on to change ride line announcements to twice a week, rather than the old weekly system. All in all, she has done a lot to make this job simpler for her successor, as well as providing the best service for the club. I am disappointed to see her leave the position, but she promised to stay as active as she can with the club in other ways.

At this time, no successor has come forward. Mary assured me she will assist in training anyone who would be interested in being touring captain. The touring captain is a voting board member of TWBC. Primary responsibilities are to organize and execute touring activities with a ride calendar for the newsletter and the ride line. We would encourage any member who would be interested in this position to call me at 536-0197.

From the President's Wife . . .

by Karin S. Stephenson

I am taking over Ernie's column this month. The poor dear hasn't been able to think straight since he "end-overed" on the trail this year on our vacation to Canada. So I decided to help him out with a non-cyclist's view of the 1998 Seattle to Portland Bicycle Classic.

This year's events started like the previous three-a month before the actual event Ernie was working on tuning his bicycle, in the living room of the house no

less, while watching a video of the 1994 Tour de France for an even greater adrenaline rush. Remember, he hadn't even gotten onto the saddle yet! The cleaning solution vapors wafted throughout the top floor of the house, sending our parakeet hanging upside down in his cage and the cat clawing at the back door. I kept Ernie company in the living room, doing my cross stitch project, concentrating on the stitch spacing and placement, when, all of a sudden, I was jolted back to reality with a resounding "Go, Pantani, go!" My own adrenaline rush kicked in.

Conversations between us were kept to a minimum, as anything said would be replied to in cyclingese. And, by the way, I am proud to tell you that I am slowly learning the language. After all, it is the native language amongst his kind.

The night before the "big event" was spent in a rather dramatic ritual. The camelbak was filled, water bottles readied, and clothing packed (which, by the way, consisted entirely of spandex shorts, jerseys, and socks. Not until reaching the Napavine camp spot did he realize that he had forgotten to pack underwear, shorts, and his toiletry bag with the Bag Balm inside). Oh well, at least the bicycle was clean, tuned, and ready to go!

3:30 a.m. came quickly. The alarm was set for 5:00 a.m., but who could sleep? We got up with a morning cup of coffee and a hi-octane (carbohydrate) breakfast. I slowly propped my eyelids open with my fingers to face this day. Ernie had already showered, shaved, and loaded his gear into our mini-van for the ride up to the start in Seattle, and it wasn't even 4:00 a.m. yet!

He scurried through the house, humming something that sounded like the soundtrack from the Wizard of Oz (you know-when Ms. Gulch rides by in the tornado on her bicycle). He was already in the driver's seat, van running, as I felt my way to the passenger's seat. I got in, and slowly settled in for a brief catnap on the way up. All was quiet until the Seattle expressway, where the beginning wave of cyclists could be seen battling the cold raindrops on the way out of town to hell.

"ALLLL RIGHTTTTT!", is what I heard next, jolting bolt upright to see what caused

the excitement. At that point he was so "pumped" the van couldn't go fast enough to the starting point. When we finally got there, I breathed a sigh of relief, remembering that I could now turn around and drive home.

My next obligation was to take myself, and the rest of the gear, down to our overnight stay in the Napavine KOA campground. Since I had several hours before having to leave, I decided to go back to bed and catch up on some much-needed sleep.

Not long after this fine idea of mine, the phone rang. It was Ernie, telling me that he just made it to the top of the 72nd Street hill out of Puyallup (how on earth did he get there so fast?!) and how cold and wet he was, and how wonderful he felt, and he wasn't even tired (awww shut up!). Well, by then I realized that resistance is futile. When will this fifty-year-old little boy ever grow up?

RAGBRAI

Good Food, People And Chicks With Dicks

by Anne Heller

Twenty-six years ago two reporters from the Des Moines Register jokingly invited readers to join them on a bike ride across the state. To everyone's surprise, 300 people showed up at the starting point on the Missouri River and rode across the state to the Mississippi. This was the beginning of RAGBRAI, the Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa.

The rides in the early years were both informal and a novelty. Farmers along the route stood at the end of their drives and gave food and drink to the riders. The riders did not wear lycra and a few wore bib overalls.

Over the years the ride has changed. It is more organized, and the riders now have high tech bikes and clothing. However, some things never change.

This was my third consecutive RAGBRAI, and for each of those years I have seen a farmer, who appears to be about 60 years old, ride the whole thing in bib

overalls.

Today there are 8,500 registered riders and several thousand more who do not register. Most of the food is no longer free, although there are still families standing at the end of their drives handing out homemade cookies. They also take water hoses out to the road so the riders can fill water bottles or ride through the spray of the hose in an effort to cool off from the sizzling temperatures. People along the route are incredibly warm and generous. I have seen strangers allowed into a house to use the bathroom or shower.

Each year the ride takes a different route through small towns, always going from west to east. The towns generally have a population of 300 to 2,000. Imagine 10,000 bikers coming into a town of 300. It is a sight. It also works. The townspeople spend the preceding months cleaning, painting, and planting flowers as a welcoming gesture. Members of the local churches bake cookies and pies and make ice cream. There is a beer garden and music and dancing in many towns.

It is an incredible sight to see a small town inundated with thousands of people and their bikes. There are bikes leaning against buildings and lying in the streets. There are bikes "double-parked" against every tree in the park. What you will not see is a single bike lock. While no one locks up a bike, the bike is there when the rider is ready to move on to the next town.

Being Iowa, there is a town every 10 to 15 miles. You probably wonder how much biking goes on when there are so many temptations to sample along the way. The amount of biking varies from person to person. There are several classes of bicyclists on this trip.

One group is on the road every day by 5:00 a.m., and gets to the overnight town by noon. I do not know what they do the rest of the day.

Another group stops in every town along the way and samples everything. They also spend several hours in the designated "party town." The party town is about 15 miles out from the overnight town. The party town is rowdier than the other towns with more beer and music and dancing.

The Budweiser Blues Brothers perform each day in the party town. The Blues Brothers, dressed in black fedoras, black suits and white shirts, recreate the characters from the movie. The finale of their act is standing stoically in the blazing sun singing "Stand By Your Man" as the crowd douses them with beer. The riders who take part in these festivities will usually make it to the overnight town by dark, sometimes with the help of a sag wagon. The sag wagon picks up riders who cannot make it because of mechanical, fitness, or alcohol problems. The third group is the largest of the three. We do stop in all of the towns and sample all of the food. Beer drinking usually does not occur with this group until the end of the day.

Dedicated STP riders are probably wondering how bicycling fits into all this frivolity. The ride itself is almost ideal. The roads are state and county highways, and while the roads are open to traffic, most cars stay away on the day the riders go through. There are seldom more than a few dozen cars seen along the route. Therefore, the riders can safely use both lanes of the road. This year's 485 miles varied from 45 to 93 miles per day. The weather varied from an intolerable 98 degrees down to a manageable 80 degrees.

The people who participate in RAGBRAI vary from family groups, which is how I became involved with it, to teams with 50 or more people who have banded together to share a common bond. Not all of the groups are "G" rated. Let me describe a few of them.

- **Team Cockroach:** Last year they rode with ten-inch plastic cockroaches attached to their helmets. This year I didn't see the plastic cockroaches, but team members did give temporary cockroach tattoos to anyone who cared for one.
- **Team 3 Big DC Biker Mommas:** These were three sisters from Washington, D.C., one of whom is on the national board of Rails to Trails. Their mother left Iowa in 1924. The sisters had never been there and wanted to find a connection to their Iowa roots.
- **Team Chicks-With-Dicks:** They ride the entire way dressed in the flouciest 1950s style dresses they can find at the Goodwill Store. This year one of them was in a bridal gown and veil.
- **Team Blaster:** They travel with a huge boom box blasting out music over the countryside. One of them carries a large cooler in the trailer he pulls. One of them has a kitchen sink on the back of his bike.

- **Team Spam:** This team wears Spam cans attached to their helmets. I don't know if the cans are empty or full or what the reason is for it. If you are curious, ask Gus Fant to shed some light on the question.

There is also individual quirkiness. For the past two years I have seen a man who carries his small dog Ivan with him on the back of his bike. The noteworthy part of this is that Ivan wears sunglasses.

There was a man this year who towed a full-sized canoe. I talked to him one day. He said the canoe weighed about 35 pounds, and was no trouble to pull except when there was a crosswind. I asked him why he was taking a canoe along. He said there were some good canoeing rivers along the way.

Besides having human scenery to look at, bountiful food can divert attention away from the corn and bean fields. The towns of course have plenty of food, but a dozen or more food vendors set up each day out on the road. Mr. Porkchop grills 1 ("pork chops over burning corn cobs." Veggie Mama serves pasta with vegetables. She also has thick slices of whole wheat bread with peanut butter and jelly. Chris Cakes has pancakes, sausage, orange juice and coffee-all you can eat for \$3.00. There are farmers from Pocahontas who make wonderful ice cream. There is corn on the cob, bananas, cookies, fruit smoothies, and more. No one on RAGBRAI ever goes home weighing less than when they left home.

RAGBRAI is an experience I highly recommend.

The Bike

by **Ernie Stephenson, TWBC President**

The Bike: Completely retrofitted Giant Allegre.

The Owner: Ernie Stephenson

I have wanted to write this particular piece almost since I started "The Bike." "Ole Morton" (What, you don't name your bikes?) has been my constant riding partner for four years. He helped me peel thirty pounds off my frame, and has never

complained in the process. A hundred years ago Ole Morton would have been a horse, but the neat thing, barring a torqued frame, will not have to be taken out behind the barn and shot.

Like most Wheelmen riders, I have had some two-wheeled mount since I could hacksaw the training wheels off the old 24-inch Schwinn my brother Bill gave me back in the fifties.

Bicycles always meant freedom. This was especially true during the sixties when I was on a scholarship at the University of Oregon. There was just enough money for the necessities, and transportation meant walking until I found a stripped out old Raleigh frame in a hedge. I took it to Don's Bicycle Shop and worked a deal to do odd jobs to earn shop time and access to the scrap bin. I managed to find Don a few months ago. He has long since retired, but the shop kept his name and has become one of the big regional cycling showrooms in the northwest. Don did not remember me, but he was happy I called.

Eugene, Oregon was pretty much a backwater town to bicyclists in those days. There was no Burley. The only club or team around were a bunch of us that would meet at the student union, and cycling shorts consisted of cut-off jeans and wrestling tights.

The roads were no where near as friendly down there as they are today. I became intimate with several drainage ditches on rides home to visit my mom in Cottage Grove. These were also the days of the great European riders, especially the Italians. We all had our brakes reversed in their fashion, pulling the front caliper with our right hands, and I'm a "goofy grabber" to this day. Soon I was caught up in the military, and, of course, in those days that meant Vietnam. I remember helping one boy fix the kickstand on his bike near Tay Ninh. The thing weighed a ton! It is probably still around today. I wish I could say the same for the boy.

Ten years later I was in Germany. A major mix up occurred getting our Vega station wagon delivered, and this meant groceries were carried on an American ten speed. I even managed to get a diaper change table across town on it in one

trip. Once, when I snapped off the left crank, a German driving by stopped to help. He didn't speak a word of English, and my German was very poor at the time. It was amazing how much we said in that half-hour.

Almost five years ago I had to quit jogging. Like most people nowadays, my first ride, after getting serious again, was on a mountain bike. Karin just did not believe I would stay with the sport, and insisted it be inexpensive, so I went with a used Diamond Back.

Soon I was setting challenges for myself. In the beginning a seven-mile loop around the McChord flight line was a big deal. Before the season was really started I was thinking about this STP thing, and how I might want to do it the following year. This of course meant I would need a dependable ride-a road bike.

The Bike: I started snooping around and learning about the new technology of cycling. A lot had happened since the sixties. In fact, I was feeling a bit like Rip Van Winkle! The right bike would come along though, and I was willing to be patient until it did.

Then suddenly, one Saturday morning, there it was at a local sale. It was a Giant Allegre with a Campagnolo Veloce gruppo. Nothing fancy, but very good bones. Veloce is the lower end of the Campy line, but some of us say that a bad day with Campagnolo is better than (well, you get the idea.

The frame was double-jointed chrome molly. Nowadays, with all the newer alloys and exotic materials, this is pretty old tech stuff, but the frame just plain had a good feel that lasts to this day. I also wanted a steel frame. I am a big person and I just like the ride better.

There was no reason now not to take distance riding seriously. The day after I got my 1995 TWBC membership package, I took my new bike on my first Daffodil. This was the last TWBC ride that I did not volunteer on.

The bike had such a good feel that I was able to do my first STP that year. We have always camped at the Morton cut off on I-5. This is how "Ole Morton" got his name, and we went on to ride three more in a row.

The first rebuild came the winter of the first year. Ole Morton was an entry level bike and there were a number of upgrades I wanted, so the second season saw Morton with Mavic MA2 rims, replacing the already worn Campy soft anodized wheels. The shifters were replaced with Chorus Ergos. I chose this upgrade over Veloce as they are a little lighter, but more importantly, can be rebuilt.

The beginning of the third season saw the addition of Scott drop-in bars and a new racing saddle. Here is where I learned a very painful lesson. Try out a new saddle a lot, not just a little prior to a long ride. The last twenty miles of the 1997 STP were particularly miserable, and I almost came all the way in out of saddle. This was when I decided to go with my new Stevenson and place the order. In the mean time, Morton would have to get me by a little longer, so I tried a Selle San Marco Regele. What a difference! This was the final tweak that made Morton just right. I was amazed how miles tend to roll away under this old friend. Down The Road: Presently Morton is undergoing what will probably be its last rebuild. It has already been repainted metallic maroon to match the Stevenson, and has a new set of decals. This doesn't include the Allegre logos. Morton just isn't an Allegre anymore.

My intentions are to do some serious climbing over the next few months. Despite the lack of exotic steel, Morton is still respectably light. I already have a Regida/Sachs wheelset and some leftover Chorus brakes from the Stevenson, so I decided to finish out the gruppo with some Chorus derailleurs.

Presently the frame is in Olympia waiting a new carbon fork. Short of a lighter stem and seatpost, there just won't be much more that can be done. The idea is not to take off every possible gram, but to get him light enough to do some serious climbing. At the same time ergonomics like the drop-ins will work out as well.

Words To The Wise: I have to say what everyone else has said before in this series of articles. First learn what works for you, then get the best you can afford. Additionally, I feel the frame is the key to any good bike. This requires two considerations, weight and fit. Of these two, fit is the most important. If the frame

does not fit right, no amount of expensive add-ons will correct it. At the same time, a well fitting, good quality frame, can always be built up with better stuff later.

Huson At Sunset

by **Steve Brown**

One of my favorite Tacoma streets to ride is Huson. This street goes north and south. The section between S 19th Street and N 26th Street allows the opportunity to ride the crest of Tacoma. If done in the evening you can see a complete sunset (be safe though!). Start about 15 minutes before sunset.

If you do not like hills try this route: Start at Tacoma Community College (TCC). Ride east down S 12th Street to Huson Street. 12th is a busy street, but in the late evening traffic is lighter, and there are two lanes, so traffic will usually merge left.

Turn left on Huson and ride to N 26th Street. (Remember to enjoy that sunset.)

Take a right on N 26th Street, then left on Proctor Street. Stop and enjoy the Proctor Business District if you have time and a light system on your bicycle.

From Proctor turn right on 30th Street. Continue down the 30th Street hill. This is one of the steepest descents in Tacoma, so be careful. Once in Old Town continue on the sidewalk onto Schuster Park Way. This narrow sidewalk will take you into downtown Tacoma.

Now comes the part for those who do not like hills-once in downtown Tacoma on Pacific Avenue turn right on N 9th Street, and then left on Commerce Street.

Now catch the #16 bus back to the Park & Ride at Tacoma Community College. This bus will probably have no bike rack, but Pierce Transit will allow bikes in the bus at no additional charge.

Round trip this is seven miles, with 200 feet of total elevation gain. Add 300 extra feet of elevation gain if you do not take the bus. Make sure you have good brakes and lights.

*Government
report*

bob myrick
director of community
and government relations

Our committee did not meet in August due to the many members on vacation. However, our efforts still continued.

Steve Brown, Carla Gramlich, and I attended Tacoma Neighborhood Council meetings to explain our grant requests for bike storage lids primarily at public libraries. The South End Council immediately approved our grant request.

I met with T. J. Nedrow from DOT and Peter Huffman from the City of Tacoma to discuss the railroad crossings on the Roy highway. The City does not have money to improve these crossings, but they are now aware of the problem. I suggested, for the time being, that the Cascade Bicycle Club should request permission to cover and monitor these tracks during the STP event.

The City should request bicycle and crossing improvement grants from the new Federal TEA-21 program later this year. Railroad crossings should have a higher priority for improvement for bicycle purposes. Crossing improvements can cost up to \$200,000.00 each, so it will be a while before much is done. Please continue to be very cautious when crossing tracks.

On September 8th we will meet at the Rainier Pizza and Grill at 6th Avenue and State Street from 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. I hope to see you there.

Letters To The Editor:

One tradition in the military is to thank a soldier for a job well done with a letter of appreciation sent through that person's commander. I would like to vary this tradition a bit with this open letter so all members of the TWBC can also appreciate what some young people of Madigan Army Medical Center did for the

Club.

Volunteers at the Spanaway STP rest stop or riders may have noticed a large green U. S. Army tent for our use. The tent is the property of the 47th Combat Support Hospital at Fort Lewis. This new tent was graciously loaned to us and set-up by personnel of the Adult Primary Care Clinic, MAMC.

These young soldiers not only showed up early the day before, but they returned on their own time the following day to assist Wheelmen with the actual running of the stop, and then stayed after the stop was closed to strike the tent. Their only motivation was to do something worthwhile for the community.

These professionals made clear a desire to do a superlative job from start to finish, not only to reflect well on themselves, but also the Army and the TWBC. Their mission was a resounding success.

These soldiers were: SSG Kenneth Washington; SGT Donald L. Weston; SPC Kamaladevi Roldan; SPC Christiania Padilla; SPC Lisa Bateson; PFC William McDissack; and PV2 Demard Barnes.

I am requesting copies of the TWBC newsletter be made available to the CG, MAMC, Commander, 47th Combat Support Hospital, and Command Sergeant Majors of these units.

Ernie Stephenson

Spanaway, WA

I would like to thank Steve and Phyllis Lay and their Bicycle Touring Northwest group for putting on the Hot Okanogan High Lites tour in July. It was nice to see mountains and ride through forested terrain every day. Yes, it was hot, and there seemed to be a mountain pass each day, but it was fun.

The TWBC trip to British Columbia was also a great two-week tour. Thanks to Ralph and Dena Wessels, Roz and Carol Davis, and Steve, Mary, and Scott Kubiszewski for all of their organization and planning. A special thanks to Bob Cook for all of his help and the use of his van and utility trailer.

The mail boat trip through Barkley Sound, the strenuous "Tour de France" type climb past the Whistler-Blackcomb ski area, and the Harrison Hot Springs were

great, memorable experiences. **Bob Myrick Tacoma, WA**

Cycling Ad

For Sale: Ten speed Nishiki International Road Bike. 24 inch frame, toe clips, gel seat, and upright bars. Very low mileage. \$125.00 Call 253-512-0880

1998-1999 Proposed Budget For TWBC

Proposed Expenses:

- Affiliations: (Includes LAB, Adventure Cycling, IMBA, etc.) \$ 250.00
- Donations: (Includes Bicycle Alliance of WA (formerly NowBike), Rails to Trails, Bikes From Heaven.) \$4,000.00
- Education & Public Relations: (Includes Sprocket Person, Carless Commute, Helmets on Wheels, Bike Rodeos & equipment, Calendar Meetings, Bike Enhancements, etc. \$6,000.00
- Club Banquet: \$1750.00
- Bike Expo: (Includes Seattle business license for selling T-shirts, booth costs and parking fees.) \$1,000.00
- Social Events and other activities: (Includes picnic, Halloween and holiday events, etc.) \$ 750.00
- Club Meetings: (Includes room rental, food and door prizes.) \$1,500.00
- Newsletter: (Includes printing, mailing, postage due, complimentary copies, etc.) \$6,000.00
- Club Insurance: (Main club policy only, i. e. liability and medical. Additional coverage for Daffodil Classic and PMC to be included as part of the cost of the ride.) \$1,500.00
- Membership Costs: (Includes membership card, new member and renewal packet mailing, discount shop list, and TWBC pins.) \$ 500.00
- Ride Line: (Includes monthly phone charge) \$ 600.00
- Ride Program: (Includes evening and weekend rides, birthday lunch, camping fees, awards and T-shirts at annual banquet, and special rides requiring a separate fee.) \$2,000.00
- Equipment Purchase & Supplies: (Includes maintenance, ride signs, and pop up shelter purchase.) \$1,000.00
- Other Postage & Administration Costs: \$ 750.00
- Governmental/Community Affairs Committee: (Includes printing, mailing, and seminars.) \$ 600.00
- Business, Occupational & Sales Tax, Washington State License: (Annually, filed quarterly for sales tax on T-shirt sales.) \$ 500.00

- Publicity: (Includes club brochures and the discount shop list.) \$ 500.00
- TWBC Home Page: \$ 400.00
- Club Jerseys: (Printing of minimum order) \$2,000.00
- Club Bike Patrol: (Maintaining various trails, trail vests, patch kits, safety handouts, and landscaping.) \$ 500.00
- Computer Supplies: (Hardware and software.) \$1,000.00
- Safety And Education: \$1,000.00

Total Proposed Expenses: \$34,100.00

Assets:

- Cash In Bank As Of August 18, 1998: \$23,217.08
- Certificate Of Deposit: (Rolls over in February and July. No withdrawal penalty.) \$25,515.83

Total Assets: \$48,732.91

Anticipated Income:

- Daffodil Classic: (Includes T-shirt and insurance for ride.) \$10,000.00
- Peninsula Metric Century: (Includes T-shirt and insurance for ride.) \$2,500.00
- Membership Dues: \$4,000.00
- STP Receipts: \$4,000.00
- Club Jerseys: \$2,000.00
- Interest On Bank Accounts: (Checking and CD.) \$1,000.00
- Miscellaneous: \$ 250.00

Total Anticipated Income: \$23,750.00

Camping With BOB

by Steve Brown, TWBC Vice-President

The Club purchased two BOB (Beast of Burden) trailers last year for use on trail maintenance and club camping trips. In July, the club camping trip took us to Ipsut Creek campground in the northwest corner of Mt. Rainier. Years ago the road to the campground was washed out about two miles into the 5-mile distance to the campground. Now Ipsut is a favorite destination for bicycle camping trips.

The BOB trailers are better referred to as "Babes On Bikes", because females tend to bring twice as much gear as would be needed by, say, an all male

camping party. Things like 50 pounds of drinking water, self-lighting stove, 4 person tents for 2 people, and 2 person tents for individuals are not uncommon, not to mention a weeks worth of food for a three day camping trip, and an oven for baking apple pie.

Anyway, we were the envy of the whole campground with our high living and great food. Our picnic table was so nicely decorated that apparently someone had a picnic on it while we were out hiking. Of course this was another TWBC camping trip on which I managed to gain weight.

During the weekend we hiked up to Eunice Lake on the very steep Ipsut Creek Trail. We also hiked into Carbon Glacier. This is the lowest glacier in the 48 contiguous states. The obsidian looking glacier face and the constant rock avalanches, make this an interesting stop for lunch. The swinging bridge across the Carbon River makes this easy hike something to remember. On the way out on Sunday, with the lighter loads on the BOB trailers, we could average over ten miles per hour. With the exception of about one quarter mile of washout, the rest of the gravel road or trail is bikeable, even with a BOB trailer attached. The single wheel of this trailer tracks with the bicycle. Permits and a fee are required at the Ranger Station at the red caboose in Wilkeson. There are plans to rebuild the road in September, 1998 so cars can travel to the campground.

TWBC welcomes

and thanks the following new and renewing members for July and August, 1998:

New Members: Paul Buckmaster; Louis Cantor; Sarah & Bob Garmire; Dan, Karen, & Matt Healey & Princess; James Howe; Mike Ouellett; Suzanne & Cliff Roberson; and Brian & Diana Willson.

Renewing Members: Douglas & Rachel Ballor; Thomas Barocan; JoAnn Baratto; Bob & Lois Baxter; Mark, Debbie, Jila, & Pete Bozanich; Janice Brame; Terry Brown; Joyce Clifford; Jill Collins; Ann Marie Dahl; Ann Eure; Duane Githens; Serle Hart; Jim Kenyon; Bob Koreis; Stephen, Mary & Scott Kubiszewski;

Warren Lew; Milton Loflin; Phyllis Mansfield; Steve Moon; Dan, Leslie, Anna,
Laura, & Sarah Niebrugge; Don & Robin Partington; Jim Powell; Liz Pulos; Mike,
Debbie, Chris, & Cassidy Romaine; Barbara Root; Linda Shiraiwa; Janice
Sigurdson; Mike Smith; Laura Swartz; and Bob Vogel.