

Hale on Wheels Cycling Club

WEBSITE: www.haleonwheelsbikeclub.com



Newsletter No. 17

President: Tim Hardage

Vice-President: Stacie Hardage

Secretary/Treasurer: Randy Kaufman

Editor: Ed Self



February 21, 2012

Special points of interest:

- * Meet Your Fellow member: Jack Nichols
- * 24 Hours in the Canyon Update
- * Club Meeting

CLUB MEETING

FOR ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR 2012-2013

FEBRUARY 28, 2012

BROADWAY BREW, 6:30 p.m.

There will be a club meeting next Tuesday night to elect officers for the coming riding season. If you have someone in mind for a club officer, please ask them first to make sure they will serve. And, please show up at the meeting—we have several new members that you need to meet and we need you there to make plans for the coming season.

UPDATE ON THE 24 HOURS RIDE

We have had five club members sign up for the 24 hours team. We need at least 1 more. Let me know if you can join the team.

MEET YOUR FELLOW MEMBER:



JACK NICHOLS

Jack has an entertaining story of his life with bicycles:

I had a tricycle when I was about five, and ran out in front of a neighbor driving down our street. I saw the car coming, so held up my hand the way I saw policemen do, and she stopped. I went on about my business of raising Cain in the neighborhood, but the poor woman, scared her half to death - drove to my house and hysterically explained to my horrified mother how I had nearly been killed. Mother took over "traffic training" at that point.

My first bicycle was a Schwinn. I can still remember the day my dad took off the training wheels, and let me crash my way forward. I think my generation lived in the best years the country has seen. A kid could leave the house on a Saturday morning and not come back until nearly dark after terrorizing the county on his or her bike all day. I thought no one was keeping an eye on us, but now realize EVERYONE was keeping an eye on us, to keep us safe. Today is a scary time by comparison. Much of my riding experiences have been in Dallas, San Antonio and Austin, virtual death traps for bicycles now. Thank goodness for the good trails being developed. The trail in Plainview is a great example of what can be done, and I used it frequently while I was in Plainview last year.

I remember the jump ramp we built in the alley when I was about 7, and took turns jumping our 50 pound bikes. Mine was a Schwinn with full fenders, a "gas tank", horn, light (that never worked), suspension spring up front, and huge tires. Single speed, of course. Chicken out at the top of a jump ramp, and the bike lands on top of you after you crash. That old bike lasted forever, even after all the

bad treatment it got - hats off to early Schwinn's.

I got away from bikes for a while, owned an inexpensive Schwinn "racer" with five or six speeds. My wife had one too, and she still owns it. We would cruise around the Turtle Creek area in Dallas in the 1970s. When we moved to Richardson, I discovered my first real "bike shop", and they had the most beautiful collection of bikes I had ever seen. I fell in love with a Schwinn Paramount racer, but no way could I afford that handmade beauty with full Campy gear. I could nearly afford a Motobecane steel frame with the most beautiful carved, gray with black lugs, and gold pin striping. It had the lesser early Campy gears, but I was in love, so bought it. I enjoyed it for years, took it all over the country as I moved, and even shipped it to Hawaii when I spent a year or so there. When I got back to the states, I landed in Plainview for a decade or so, but there was very little bike riding done then. By me, anyway.

When I settled down in Fort Worth in about 1988, I got involved with club rides, and discovered that the Motobecane was too short and too confining. Believe me, as marginal as my conditioning and skill were (are), I needed all the help I could get. Sold the bike on Ebay to a collector that had about fifty of them.

So, in a moment of weakness, in about 1990, I bought one of the last hand crafted Schwinn steel Paramonts built in the country. I specified all Dura Ace equipment, and that thing would fly while being as comfortable as sitting on a sofa. I put it on a bike stand in the den and would crank away for hours. When I got to where I could at least keep everyone in sight on club rides, I decided to try a century. I entered the Katy Flatland Century (key word is 'Flatland'). My wife and I drove down and had a great time. We made about 80 miles before it rained the bottom out. I was proud of myself, and slept all the way home.

Shortly after that I had a few friends going to the 1991 Hotter 'N Hell, and reasoned that I would never be in that good a shape to ride a bike again, so decided to add "Hotter" to my bragging list. I did not come in last, but was about an hour behind a 78 year old guy from Lubbock. Every time he went by me, I would note what an old, beat up bike he had. Believe me, it is not the bike that finishes the day for you. The ride itself was fun and a great experience. About a year later, I sold that beautiful Paramount for about what I paid for it.

Years ago, I took my Paramount along on a trip to New York to see the colors change. Every day we would stop and ride in a national or state park for a few hours, and I most remember the things we saw from the bike.

After I sold the Paramount, I was left with an original Richie Touring bike, triple chain ring, 12 speed, Shimano XT drive train, with a relaxed position and forgiving geometry. I still have it, upstairs, on that same training stand. I have had heart surgery and other complications so have not ridden in about six months. The Richie and I used to do the twenty mile loop along the river in Fort Worth every month or so, and it kept me in shape. My surgeon said my good physical condition made my operation much easier and the recovery quicker, so I guess that old Richie is now a part of the family.

One personal note I want to make: Please, please, please, have a yearly physical. My primary care doctor did my yearly physical, and heard some strange heart sounds. He realized this time (in August) things were different. His good work allowed me to get it fixed before my aorta blew out. I will be 70 in March, and I probably would not have made it this far without good diagnostic care. 70 may seem really old to a youngster, but I am having more fun than ever, and this is the best part of life. Keep riding, stay in shape, and you will enjoy it too.

Have fun, be safe, and enjoy.

Jack Nichols

Last Name	First Name	email	Cell Phone
Andrews	Brad	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Appling	Ron	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Aycock	Chase	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Baker	Carolyn	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Barrera	Frances	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Bertsch	John	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Bertsch	Kathy	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Carroll	Angel	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Carroll	Greg	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Carthel	Fonty	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Cherry	Lisa	[REDACTED]	
Earhart	Jeff	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Estrada	Tomas	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Fox	Tara	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Gomez	Ramiro	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Griffin	Les	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Hardage	Tim	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
Hardage	Ashley	[REDACTED]	
Hardage	Carley	[REDACTED]	
Hardage	Stacie	[REDACTED]	
Henthorn	Adam	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]

Hernandez	Eugene	████████████████████	████████
Kaufman	Randy	██████████████████	████████
Lancaster	Andrew	████████████████████████	████████
Luevano	Ernesto	██████████████████	████████
Marlar	Carl	██████████████	████████
Martinez	Gabriel	██████████████████	████████
Martinez	Ofelia		████████
Martinez	Edgar		████████
Martinez	Guadalupe		████████
Montalvo	Martin	████████████████████	████████
Moralez	Yolanda	██████████████	████████
Moreno	Hilario	██████████████	████████
Nichols	Jack	██████████	████████████████
Quintanilla	Ron	██████████████████	████████
Schott	Ross	██████████████████	████████
Self	Ed	██████████████	████████
Self	Mary Anna	██████████████	████████
Self	Mitchell	██████████████	████████
Shaw	Rick	██████████	████████
Stewart	Kevin	████████████████████	████████