

Hale on Wheels Cycling Club

WEBSITE: www.haleonwheelsbikeclub.com



Newsletter No. 25

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Vice-President: Gabriel Martinez
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October 30, 2012

Special points of interest:

- * PARTY TIME!!
- * Richard's Report on his Ride for Missions
- * Riding Goals

END OF RIDING SEASON PARTY!!



Thursday, Nov. 8th, the club will have an “*End Of The Riding Season Party*” at *Cotton Patch* at **6:30 P.M.** in their party room in the back. The meal is free for you and your spouse or significant other (but not both, please, unless, of course, they are one and the same person). End of the season awards, “Blazing Wheels”, “Above and Beyond”, “New Rider” and “Member of the Year” awards will be given.

Come have fun and get something for your dues. Even if you've never come to a club meeting, or even if you've never been on a bicycle, come and enjoy some good food, fun and fellowship.

So we'll know how many to plan for, please RSVP to Ed at [REDACTED] by 5 PM on Nov. 5th.

Ride for Missions/October 24, by Richard Porter

Well, it has taken me a while to put together an update about the OOB Ride for Missions and for that, I apologize. I guess I still had to get over a little bit of frustration.

The ride was scheduled for Oct. 4-6 and as you well know, that ended up corresponding with the first Norther of the year. I went ahead and attempted to get the ride in but ended up having to pull the plug a little more than halfway into it because of the weather.

The original plan was to leave Plainview at around 8 a.m. on that Thursday and ride 150 miles to Vernon. On Friday, I would ride about 70 miles to Henrietta and then on Saturday ride the remaining 90 or so miles to my sister's house in Haltom City. However, after looking at the weather forecast and realizing that mid-morning the wind was going to switch from blowing around 20-25 mph out of the southwest to 20-25 mph out of the northeast, I decided to take off at 5:30 a.m. to get as much benefit from the tailwind as I could before it became a headwind.

With that thought in mind I took off from my house with my friend and sag wagon driver, David Appling, following close behind, illuminating me in his headlights. For the most part, that worked well — despite getting caught up in rumble strips in the dark (talk about rattling your cage . . . and other things) and running over a dead animal carcass I could not see in the dark.

The ride to Floydada was wonderful as I watched the sunrise and enjoyed the crisp morning air. However, as you pass through Floydada, there is a big curve as you leave town and that is where things changed dramatically. I went into that curve at 18 mph and came out of it at 9 mph and the fight was on. For the rest of the day I battled a 20-25 mph headwind as I rode through the rolling hills east of the Caprock. Ordinarily, with normal weather conditions, that would be a pretty fun ride, despite a lot of climbing (remember, for every hill you go down to get into a draw, you have to climb the other side to get back out). Normally, a rider hits the bottom of the hill coasting faster than he/she can pedal and then can coast part way up the other side before catching back up with the pedals and having to get back to work. However, in a big headwind there isn't much coasting and in particular, once you get to the bottom of the hill its hard work all the way to the top.

Nevertheless, I was able to find a gear in which I could make reasonable progress without killing myself and hammered though the morning. As was mentioned earlier, the plan was to ride 150 miles that day, but as morning turned into afternoon, it became clear that I was not going to make it to Vernon as planned. Between Paducah and Crowell, I pooped out. The original plan had called for David to ride ahead to the next town (usually around 30 miles away) and wait for me with water and other needed supplies. We joked about the fact that if I didn't show up in an appropriate amount of time he would come and find out why.

As it turned out, at what turned out to be about 100 miles (and 9.5 hours) into the ride I called him on my cell phone and told him I was done for the day. He didn't answer and I thought, "Holy cow that means I have to keep riding on to Crowell (at the blazing speed of about 7 mph and falling)."

I was wrong.

Bless his heart, for the entire weekend David was where I needed him to be when I needed him to be there, whether I realized I was going to need him or not. As I was struggling with the possibility of having to keep pedaling, my pickup rolled out of the draw ahead of me. We marked the spot at 103 miles at a county road and came back there Friday morning to continue the ride. Unfortunately, that cost me 50 miles that I would not be able to make up the next day.

With Friday came cool temperatures but more importantly, reasonably light winds (nothing like the 20-25 mph curse of the day before). I rode on to Vernon and after a quick lunch merged onto U.S. Hwy 287, which was wall-to-wall traffic — the access road stops just past the edge of town so that is not an option.

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I actually don't mind riding in heavy traffic because despite appearances people who are driving in a steady flow of traffic have to pay attention at least a little bit. It is the knuckleheads on the access roads who seem to think they have the road all to themselves and don't pay attention. I have found that while I have to constantly keep my head on a swivel, as long as I give appropriate hand signals people on major highways generally see me and understand what I'm doing. So, when I pulled onto 287, I didn't really think anything about it. David, on the other hand, was a little freaked out. We had agreed that on Friday he would stop every 10 miles (an idea that worked really well and will be incorporated into the May ride). He actually looked a little surprised when I pedaled up to the first stop in one piece. I think he kind of expected to see me go by as a hood ornament on a truck.

Ultimately, I was able to make up 10 of the 50 miles I lost the previous day (riding a total of 80 on Friday) before running out of steam just west of Iowa Park. I had intended to at least ride to Wichita Falls but when I stopped at the 80-mile mark I realized I was too tired to open my packet of Gu and I was slumping over on the ice chest as I sat on my tailgate trying to drink some Gatorade.

I told David I was done for the day.

As it turned out, what happened next — when coupled with a traffic incident earlier in the afternoon — would force my hand Saturday morning. The wind had picked back up and was blowing as a crosswind out of the north at around 10-15 mph and I didn't realize that I was getting cold. We loaded up and drove on into to Wichita Falls for supper and as I got out of the pickup to go into the restaurant I began to shiver uncontrollably. That lasted for more than half an hour and made me realize for the first time that maybe what I was doing wasn't too smart. Earlier that afternoon, I had almost been blown over when a passing truck blocked the wind temporarily and then caught me in its wake (it actually lifted my back tire off the ground and almost flipped me nose-to-tail before I regained control).

On Saturday morning — after David pointed out that the weather forecast called for a temperature 20 degrees colder than Friday's, the return of a 20-mph headwind and rain — I reassessed the situation. After the initial truck incident I had been able to anticipate future ones and maintain control. I realized though that on a rain-slick highway that would be an unbelievably dangerous scenario. At the same time, add the drop in temperature and rain to the exposure issues of the previous day and it became clear that we needed to pull the plug.

That was a hard decision. There is a certain amount of ego (beyond what I normally display) that goes into even contemplating that kind of a ride and I am a very competitive person. I do not like to admit defeat and I do not like to start something and not be able to finish it, regardless of the justification. However, I had a lot of people praying for my safety and those prayers were answered when what I believe was divine suggestion persuaded me to let common sense override ego.

Given the fact that it was weather and not conditioning that eventually stopped us, we determined that we would reschedule the OOB Ride for Missions for May when hopefully we'll have a tailwind and not run the risk of exposure.

I want to thank all of the people who have been following me and who have prayed over the months for my safety and strength. Those prayers are very valuable and meaningful to me and the support I have had thus far is what inspires me to keep riding and plan for a May Ride for Missions.

Most of all, I want to thank the people who have contributed so far to the Col. 3:23 Endowed Scholarship for mission students at Wayland. That is what this is all about. Please continue to prayerfully consider your contribution to the fund.

By the way, I am back on the bike (in general terms). With the shortening days of fall and winter I have had to find a way to keep training indoors. One thing I am doing is going to a spin class at the Y, taught by my friend Steve Olson at 6:30 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It is not exactly like riding on the road but it is close enough to keep me in shape (it actually is a heck of a workout and I would encourage folks to come give it a try. If those hours don't suit you, the Y has a host of classes throughout the day and week). Additionally, I have a contraption I bought several years ago that consists of a flywheel to which you attach a bicycle. It actually seems to come pretty close to approximating riding on the road.

I say all that to say keep watching for updates. I'll keep pedaling and posting.

RIDING GOALS

MEMBER	GOAL	MILES	% OF GOAL	% OF YEAR 64.1%
Ron Appling_____	3500	2214.85	63.28 %	
Sandra Aven_____	500	233	46.6 %	
Carolyn Baker_____	500	66.16	13.23 %	
Frances Barrera_____	500	81.52	16.30 %	
Jeff Earhart_____	1400	1770.2	126.44 %	COMPLETED
Tara Fox_____	1200	150	12.5 %	
Ramiro Gomez_____	2500	1578	63.12 %	
Randy Kaufman_____	1500	555	37.00 %	
Gabriel Martinez_____	2000	215.4	10.77 %	
Edgar Martinez_____	2000	265.4	13.27 %	
Guadalupe Martinez_____	2000	215.4	10.77 %	
Ross Schott_____	800	160.42	20.05 %	
Ed Self_____	1750	1237.5	70.71 %	
Phil Zolman_____	4200	2940	70.0 %	

Congrats to all riders for setting goals. If you have miles to report or corrections to be made, please let Mary Anna know.

Club Member

email

cell phone

Andrews, Brad

Appling, Ron

Aven, Sandra

Aycock, Chase

Baker, Carolyn

Barrera, Frances

Bertsch, John

Bertsch, Kathy

Carroll, Angel

Carroll, Greg

Carthel, Fonty

Cherry, Lisa

Earhart, Jeff

Estrada, Tomas

Fox, Tara

Gomez, Ramiro

Griffin, Les

Hardage, Ashley

Hardage, Carley

Hardage, Stacie

Hardage, Tim

Henthorn, Adam

Hernandez, Eugene

Kaufman, Randy

Lancaster, Andrew

Luevano, Ernesto

Marlar, Carl

Martinez, Edgar

Martinez, Gabriel

Martinez, Guadalupe

Martinez, Ofelia

Montalvo, Martin

Moralez, Yolanda

Moreno, Hilario

Nichols, Jack

Porter, Richard

Quintanilla, Ron

Schott, Ross

Self, Ed

Self, Mary Anna

Self, Mitchell

Shaw, Rick

Stewart, Kevin

Zolman, Phil