

## QUAD CITIES BICYCLE CLUB

"at the hub of two states"

**MARCH 1981**

Pres., CARTER LE BEAU

V. Pres., HERB PAGE

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Treas., LEON VAN CAMP

Newsletter Editor, BILL LEIBMAN

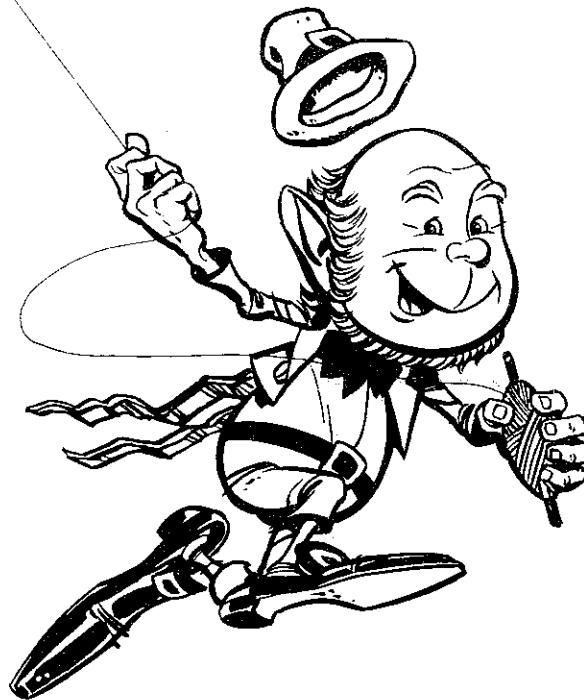
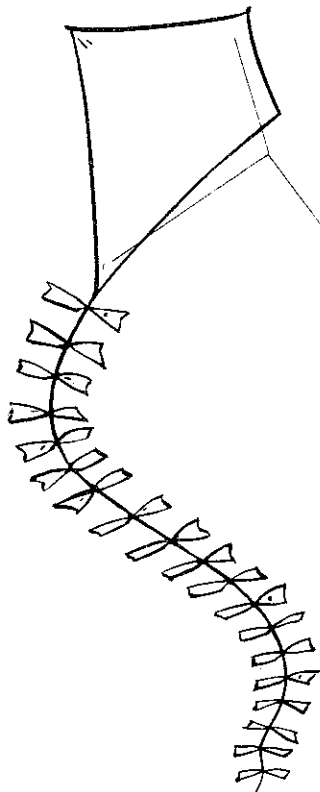
Box 3575

Davenport, Iowa 52808

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY PATCH RIDE

### EFFECTIVE CYCLING

### RACING NEWS



## *From the President's Saddle*

Accolades to Don Shirkey for his excellent health program at our January meeting. We also appreciated the interesting mechanical program in February brought to us by Herb Page and Jerry Neff. Our club is loaded with talent and we invite you to share it with us. If you have a program or know of someone who is too modest to mention it, please let us know. We want to fill out the 1982 calendar as soon as possible.

As a member of the QCBC for several years, I've learned a lot from one of our best members. A gal with a large family, a lot of interests other than bicycling, a teacher and who knows what else. She taught me the importance of being strong enough to "ask." Singlehanded she worked out the arrangements for McDonald's to provide 152 delicious sundaes for our Valentine's Patch ride. You're the greatest, Margaret Paulos—we name you the QCBC honorary Valentine.

My last subject is a serious and rare one for our club because we are such a vibrant group. However, death and accidents do occur and this past week we had a young bicyclist killed in the Quad Cities. Our sympathies go to the family of this young boy. To the best of my knowledge none of our club members have been involved in a serious accident and this is hopefully because we are more careful. As the weather improves we hope all will take caution so that the record is maintained.

A precedent was set by Bob Frey a few years ago when we honored a late QCBC member, Chris Cowan, with a memorial ride. Chris was loved by many of our members and was an avid bicyclist. This year I'd like you to indulge your president and honor another past QCBC member. The cyclist this time is Dorothy Gallagher LeBeau, a beautiful Irish lady and an excellent bicyclist. Dorothy rode RAGBRAI II and three others just to mention a few of her biking activities. She supported your club by doing mundane tasks such as making sandwiches with Margaret Paulos in our basement for an early century ride to preparing an elaborate dinner for Bryan Allen. Dorothy's real interest was playing Irish music on her theatre organ. She gave the best Irish parties in Davenport each year for the 15 years we've lived in the area. It is therefore fitting that our St. Pat's ride would be one appropriate way to honor her memory.

Carter LeBeau

## St. Patrick's Day Patch Ride

Sunday March 15th has been designated as the day for QCBC members to celebrate St. Patrick's day. We will meet at the Duck Creek Park Pavilion, which is the eastern end of the Davenport Bike Path at 1 p.m. There will be refreshments (hot or cold depending on the weather). Patches will be provided to the first 200 QCBC members who attend our fifth ride this year. Bring your families and friends and ride as much or as little as you wish.



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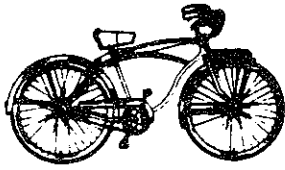
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## Welcome New Members!!

Jack Thomsen, Jr.	Bettendorf, Iowa	Joel A. McChesney	Bettendorf, Iowa
Chuck Rohm	Bettendorf, Iowa	David Moeller	Davenport, Iowa
Steve Hull	Moline, Illinois	Jerry Yeast	Davenport, Iowa
David W. Sorenson	Bettendorf, Iowa	James Stark	Davenport, Iowa
Arlene Soultz	Davenport, Iowa	Thomas Buzzell	Bettendorf, Iowa
Brian Settle	Moline, Illinois	Michael E. Adamson	Davenport, Iowa
Todd Settle	Moline, Illinois		
Larry A. Eppard	Peoria, Illinois		
Rick Schaefer	Davenport, Iowa		
Dave Harms	Viola, Illinois		
Roger L. Burgess	Davenport, Iowa		
C. Wayne Eppard	Bettendorf, Iowa		
Robert Schuler	Camanche, Iowa		
Pat Jasper	Davenport, Iowa		
Carl Freeman	East Moline, Illinois		
Dan Tiggs	Davenport, Iowa		
Jim Cox	Davenport, Iowa		

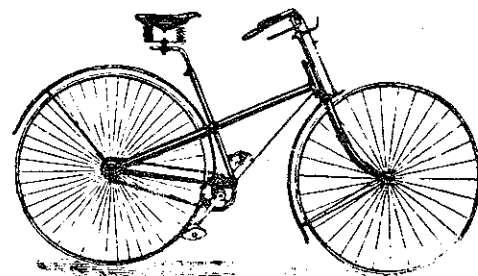
\*We extend a warm *welcome* to all of our new members, and hope to see you all real soon. Be sure to attend the next meeting to pick up club rosters and ride schedules. We also hope that all members, old and new, will make their talents and skills available. The QCBC is a big, busy club with lots of opportunities for all to participate.

\*\*\*\*\*Check your newsletter mailing label for expiration date, and renew when the time comes.

## RAGBRAI IX UPDATE!

John Karras, the greying chief of the Ragbrai, recently reported in the Des Moines Register that after much scouting, the route for this year's trail of tears has been selected. No specifics on the route are available as we go to press but this much he did reveal: the overnight stops are in Mapleton, Keokuk, Lake City, Greenfield, Leon, Keosauqua and Missouri Valley. Given that, and the usual custom of starting as close to the Missouri as possible, and ending in the Mississippi, it looks like the starting point will be in Missouri Valley, and the end will be in Keokuk.

At least that's my prediction. I also predict that there will be lemonade stands, cookie stands, taverns and sunburns. You saw it here first.



Cross Frame 1888

## March Meeting — Commuter Program

The regular March club meeting will be held at 7 pm March 17th above the Browning Museum at Rock Island arsenal. The program "Bicycle Commuting," will be presented by Richard Jirus. Dick has been commuting to work at Alcoa for many years and has many valuable experiences and insights to share with us. Non-commuters among us might want to give this subject serious consideration as a healthy alternative to sitting with a foot attached to a gas pedal all the way to work. Several other members will be on hand to share their experiences.

There will be a door prize, a short business meeting and time afterward to talk bicycle with other members. Should be a good meeting, plan to attend.

## Effective Cycling Certification

Club member Fred Blessing has applied for certification as an instructor in the LAW Effective Cycling program, described in the February American Wheelman. The course is an 11 week program based on John Foresters "Effective Cycling." The course uses discussion, riding, improvement of mechanical skills, traffic techniques and bike handling. It is claimed that course graduates will have less than 20% as many accidents as the average cyclist.

Fred would like to see several other experienced club members certified. Classes could be sponsored either by the club or by a local college. Jerry Neff, Jr., for example, has a class in bicycle maintenance sponsored by Scott Community College. Interested people should contact Fred.



MR. JURUS IS CALLING IT A DAY — MAY  
WE HAVE HIS BICYCLE BROUGHT AROUND?

## Quad Cities Bicycle Club BMX

The Quad Cities Bicycle Club BMX met with the Moline park board on January 22, 1981. Seventeen points were discussed and fifteen resolved.

On February 26 another meeting will take place in which these two issued will be discussed and hopefully resolved.

The response to the flyers that were circulated at the Armory was good with about eighty replies. Answers are being prepared now and should be in the mail shortly.

We're still optimistic about a track opening in Green Valley Park, Moline, in the Spring.

Anyone interested in the BMX portion of the club either to help with organization or to participate please contact:

Quad Cities Bicycle Club BMX  
P.O. Box 3575  
Davenport, Iowa 52808

I warned you last month that we would print poetry, so here it is. The following is by William Kloefkorn, a poet who lives and writes in Lincoln, Nebraska.

### MY GRANDDAUGHTER, AGE 3, TELLS ME THE STORY OF THE WIZARD OF OZ

There is a brain, she says,  
right here, she says,  
pointing to the front of her head,  
but the Scarecrow doesn't have one yet,  
not until the end of the story.

And there is a heart, she says,  
right here, she says,  
pushing an index finger  
hard against her chest,  
but the Tin Man  
will not have it  
until the end of the story.

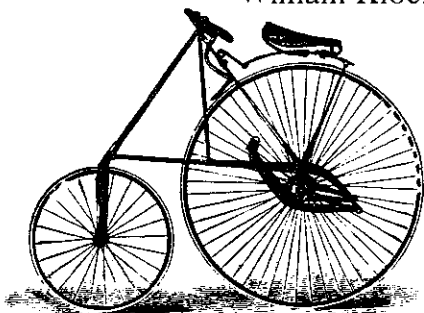
And there is courage, she says,  
right here, she says,  
pushing a fist against her stomach,  
but the Lion will not have it  
unless I tell the story.  
Shall I tell the story?

Yes, I say, tell the story,  
all of it, from beginning to end.

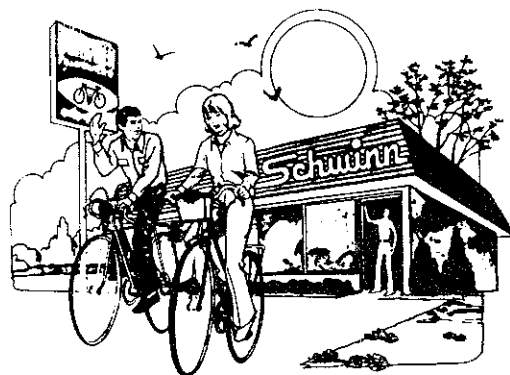
And I am swept with Dorothy and Toto  
up and away to a place  
far removed from myself,  
to the truth all over again  
that nothing is true until told,  
not the brain, not the heart, not courage,

not even the witch, who is the last to go,  
the teller now in absolute control,  
her eye the eye of all storms set straight  
at the end of the story

William Kloefkorn



American Star 1880



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## Spring Membership Drive

No, the mailman did not make a mistake. You were supposed to receive two newsletters. Membership chairman Lee Pohlman would like you to do a friend of yours a favor and ask him to become a member of the *World's Greatest*

*Bicycle Club*. The complimentary newsletter contains an application for their convenience. And if your mailman did make a mistake and you received no newsletters, just pretend you never saw this.

## Twenty Men and Sue Nuckles – January 24th

On the first day of "that warm weekend in January," twenty men and Sue Nuckles began the 42 mile loop through Walcott and Maysville. When Sue arrived, Carter exclaimed, "A woman bicyclist; I'd forgotten what they looked like!" He's O.K. now, though. We welcomed new rider Tom Houlahan. For some, the ride was the first since Christmas. Gifts were evident: new helmets, chin warmers and wool jerseys in seeable stripes. I was showing-off my new "quick-silver" seat pack which color-coordinates with my black bike and silver pump. People noticed. They'd pass and say, "Hey bud, you haven't got your pack on right; it's about to fall off." We ate at that new-fangled McDonald's, featuring a real fireplace and a real waitress that brought a pot of coffee to our table for refills. With those refills, we toasted the return of the hostages.

Paul Hantke

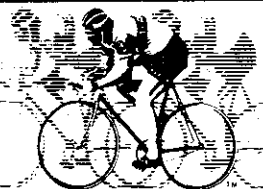
I am new to the Quad Cities and was slightly surprised when I saw an article in the Quad City Times telling about rides Saturday and Sunday

in the middle of January. The first time I went to ride, the chainwheel decided to become loose on the crank arm so that I could pedal but didn't turn the chain, so I borrowed another bike and got to the starting point in time to see Dick Woblers return. Talking to him I found out that there was a ride every Saturday and Sunday.

The next weekend was the warm weekend of January 24th. The group of 19 riders decided to go to Walcott. Riding out I find out that "We go out to that McDonald's because there is a fireplace we can warm our toes at." Arriving out there we are so heated up that everybody sits as far as possible from the fireplace to cool off. While eating, the conversation was great. I was enjoying myself a lot because I had met a group of people that I liked and that are fun to be with. On the way back I was reminded by Carter LeBeau that I didn't have my helmet on. I had noticed earlier that almost everybody had one. Later a group of three of us got separated from the others and we had a good time going back to the path.

Thomas M. Houlahan

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## Rider's Choice January 25th

Sixteen QCBC members showed up to take advantage of some exceptionally beautiful January weather. We headed across the government bridge, through the Arsenal and north to Port Byron, where we stopped for breakfast. Several of us were seated in Luciani's getting ready to order when our infamous President, Carter, showed up with one of his "tips" of a better place to eat about three miles up the road. Well, who are we to doubt the word of our presi-

dent. We all proceeded to don our clothes and head for this great spot only to find out when we got there that it was closed. Back to Luciani's where the food was plentiful and good for those of us that had the nerve to stop. From there we crossed the river into Iowa (I-80 bridge isn't too bad) and headed for home. Despite the problem getting breakfast, the great weather and favorable winds made it a day worth remembering.

Warren Power

## Valentine's Day Patch Ride February 15th

What A Sight!! One hundred fifty plus QCBC sweethearts descending upon McDonald's for a free cup of hot chocolate or a valentine sundae. (I wonder if the manager expected such a "large" group of bicyclists to be out on a typical Sunday. ....??)

Mary Stoughton and her son, Tony reportedly were so overwhelmed by the spectacle that they joined the QCBC on the spot. "If it's like this in February," she said, "How many people show up for a summer ride?"

This was our largest club ride yet, eclipsing by fifty or more the 104 who met last October for the Arsenal Halloween ride. The day was spring-

like, and after last weekend's sub-zero temperatures most of us just had to do something about our cabin fever. Boy, did we ever!

We noticed more youngsters riding their own bicycles on this ride... that's what it's all about! The Duck Creek Park pavillion is great for a starting point - McDonald's is just 1/2 miles away; or, you can ride the bike path to the end, turn around for an 11 mile tour.

Our next Patch ride is the St. Patrick's Day ride. We leave from Duck Creek park again at 1 pm Sunday, March 15th.

Jim Duda

### FIRST LAW OF BICYCLING:

*No matter which way you ride, it's uphill and against the wind.*

The Schwinn logo features the word "Schwinn" in a stylized, cursive font. The letter "S" is enclosed within a heart-shaped outline.

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# RACING DIVISION COMMITTEES AND SUPPORT

Along with the huge growth of QCBC in total membership, a substantial, and largely unnoticed increase, has occurred in racing members. With this increase the diversity of events has also multiplied. These events just do not happen; several people working behind the scenes have made them happen.

The committees for the 1981 season are:

## QCBC RACING TEAM

Don Bates  
John Bolton

## TUESDAY NITE TIME TRIAL

Dick Paulos  
John & Debby Bolton

## WEDNESDAY NITE TRAINING RIDE

Don Bates  
Terry Burke

## MOLINE CRITERIUM

Wayne Eppard—Terry Burke—Co-Chairmen  
"Mac" MacKusick  
Mel Bradley  
Roger DeLanghe  
John Bolton  
Don Bates  
Bob Banash  
Paul Windeknecht

As of this writing (18 Feb.) another criterium of Category I & II riders only is in the planning stages, for the middle of the season. This race will be on local TV (that's correct, televised) for 1 hour. John Bolton and "Mac" MacKusick will be chairing this event, with help from some of the Moline Criterium committee. Assuming we pull this off, it will be one of the firsts in the U.S. for a live coverage of a complete bicycle race.

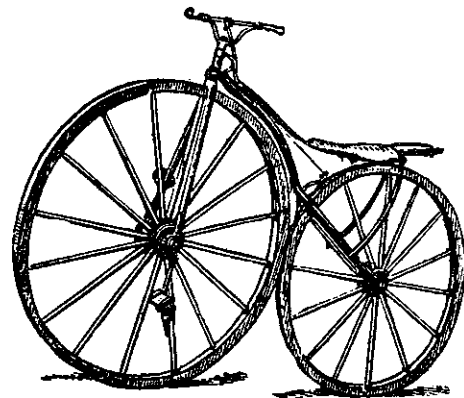
In reading the above, it may be assumed a group of about ten make QCBC racing events successful. Many additional members have served without recognition, however, by donating their time and/or talent. Some of these people are:

Ben & Monique Gero	Mike Critton
Jacque & Marlene Bradley	Jim Keyoth
Bob Frey	Steve Verstraete
Jerry & Debbie Kruse	Juli Pealstrom
Linda & Bill Powers	John Paulos
Lynn MacKusick	Deane Arney
Charlotte Windeknecht	Kent Kraft
Bob & Sue Nuckles	Don Horton
Evelyn Bates	Ken Davie
Leon & Helen VanCamp	Tom Duke
Darrel Kunnenburg	Doug Eppard
Don Davis	Carter LeBeau

We regret names that have been omitted, but no formal records are kept.

The purpose of this article is to inform those not directly involved in racing who is responsible for what in the 1981 season. Members or sons or daughters may contact applicable people for details on the above events. You probably have noticed there is no banana racing chairman; we are, however, looking for some reporters for our racing team—any volunteers??

Terry Burke



English Velocipede 1869



**Happy Joe's**  
PIZZA & ICE CREAM PARLOR

<b>Ames</b>	<b>Iowa</b>	<b>Marshalltown</b>
<b>Arnolds Park</b>	<b>Des Moines (2)</b>	<b>Mason City</b>
<b>Bettendorf</b>	<b>De Witt</b>	<b>Muscatine</b>
<b>Burlington</b>	<b>Dubuque</b>	<b>Newton</b>
<b>Cedar Rapids (3)</b>	<b>Eldridge</b>	<b>Oskaloosa</b>
<b>Clinton</b>	<b>Ft. Dodge</b>	<b>Ottumwa</b>
<b>Coralville</b>	<b>Ft. Madison</b>	<b>Spencer</b>
<b>Davenport (4)</b>	<b>Iowa City</b>	<b>Waterloo (2)</b>
<b>Decorah</b>	<b>Keokuk</b>	<b>Waukon</b>
		<b>West Des Moines</b>

# Spring Training Rides

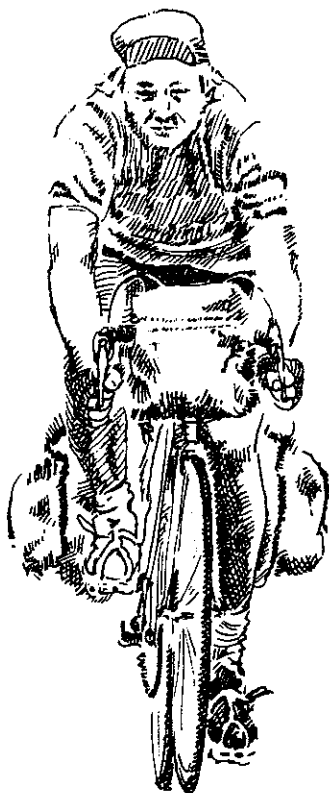
—  
March 1st

After consideration of other starting places, the Edgetowner offers parking, food, restrooms and is far enough out to avoid most heavy traffic.

Starting time will be 1:30 every Sunday thruout March and April. The course will be determined by those present, with the general intent to divide into groups so no one finishes alone. In instances of bad weather (snow, rain, temperature below 35 degrees) it is wise to call fellow riders for someone to share the agony.

These rides are intended to offer an opportunity to allow our QCBC racing team to improve their skills, but they are also intended for slower riders, and newcomers to racing. Call World of Bikes for details.

Terry Burke



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## ... Off the Back

Our son Adam, at two the youngest of the Freeport Leibmans, sent my mind on a little mid winter's night nostalgia trip a few days ago. He had culled from the dark recess of some cranny-nook known only to him an odd piece of camping equipment he took to be a toy. The object of his attention was a plastic drinking cup with sides that telescope up into the shape of an 8 ounce tumbler, and collapse back down into the shape of a fat hockey puck. This little piece of high technology, and another just like it had made their way onto our list of essential gear for our maiden voyage on the Register's Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa. Ragbrai-V it was, 1977.

The sight of that cup sent me foraging back in the shadowy corridors of the mind where such memories are stored, back in the B's; baseball, beach, bicentennial, getting close now. Ah ha! Bicycle! Now, just blow the dust off that dog-eared old volume and leaf back through to Ragbrai-V.

It all comes back clearly now. Those collapsing cups were going to stand between us and certain dry death in the vast Iowa desert. And more, they were to bring to the savage bicycle ride the finer trappings of genteel civilization. While thousands of uncouth bikers would sit at camp inelegantly sucking wine from bottles, there would we sit, collapsing cups in hand, sipping our wine with pinkies correctly poised, discussing the bicycle as motif in modern post neo-narcissist literature. It was not to be. Quickly we learned that the best wine in Iowa is called Beer, that Beer is best guzzled on a hot day, not sipped, and that the establishments that dispense beer, called taverns, usually provide their own glasses. So it was that the plastic cups of such bright promise worked their way to the bottoms of our handlebar bags, never to see the light of the Iowa day, and never, certainly, to taste the sweet Iowa wine.

The failure of those plastic cups to do us any service was somewhat symbolic of the whole trip. Our naive attempts to foresee the unknowns of the Great Ride were made a farce by the

realities of what we needed, and what we did not need. Sunscreen, no way! Hair dryer, indeed! Our inexperience, our innocence showed at every turn. We lost our bicycling innocence on that, our first RAGBRAI, but as it is with most losses of innocence, the first time was the best time.

We kept all of the mementos of that trip; postcards, clippings from the Des Moines Register, maps, and lots of et cetera stashed away in a blue folder in the back hall closet. I retrieved it from it's hiding place on the top shelf, opened it, and the memories came flooding out. Algona to Lansing. 400 miles of corn, hay, soybeans, small towns, water towers on stilts, men in bib overalls watching from store front benches, corn, sun, hay, wind, soybeans, sweet taste of rain. 400 miles of Iowa. I searched the blue folder archive for specifics.

"Welcome riders, have lunch with us," says a small crumpled flyer from Crystal Lake, home, as the flyer points out, of the world's largest bullhead. Right. Bullhead, as in catfish. The town has a statue of a bullhead 17 feet, 8 inches long adorning the lakefront. The blue folder offers a picture postcard, never mailed, as proof. I vaguely remember cycling several blocks out of our way to see the beast.

Two other picture postcards in the folder show the Grotto of the Redemption in West Bend. The Grotto, a huge structure built entirely of ornamental semi-precious stones set in concrete, is the life work of a Catholic priest who labored for 42 years, mostly alone. The structure is large, covering roughly the area of a city block, and quite amazing. The literature we saved from our visit says that it is frequently referred to as the eighth wonder of the world. Never mind that the only competition for hundreds of miles in any direction is a giant bullhead.

A small scrap of paper from the folder bears a name, Phyllis Fargo, and a number, 654-7324. Who and what, I do not know. The writing on the back of another scrap, this one a cafe receipt, is more explicit: Agnes Formanek, Hayfield,

Iowa, 50445. I don't know if Agnes remembers me, but I do know that I don't remember her.

Boarding pass. Ozark Airlines. Flight date: August 7. Destination: OMA. I flew Ozark back to OMA after it was all over to get the car and the kids.

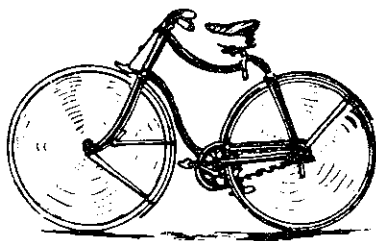
386-5395. No names, just a number.

Yes, it's all here, a little fossil rock from Rockford, courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce. A small, blue pennant from Luther College in Decorah. The college seal on the pennant is inscribed, "Verbum Dei Manet in Aeternum." If my memory of Latin serves me, yes, that is definitely Latin.

And I remember Decorah.

I remember a little burger and fries type cafe downtown on Main St. where we ate dinner. The place had been crowded with road-hungry bikers all day, they were running out of food, and the waitresses were losing their sense of humor. We ordered, what else, burgers and fries. When the food came, I pointed the squeeze ketchup bottle at my fries and squeezed. Nothing happened. The bottle was full, but jammed. I flagged down the waitress, pointed to the jammed bottle, and asked for more. She nodded and headed off in the wrong direction. Not to be put off, I again aimed the ketchup bottle at the fries and squeezed. This time, something happened. The entire top exploded off the bottle, dousing everything on the plate and splattering everyone at the table. The entire restaurant froze in stunned silence. And then, into the silent vacuum strolled the waitress, who said with perfect nonchalance, "Will you still be needing that other bottle of ketchup, sir?"

They're still laughing in Decorah.



Rover of 1886

Here is a receipt from the Holiday Inn in Mason City. We thought that a one night interlude back in civilization at mid week might be nice, especially if the ride was as savage as we had hoped. \$20.50 for clean sheets, air conditioning, and hot showers. I remember waking up the next morning thinking that we had probably cheated ourselves out of some great experience. We had. It had rained during the night.

From the distance of several years, it is hard to remember many of the specifics of that ride across Iowa. The mind tends to blend the dim pictures into a rather loose collage of blurred images of the sights, the sounds, the smells and the feelings. The rolled haystacks sweating in the cool morning dew fade into the great canvas of green corn roasting in the hot noonday sun. Pain in the knees, sting of salt in the eyes and hot, red sunburn wash into the cool balm of blue lakes and brown rivers. Thousands of people on bicycles stretching for miles across the low hills blend into a single chain, a single thought, a single power. It is the power of being there; the power of doing; the mystical power of being alive.

I remember that ride, and always will. And the collapsing cups, well, they may be forgotten in time, but they did serve a useful purpose. They took me back.

Bill Leibman



Kangaroo 1883