

# OMAHA PEDALERS NEWSLETTER



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### **BRAN ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY**

**Wednesday, November 14, 2018**

**5:45-Meet and Mingle**

**6:15- Route Announcement**

**Drawings, food, raffles!**



Hello from Iowa,

The Omaha Pedalers have been riding all over the loess hills this summer.

ONABIKE, organized by the Onawa, Iowa Chamber of Commerce, is Western Iowa's biggest one day bicycle ride. It is always the fourth Saturday in August, (except for 2016, when somebody read the calendar wrong). It begins and ends in Onawa, with optional routes through Turin, Soldier, Morehead, Pisgah, Little Sioux, and Blencoe, Iowa. Going through my T-shirts, the oldest one I find from ONABIKE is from 1998, so I know it's been over 20 years that I have been doing a three-day overnight ride there and back. The last few years, members of the Omaha Pedalers have joined me for the 180-mile, self-contained camping trip. It looked like I was going to have to ride by myself this year, so at the last moment Tom Cody took pity on me, packed up his bike, and road along. Typically for this wet year, about a mile north of Council Bluffs on the Old Lincoln Highway, we ran into rain. Luckily it didn't last long. By the time we were halfway up the hill by Hitchcock Park it cleared, and we stopped and take a picture. I don't carry a camera, so if it weren't for Tom, I wouldn't have any pictures of my rides. (Lots of the pictures you see on the Pedalers website are either from Tom or Rick Stein's cameras.) That's about the only hill on the whole ride to Onawa, and it doesn't have a name. Real hills have names. It's still fun zipping down the other side past the Aeroplane Inn. On a 70-pound touring bike, gravity sure favors downhill's over uphill's. Riding north, the Missouri River bottom is so flat that in the 2011 floods, the Union Pacific Railroad had to add 3 feet of ballast to their tracks along there to keep them above water. The bicycling gods added tailwinds to the flat route, and after the stop for treats in the Missouri Valley Casey's, we cruised along between 15 and 20 mph. The On-Ur-Way camp ground in Onawa does not accept tent camping but has always made an exception for us for ONABIKE. This year they more than doubled their prices so the exception may be wearing thin. Jenn Collison, at the Onawa Chamber of Commerce, has arranged for us to camp at the library next year. Highlights of Saturday's ride included a new scenic shortcut by Preparation Canyon, that I rode with Omaha Pedaler, Greg Miller, a cool car show in Morehead, and eating homemade pie while watching the kids pedal-tractor pull at the Old Settlers Reunion in Little Sioux. A young Lycra-clad ONABIKE rider from Omaha won the pedal-pull in his age division, and he wasn't even clipped in.

Sixteen Pedalers returned to the loess Hills September 8 for the Magnolia members appreciation ride. for over 20 years, the Magnolia Methodist Church church-ladies enjoyed hosting our annual September ride. Five years ago, Vaughn, Cindy, and Andy Pitts, at the Sawmill Hollow Aronia Berry Farm, took over hosting the ride after Father Time collected the church ladies and closed the church in Magnolia. The Aronia Berry ice cream Sundays would be good any time, but everything tastes better after a bicycle ride. Especially on a beautiful fall day after about 1000 feet of climbing in the loess hills. I think it improved the ride for everybody when the riders on the three different routes stuck together as groups.

Rebecca Castle and Lance Brisbois of the Golden Hills R C & D have done a wonderful thing. They organized a supported four-day ride, The Peaks to Parks Ride, from Stone State Park, Sioux City to Waubonsie State Park, with programs and overnight camping at Turin,

Hitchcock State Park and Glenwood Lake. This year, it coincided with Adventure Cycling's National Bike to Your Park Day, September 29. The weather for the riders, Thursday, from Sioux City to Turin, was glorious. Tom Cody and I rode up Friday from Council Bluffs to Hitchcock Park to join the ride. After a rainy Thursday night and all-day Friday, most of the 20 riders stayed in the lodge at Hitchcock Park. The next morning, down the Lincoln Highway, across Badger and Mud Hollow Roads into Council Bluffs the weather held. After lunch, rain fell in buckets, although the weather cleared enough to have the gunfight in Pacific Junction at the Old West Days. Even when the rain doesn't cooperate at all, these loess hills are still favorite places to ride. I hope Rebecca and Lance organize the ride again next year. If they do, we'll give you some better notice about it in the Omaha Pedalers newsletter.

-Stephen Schnitker

## **Omaha Pedalers Movie Event**





# Omaha Pedalers Swap Meet

Sunday March 10th,  
2019 11AM – 4PM

College of St. Mary's  
Lied Fitness Center

## Admission

\$5 or \$3 with a can  
of food to be donated  
to the Heart Ministry  
food pantry.

Kids under 12, free.



If you would like a  
booth, please contact:  
Bob Mancuso

**Bmancuso7@gmail.com**



*What's in a Name?*

## Club Promoting Bicycling Fun

### Pedaling Peddlers Seeking Recreation, Health

By Gerald Wade

The Omaha Peddlers do not sell from street corners. They ride bicycles.

Fred Hess founded the club. He knows "peddlers," when it means one who rides a bicycle, should be spelled "pedaler"—but he doesn't care.

Mr. Hess has a double motive.

He sells bicycles. That's the profit motive.

But he says the club grew out of a sincere wish to see every one atop two wheels enjoying himself.

The Peddlers will meet at 4 p. m. Sunday in the Fontenelle Park Pavilion to make further plans and do a bit more riding, the 57-year-old club founder said.

He doesn't care, Mr. Hess said, if club members are riding his bikes or some other kind. He just wants members to have bicycles capable of keeping up.

Mr. Hess's vehicle has 10 speeds. Club rules require at least three.

Mr. Hess thinks bicycle riding is fun and good for the health. He and nearly every enthusiast cites Dr. Paul Dudley White.

Dr. White was physician to Dwight Eisenhower when Mr. Eisenhower was President. Dr. White advocates bicycle riding as one of the most healthful things you can do for the heart.

### Bike Trails

Mr. Hess lives in Benson. His shop is near



—World-Herald Photo.  
Pedaling Peddlers . . . From left, Chuck Lam-  
mert, Mark Peters, Mrs. Marty Hess and hus-  
band, Fred.

**Annual Club  
Meeting  
December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018**

**Dinner is on the  
club!**

downtown Omaha, but he rides a bicycle to work and home again daily.

The rush-hour traffic doesn't bother him. He's prepared with reflectors, lights and reflective clothing.

Bicycle riding has been replaced lately by jogging as a healthy thing to do.

But Mr. Hess and others like him think bicycle riding is booming.

Omaha is building bike trails. There's a Federal program to help cities with such trails.

The State of Wisconsin has one which runs from border to border, east to west. Any one trying it gets a detailed map and brochure from the Wisconsin Bureau of Recreation.

Each leg of the trip is detailed. It would be difficult to make a wrong turn.

Some Omahans who have expressed an interest in the Peddlers have gone on trips as long or longer than the Wisconsin jaunt.

### Getting Away

Mr. Hess said "bicycle riding gets one back to the simple life. One can get away from all the pressure." Members of the Peddlers, he said, are a mixed bunch culturally and economically.

Mr. Hess has been holding organizational meetings the last few Sunday afternoons.

The first two meetings were held on the pavement at one of the city's largest shopping centers. It was convenient but hardly the place for a scenic tour.

Mr. Hess has shifted the meetings to Fontenelle Park and is hoping his bicycling idea will come across better with nature close at hand.





Pasta Pedaler's  
Pigout

Thanks to  
Jeff Quandt  
for the pictures





Irv's Deli Ride

Thanks to  
Jeff Quandt  
for the pictures

# ***Michelson Trail Trek***

*by Rhonda M, Hall*

Last year, I wanted to do the Michelson Trail Trek, but I didn't register early enough. So, this year, I registered in January. It sells out in February.

I was so excited, but this ride played with my brain. Two nights in one town and another night in another town? How does this work? I am more used to rides where you ride to a town and then you are done. With this ride, you have to jockey your vehicle and where you are going to stay every day.

Four days before I was supposed to leave, I had a sore throat and sent a panicked text to my sister.

She wrote back, maybe it's just allergies. Okay, maybe she's right. Everything coincides at the same time; my sister had a surgery that was looming. I wanted to be there for her but sure enough, they scheduled the surgery for the Friday of the ride. My sister told them no and they scheduled it for Monday morning at 7:00 a.m. but we had to be there at 5:00 a.m. I told her I could live with that and sleep at the hospital.

I have clips on my road bike but not on the hybrid. I figured I could switch them out. Of course, I couldn't get the pedal off on one of them. I was sure I'd be riding with one clipped shoe and one tennis shoe. The night before, I sprayed it with a quadruple dose of WD40. The next morning it released. Yes.

On the drive up, I wanted to stop and see Dignity, a fifty-foot statue in Chamberlain, SD.



The radio in my car has been going in and out for almost a year. I have tried just as long to get it repaired and each time, they can't fix it. It is about an 8 hour drive up there, so add in stops to buy food, gas and other necessities and I knew I was looking at a 10-hour drive without a radio or CD. How on earth could I make it without falling asleep?

I used my IPOD and a speaker for my bike. They worked perfectly.

They said the last shuttle left at 7:00 p.m. My goal was to make it to Custer SD by 6:00 pm. I made it by 6:15 pm. They said, the last shuttle left. Which meant, I had to get up early, drop my bike off at the drop-off point and drive to Edgemont in the morning.

I set my alarm for 5:30 but woke up before. I drove my car to Edgemont 40+ miles. I started to worry I would miss the bus. Thinking a white van may have been the shuttle, I may or may not have waved wildly at it.



It could have been a shuttle. I was hoping they had signs leading me to the Michelson Trail Trek site. They did, so I got there about 7:00 a.m. Only a few people were on the bus, so we waited until it was full. We drove back to Custer, where I got my bike and had to find something to eat.

I missed my biking friend, Judy Wilson that morning. We met on BRAN in 2010. She does the MTT every year and leaves promptly at 7:00 a.m. I probably didn't get started until eight or 8:30. I felt way behind everyone else but ran into Rose Leavitt, the BRAN nurse.

I got to Edgemont where they had ice cream waiting for us. Then, hopped in my car and drove back to Custer and my motel. I made a critical mistake. My reservation was on the second level. Lugging two suitcases after riding a mountain bike for 40 plus miles wasn't the best option.

The parking downtown looked pretty crowded so, I walked down to meet Judy, her husband, Al, and other MTT riders and friends for dinner. I met Chris K, her father and his wife.

The next morning, we all met for photos and the start of day two. We left early and there was some fog in higher elevations. On a non-foggy day, we could have seen Crazy Horse.

Signs were posted along the route that said no vehicles were allowed on the trail. Because the ride can get desolate, they have a Bike Patrol. Think Bike Sheriffs who serve to help or render aid if needed. While riding along someone hit a siren. The siren went off again, but it sounded like a toy. Chris said, "Not fun. Not fun." We both assumed someone was blasting a horn as a joke. Then Chris said, "Oh, it's real. Rhonda, a sheriff needs through." A real sheriff not a bike sheriff.

I didn't think there was room for an SUV to fit on some of these bridges. An ambulance then came through. It seems someone didn't heed the warning not to ride a road bike. There was so much rain this year that it created lots of soft spots. They were traveling at over 30 MPH on a road bike and hit sand.

Coming down a hill, I saw my front wheel wasn't trued. I stopped to loosen the brake. That helped but it still wasn't quite right.

There is a bike shop off the trail. Judy was kind enough to wait while the bike shop owner tried to fix it. He said he trued it up as much as possible, but I was going to need a new wheel.

As Saturday wore on, it became quite apparent I had caught a cold. We climbed most of the day. We arrived in Rockford SD and left our bikes in a giant bike parking lot. They have someone watch our bikes and then we could catch the shuttle back to our cars and motels. There was a problem with the shuttles and they weren't running.

Al to rescue again, as he gave me a ride back to my car in Custer SD.

I have relatives in Rapid City. My plan was to visit them after the ride on Sunday, but on the road to our next stop, I saw the sign to Rapid City and decided to visit that night. That would give me more time to drive home on Sunday. They weren't expecting me but as family often does, they shared what they had. I had a delicious ham sandwich for dinner.

By the time I got to my motel eight miles outside of Deadwood, it was nine p.m. I plugged in every single gadget I had in every single electrical outlet and set my alarm for 5:30 a.m.

I woke up at 5:00 a.m. I had a miserable cold. My bike wasn't functioning properly, and I had a 10-hour drive ahead of me. I weighed my options.

- A. I could take the shuttle back to Rockford and do the ride.
- B. I could skip the ride, catch the shuttle, convince them to let me ride back with the bike & just go home.
- C. I could just leave the bike & go home. When I first arrived on Thursday, they told me they can transport people not bikes. I was tired. I was sick, and I had to think about the long drive.



Yeah, I didn't really consider C. Who knows if I will ever make it back to the Michelson. I wanted/needed to finish the ride.

I wanted to be on the first shuttle but missed it by a fraction of a second. I sat in the first seat of the bus. While driving back, a mountain lion raced across the road. One of the passengers/bikers said, "He's headed right for the trail."

Another said, "He's a big one too."

I only wish I had caught it on camera.

The first half of the day, we climbed again for probably twelve miles. This is a steady climb. My Hybrid bike is way heavier than my road bike and even though I rode my hybrid exclusively for several months before Mickelson, I don't think I was near as prepared as I should have been.

The second half of the ride on Sunday had to be the most beautiful, and the most fun ride ever. It was almost all downhill. Gorgeous hills, the Aspen trees were breath taking.



**Judy Wilson admires the view.**

My Go-Pro caught almost the entire downhill ride. I am so glad, I didn't go home and finished.

Famous Dave's waited for us at the end of the ride. I made it home at a quarter after Midnight. I was able to take my sister for her surgery. She's doing fine too.



**At the 100 Mile marker**



# Winner!



This is Wesley Jacobson. Lots of you will know him as one of our Branimals. He is the winner of the Omaha Pedalers bicycle raffle. As he does not live locally, we were able to negotiate an exchange with him. We compensated him with a registration to ride in the 2019 BRAN tour along with the corresponding jersey. Thank you all for participating in the raffle and congratulations Wesley Jacobson!