



# Freewheelin'

March 2006

## Wascana Freewheelers' Information & Chili Night

Sunday, April 2, 2006, 5:30 p.m.  
Cathedral Neighbourhood Centre,  
2900 13th Avenue  
Door Prize & Contests with Prizes

## Increasing Cycling in Regina

On Wednesday, March 8, about 60 people interested in improving cycling in Regina gathered at City Hall. The objectives of the meeting were to discuss different organizations' mandates related to cycling, to determine common goals, to brainstorm potential partnerships and plan the next steps to be taken.

The group was diverse. Among those attending were representatives of various city departments such as community and social development and engineering and works, as well as folks representing the U. of R., Regina Downtown, the RQ Health Region, the Sask. Department of Health, the Regina Bicycle Advisory Committee, the Sask. Cycling Association, the Wascana Freewheelers, the Sask. Trails Association and more.

Recreation, encouraging healthy lifestyles, improving the environment, providing safe routes, secure bike parking and bike friendly office building were some of the objectives

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expressed by group members.

Interesting initiatives are taking place:

- the U. of R. is attempting to partner with the Transit Service to get bike racks on some of the city buses
- a new bike map of the city bike routes will be published soon
- underground parking for bikes is being planned at the U. of R.
- 6 km of bike path was added along the north storm channel, a link to it from A.E. Wilson Park is planned
- plans are in the works for a path along the south storm channel
- people are planning to work with developers to make the new development south of the airport bike and pedestrian friendly
- and more...

Some overtures to working together and forming new partnerships occurred at the meeting. It was encouraging to learn how many groups are working to support cycling in our city.

## Editor's Notes

Spring skiing is great right now and I'm reluctant to think about cycling, but it's time - time to get that bike tuned up before the rush, time to book the flight to Cape Breton. Soon we'll be on the road. Meanwhile, enjoy this newsletter. There are stories of past rides, recipes to try, mechanical advice and a contest for the April Chili Night. See you there!

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## **The Objectives of the Wascana Freewheelers Bicycle Touring Club Inc.**

are:

- to promote and encourage cycling for recreation and transportation primarily around Regina and Saskatchewan;
- to educate its members directly and the public indirectly, on legal, safety and technical matters pertaining to bicycling;
- to assist in the establishment and protection of the rights of cyclists;
- to carry out these objectives in accordance with those of the Saskatchewan Cycling Association and the Canadian Cycling Association.

## **Information & Chili Night**

- Door Prize (some of Ron's sushi)
- Contests (the one on page 3 and more!)
- FOOD! (We're Freewheelers after all!)
- Friends
- Discussion of 2006 Rides

Don't forget. It's at 5:30 on Sunday, Apr. 2, at the Cathedral Neighborhood Centre.

## **Looking for**

- the Tour Schedule?
  - It's on the webpage in .pdf format or pick one up at the Chili Night.
- info. on the Teddy Tour
  - Call Ron, 545-1494



*Gathering for the "Peg Memorial Ride, August 2005*

# Name That Part Contest!

Fill in the names corresponding to the bike parts on the picture and bring the page to the Information and Chili Night. You could win a valuable prize! (If you get stuck, help will be available.) My Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Name of part (Spokes is not a correct answer.)		Name of part	
1		15	
2		16	
3		17	
4	(part to the left)	18	
5	(part above)	19	
6		20	(part to the left)
7		21	
8	(attached to the seat)	22	(part to the right)
9		23	(part to the right)
10		24	
11	(moves the chain over)	25	
12		26	(on the bar ends)
13	(part to the left)	27	(part to the left)
14			

**Editor's Note:**

*Cycling makes for good stories, especially when not all goes as planned. The story that follows is one of Don Wilson's past adventures.*

## Breaking Into Prison

by Don Wilson



I didn't realize anything was wrong until two men wearing uniforms and scowls burst from what looked like a parking lot attendant's shack and blocked my path. One grabbed the handlebar of my bike and began to question me while the other stood back to one side, his vintage Thompson sub-machine gun pointed in the general area of my duodenum. I understand very little Turkish, but from the tone of my interrogator's voice I gathered that my plans for lunch had been revised.

I had spent the night in Eskişehir - "Oldtown", the point of farthest penetration into Turkey that Greek troops had achieved in the war that Ernest Hemmingway covered for the *Toronto Star* in the early 1920s. Nearly 70 years later the town still had the air of a battle zone with its plain-faced concrete slab buildings looking half-finished or half-demolished, its roughly cobbled streets pot-holed, dusty and loud with diesel truck engines and horns. An unappealing place, still I had decided to stay the day because the "Oldtown" referred to Dorylaeum, an ancient Anatolian city near which the soldiers of the First Crusade had encountered Turkish troops for the first time, back in 1097.

Coming into Eskişehir the day before, I had noticed an anomalous mound on the town's northern fringes and I took this to be the tel of Dorylaeum, layers of destroyed city built one atop the other and now just a modest hill covered with grass. In the morning I rode my mountain bike out to the site and, seeing that the fence surrounding it was broken down and neglected, and unable to read the signs posted here and there, I decided that I could explore

the mound, see what I could see. It proved interesting, with long-abandoned archaeologists' trenches cutting deep to expose pieces of marble stonework and distinct soil layers of differing colours, a litter of potsherds. From the top of the tel I could see why a town had existed here for so long. To the north a range of laterally-running hills, to the south the valley of the Porsuk River, tributary of the famous Halys. Between was the wide Dorylaeum plain, flat-bottomed and productive still after millennia of intensive cultivation. It was a beautiful vista and I was enjoying the lovely spring morning with the sun warming my shoulders and colourful bee-eaters flashing their plumage and singing as they snatched lunch on the wing.

The rough goat track that I had been bumping my bike along finally took me to the far side of the tel overlooking a large, plain building sitting by a road which appeared to head back into Eskişehir. By the building was a soccer field and laying behind the goal nearest me were two huge, fluted columns. Intrigued and figuring that I had seen about all there was to see on the tel, I picked up my bike and with difficulty made my way to the bottom to inspect the columns. My curiosity satisfied, my thoughts turned to Lunch. It was then that I noticed that access to the road was blocked by a fence that was in rather better shape and much higher than the one I had crossed on the far side of the tel. Nothing to do but to ride across the soccer field and behind the building to find a way out.

Riding across the field I began to notice things about the building. It was perhaps three storeys high and ugly; no windows, no doors. Tanks and smaller structures attached to it were well fenced off. There was no noise, no sound of industry. Just steam and smoke venting from the roof and stains streaking the walls.

On the far side of the building I found myself in a little gravelled lot with a few old Renaults and Land Cruisers parked at the far end near the open gate to the road.

That was as far as I got before I was captured.

Inside the building I was ushered into an office with a desk behind which sat another

(Continued from page 4)

uniformed man. He wasn't smiling as he indicated that I should seat myself at a chair opposite. It took him very few seconds to inspect my passport and determine that I could not converse with him well in German. In silence we waited until a young man was delivered into the room. Ahmet spoke pretty good English and it was from him that I learned that I was the first person to break into Eskişehir's minimum security prison. Fortunately the Warden chose to regard the incident as an amusing escapade rather than a serious crime, and after I had sampled the institution's cuisine and explained how I came to be wandering around in a secured area, I was escorted back to my bike where a photographer from the *Istikbal* was waiting. After a few snaps, some hand-shaking and waves, I was on my way.

## Road Food

### Camping Salmon Patties -

original recipe from Bev Pyne

- 1 small can (7.5 oz, 213 g.) salmon - remove bones if desired - do not drain
- 1 small / medium onion - chopped fairly fine (dehydrated works just fine)
- 1 egg (or dehydrated egg and extra water)
- salt and pepper to taste
- bread or crackers

Place salmon, onion, egg and seasoning in a large Zip-lock bag. Close bag and smush all up thoroughly.

Add bread (fresh or stale or even dry) or crackers until the consistency is fairly thick. It should be solid enough to hold its shape. Add water or milk if you get it too thick.

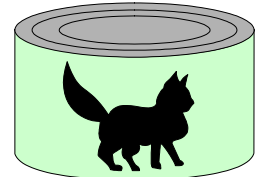
Cut off one corner of the bag and squeeze globs into a hot frying pan. Flatten into patties and cook until browned.

Serve in buns or as is. Leftovers make a fine breakfast!

### Editor's Note:

The next recipe was submitted with the following caution: *Now Marion - don't you go editing this little contribution without the author's consent. He might not cook for you ever again! Well, he won't ever cook this feast for you at least!*

My question is, "Would Boots and Manny eat it?"



## SPAM Casserole Deluxe

This little beauty was jointly perfected by Phil Klein and Ron Keall on one of their many Rockies tours. It is a recipe which you can feel confident sharing with friends and family - as long as they have just completed a 100 km cycling day and are ravenously hungry and slightly delirious.

- One can of delicious and nutritious SPAM (which stands for "shoulder of pork and ham" - how bad can that be?)
- One can of creamed corn - very high in vitamins and carbs
- A package of Kraft Dinner ( a Canadian tradition - lotsa protein -from the cheese don't ya know ) prepared according to package directions or any other way you want to prepare it as long as it's good and gloopy! Don't even think about using some cheap No-Name clone. It just won't do!

Carefully cut the SPAM into 1 cm cubes (or if you are REALLY hungry and can't be bothered, just grab the whole lot in your fist and squish it through your fingers. Some refer to the resulting mass as "SPAM paté" Yumm!)

Mix the corn, SPAM and Kraft Dinner together and heat thoroughly. Season to taste with salt (no wait - maybe the SPAM will provide this essential ingredient) pepper, hot sauce or those little ketchup packets stolen from the nearby fast-food joint. Eat quickly before your cycling buddies catch a whiff of the delicious odour ( uh ..... aroma). Life is good!

## Dear Mr. D. Railer

*My bike has been tuned up in preparation for the upcoming season but **I have been wondering about the times that things go wrong while I am out riding. Are there situations when I should stop riding and either fix a problem or call for help? Am I likely to do damage to my bike or put myself in danger if I ignore a particular squeak or rattle, or when my bike behaves in an unusual manner?***

*Concerned in Coronach*

**Dear Concerned in Coronach,**

Yes, there are certain situations when you should stop riding and fix a problem or call for help.

**You should stop immediately if the following situations arise:**

- **You have a flat tire.** Pretty obvious eh? Slow leaks or punctures due to wire or glass give you enough time to come to a safe stop but a violent blowout does not. The tire or tube could jam between the wheel and frame and cause you to stop quite suddenly. Inspect your tires frequently, looking for tread separation or wear, deterioration of the sidewall (splits or cracks or drying out), or places where the tire is not seated evenly around the rim. Do not use higher pressure than is stated on the sidewall and use service station pumps with great care.
- **Your brakes stop working.** If this happens suddenly, you have probably snapped a cable but should be able to make your way home slowly and cautiously using the remaining brake. If you are in doubt about how safely you could stop, do not continue without getting some advice or repairs.
- **You hear a "ping" or snapping sound and your wheel starts rubbing the brakes or begins to wobble.** You have broken a spoke and should stop to evaluate how serious the situation is. On a long trip or when you are loaded with gear, riding on a wheel with even one broken spoke can seriously compromise the strength of your wheel and cause even more spokes to break. You should stop

and replace the spoke and retrue the wheel as soon as possible. On shorter trips, if the wheel is rubbing lightly on the brakes and the wobble in your wheel is not too severe you might be able to loosen the brakes or disengage the brake cable and ride home slowly and carefully. If you have a spoke wrench, you might be able to tighten the adjacent spokes in order to true the wheel temporarily. Have the spoke repaired before riding the bike again. If you find that broken spokes continue to be a problem, the wheel should be rebuilt with all new spokes.



*Jim, that "ping" was a broken spoke.  
Lumsden Ride, June 2005*

- **You notice that your headset (the assembly into which the handlebar and fork is attached) has become either very loose or very tight.** Difficult steering, a clunking noise or being able to rock the fork forward and back easily are signs that you should stop and fix the problem. Few people carry a bulky headset wrench on trips and you may be tempted to keep on going. Be aware that poorly adjusted headsets are a real safety concern that could cause you to fall. Some temporary fixes can be made but you should not attempt these unless you have some experience with headsets. A tight headset is more of a safety concern than a loose one.
- **You hear or feel a grinding or scraping noise coming from the area of the bottom bracket** (where the pedals and crank arms rotate). Do not ignore this

warning. The bearings have probably become maladjusted or damaged. If you continue to ride, you risk serious and expensive damage to the bearings and axle or in the worst-case scenario; the crank could seize and cause a serious spill. On a long trip, stop and fix the problem or look for a ride to the nearest bike shop. If the noise has just started and the cranks still rotate easily, you can probably ride safely for the time being until you can get the problem fixed

- **You notice that the handlebars are loose.** Stop immediately and "fix or hitch".
- **You see that a fender support or rack has lost a bolt or become loose.** This can cause the stay or rack to fall into the wheel causing a real problem. Stop and fix right away. Duct tape, cable ties or a small collection of nuts and bolts are handy to have for these situations.

Sometimes, you can choose to ignore a problem for a short time until it is convenient to have the repair done. A squeaky chain, a squealing brake, poor shifting performance, a slow leak in a tire, a little rattle or brakes that work but not as well as they once did can usually be ignored until the end of your ride.

D. Railer

## Ron's Cycling Diary – Chapter Two

by Ron Keall

Last year I shared four days out of the 39 I spent cycling from New Brunswick to St. Paul, Minnesota, a distance of just under 3000 km. In this installment I will reveal the events of other typical days in hopes that it may inspire someone to embark on a similar journey in their future. The text appears mostly the way it was written in my daily journal but has been edited slightly to make it more coherent. The comments written in italics have been added for clarity.



### DAY 25 Thursday, Sept. 16

*Have just spent the last 6 days visiting my niece and her family in Shelburne, Ontario. It was a great visit not only because I hardly ever get to see them but I was also able to share my grand niece's first day of kindergarten and sleep in the "Scooby Doo" bedroom I evicted her from during my stay! Compared to days on the road it was a fairly dull routine and I am glad to be moving once more. Spent a few hours yesterday tuning and cleaning my bike and repacking.*

9:45 – coffee break along Range Road 5. Started 2 hours ago. Very misty but not quite raining. Very little traffic. "Hard surface" roads not paved but quite hard – at least when they are dry! Have no idea how long it will take to get to Sarnia.

Noon – lunch in Arthur. Now to figure out the rest of the day's route. Cows, cows, cows, corn, hay, cows, Mennonites and more cows! Lots of horse drawn carriages. Came across a little confectionary in Crosshill with a huge selection of Mexican foods. Upon asking the Sri Lankan proprietor I learned that a group of Mennonites had moved from Germany to Mexico years ago and then emigrated to southern Ontario later. Mexican Mennonites! Whodathunk! Stocked up on canned chipotles in mole sauce! Followed country roads most of day – very little traffic and great surfaces. Periods of rain and very humid. Despite long day after almost a week of inactivity felt great – no aches or pains or problems.

5:30 – in Wellesley. Distance 111 km, average speed 16 kph, max 47 kph  
Going to try my luck with guerilla camping in the town park. Will wait for dark to set up. Hope the local youths and the police stay away. Just past the soccer posts looks good.

7:30 – supper done and touring town. Found a much better camping spot down by the river and decided to drop into the local pub to wile away some time before bedding down. Discovered they have \$30 rooms – couldn't resist though I later regretted my decision. The "room at the Inn" ("We prefer to call it an Inn rather than just a hotel") proved to be the most seedy accommodation I have ever seen. Broken walls, stained carpets, a menacing dog who roamed the hallways and a noisy drunken guest made for a long night. I opted for the

*(Continued from page 7)*

one room whose window actually opened and had a lock on the door! Onward to Sarnia tomorrow.

### **DAY 30 Tuesday, Sept. 21 My 58<sup>th</sup> Birthday!**

Spent the night in Vassar, in Michigan's "thumb". Loud industrial noises, traffic, crickets, frogs, dogs and early morning crows meant a poor sleep despite my ear plugs. Breakfast of leftover rice with sausage and eggs.

11:00 – in Bay City having a sandwich and coffee and investigating the bike path option west of here. The café owner is currently calling her sister for information. She gave me cookies and muffins as a birthday present. Apparently the trail starts in Midland. Great bike shop there where I found a Conti Top Touring 2000 folding spare tire and a very bright rear LED light. The bike shop owner led me to the trail and to camping in the Black Creek State Park by Sanford. \$10 a night. Rode with a local racer for some time along the path to Sanford. Beautiful scenery and perfect surface. Great campsite all to myself. Spent some time on the cell talking to my daughters, sister and niece.

*Note: learn from my mistakes! Cell phone roaming charges call kill! Folks at Rogers in Regina assured me before I left that I would be paying \$1 a minute – steep but nothing like the \$5 I was frequently charged. Rogers and I eventually reached a compromise but it was still an expensive lesson.*

Tried but failed to attach my new light – will get some larger brackets in the next town. Started a new book Had bush shower down by the river. Cold supper of pita bread, raw veges, canned chicken, muffin and cheese. Feeling good. Distance 95 km, average speed 17 kph, time on bike 5 ½ hours.

### **DAY 39 – Thursday, Sept. 30**

Spent the night at the David Motel in Ellsworth, Wisconsin due to the local campground being closed. Seems their water pipes had frozen. Awful sleep thanks to crummy mattress and unattached sheets. So bad I finally got out the

Thermarest and hit the floor! Breakfast of eggs and toast in the room.

Easy ride into Minnesota despite highway construction. Turned north on 21 and started up a steep hill. A big old brown dog appeared out of nowhere, barking and baring his teeth. I grabbed the dog spray and slowed down for the confrontation. Suddenly my left pedal would no longer turn and I toppled! Probably made the old mutt's day as he felt he had beaten the intruder. Discovered that the pedal axle was tightly wound with a fishing line that I had somehow picked up. Took 10 minutes of cutting to release it, all the time being hounded by the hound and filling the air with threats to the dog and curses to the owner who I could see peering out his window. It was not a pretty scene. Finally up and riding. No injuries thanks to my large rear panniers which softened the impact.

Rolling hills to Alma where I've stopped for food. Now starts the trek the Harold's place. (*Harold was a retired lawyer I met a week earlier while taking the S. S. Badger ferry across Lake Michigan and who offered me a place to stay when I passed through his home in Stillwell, just outside St. Paul.*)

11:00 – into Stillwell. Distance 71 km, on bike about 5 hours. Toured the town, ate lunch and bought a new book. Found Harold's place but he is not home. Found the only local bike shop which happened to be closed. Discovered a bike box in the dumpster. Finally reached Harold who stuffed the box into his tiny car and led me back to his home. Had a nice supper, an interesting chat and spent some time packing my bike and organizing my gear. The next day he actually got up at 5 am to drive me to the bus depot in Minneapolis. Long and boring drive home after spending 4 hours at the border while suspicious guards interrogated several passengers (No .. not me!)

Not sad the trip is over – it was a good time to quit. Great adventure! Lots of memories.