



Freewheelin'

November 2005

Highlights of 2005

by Marion Perry, Communications Coordinator

A November e-mail: "Yea-a-a-ay!! the Border to Border shirts are in, the **Border to Border**" shirts are in ..." A red line marking an erratic diagonal path across the outline of the province on the bright yellow t-shirt stirs memories of the **SCA Centennial Tour**. There was the van that wasn't, the Tracker running out of gas in a windstorm, freezing cold nights on the west side transitioning to rain, wind, and finally hot days as we approached Manitoba. There was the camaraderie of old friends and new as we 50 cyclists traversed the province in approximately 100 km sections over 8 days. The official distance on the back of the t-shirt is 767 km, but most of us rode at least 800 with all the exploratory side trips into small towns. The Centennial Tour journal is posted at: www.saskcentennial.crazyguyonabike.com

More memories...

March, the **20th Annual Teddy Tour**: Ron and I camped in the North Unit of Theodore Roosevelt National Park on a beautiful, starry, freezing cold Thursday night. Friday, riders were deterred by snow on the first hill but there were warm reunions with Hugh and Kay Walker, founders of the Teddy Tour, and Tamela and Karen who came from Winnipeg. The full Teddy Tour story is in the April 2005 Freewheelin' on our website.

(Highlight continued on page 2)

Wascana Freewheelers Annual General Meeting & Potluck

Sunday, January 28, 2006

Potluck: 5:30 p.m.

AGM: 7:00 p.m.

Cathedral Neighbourhood Centre,
13th Avenue



Changing a Tire—Hands On, April 24, 2005

Congratulations, Ron Keall,

recipient of the SCA (Saskatchewan Cycling Association) Award for **Outstanding Volunteer in the Recreation & Transportation Sector, 2005.**

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In April the **change your own tire clinic** was a great success as new and seasoned Freewheelers got their hands dirty and learned the joy of quick releases, tire levers and pumping (No compressors allowed!). The brunch format for **Brian and Donna's Ride** was a hit and so was the ride. The new **Friday Morning Rides** began on an April day that had tiny snowflakes in the air. All season these rides continued to be enjoyed by a few regulars and folks with an occasional Friday off.

May Day was grey and chilly, but the enthusiasm of the riders gathered at the Stedwills' for the annual **Round Regina Ride** was fuelled by memories of past circumnavigations and anticipation of Kathy's great food and the hot tub when the circle was complete.

Wednesday Night Rides began, and several new members became regular Wednesday riders. One Wednesday in May, the cycling Feldman Family joined us as part of the Regina stop on their trip across the country. They finally arrived in St. Johns, Nfld. on Oct. 9. Their journal is recommended winter reading: www.bikefamily.crazyguyonabike.com. As May continued, weekend ride distances increased, to the Condie Nature Refuge, to Lumsden for Lunch, and Gone With the Wind to Weyburn.

The mystery theme for Jim McGrane's **June Theme Ride** was the Centennial. Teams formed and rode to find among other things – the 100th name on the Saskatchewan War Memorial, the number of pictures in the window of Century 21 (NONE!! – are we in the right place?), a Canadian coin commemorating a centennial. At the end of it all, there were prizes and, of course, a delicious potluck.

Revisiting Lumsden, this time for a picnic lunch, involved broken spokes on Jim's bike and an opportunity to learn/review the advantages of carrying 'S' spokes. June wrapped up with **Velda's Leisurely (Jamaican) Lunch Ride** (page 5).

July's Mystery Theme Ride was a **Wild Goose Chase**. Rainy weather convinced Ron and me

to confine the ride to the south end of town. Participants' artistic and verbal skills were tested with colouring and a quiz before they set out in search of foie gras, down clothing, *Mother Goose*, the number of geese in Joe Fafard's *Mind Garden* sculpture, the hours of the Waterfowl Display Park, the number of steps up the Goose Slide, etc. A feast of garbage bag salad, turkey, and dessert rounded out the event.

The feasting resumed after the Centennial Ride. A large number of cyclists participated in the August **Progressive Dinner Ride**. After consuming sushi, and proscuttio with melon in my backyard, we set out on a Round Regina in Reverse Ride to Jim McGrane's for a bbq and then to Peg Kessler's for dessert. It's amazing – we started at 2 p.m., and needed lights on the way home. Congratulations to all the riders who overcame challenging headwinds on this ride. The Balgonie/White City Brunch Lunch Ride? Well, Velda and I enjoyed it. Then there was the White Butte Night Ride – great fun once folks recovered their night vision after Ron's 10 million candle power search light,. August concluded with the Peg Delanghe Memorial Ride (page 3).

Fall was beautiful. Brenda and Gord describe the Serath Ride (page 4) and Don Wilson recalls the Fowl Suppers and associated rides (page 8).

A September e-mail to Bob Cochran: "Please order a long-sleeved merino wool club jersey for me". It's almost December; it hasn't arrived yet. Oh well, it'll be perfect for Cape Breton in June.



Marion Perry,
Trans Canada
Trail Sign,
Centennial
Theme Ride,
June 5, 2005

In Memory of Peg

By Velda Back

Early in my career as a cyclist, I had the privilege of meeting Peg Delange who introduced me to the art of bicycle touring. Among her bits of wisdom that she imparted to me, were the importance of a good bar of soap, a tube of lipstick and a marvelous set of tacky earrings. Now those may seem like an odd set of items, however they really are a survival kit. Ever spent a day, baking in the sun, heading uphill, into a head wind? Come the end of the day, a hot shower and a bar of soap, make it a worthwhile adventure. And what is a woman without her lipstick? It became part of the tradition. Every day ended the same: a hot shower, and getting 'tarted up' before dinner. That's right: lipstick and the tackiest set of earrings available. Even if, or especially if, we

were cooking at the campsite! It became part of the mantra of cycling with Peg. We lost Peg in the fall of 2004, but the fun lives on. For numerous years Peg had hosted a ride out to Oyama, followed by ... you know it a hot shower... and then her famous caesar salad and vegetarian chili.

The tradition lives on. In late August we had a great ride out to Kronau, but decided we weren't quite ready for the gravel into the park. It was a beautiful ride, with only a little wind to challenge us on the return trip. Good thing, we needed time to shower and to get 'tarted up' before regrouping at my house for appetizers and desserts. As we all strove to find our brightest lipstick and tacky earrings, the award really does go to Peg Kessler and Sharon Baldwin. In the proper style of the Red Hat Society, they appeared in purple dresses and red hats, and marvelous lipstick! Congrats ladies, Peg would be proud.



*Riding in memory of Peg Delanghe, - August 28, 2005
L to R. Velda Back, Brian Fergusson, Ron Keall, Gordon Kerfoot, Jim
McGrane, Sharon Baldwin, Lorraine Reynolds, Brenda Ziolkowski*

The Serath Ride, "Touring Veeville" September 18, 2005

By Brenda Ziolkowski and Gord Kerfoot

We know her, we love her! Cyclist, skier, pianist, traveler, organizer! Our prez, young "Vee", the Meister, Velda. An invitation impossible to resist - first hand experience in "Veeville". On your Saskatchewan highway map, it's known as Serath.

The community of Serath is located straight north of Regina on highway #6. On Sunday, September 18th, we 'rendez-vous'd' with Vee at the historical site of her formative years, Serath School. The site is marked with a touching commemorative sign incorporating the very playground Maypole Wee Vee and her elementary school companions entertained themselves with during countless recesses. Although the building itself has been relocated to Regina Beach, Velda provided a detailed walk-a-bout of the site, recalling memories of school antics and architectural specifics.

A gorgeous fall day, with little wind, made for a pleasant loop of some 25-30 kms. We started by heading eastward from Serath, down a country road bordered by recently harvested fields and the occasional pasture occupied by a curious herd of cattle or perhaps a couple of friendly horses. Conversation centered around things agricultural. Some of the party even got off the old bikes and made contact with the

livestock.

When we gained a north-south grid road, we turned north for a few clicks before taking a road much less travelled, in a westward direction. Equipped with picnic lunches, we found a grassy ditch to spread a blanket and enjoy our repast. After the customary moment of shuteye, with the sun on our faces, in the company of thumb-size bees, we were ready to continue on our way. The Vee Family Farm lay further up this winding road.

Now, Velda's family no longer lives on the farm, and the house and yard are rented to a young couple who work off farm in the area. Having called ahead, the current residents were expecting a visit from some cycling types. As we neared the yard, the mandatory large canine showed itself, but turned out to be more bark than bite. A tour of the house, the outbuildings, and garden kindled memories and anecdotes from Velda and our young hosts.

On our way back to highway #6, we passed by the work of a beaver gang. Then it was a short southerly roll down the highway, back to Serath—"Veeville" to us Freewheelers.



*Coffee after the first Freedom Friday Ride, April 2005
L. to R.: John Allen, Alison Purdy, Ron Keall, Marion Perry*

The Jamaican Lunch (in Abernethy)

June 26, 2006

By Brenda Ziolkowski and Gord Kerfoot

Meeting behind the beautiful, big, old church in Lebret on a brilliant Sunday morning in late June, an intrepid band of Freewheelers set out, determined to pedal to Abernethy for lunch. Being early in the season, this short loop came with its own set of challenges, not the least of which were painful memories of screaming headwinds at the top of the valley - and the hill that gets you to the top of the valley. Being an eating club with a cycling problem, we all knew that having interesting food involved at the destination point would help us rise to those challenges.

The weather was practically perfectly pleasant, if memory is to be trusted. Leaving Lebret we headed east to the Balcarres turn off, climbing that significant hill with pretty decent form. There are memories of layers being shed en route, and a brief pause at the top to collect a group breath, then north a little way to catch highway #10 going east past Balcarres. A few more kilometres to the east, and we started watching for the turn off south to the Motherwell Homestead and Abernethy - our destination being a new establishment in town, "Cherie's Shack".

Abernethy folks, like those of so many small Saskatchewan towns, must reminisce fondly about the glory days of the past. But nowadays, young people leave, and grain elevators and schools close, which often means the beginning of the end for such small towns.

Enter an entrepreneurial couple who opened a restaurant in a century- old house in the heart of this tiny town. The old place had been spruced up, painted with a palate of crayon-bright colours and decorated in a tropical beach-resort theme. Young Cherie was serving hearty home made meals as well as a few interesting Caribbean-style dishes on weekends and during limited hours of the week. We arrived just in time to beat the Sunday after-church crowd.

"Good food and friendly service". That simple

and well worn motto describes the experience at "Cherie's Shack" to a tee. Filled and satisfied we returned via Balcarres, where a stop at the local service station was obligatory. Known for its pie, the Balcarres Esso station has long been a favoured destination. Fully fueled, the trip back to Lebret was easy as pie, despite that proverbial west wind.

Website Statistics

Month	Hits
January 2005	4665
February 2005	5646
March 30, 2005	10427
April 2005	14576
May 2005	9420
June 2005	7436
July 2005	10000
August 2005	8980
September 2005	5702
October 2005	5263
November 2005	7982
December 2005	
Total	90097

www.wascanafreewheelers.ca

Spin 2005, Sask. Pedal and Wheel Festival

May 20-23, 2005

By Brenda Ziolkowski & Gord Kerfoot

Cyclists of all stripes will remember that in past years, SCA hosted "Bikefest", a spring weekend event at Ft. San for cyclists interested both in racing and recreational riding. As this site was no longer available for use, that event had to move. Saskatoon proved to be an excellent venue. "Spin 2005", in conjunction with Saskatoon Cycledelia's racing event, "Bikes on Broadway", provided an exciting weekend of racing. Recreational tours, hosted by the Saskatoon Cycling Club and Horizon 100, were organized alongside.

Out of town cyclists were lodged at the Sheptytsky Institute, or "Shep's", directly across from the U of S campus. Rooms were clean and spacious, and breakfasts were included in the incredibly reasonable registration fee. Given Shep's central location, many Saskatoon attractions, restaurants, and shopping venues were easily accessed.

The weekend got off to a start on Friday night. Registration at Shep's gave participants a chance to socialize over a generous supply of snacks. The turnout, we must confess, was perhaps disappointing for the organizers, but what we lacked in numbers, we made up for in enthusiasm and charm! From Regina, Gord, B, Don and Velda made up the majority of recreational participants. There were many others involved in the weekend, but as it was at Fort San, so it was in Saskatoon. They were racers.

Our hosts had organized several recreational rides throughout the weekend. Saturday morning, in a light drizzle, Darrell Noakes led riders on his "Quest for Urban Treasures" garage sale tour. Beginning with a great coffee stop at "The Fine Art Cafe", this jaunt took us through some of Saskatoon's stately older residential areas, giving us a chance to admire the beautiful old houses and well-established gardens, as well as stops at several garage sales offering the finest in deluxe garage sale wares. Velda, the Intrepid Garage Saler, even

managed to find a complete percussion kit to toss into Darrel's Treasure Trailer! We're still awaiting a performance featuring her new drum pad and bells!

Following a sociable lunch in a former fire hall, Don Cooke showed us a state of the art compost bin and some of the new riverside improvement projects in progress in downtown Saskatoon - including another sweet coffee bar!

After supper our hosts presented a slide show featuring pictures and anecdotes from some of their adventures in the Rocky mountains and beyond.

Sunday morning dawned clear and wind-free! Our destination that morning being the Saskatoon Berry Farm south of the city, we arrived, along with the rest of Saskatoon, in time to wait in line for a tremendous lunch. Seated outside, on the sunny deck overlooking the South Saskatchewan River, we inhaled pancakes smothered in whipped cream and saskatoon berries, sausage, perogies, and more saskatoons for dessert. The pleasantness of the day completely overtook our sensibilities at that point and it was democratically decided to continue south in the afternoon, rather than head back into the city. Following the indefatigable Léo Côté, we wound up extending the ride to Pike Lake Provincial Park, a favourite spot for Saskatoon and area residents. The park offers camping facilities as well as day areas for picnics and water activities, all at an easy distance from the city.

Sunday supper was enjoyed in several fine Saskatoon restaurants. To stretch out our bike muscles, a stroll along Broadway Avenue and the Meewasin Trail overlooking the river was in order.

Monday morning, before leaving the city, we took one last ride, this time in a briskish wind, to Cranberry Flats, south of Saskatoon. This is a popular area where locals come to party

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and/or sunbathe on the sandbars which protrude from the river. This day, we outnumbered the locals.

Back in the city, we took time to sit and have lunch at yet another of the cafés on Broadway and watch the racers as they participated in their timed laps through the Broadway community, over the bridge to downtown and back, to complete the loop in slightly over a minute! FAST!! SCARY!!! This was the 15th annual Bikes on Broadway stage race. Participants came from across the prairies to participate in time trials, criteriums and circuit races. As recreational riders, accustomed to humming along the highways for hours on end, with leisurely stops whenever the spirit urges, these riders seemed like a whole different species from us! For them, very fast is very good. For us, they were brilliant in their team colours and breathtaking!

Saskatoon offers its cyclists an incredible variety of riding experiences. Rolling terrain exists along the river in all directions out of the city. Within the confines of urban Saskatoon, the Meewasin trail system bears exploring, and the streets seem to offer lots of cycle-friendly routes. The organizers of this inaugural event worked hard to plan activities that highlighted the varieties of fun their city has to offer cyclists. Thank you to all of them for their efforts! They provided these two Saskatchewan cyclists with a whole new adventure - one we are looking forward to repeating!

So don't miss the fun, the food, and the friends! Watch for details and plan to SPIN 2006!!



Wednesday Night Ride in May
L. to R.: unidentified cyclist, Carol Lynn Klein, Ron Keall, Jim McGrane, Lorraine Reynolds

Thank You, Centennial Tour Volunteers

A tip of the hat and a big thank you: to the volunteers responsible for organizing the Centennial Tour, especially: Sharon Baldwin, Susan Bladyko, Bob Cochran, Brian Fergusson, Ron Keall, Léa Lapointe, Darrell Noakes, Ted Quade, and Don Wilson; to the volunteers who supported us during the ride: Bob Cochran, Ron Keall, and John Allen and to Mike Bileski for transporting bikes to and from Regina, and to Darrell Noakes and Colleen for assisting with transportation from Duck Mountain to Humboldt and Saskatoon.

A **Provincial Tour 2006** is in the early planning stages. If you would like to volunteer, contact Bob Cochran.



Post Wednesday Night Ride Coffee, May 2005
L. to R. : Bob Cochran, Gord Kerfoot, Joanne Miller

waskanawheelers@yahogroups.com E-Group

In November many group members did not receive messages because the group address was incorrectly identified as a potential source of spam. The error has since been rectified.

Facts:

- If you hit the reply button, everyone on the list receives the reply, not just the author.
- Attachments are stripped before messages are sent unless the settings are changed by the list manager (Marion).

Chasing Turkeys

By Don Wilson

Freewheelers, bon vivants and connoisseurs all of fine fall fare, gathered twice this autumn in pursuit of our favourite game bird, the turkey. Wishing to postpone our own culinary capers until Christmas, and always happy to donate a bit of cash to a worthy cause, we sussed out community dinners where all we had to do was line up and eat.

Our first 'kill' was at Pilot Butte on the first Sunday in October. We congregated at 1400 hours outside the school wherein the supper was to be served a couple of hours later: Velda, Marion, Lorraine, Barbara, and Don. We had intended to work up an appetite by cycling to Balgonie and back, but a relentless, bitter north-west wind got us thinking of alternatives. Marion and Velda quickly came up with a plan to cycle the White Butte ski trails in the shelter of the scrub poplars. Having garnered a unanimity of enthusiastic 'ayes,' the plan was set into motion and off we pedalled down the highway and into the bush for an exhilarating couple of hours of whooping through sand traps, ducking gunshots from the adjacent shooting range, and jouncing down a long, long shortcut to get back to town.

There we found Brenda and a tale of woe. Turns out she was with us in spirit, but had understood that we would launch at Balgonie, and when she couldn't locate the proper bikies, eventually delivered herself at Pilot Butte where some malevolent caprice had locked her keys in her truck. A phone call home to Gord had only been picked up by the answering machine, and who knew if Gord, upon returning home from winding woods with friends, would see the machine's tiny red light frantically blinking.

Considering the situation, we decided the best thing to do was - U guessed it - eat. Standing in the long shuffling line and enjoying our own company immensely, we were pleased to see Gord arriving with the spare truck key. It took very little arm-twisting to convince him to stay. The wait was well worth it, and, stuffed and lingering over tea, we nearly had to

threaten mayhem to discourage the dessert boys who kept pestering us with pie and cupcakes. With the tables being folded up around us, we repaired to B & G's for further teas and kitty pats.

Exactly 20 days later we did it all again. This time the crew was bigger. Jim, Isy, Deana, Doug, Don, Lorraine, Barbara, Sharon, Velda, and Marion met at Lakeview United and set off on a joyfully circuitous route to Joe's on a mysterious mission of earth-rumbling import, the essential details of which are known only to President V. and a rare few illuminati.

Strong sunshine brightened the crisp air, standing golden Gabriel in stark relief on the tip of the temple fortress of the Latter Day Saints. We stopped in at Gord and Brenda's to deliver a slim brief and try to entice the former away from his studies. To no avail, to his loss.

Onward we pressed, surveilling the upstream reaches of Regina's contested waterway, zig-zagging through crescents and hidden walkways to Joe's deep in the exotic east end. At one time we were shadowed by a man in a G-car full of dogs, but we shook him. Our task completed, we skulked away by obscure tracks to wend our way back to Lakeview in time for the early sitting.

Too good it was, and sated, we waddled off on our separate ways, surreptitiously belching and picking our teeth in satisfaction. Next autumn seems *so* far away.



Appetizers, Progressive Dinner Ride, August 13, 2005