

## PEDALING TO NOWHERE

By Wally Kiehler, MHPVA president

Wally Kiehler found this on an Internet message board, supposedly said by a politician at the opening of a bicycling trail: "Let us bow our heads and contemplate those people stuck in traffic trying to get to a gym to ride a stationary bike."

Wally e-mailed the quote to some others, which attracted the following comments:

From Mike Mowett: "When I worked in a bike store that sold fitness equipment, we'd often deliver new treadmills, stationary bikes and NordicTracks to people living only a stone's throw from Lakeshore Drive (biker heaven) or the 16-mile trail (excellent bike route). I just never could figure it out."

From John Foltz: "I see it all the time, too. People cruising parking lots in their SUVs, looking for the closest parking spot to ... the gym. Oh yeah, with their mountain bikes on the roof rack. Or have you ever been asked, 'How is that thing compared to a recumbent exercise bike at the Y?' My answer is, 'It's a lot faster.'"

From Bob Krzewinski: "I went into an Ann Arbor bike shop one winter day and saw some stationary recumbent bikes for sale. I asked the clerk how they were selling and he basically said the stationary recumbent bikes were one of their best sellers. I then asked if they ever considered selling road recumbents. His reply was, 'Oh no, our customers prefer mountain bikes.'"

*Editor's comment (Mike Eliasohn): But let us not forget, most if not all of us (except for car-less Charles Brown) at least a few times a year will load our bikes into our cars, minivans, pickups or -- gasp! -- SUVs -- to drive some place to go ride or race our bikes.*

## WHAT HAPPENED TO OCTOBER?

By Paul Bruneau, MHPVA webmaster

This newsletter was supposed to be the October newsletter, or maybe the November newsletter if things dragged out, but now I'm afraid it's the December newsletter.

The fault for this delay lies completely with me. Our long-suffering Editor, Mike Eliasohn got all his materials to me in a very timely fashion, as usual.

Some personal issues and other bad timing teamed up on me, but in the end the responsibility is mine and I apologize to the members of the MHPVA for this delay.

## MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS

By Mike Eliasohn

WizWheelz hosted the Michigan Recumbent Rally - West on September 10 in its home town of Hastings.

I didn't count the number of vehicles there, but the majority were recumbent tricycles. Not just WizWheelz, but also several other makes.

WizWheelz had all of its trike models available for test rides, and all were on sale at a "for sale" price. It also had a clearance sale on all sorts of parts. Everything unsold, which was almost everything -- wheels, derailleurs, etc. -- by now probably is listed on eBay, if you need something.

WizWheelz has three basic sold models, the steel Terra Trike 3.6, the aluminum frame TTS and TTR and the Edge CF (carbon fiber frame) and the Edge AL (aluminum), plus the Terra Trike Tandem.

Jack Wiswell of WizWheelz told me the company will be introducing another model at the upcoming Interbike show in Las Vegas, which likely will be over by the time you read this. (The industry show is/was Sept. 28-30.) He wouldn't give me any information, except that it will be another 3-wheeler.

Incidentally, this is/was the first time WizWheelz was an exhibitor at Interbike. During the past year, it started selling its trikes through dealers, so exhibited at the show to attract more dealers. It continues to sell factory direct, but at the same prices that dealers charge.

Michigan's other HPV manufacturer is no more. Crank-It has stopped production of its very sophisticated go-almost-everywhere Mountain Quad. Crank-It was a partnership of Bob Kay and Jon Nichols. Bob said at the Recumbent Rally - West that Jon has gone on to other things, which left him to do all the complex assembly work. That was in addition to Bob's day job as an automotive engineer, so assembling/selling the Mountain Quads was a bit too much, so he ended production. (Steve Delaire in California was making the frames.) So Bob was at the rally in Hastings with his new venture -- as the Michigan retailer of Greenspeed recumbent trikes.

So if you're interested in buying a Greenspeed, you can contact Bob at [bob@crank-it.com](mailto:bob@crank-it.com) or call him at (734) 502-1942.

The 6th annual World Human Powered Speed Challenge at Battle Mountain, Nev., was held Oct. 3-8.

The next MHPVA newsletter should have accounts by Thom Ollinger and Mike Mowett of their adventures at Battle Mountain.

Thom's son, Charlie, 14, didn't set a youth record, but still pedaled to an amazing 57.697 mph in his M5 streamliner.

In the meantime, you can read about "who did what" at Battle Mountain at [www.recumbents.com/whpsc2005.htm](http://www.recumbents.com/whpsc2005.htm) and [www.bentrideronline.com](http://www.bentrideronline.com)

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## Inter-city Recumbent Ramble

May 27-30, 2005  
by Paul Pancella

Like many others, I have long been an advocate for the recumbent bicycle as transportation, and I like to demonstrate that whenever I can. That was part of my motivation for planning a bike trip from my home in Kalamazoo to St. Louis, Missouri, the city where I was born and raised.

Prior experience had shown that I was capable of covering long distances in comfort on my big-wheeled Volae, but I was getting tired of long rides that didn't go anywhere. Plus, I generally dislike driving my car to the start of a bike ride.

I envisioned a solo ride, which would allow me to choose the ideal time of year. I thought the best time compatible with my work schedule at Western Michigan University would be in May, after spring classes ended and before it got too hot. When I mentioned it to my friend Paul Bruneau, I was surprised and delighted to hear that he might want to come along! Having a companion would obviously make the trip safer and more enjoyable. Since I was planning to travel light and stay in cheap hotels along the way, having him along would reduce my expenses. Paul and I share many interests beyond recumbent bikes, and having him to talk with would make the long, flat, featureless roads go by a lot quicker. Being a computer geek of sorts, Paul also offered advanced wayfinding technology: portable GPS! (Garmin Etrex, for anyone interested.)

In April I sketched a route using paper road maps, and estimated the distance at about 450 miles. I thought that made it do-able in 3 days, 2 nights. But reality set in when we did a 'shakedown cruise' one Saturday in early May. I knew it was essential to do a longish trip with the exact equipment we intended to use before starting the real thing. We learned a lot on that 80-mile trip to the Indiana state line and back. Our average pace and the way we felt at the end, however, made it seem wise to allow three and a half days for the big trip. I managed to find cheap hotels at nearly the proper intervals along the route, and I made reservations. It didn't take too long for us to finalize the routes with the mapping software and load them into the portable unit.

### Day 1 -- Friday, May 27

After all the planning, discussing, packing, anticipating, etc., it was finally time to get this party rolling. I felt just a little queasy as I pedaled the 2 miles to Paul's house in the cool dawn air. What irreplaceable mechanical part would fail out in East Nowhere? Would strong thunderstorms or tornados block our way? Would we even be able to find our way, when every cornfield looked the same? Would the hotels be creepy dumps? Would it all end like the movie Easy Rider? I found Paul in his driveway nearly ready. It just took a few minutes to initialize the Magic Box, find the orbiting satellites and make sure all the route data was loaded. We embarked only 10 minutes after our planned 7:00 am departure time, with a wave from Paul's wife Linda at the window.

Bruneau's classic blue Ryan Vanguard was lightly loaded, with a rear rack trunk incorporating a pair of small panniers. I was on my everyday bike, a dual 650c Volae with the carbon seat laid way back, sporting a seatback bag and a pair of Radical Design side bags from the Netherlands. I had more stuff packed than Bruneau did, since I planned to spend a few days in St. Louis. Paul had to change his plans slightly due to obligations at home. He would ride with me the first two days into Illinois, then ride back on day 3 to be picked up somewhere in Indiana and driven back home, so he didn't need to pack as much. That left me to ride solo the last 190 miles on Sunday and Monday, planning to arrive in St. Louis in the middle of Memorial Day.

We set off due south, on the route familiar to us from our practice run, in high spirits. Traffic was light, and we didn't have much trouble with the few areas of road construction. At Three Rivers we began a lovely section along the St. Joseph River, and we were soon in Indiana. Although my partner had been in charge of the Amazing Device on our shakedown cruise, I took over on this day, so that I could get some on-the-job training for the solo part of my journey. Despite some minor issues with the data, it was clearly going to be a lot easier to navigate this way than messing with paper maps or cue sheets.

Shortly after our first snack stop in Bristol, Indiana, about 45 miles into our planned 123-mile day, I hit a small, sharp rock at speed. The result was a pinch flat of my front tire. I had figured that my skinny, lightweight wheels were the weak link in my equipment for a trip like this. I had searched for and mounted the toughest tires I could find, but there seems to be nothing wider than 23 mm available for these 650c rims. I had decided against packing a spare tire, but was carrying two inner tubes and a mini pump, so it only took about ten minutes to get underway again.

It seemed my fears were to be realized when only about 7 miles later, my rear tire went flat! We were almost through Elkhart when it happened. Inspection quickly revealed a small piece of wire had worked its way through the tread. Another tube swap and we were ready to roll again, but now both of my spare tubes had holes in them. I pumped as much as I could, but I was pretty sure that neither tire was up to my customary 120 psi, so I tried to be extra careful about road hazards.

We finally left the industrial corridor and entered residential Mishawaka. By Michigan time, it was just about noon when we rolled into a Mancino's restaurant for lunch. (Local time was only 11:00 am.) With 67 miles to go, and even after all our stops, our rolling average was still almost 14 mph. So we enjoyed a leisurely lunch of grinders and chips.

After lunch we had to turn south again and were immediately faced with a steep half-mile climb out of the St. Joseph River valley. We still had enough juice in our legs to spin up that hill without much trouble. As we crossed US 20, we entered a more rural part of northern Indiana, and Paul started to have trouble steering. Some part of his indirect, underseat system was gradually binding up. Although he tried valiantly to keep moving, we finally had to pull over and fix it.

The blue sky started to get some clouds by 1:00 pm local time, and we had a few sprinkles mid-afternoon. Not enough to slow us down, however, and with less frequent stops, we made good progress. After a short detour when the Astrogator tried to put us on a gravel road, and one last snack stop at Kooz Lake, we got onto Highway 10 for the final 8.5 miles due west to our hotel in North Judson, Ind. It was tough going into a steady headwind, but we made it to the Oak View Motel & Suites just before 5:00 pm. After an excellent meal and a chocolate malt, we returned to our very satisfactory room, and I gave Paul a demonstration on patching inner tubes. We had no difficulty falling asleep early.

### Day 1: 123 miles

**Total elapsed time:** 10:45

**Total time stopped:** 2:09

**Average speed while moving:** 14.3 mph

### Day 2 -- Saturday, May 28



BRUNEAU (left) and PANCELLA (right) prepared to begin day 2 in North Judson, IN

Paul suggested that we start again at 7:00 am, EDT, which would be 6:00 am local time. Starting early was a good idea, since this was to be our longest day, estimated at 149 miles, due to the location of the hotels I was able to find. We had to make it through the rest of Indiana and a good part of Illinois to reach our lodgings in Urbana. We rode through light rain on our way out of town, but nothing of consequence. The temperature on the first day had been close to ideal, relatively cool all day, and this day looked to be about the same. The clouds burned off in about an hour and we experienced the delayed dawn.

We had selected back roads for this part of the route, based on a maps database which was not designed with bicycles in mind. As it turned out, we had unwittingly programmed in some gravel roads, so we had to do a bit of improvising. The county roads were laid out in a pretty regular grid, so it was not a big problem. We took our morning snack stop in Rensselaer, Ind., where Paul was scheduled to be picked up the next day. After this, we were supposed to go west for about a mile on US 24. To our chagrin, this road had just been milled in preparation for repaving. We couldn't see any other choice, so we went ahead and rode the very rough surface for about a mile. I was grateful that before setting out this morning, I had used a CO2 cartridge to bring both of my tires up to full pressure. All our tires survived. At 69 miles we took a nice early lunch in the town of Fowler.

Although our objective now lay 60 miles (as the crow flies) to the southwest, the only roads were oriented along the cardinal points of the compass. The wind was strong and steady out of the west, maybe 15 mph, so our westbound stretches were very tough, periodically relieved by a southbound segment. We took turns drafting on the upwind legs. We crossed into Illinois on a grueling 25 mile run westward through Hoopeston. There we stopped to rest on a shady lawn, and talked with a nice gentleman who took a break from his grass mowing.

On US 136 west of Potomac, Paul's front tire went flat. Since his two wheels are different sizes, he used his only spare tube of that size to get going again. After that 15-minute pause, and with our pace slowing, we had to push in order to make Urbana by nightfall. We had a nice 7.5 mile southbound leg, followed by a slow 14.5 mile grind west before arriving at US 45 north of Urbana. The sun was low when we finally turned south on 45, but at that point I knew we would make it. We got across I-74, and found the Courtesy Motel right where it was supposed to be, a welcome sight indeed at just after 8:00 pm CDT. The room was again quite adequate for our needs, with sufficient space for us and both of our bikes. After dinner, Paul got the chance to demonstrate *his* inner tube patching skills. He also spent some time writing a cue sheet for his return trip the next day, and arranging by phone for his wife to pick him up in the minivan. He had generously offered to let me keep the Amazing Device for the remainder of my trip, so he would have to navigate by memory and with the aid of his notes. For my part, I would be without a cell phone the rest of the way.

### Day 2: 151 miles

**Total elapsed time:** 14 hours

**Total time stopped:** 1:45

**Average speed while moving:** 12.3 mph

### Day 3 -- Sunday, May 29

On our third day we set off in opposite directions at about 6:45 am. Paul B. would head northeast for almost 120 miles, retracing our day 2 route to a rendezvous with motorized transportation somewhere in Indiana. I was to continue southwest for a similar distance and one more night in Illinois.

It would be an interesting day. Riding such a distance alone and unsupported was another new experience for me. Our smooth trip so far gave me confidence that I was well-prepared, and I took comfort in the fact that the longest and most difficult day was behind me. Unlike some of my family and friends, I really didn't think that what I was doing was particularly dangerous. I was admittedly impressed by how sparsely populated much of our route was, having spent all my life in cities of various sizes. Still, I wasn't riding through the Nevada desert; there was always a farmhouse or some sign of habitation in sight. I knew that if I got in real trouble, I was likely to find someone willing to help in short order.

Getting through Champaign/Urbana was the type of urban riding I am most comfortable with, and at this hour on a Sunday morning, there weren't many cars around. Near the University of Illinois main campus, while stopped at a stop sign, I heard a pling from my rear wheel that sounded suspiciously like a spoke breaking. I dismounted, spun the rear wheel, and did a cursory check of a few spokes. All looked fine, so I sped off again.

I didn't want to delay because I felt great. The temperature was again ideal, and to my astonishment, I seemed to have a tailwind for a change! I worried a little about how the wind might affect my comrade's ride, but mostly I just enjoyed cranking away at 18 mph without breaking a sweat.

About 10 miles west of Champaign, I again came to an intersection where the Mystery Machine instructed me to ride on a gravel road. I stopped to choose an alternate route, and also to look more carefully at my rear wheel, which had started to make more unfamiliar noises. Sure enough, one of the non-drive-side spokes had broken at the nipple, at that stop sign back in town, and had finally worked its way loose. I removed the spoke and tried to calmly evaluate my options. I had a spoke wrench but no spare spoke. The college town I had just left surely had a bike shop or two, but what time would they open on a Sunday? The next largish city on my itinerary was Decatur, Ill., about 50 miles ahead. Would I be able to get that far with only 19 spokes on the rear wheel? If I got there, would I be able to find a shop that could make the repair?

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The wheel itself (Velocity Spartacus) was barely out of true, and still had plenty of clearance to the caliper brake. Since I had already ridden a fast 10 miles without even realizing the spoke was broken, I decided to risk it and go forward.

I like to go to Mass every Sunday, but given all the other parameters for this adventure, I hadn't planned anything, and decided just to take the opportunity if it presented itself. But with everything else on my mind this morning, these thoughts were far in the background as I rode past a modest country church in the middle of nowhere. The fact that cars were entering the parking lot at that very moment slowly dawned on me, and I checked my watch: 7:52 am. Turns out it was a Catholic Church, St. Boniface, and 8 am Mass was about to start! My clothing wasn't exactly appropriate, but at least I wasn't too sweaty yet. I figured such an early morning Mass would cost me less than an hour, so I swung around and went for a pew in the back. Well, it took more than an hour, but it was a very fine service, and I was glad I stopped.

After the closing hymn, I headed out again on a route which closely paralleled I-72 westbound. As the sun got higher, the pain it poured on my arms and legs told me yesterday's long exposure had given me a dandy sunburn, despite my use of sunscreen. I was glad to move under the clouds at about 43 miles, when I stopped for a drink at Argenta, Ill. I found my way into downtown Decatur and had lunch at a Kentucky Fried Chicken there. With all the overpasses and underpasses, Decatur provided the most radical terrain since leaving the St. Joseph River, capped by a thrilling descent down to the causeway over Lake Decatur. I didn't see any bike shops, but the ride was going so well, I didn't look very hard.

From there the route was simple. The next 30 miles was south along US 51 to Pana. For most of this leg, it looked like I was heading into a major rain storm, the darkest clouds I had seen yet. I eventually went through some showers, but the bulk of the storm seemed to slide by to the east. I stopped once for a few minutes when the water on my glasses made it hard to see, but the rest of the time it was not enough to slow me down. On the contrary, the wind at my back seemed to increase, and I was able to maintain a very good pace. From Pana, I took highway 16 on a nice diagonal directly toward my overnight destination in Hillsboro Ill.

For the third day in a row, I managed the first 100 miles in just about 9 hours real elapsed time. Except for Decatur, the riding had been fast and easy on flat smooth roads. With about 10 miles to go, there was a barely perceptible rise and fall in the road, followed by a slightly steeper rise. With little else to occupy my thoughts, I started to wonder why the town up ahead was named "Hillsboro". I soon found out.

Thanks mainly to the tailwind all day, I had sufficient reserves for the steep ups and downs I encountered on the way into Hillsboro, and the most challenging climb yet leading up to the town square where the Red Rooster Inn was located. It just enhanced the sense of accomplishment I felt when I rolled up to that large, old, brick building with the big wooden porch. After over 100 miles with a broken spoke, I figured these wheels would probably get me to St. Louis, and I stopped worrying about it.

**Day 3:** 120 miles  
**Total elapsed time:** 10:15  
**Total time stopped:** 2:25  
**Average speed while moving:** 15.3 mph

#### **Day 4 -- Monday, May 30 (Memorial Day)**

This day was set up as sort of an easy 'victory lap'. I thought that I was only about 65 miles from St. Louis (it turned out to be a bit more) and I would be entering familiar territory sooner than that. A family gathering was planned for that Memorial Day afternoon, so I timed my start in order to arrive and get cleaned up in time for it. My brother Pete had planned two additional events. He arranged for some friends to greet my ceremonial arrival at the foot of the Gateway Arch on the St. Louis riverfront, and prior to that, he and his wife would come across the river and meet me for breakfast at a diner in Edwardsville, IL.

Calculating back from noon at the Arch, at my expected pace, meant I should leave at 6:30 in the morning. I didn't want to keep Pete waiting and worrying in Edwardsville, so I left ten minutes earlier to allow for a flat tire or other unforeseen circumstance. Leaving Hillsboro, I hit my top speed of the trip, a gravity-aided 36 mph. It was calm, with light drizzle, and I started out wearing my rain suit. It stopped raining within an hour, and when I took a wrong turn at 13 miles, I stowed the rain gear.

I used up the rest of my time cushion when I hit Livingston, Ill. and stopped at the gas station there. This felt like a milestone, because I had just crossed I-55, and from there would parallel (for a while) the route I often take when driving to and from St. Louis. The road southwest from Livingston was old route 66, and I made it to Edwardsville a few minutes before the scheduled meeting time of 9:30. While looking for the Sunrise Diner, I was surprised to see my cousin's husband Don walking on the sidewalk. They had joined Pete and his wife, so the five of us had an excellent breakfast and I told a few of my stories.

Thinking I needed 2 hours to get to the Arch, I left the diner promptly at 10. I passed through a nice neighborhood of historic homes on the way out of Edwardsville, then onto New Poag Road all the way to the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. I had clearly left the prairie behind before entering Edwardsville; the terrain was now more rolling. At the end of New Poag Rd. was the Lewis & Clark State Historic Site, near the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

From here, I had to travel 3.5 miles south to where the bridges would take me across the mighty river. The maps indicated that I had a choice of routes, the busy Rt. 3 or the Confluence bike trail. The trail was a relatively recent addition that I was unfamiliar with, but it looked promising, so I took it. It started out smooth asphalt, but after a mile and a half, the surface became fine gravel, which got coarser as I went farther south. It was very frustrating, as the river bridges were in sight by the time I had to turn around for the sake of my skinny tires. I had to backtrack to Route 3, losing about 12 minutes to that detour.

Illinois 3 was the direct route to the bridge approach, and the traffic was not too bad. There were actually two bridges, a smaller one over the navigation canal, and then the big one over the main channel of the Mississippi. These were right next to similar bridges for the Interstate highway loop, an unusual case where the old bridges were not demolished after their replacements were built.

Even more unusual, the main bridge I would take, called the Chain of Rocks bridge, is a mile-long span that is closed to motorized traffic. It was built in 1929 to carry the famous route 66 over the Mississippi, closed in 1967, and reopened for bicycles and pedestrians only in 1999. I had ridden across it once before, and I knew it would be a highlight of the trip. It has a classic steel superstructure, a 2-lane concrete deck, and a 22° right turn in the middle. The pavement is in remarkably good shape, but it seems narrow even on a bike, so high above the Father of Waters. Now that it was around 11 am on a beautiful Memorial Day, I had to carefully weave my way through many adults and children on foot, and limit my gawking at the scenery.

On the other side, I joined the Riverfront bike trail for the 12 miles south to the Arch, the focal point of downtown St. Louis at the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. The trail is asphalt paved, first through the northside's Riverview Park, then weaving amid industrial installations, floodwalls and levees. Scenic in a different way, I would say, and the cycling was very unlike the rest of the trip. It was also getting good use from other cyclists on this fine day. My detour on the east side had put me behind schedule, so I pushed the pace so as not to be too late for my grand arrival. Rising up to a high point with about five miles left, I got my first good view of the Arch, and started to feel giddy. The trail ends in a parking lot on Laclede's Landing, and I had to go a few more blocks on Wharf Street. I spied the welcoming party on the left, and coasted up onto the sidewalk, at 12:10 pm CDT.

It's hard to describe my feelings as several family members and friends, and even a few strangers, let out a cheer. They carried a big sign with my name and picture on it, along with my origin and distance traveled. Pete immediately gave me a tall glass of IBC root beer on ice, which tasted fabulous. I dismounted and walked around, talked to everyone, thanked them for coming, and told them I felt great. Some had not seen my bike before, so I proudly showed off my wheels. Many photos were taken. This was not yet the end of my road, so I only stayed about 10 minutes before continuing south along the river. I had another 4 miles to go down Broadway to my old house in South St. Louis, where my mother and youngest sister still live. It was a familiar route on city streets past the famous Anheuser-Busch brewery complex. I pulled up at Mom's at 12:40, my journey finally ended.

**Day 4:** 76 miles  
**Total elapsed time:** 6:30  
**Total time stopped:** 1:25  
**Average speed while moving:** 15.4 mph

And so it was accomplished. The careful preparations paid off, and there were no disasters. I got a taste of cross-country riding, both alone and with a companion. I had an intimate experience with some back roads and small towns of the Midwest. I challenged myself a little and had fun succeeding. I had a nice visit with family and friends back home, and now have another story to tell. And best of all, I got to eat a lot of food without any guilt. I thought about riding back, but whatever point that would make was not worth so much more time away from my wife. So she drove down to St. Louis, and after visiting for a couple of days, we stuffed my bike in the back of our car and returned to Kalamazoo.

**Overall trip:** 470 miles in 3-1/2 days (includes detours)  
**Average speed while moving:** 13.9 mph  
**Total climbing:** negligible  
**Total fun:** a ton!



PANCELLA met with a hero's welcome by friends and family in St. Louis, MO

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## MHPVA Annual Meeting to be February 11, 2006

By Wally Kiehler, MHPVA President

For the sixth year Bob Krzewinski has obtained the use of the Francois Xavier Bagnoud building at the University of Michigan for our annual joint Michigan Human Powered Vehicle Association / WolverBents winter meeting. The meeting will be from noon - 3pm in the Boeing Auditorium located on the North campus (see map at <http://www.umich.edu/~info/north.html>).

As required in Article I of the MHPVA bylaws, we will have our annual election of officers. The six elected positions are president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and two board directors. The current officers are: President Wally Kiehler, Vice President Rick Wianecki, Secretary Paul Pancella, Treasurer Bill Frey, Board Director Mike Eliasohn, and Board Director/Webmaster Paul Bruneau.

I encourage other interested members to bring their ideas and experience to our club and run for these positions.

This year's meeting agenda will be a little different than in years past. After last year it was suggested that we hold the "fun stuff" first and then proceed with our business meeting. So from noon - 2pm we will have recumbent displays & demos. Members are encouraged to bring their bike or project for "show & tell". Some recumbent dealers are also expected to attend this event. The U of M Human Powered Submarine & Helicopter teams have been invited to show us their current projects. And there will be a "How to buy your first recumbent" talk presented by the WolverBents recumbent club president.

Around 2pm we will assemble in the auditorium for our business meeting to elect officers and to discuss the 2005 Waterford agenda. This year's event will be held June 10 - 11 at the Waterford Hills Race Track located in Waterford, MI (<http://www.waterfordhills.com/>)

Hopefully I'll see you all on February 11th at noon.

### Newsletter Submissions

Submissions for the MHPVA newsletter can be e-mailed to editor Mike Eliasohn at [editor@mhpva.org](mailto:editor@mhpva.org). If what you have is on paper, mail it to him at 1016 Morrison Ave., Apt. 2; St. Joseph MI 49085-1429.

If you have regular photos, mail those to Mike. If you have digital photos, e-mail those to our Webmaster, Paul Bruneau, at [webmaster@mhpva.org](mailto:webmaster@mhpva.org), but let Mike know what you sent to Paul.

Mike will mail a paper copy of the electronic newsletter to members who don't have e-mail. So if you are in that category, and somehow read this anyway, write him or call him at (269) 982-4058.

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December 2005 Newsletter, page 5 ([1](#) [2](#) [3](#) [4](#) [5](#))**2005 Scrapbook**

IN THE AUGUST NEWSLETTER, Mike Mowett mentioned state junior racing champion Cory Dubrish, 17, of Grosse Pointe. Here he is competing at Waterford Hills in June. In the stock class, he finished 8th in the one-hour time trial and 9th in both the hill climb and coast down.



GARY TOY of Chicago raced his made-in-Belgium Cobra low racer at the May 21 race at Grundy County Speedway in Morris, Ill. It's carbon fiber, front-wheel-drive, and has a cantilever rear hub (supported on one side only). It weighs about 24 pounds. Gary has owned it three years.



DAVID "DOC" PEARSON OF Mooresville, Ind., brought along his new folding recumbent to HPRV events this summer. It's for street use, not for racing. Don Berry built it from a Sun folding bike. It's front wheel drive, using a 3x7 hub (21 speeds; no front derailleur needed) and 155mm cranks. The original front wheel is now the back wheel. In addition to welding on the boom, Don welded on a horizontal square tube for the EZ-1 recumbent seat to attach to. The seat has to be removed before the bike can be folded.



STEVE SPENCER, co-organizer of the race in Morris, raced this BikeE that he and his father, La Verne, converted into a semi low racer. Other such conversions use the stock 20-inch rear wheel. The Spencers squeezed in a 26-inch wheel for better gearing. Making the conversion requires drilling out the rivets holding the rear stays in place, then drilling new holes to reposition the stays in a horizontal position.