

## Biking to Lake Geneva – Bob Burrows

Any trip with Jim Adams is a great trip. Jim's enjoyment comes from insuring everyone around him has a great time. So after coordinating all meeting times, trip options, and cell phone lists, Jim gave us all a call the night before our bike ride to Lake Geneva to remind us to dress warm paying special attention to our heads, feet, and hands; and to let us know he would have plenty of feet and hand warmers for us if needed.

At 6:15 am the next morning it was 35 degrees with a 10-15 mile an hour wind chill. I left my house in Glen Ellyn, wearing two pair of ski socks with toe warmers for my feet, shoes, bike shorts, polypro long underwear and ski pants on my legs, polypro underwear, a bike shirt, sweat shirt and shell jacket on my torso, a pair of Walgreen's \$2 black stretch gloves covered with a new pair of super wind resistant bike gloves, and a heavy duty ski hood that I somehow managed to squeeze my bike helmet over.

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warm as I rode the

the prairie path to

friend Al Lowry on his

recumbent bike.

Casino after the breakfast:

Bob.

Our 18 mile ride to the boat in Elgin was slow dark, as there were a slippery damp spots path for our road bike as the sun rose so did speed. Once reaching Casino and going my hands quickly

I should have used those hand warmers. Here we met up with Jim and Ellen Weber for a very large casino breakfast - forgot how those casino's really like to feed you.

Once back on our bikes, we rode about 5 miles along the Fox River before Jim spotted one of his favorite Coffee shops. A truly great spot, the coffee was superb but unfortunately we only had room for the warm aroma of the fresh baked apple turnovers. From here we rode about 18 miles with only a short stop at a bike shop along the path until we lunched at an IHop.

We made time after lunch on a paved path that went for about 10 miles past sod farms and a quarry to the Wisconsin border, where as Jim had told us, the Elgin Spur emptied into a resident's back yard. From here on it was all back roads into the wind. Wind is a cyclist's worst enemy; all you can do is drop into low gear, pedal hard, and creep along. Jim made sure we had frequent stops to rest and after about 10 hard miles we pulled into Lake Geneva about 5:00 PM. Ellen headed toward the campground where she and Jim would spend the night while Jim followed us into town to insure we knew the way to the hotel in Lake Delevan where Al and I would meet our wives. Jim then doubled back to the campsite.

We went about 4 miles with the wind in our face going up a steep hill. Al finally said, "I can walk faster than this". I noticed a gas station up ahead and since dusk was at hand with cars whizzing by at 50 mph and 8 more miles ahead of us, I declared "Miller Time". Our wives had been waiting for about an hour for us and after all we had made it to our goal Lake Geneva. About a half hour



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later just as we finished the 24 ounce cans of Gatorade, our lovely wives picked us up, and Al and I went directly into the hotel's hot tub to defrost. After a fish fry dinner, Jim and club member, Tom Wolos, who had driven up to camp and do the Fat Tire ride the next morning, brought Ellen over to our hotel so she could warm up with a hot shower before camping for the night.

The next day we all met at the pub, Champs, for the 22 mile Fat Tire ride around Lake Geneva. I decided that we should at least have a little beer at each of the 8 pubs on our tour, and so we started with 4 ouncers given out with Bloody Marys at 50 cents apiece. Our little group: Jim, Ellen, Tom, Al, his wife Mary Lou, my wife, Carrie, and I all started out to the next pub, Skinny's. Nourished at this pub by a Guinness Tom bought, Al, Mary Lou, Carrie and I split from the group as Carrie and I had to finish by about 1:00 to get to our son's rugby game in Chicago and Al and Mary Lou had a dinner engagement. Ellen, Jim, and Tom stayed back to enjoy the camaraderie of each pub as I hope to do next year.

*At the Casino after the breakfast: Jim, Al, and Bob.*

On my way to catch up I came upon three girls who didn't look properly dressed for the weather. Making matters worse, the trailing gal's shirt kept creeping up, exposing her backside. "You look a bit cold there", I shouted ahead. She turned and said yeah my (butt) is sticking out. Yes, I replied, "I've had quite an enjoyable ride the last few minutes", to which all the girls laughed. "Our hands are really cold", they said, "We really didn't prepare for the weather". Having 2 pair of cheap Walgreen's stretch gloves which I used as liners, and a pair of ski gloves in my bike bag I offered them to the girls. They took both pair of stretch gloves but the third girl had rolled down her sleeves over her hands and refused the ski gloves. Meeting up with my group at the next pub, we enjoyed a local brew, Spotted Cow.

Back on the bikes, after many rolling hills, we were all quite thirsty as we entered the 5<sup>th</sup> pub. I ordered another local brew to share and handed the bartender a ten dollar bill. "Sorry", he said, "Your money's no good here". Confused for moment, I suddenly heard laughter from the other side of the bar, and a loud "Thank you – these gloves have saved us". The three girls had bought my beer. This pub also had excellent free popcorn and we enjoyed about 5 baskets before starting off again.