

If Wisconsin weather was always this nice...



Becky riding the trails near Trek's Wisconsin factory

Our final morning in Wisconsin, Wednesday, was a rare day of perfect weather as Becky and I did a bike demo on the extensive trail system Trek has built in the woods near their Waterloo factory. Mid-70s, low humidity, light breeze. Wow. Weather like that could really fool you into thinking you'd found paradise in the midwest! I rode a Fuel 9.8, while Becky tried out a Top Fuel. Sure, we were on the "beginners" trail section, but it was a pretty fast singletrack with lots of small drops & climbs & tight corners between trees to keep things interesting. Also rode a couple of Speed Concept 9-series Time Trial bikes. Oh, should mention that Becky did a full-body face plant right behind me on the trails, probably over-braking in a turn. I just heard a "whomp" and looked behind to see her very-surprised expression as she lay ahead of her bike on the trail. Thankfully not hurt badly; not cuts, just bruises that will hurt a lot more as time goes on.



Steve being carded at O'Hare Chilis

At 2pm it was time to catch a bus to Chicago's O'Hare airport for a flight home. We had enough time to catch dinner at the airport, where a bit of comedic action was brought to us by our waiter at Chili's, who carded my brother when he ordered a drink. Steve's just a few years younger than I am, so much much much closer to 50 than 21. After expressing our amusement at his request for Steve's ID, we asked that he pose for a picture with Steve, a recreation of what had just happened. He happily complied.

It's fun but incredibly tiring going to Trek's dog-and-pony show each year. Each day, every hour, there are seminars teaching us about changes in the world of retail, how to better run our businesses to we'll be there for our customers down the road (and keep a roof over our heads) and, of course, the technical stuff surrounding the new product. By the end we're looking forward to coming home, taking showers where you don't have to scrape the soap off with your fingernails, and breathing air that's fresh off the ocean.