

HISTORY OF SILVER CYCLERS



Compiled & Edited by Stanley S. Glickstein

DRAFT

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all my wonderful friends and colleagues who have cycled with me during the past 24 wonderful years on the trails, paths and streets of Pittsburgh and its surrounding areas. What a great adventure it has been.

Acknowledgement

I would like to acknowledge all those who have submitted the articles for this book as well as to those who have provided the wonderful pictures that have been taken along our many outings along the trails of glorious Pittsburgh and its surrounding towns. A special thanks needs to go to the bakers and chefs who helped during the many years when our autumn picnics were in style. A very special thank you to Al Schorr who designed our ***Silver Cyclor*** logo that appears on the cover of this book as well as on the beautiful tee-shirts that we have proudly been wearing all these years. A special thanks to Gordon Ogle, Ken Brown, and Mike Sussman who have stepped in to organize our weekly outings after Stan Glickstein threw in the towel after about 18 or so years.

Table of Contents

History of Silver Cyclers	7
Stanley S. Glickstein.....	7
First Overnight Camping Adventure at Ohiopyle State Park.....	8
Irving Selsley.....	8
Bicycle Trip -- Georgetown, Washington, DC to Harper's Ferry, Md.....	11
Stan Glickstein.....	11
Bicycle Trip from Cumberland, Maryland to Hancock, Maryland.....	14
Stan Glickstein & Irv Selsley	14
New York City 5-Boroughs Bike Ride.....	18
Stanley Glickstein.....	18
Letter to Trailside Restaurant in West Newton, PA – Bad Service	23
Stanley Glickstein.....	23
First Bike Ride of the Year	24
Gordon Ogle & Bob Ciardi.....	24
Opening of the Smithfield Bridge Ramp	25
Henk Bossers	25
Frostburg to Deal October 22, 2009	28
Wayne Severson	28
Miscellaneous Contributions	30
From Gordon Ogle.....	30
Left to riight Mike Oswalt, Tracy Soska, John Clark, Len Slappo, Benny Gorczyca, Ken Havilla, Daryl Welsh.....	35
A Random e-mail from Al Schorr	36
Al Schorr:	36
G-20 Bike days; 9/24/2009 to 9/25/2009.....	40
Stan Glickstein.....	44
Yearly Picnic at Cedar Creek – 2017.....	51
Recollections from Henk Bosser	53
Bike Tour of Braddock.....	56
Mark Gottlieb	56
A Bike Outing to Randyland on the North Shore of Pittsburgh	64
Ed Abes, Stan Glickstein, Mark Gotlieb and Max Sacher	64
Contribution from Ken Brown.....	66
Tour de Pittsburgh:A Wonderfully Profound and Memorable Tour	67
Henk Bosser.....	67
Celebrating Stan’s 90 th Birthday.....	69
Stan Glickstein.....	69

Bike Rules	74
Bike Leaders	75
List of Silver Cyclers	78
Old Member List	78
New Member List 2011	78
Silver Cyclers Member Bio	81
Pictures Random.....	87

History of Silver Cyclers

Stanley S. Glickstein

On February 1, 1999 I retired from Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory. It was a most enjoyable and successful 34.5 years that one could ever have had. So why retire? I needed more free time. Six weeks of vacation was just not enough. I needed time to travel, visit the kids, work on my genealogy and yes, start a new activityBicycling.

It was either the summer of 1999 or maybe it was the year 2000 that I invited my neighbor Bob Burack to join me for a morning of bicycling. I had several old bikes in my garage that had been rusting and collecting dust for decades. He agreed to the adventure. We cleaned up two bikes and put them on a new bike rack that I bought at Sears and off we went. We headed to Cedar Creek Park. For both of us this was a new activity. After pedaling for 2 to 3 miles we finally reached civilization in a town called West Newton. It was hot! We were both bushed after this long 3 mile trek. We continued across a small bridge and along the railroad track in town we found an open Tavern. We ordered a cold beer and a hamburger to sooth our tired bodies. After relaxing for 60+ minutes to regain our strength we were ready to make the long ride back to Cedar Creek.

Bob complained about the bike that I loaned to him. After several more bike outings we decided to visit the bike shop located on the trail in West Newton. That visit was an eye opener. He was showing us bikes that were selling for many hundreds and even thousands of dollars. I was use to buying my kids a bike for \$50 maybe \$75 dollars. WAS HE KIDDING? His prices were outrageous. He then said something that I will never forget. He said, "What are you retirees going to do with all your money. Invest in a good bike." Bob and I then looked at some other bike stores to see what was around.

The following week Bob was riding a new super deluxe bicycle that he purchased in the West Newton bike shop. In addition, it came with whatever else was needed to spruce up the bike. Bob had all the extra goodies: a new seat, a removable bike bag and whatever else was necessary to go first class. I stood firm. The bike I had was OK. However, it was not long after that purchase that my kids must have contacted Bob. On my next visit to my daughter Cathy in CT, I returned home with a brand new bike just like Bob's. It was an early birthday present from my kids. A year or two later, Jack Murphy retired and joined us. Very soon after that, Barry Tunick and Irv Selsley jumped on board. The four of us had weekly outings that took us to the Ghost Trail, Pymatuning, as well as to all stops along the Pittsburgh-to-Meyersdale rails-to-trails route. In those days we always packed a lunch and stopped along the trail to eat and relax. That is how our current weekly bike outings began.

First Overnight Camping Adventure at Ohiopyle State Park

Irving Selsley

Who said that hindsight is 20/20? I do not remember anything of the date (somewhere around 2001 if Stan's date for the Cumberland trip is right) or the actual biking to Ohiopyle - but I sure remember what happened after we got off the Yough Trail.

The bikers were Stan, Barry Tunick, and me. I was designated shopper and cook for Stan and me, but Barry supplied his own menu. Barry was an experienced camper, having spent some weeks on the Yukon. My experience was as a Scoutmaster about 16 years previously. I leave Stan out of this introduction as he does not figure into the adventure below.

With our bikes packed, we made it to Ohiopyle in good order and found the path to the campground. We were kind of shocked when we realized that we could not bike up to the campground but had to push our loaded bikes along a soft, stone-strewn path almost a quarter-mile UP. The main road into the campground was on the other side of the mountain. Anyway, we made it to the campground and set up camp. The reason I was designated cook for Stan and me was that he supplied the tent. After we got set up and cleaned up, we wandered around for a bit. About 30 feet from us was BIG RV. We were looking it over when the owner came out. We struck up a conversation. He told us that he had been all over the country in the RV. I asked him where home was. He said, "Here," pointing to the RV. "We sold our home and we live in this and travel from park to park." I asked him about mail - how does he get mail? "Oh, we have a PO Box back in (he named the state.) We stop by a few times a year to visit our son and pick up mail. Never anything worth saving." One of us asked him what an RV like his costs. "Three and half million," he answered. "That's one reason we sold our home." He did not invite us in. He did say his wife was down in the village getting groceries.

We wandered on a bit and gathered some wood for a fire. I put on water for our dinner. The menu for Stan and me was beef stew. Barry was going to fix chicken pot pie. Prep was easy - just pour hot water into the packages of dried trail mix, let stand for 5 minutes, and eat. I was spooning out my share of the stew when I glanced over to Barry's plate. It was a gloppy mess. I asked him how he prepared it. "Just like you did. I poured hot water into the package."

"Did you take the biscuit mix out first?" I asked.

"Was I supposed to?"

"Sure. Look at the directions. You make the biscuits in a frying pan and put them on top of the hot stew."

Okay. Nobody starved.

Later, we were sitting around the fire and managed to strike up a conversation the family in the next campsite. I seem to recall a husband and wife and a teenage daughter I pulled out my pipe and started to relax as we talked. The wife politely asked me to take my seat some distance away

as she was sensitive to the smoke. I obliged, but that left me pretty much out of the conversation. That, and a few other prods, encouraged me a year or so later to stop smoking altogether. Great benefit!

During breakfast the next morning, Stan brought up his desire to travel the C&O trail from Cumberland to Hancock, Maryland - any takers? Barry declined, but I told him that I would join him. "Great," said Stan. "But, Irv, do me a favor, please. Can you buy your own tent? You kept me awake half the night with your snoring." Another reason that I gave up smoking.

Getting back on the trail to head home was almost as tough as getting up to the campground. There was a lot of slipping and sliding as we tried to hold our bikes back going down the path. The trip from Ohiopyle to our cars left no durable memories. But, what a way to spend retirement.

Lesson Learned

Read the directions.

Additional Comments from Stan:

I quote: "*The trip from Ohiopyle to our cars left no durable memories.*" Those were Irv's words. Now let me tell you, or better yet ask Barry. Both of us would reply: The bike ride on the trail to the car was the worst biking either of us had ever undertaken. It poured rain. It was horrible. It was so bad that both of us concluded, we better leave Irv under a large covered picnic grove that had a 20 x 30 foot rooftop. It was one of his first bike rides and we were concerned that he would falter. We were worried he wouldn't make it. Irv stayed dry as Barry and I pedaled through a torrential rain storm. It POURED. How we made it to the car parked 10 miles away was a miracle. Both of us were drenched. In all my 20+ years of biking I have never pedaled in a rainstorm as horrible as in that day. And Irv MAsays: *The trip from Ohiopyle to our cars left no durable memories.* He must be kidding!

March 29, 2025

Now, some 20 years later I sent Irv an e-mail and that contained the "*Additional Comments from Stan.*" Shown above. I asked him if he really didn't remember. He replied with the following:

"In my mind, these events were somewhat different. The slipping and sliding to return to the bike path took place in Ohiopyle. The trip that morning to the cars, I think, took us through Confluence. By the time we got there I was exhausted. As you point out, it was among my early trips and I was notorious for not allowing myself to exercise properly or enough. At first, I thought we would all take an extended rest at the pavilion before continuing to the cars. It had just begun to sprinkle a bit. You and Barry felt that it would be tolerable to go quickly to the cars (for the life of me, I cannot remember nor find on a map which town we left the cars in) and return to pick me up. You and Barry had not been gone more than 15 minutes when the torrential rain began. I recalled that we had all been caught in a similar storm earlier (biking into Ohiopyle - the place is cursed) and I knew what the two of you must have been experiencing - sort of

swimming on land. I felt bad that I was not suffering along with you, but it was too late to change my mind. I camped out in the center of the pavilion, but still got wet, the storm was both heavy and windy.

I cannot imagine that I would use a phrase like "left no durable memories" about that trip. I think about it often and regret that I appeared to be so self-centered that I would let you and Barry suffer while I took it easy waiting for you. I extend a very belated apology for deserting you. As for the rest of your edit, I fully agree and welcome the addition. Please delete the rather careless edit in bold type below. Adding my paragraph from the third sentence on would be more appropriate.

Irving Selsley
iselsley@verizon.net

At least Irv did remember the rain. C'est la vie!

Bicycle Trip -- Georgetown, Washington, DC to Harper's Ferry, Md

Stan Glickstein

October 7-9, 2001

The following details my bicycle adventure which began many months ago as a desire to cycle along the Chesapeake & Ohio (C & O) Canal on the towpath trail from the Georgetown area in Washington, DC to Cumberland, Maryland. Actually, the thought has been in my mind for over a year. In fact, last year while traveling from Pittsburgh to Virginia Joan and I stopped in Hancock, MD to visit and scout the towpath bike trail which runs along the Potomac River. Unfortunately, I was unable to convince any of my Pittsburgh cyclist friends to join in my enthusiasm. Thus I had to do it alone, knowing that traveling alone is not the safest thing to do.

After several weeks of preparing and accumulating what was needed, I decided to make the trip. It began Sunday, October 7, 2001. Joan dropped me off in Georgetown at 9:30 AM. It took about 20 more minute to load the bicycle with a sleeping bag, tent, warm jacket, cool jacket, change of clothes, extra shoes, toilet stuff, food, air pump, air mattress, flashlights, map, etc. etc, etc. I looked like a bagman. At 9:50AM I took off from mile marker zero.

I traveled along a dirt path for about 1 1/2 miles and noticed that there was a paved asphalt path running alongside this dirt path but about 15 feet below. Travelling on the dirt path was no fun. I got off the bike and walked down the steep incline to the path below me. It was not an easy chore! Fortunately, I survived the ordeal and started out once again. I soon realized that I lost my gloves. I had taken them off while maneuvering down the inline to the asphalt path. Luck was with me. I pedaled back and the gloves were still on the path where I had left them.

After a few minutes of easy pedaling the sign on the path said "Capital Trail." Was this the towpath along the C & O? After several miles, I realized that it was not the path to be on. I turned around; found a cutoff that led me back to the towpath and off I went, again. This path was not like anything I had bicycled on before. It was filled with small stones that had not been ground into the soil. It was bumpy and very unpleasant to bicycle on. Perhaps I have been spoiled traveling along the bike paths near Pittsburgh, PA. At the 9.5-mile mark I rested and took on some fluids. At 11:00 AM I took off again.

Before reaching the Great Falls Visitor's area, I did not notice the sign on the path that said "Restricted Area: Bicycles need to be carried." As a result, I soon came to a region where the bike path ended. As I maneuvered through a few large rocks, walking along side the bike, I became more and more locked into an area where I could no longer maneuver the bike. It had to be lifted and carried for about another 150 feet. No way was I going to do this by myself. The bike and equipment weighed almost 70 pounds. Fortunately, it was a lovely Sunday afternoon with lots of hikers. I finally found someone who came to my aid. I was going to lift the back wheel and asked if he would pick up the front wheel and we would carry the bike to where the path began again. Instead, he said, "let me." He picked up the entire load by himself, raised it above his head and off he went, alone. I guess I have been concentrating on strengthening my legs and now need to work on strengthening my arm muscles. I escaped a potential disaster.

My next stop was at the Great Falls Visitor's Center. At the Center I acquired additional information about the trail. This included campsites, motel areas, food stops etc. After taking some pictures, I took off. I missed seeing the first campsite along the trail at Swains Lock (Lock 21). This worried me when I stopped at Lock 22 at the 20-mile marker. I forced myself to eat a peanut butter sandwich (1 of 9 that I took with me). The next camp area was at the 25-mile marker and I was getting tired.

I met a group of 9 men and women who had driven from Indianapolis to Washington. They planned on taking 5 days to cycle from Georgetown to Cumberland. They had started out at 8:00AM, two hours before me. I must have been cycling pretty well to have caught up to them. However, I didn't smell the roses as they had. They appeared to have been in their retirement years. They were also a bit smarter than I was. They planned to sleep in motels along the way.

It was 2:45 PM when I stopped at the Chisel Branch campsite at the 30.3-mile marker. The site was beautiful! It consisted of a grassy area right along side of the Potomac River. It was a great place to stop and finish my quart jug of apple juice. The weather was beautiful. A bit cool, but great for bicycling. The wind was in my face and I was tired. But it was early. I rested again at the 34.4-mile marker, Turtle Run. At 3:43 PM I rested at Whites Ferry (35.5-mile marker). I am looking for the next campsite. I am tired. At 4:08 PM I reached the next campsite, Marble Quarry at the 38.2-mile marker. It was still early. I pushed on to the next campsite, Indian flats at the 42.5-mile marker and collapsed. It was 5:00 PM.

The last several miles of the path were really lousy. The ruts and rocks made it difficult to cycle. You had to keep your eyes open all along the path. However, the scenery was magnificent. The canal was on your right and the Potomac on your left. At some points the Potomac was no more than 15 feet from the bike path. The canal was just 5 feet away. I worried about riding over the embankment!

The campsite was wonderful. Each site has a grassy area where you can pitch your tent. There is water from a pump and a place for making a fire. There is also a chemical toilet at each site. The one I used earlier was clean. The sunset was gorgeous and the quiet of the evening was a welcome relief from the 7 hours of pedaling. I was alone at the campsite. In fact I hadn't seen anyone with a tent during all of my travels. Who could be as crazy as I could? The small radio that I took from Karen stopped working after being on for about 1 minute.

I was not hungry. In fact, I was too tired to eat. I set up the tent, opened the sleeping bag, and took out the foot pump to blow up the mattress. Where was the mattress? My checklist said I put it in the car! After searching and searching for the air mattress, I gave up. I somehow forgot to take it. Don't ask me how. I still don't know. I was sure I wrapped it in my sleeping bag. Oh well, it would be an awful night for sleeping. I called Joan to let her know I was alive.

It was dark at 7:15 PM and it was getting a bit chilly. I entered the tent and somehow managed to survive the night. I was not cold as long as I kept myself inside the sleeping bag. It must have gotten to the mid 30 degrees at night. It was not until 8:40 AM that I was able to venture out to brush my teeth. I managed to down another peanut butter sandwich. For the first time in my life, I was not hungry! It took about 45 minutes to pack up the tent and the rest of the equipment.

At about 9:00 AM someone came to clean the toilet and I immediately went in right after they left. I took off at about 9:15 AM wearing a tee shirt, sweatshirt, and jacket and insulated down vest. I needed each piece of clothing.

I decided that I could not sleep without an air mattress and therefore would find a motel for this night. After pedaling for about 20 minutes I got smart. (You really should not travel alone!) I used the cell phone to call Joan and decided that they should pick me up at Harper's Ferry. That would be at the 60.5 mile marker and it would take me about 3 1/2 hours to get there. Knowing that it was only a 1/2-day trip, the pedaling got easier. I arrived at Harper's Ferry and had to cross a bridge to get into town where I would meet up with Joan, Barbara, Seth and the grandkids.

However, to get on to the bridge from the towpath requires carrying the bicycle up a circular staircase with about 60 steps. It was amazing how no one offered to help as about 10 people passed me by. Finally a couple of cyclists offered me a hand and up I went. I arrived at the Visitor's Center at the same time Joan and the rest of the troops did, about 1:30 PM.

It was an experience that I will not forget.

Lessons learned:

1. Check each piece that is actually on the bike before taking off. Leaving the mattress was a disaster.
2. Traveling 40 miles on the towpath is a lot for one day.
3. The tent sites are situated every 5 to 10 miles. Therefore, camping is not bad since you really don't have to plan where you will stop.
4. Motels are not all just off the road. The group I met planned on staying in Leesburg, about 5 miles from the towpath. You need to travel on the road. Not too safe.
5. Traveling alone is a little too quiet for me.
6. Travel from Cumberland to Georgetown, it is downhill.
7. Traveling alone is not safe.

ANYONE OUT THERE READY JOIN ME ON MY NEXT GREAT ADVENTURE?

Bicycle Trip from Cumberland, Maryland to Hancock, Maryland

Stan Glickstein & Irv Selsley

June 3-4, 2002

The following details my continuing bicycle adventure which began several years ago as a desire to cycle along the Chesapeake & Ohio (C & O) Canal on the towpath trail from the Georgetown area outside Washington, DC to Cumberland, Maryland. Last year I foolishly went by myself and made the trip from Georgetown, Washington DC to Harper's Ferry, MD.

This year, without too much arm-twisting, I convinced Irv Selsley (one of four in our bicycling crew) to participate in a 3-day bike trip from Cumberland, MD to Hancock, MD. Prior to the day of departure, we each diligently detailed what was needed on a "what to take list," did 5-minutes of cycling with a full load of about 45 lbs. packed onto the rear wheel of the bicycle and declared we were ready.

The adventure began Monday, June 3, 2002. I picked up Irv's bicycle Monday morning at 7:00 AM. It took 25 minutes before we got everything loaded. We then both started driving to Cumberland, MD. After filling out a registration form that identified that we were leaving Irv's car at the parking area we chained both of our bicycles to the railing at the C & O Visitor's Center. Both of us proceeded to drive to Hancock, MD, about 37 miles from Cumberland. We unloaded all my gear into Irv's car, filled out the proper form and parked my car at the Hancock C & O Visitor's Center. We then drove back to Cumberland. At exactly noon, we decided not to stop at Arby's for lunch, as we were anxious and excited about beginning our trip at the 184.5-mile marker in Cumberland, MD.

The bike path is made of crushed stone and wasn't too bad for biking at first. We pedaled for about 1 hour and stopped for lunch at the Irons Mountain, 175.3-mile marker. I had my usual two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (2 of 6 that were packed). Irv had a more nutritious and more compact lunch of an energy bar and canned fruit. After resting we started out again at 1:30 PM. We pedaled for another 12 miles that took about an hour and 10 minutes and stopped at the 162.1 marker, Town Creek for a 30-minute rest.

It was a bit tiring but we reached our planned destination, Purslane Run at mile marker 157.4, at about 4:30 PM. Since it was early, we decided to continue on for a few more miles into the big town of Paw Paw, West Virginia. The town consists of a small grocery store, gas station with a convenience store, a small house with the title of Mayor's office, Hostel and a Bed and Breakfast. Irv had his digital camera with him and he took prize photo's of the Mayor's office building. We had a coke, ice scream and then chattered with a local resident who was resting on a bench outside the grocery. Times ain't very good in Paw Paw, a town of about 9000.

We returned to Purslane Run, set up camp and Irv prepared his gourmet dinner, which consisted of pasta and tuna casserole. Unfortunately the pasta needed to sit a little longer to soften up. Irv was sure the next evening's dinner of beef casserole was going to be much better. I wasn't worried; I took enough peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to hold me until we would hit civilization.



Stan & Irv biking on the Cumberland-to-Washington tow path



Irv Selsley & Stan Glickstein coming out the Paw Paw Tunnel

We were all cleaned up by 7:30 PM. Irv proved his scouting abilities by building a pleasant campfire with one match. We relaxed, planned the next day's travels and hit the sack at 9:30 PM. The tent was a bit hot so Irv got out of his sleeping bag and opened the windows to let the cool breeze come through. There wasn't much of a breeze. It didn't matter. Five minutes later I went out in the rain to zip up all the windows. It poured on and off for most of the night. I don't think I slept a wink. Irv slept like a log. If you talk to Irv, he would tell you he didn't sleep a wink and Glickstein slept like a log.

In any event we were out of the tent at about 7:30 AM on Tuesday. After having a couple of packets of hot cereal and hot chocolate, I packed the sleeping bag, air mattress, wet tent, etc. on to my bike and started off. I hadn't moved more than 10 feet when Irv complained that something was wrong. He was so right. His rear tire was flat! He left his extra bike tube at home (so much for careful planning). Fortunately, I had an air pump and tube repair kit.

We removed the rear wheel, tire and tube. For both of us, this was our first adventure with dismantling the rear wheel of the bicycle. (No, we didn't do all the testing before the trip!) We pumped up the tube, but could not find a leak. We decided to put the bike together and put air into the rear tire. It was soft with only 30 lbs. of air, but it got us back into Paw Paw. At the convenience store, one of the local area residents was sitting around and suggested that we purchase a can of tube sealer to repair the tire. Irv did and it worked. The can of tube sealer only puts in about 20 lbs. of air but fortunately there was a coin operated air hose that completed the job. We had no trouble after that. We got away lucky. I envisioned pedaling by myself to Hancock to get the car and return to Paw Paw to pick up Irv. Someone was looking over us. I guess he was teaching us a lesson for the next time. Come fully prepared!

We started out again at 11:30 AM and quickly reached the famous 3,850-foot long Paw Paw tunnel. While you could see the light at the end of the tunnel it was pitch black inside. The path was bumpy and only about three to four feet wide. With flashlight in hand we both believed it was safer to walk the bikes through the tunnel. We continued biking for about 8 more miles and rested.

We joined up with two other cyclists, Sam and Bill from Reston, VA. They also started from Hancock and were heading to Reston, VA. They planned to get off the C & O trail at Whites Ferry, at the 35.5-mile marker. They would then take the ferry across the Potomac, travel on highway Route 15 for a couple of miles, and pick up a relatively new asphalt bike trail for the last 26 miles to Reston, VA. This is something to remember if I ever want to make the trip to Barbara & Seth by bike.

After another 8 miles of pedaling both Irv and I were tired. It was hot and the trail is not the best for biking. There are too many rocks. We stopped at the 141.0-mile marker, Fifteen-Mile Creek campground and had lunch. Peanut butter and jelly is great stuff. A little smashed, but so what. Irv again had a compact lunch of an energy bar and a can of fruit, this time accompanied by a good, hot cup of fresh-brewed coffee. Irv brought a propane stove with him. We still had 17 miles to go and we already decided that stopping at a motel in Hancock would make much more sense than camping again. We were hot, sticky and very tired. We needed some air conditioning. We later discovered that the temperature had crept up to about 85 degrees.

After another rest stop at Cacapon Junction, mile 133.6, we met a group of three cyclists, a retired couple and another women friend. It was interesting conversation, but the best thing they had to say was that we could get off the miserable, rocky and pot holed C & O trail and cycle on the new asphalt paved "rails to trails" that paralleled the C & O trail. It was opened two days earlier and we would probably be one of the first groups of cyclists on the trail.

About 10 miles from Hancock, we got on to the new path. It was heaven. The trail sits about 200 feet above the C & O trail and is wide open with lots of good scenery. What Irv and I thought would be the toughest part of the trip, the last 10 miles to Hancock (on the C & O) turned out to be a delightful pleasant 10 miles on the rails to trails path. This path will eventually continue all the way to Cumberland and hook up with the Youghiogeny River Trail to Pittsburgh. (But, probably not in our lifetimes.)

We arrived in Hancock at about 4:30 PM. It didn't take much to convince Irv that we should forgo the motel. I suggested that we pack our gear in my car, head toward Cumberland and then head home to sleep in our own beds. After stopping at JB's Steak Cellar in Cumberland for a pleasant relaxed dinner, we proceeded to pick up Irv's car. We returned home at about 9:00 PM.

All in all, it was another great biking experience that I will not forget.

Lessons learned:

8. Check each piece that is actually on the bike before taking off. This time it worked for me.
9. Traveling 30 miles on the towpath is about the limit for one day.
10. The tent sites are situated every 5 to 10 miles. Therefore, camping is not bad since you really don't have to plan where you will stop. Unfortunately, if it is hot, it isn't pleasant. (At this time of the year, the mosquitoes are thick along the fetid canal. Bring lots of DEET.) A motel is probably the way to go after each day of travelling. It will also make pedaling the next day a little easier.
11. With a motel you need to plan carefully and make sure that there is a motel available when you stop. You will also need to travel on the road. Check for how safe it will be.
12. Traveling with someone is a must!
13. Use equipment that is compact and light so that it will pack easily on a bike.
14. Get rid of that bulky sleeping bag and trade it in for a thin rollup bag.

IS THERE ANYONE ELSE OUT THERE READY TO JOIN IRV AND ME ON OUR NEXT GREAT ADVENTURE, FROM HANCOCK TO HARPER'S FERRY IN THE FALL?

Sign up soon before all the spaces are get taken.

New York City 5-Boroughs Bike Ride

Stanley Glickstein

April 2010



Cousin Barbara Gottesman watching the Borough bike ride from the sidelines



Left to right: My cousins Mark Silver & Mark Glick, Stan Glickstein, cousin Jessica Brooks Holman, cousin Diane Silver and her friend who both flew in from Texas for this occasion



Left to right: Jessica Brooks Holman, Mark Glick, Mark Silver, Stan Glickstein, Diane Silver and her friend



Getting ready for the start of the ride



Crossing one of the bridges along the route

Letter to Trailside Restaurant in West Newton, PA – Bad Service

Stanley Glickstein

321 Challen Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236
June 6, 2011

Mr. Rod Barby, Owner
Trailside
108 West Main Street
West Newton, PA 15089

Dear Mr. Barby

Just a friendly note to let you know that your service has been extremely bad the last 3-times we have stopped for lunch.

Our group, the “Silver Cyclers” have routinely stopped for lunch ever since you opened and we have spoken to one another many times (if you are the owner from years ago.) In fact we had our picture in your local paper when you opened. However, last week, Wednesday, June 1st will be our last for a good while. There were 10 of us who had just finished biking along the trail. We have had poor service twice before and the group really wanted to go somewhere, but I convinced them to try again.

We arrived for lunch about 1:30 PM and your server took our drink order and things were fine. She then took our lunch order.

1. You were out of potato salad and we couldn't order the 4-side salad. I asked her to be creative and just serve 3-sides. She returned and said she couldn't, but would serve double on the slaw or fruit. OK, several of us ordered the salad.
2. You also stopped serving someone's favorite beer but that was not a problem. They ordered something else.
3. When the salad was served bread sticks were not available. You were out. In addition,
4. **It took exactly 50 minutes before any food was served! Fifty minutes!**

Interestingly, there was a stranger who had joined us along the trail and came to lunch. He said he too has had poor service and recommended we go across the bridge and eat in town.

This was the third consecutive time that service has been this bad. Obviously, we will have lunch elsewhere the next time we are in West Newton.

I am taking the time to bring this to your attention because you appeared to work so hard to get your operation up and running. Good luck in the future. I hope you get your act together.

Sincerely,

Stan Glickstein
Silver Cyclers

First Bike Ride of the Year

Gordon Ogle & Bob Ciardi

The bike season usually ended when the snow started falling and the trails became icy. When did we start again? Here is some data received from a couple of bikers who keep all their e-mails.

First Bike Ride of the Year

These are my historical dates according to Gordon Ogle

2014 ... 3/11

2013 ... 3/11

2012 ... 3/12

2011 ... 3/29

2010 ... 3/18

From Bob Ciardi: e-mail March 14, 2015

I can add the following info to the history of "*first bike ride of the year*"

2009: Jan 6 at Riverfront Park, Southside

2010 & 2011: I agree with Gordon

2012, 2013, and 2014: Gordon's first ride is a week earlier than mine.

Bob C

Opening of the Smithfield Bridge Ramp

Henk Bossers

On October 12, 2020, in a moment of inspiration, Stan S. Glickstein Past President and Founder of Silver Biker asked:



BIKERS: Just happened to come across these pages that I had long ago put together and forgot about.

With all of you sitting at home there must be time to put together your favorite bike story. Or just come with pictures with some words below, including date and place.

Irv Selsley: You promised some input 4 years ago. I am still waiting.

Jack Murphy: There must be some old favorites that you might be able to recall.



Howard: How about that bear we saw crossing the Mon on your first adventure

Ciardi: You home doing nothing?

Hank: what are you doing with your time?

And the rest of youNewcomers....How did we find you?

From yours truly,

Stan, Past President and Founder

Well, Stan, there might be one answer to your question!

*Comedian David Letterman on his TV show asked: **Is this something?***

*Comedian Jerry Seinfeld has written a book entitled: **Is This Anything?***

Well, I am no comedian, yet ask:

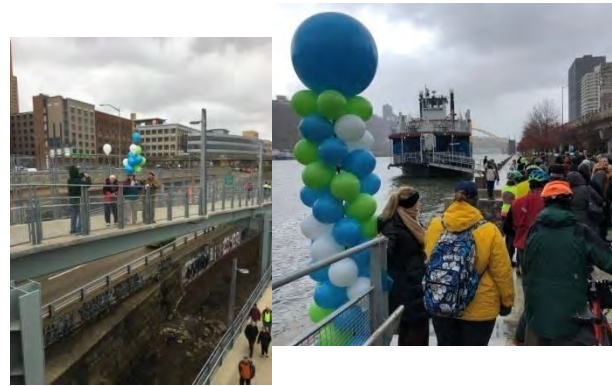
Was this Anything? Back on December 4, 2018?



Yes, I would [DECLARE!](#) The event was
“Something”

Here we are celebrating the long-awaited opening of the Smithfield Bridge ramp making it safer for us to ride into town and to the Point. Many dollars and legal maneuverings were necessary for this ramp to be built. It is good ramp.

Five foolhardy bikers thought it worthy to celebrate with others: Stan Glickstein, Wayne Franzen, Wayne Severson, Gordon Ogle, and Henk Bosser. It was a cold day. And the celebration was delayed by stuff that happens. Yet, we did get warm hot chocolate to revive our cold bodies.



SUBMITTED BY HENK BOSSER

Frostburg to Deal October 22, 2009

Wayne Severson

On a beautiful fall day, Tom Prezel, Stan Glickstein, Jerry Lessmann, and Wayne Severson made the 100-mile, 2-hour drive to Frostburg, MD for a bike ride to Deal, PA on the Great Allegheny Passage. This ride not only features absolutely great scenery but two tunnels, a crossing of the Mason Dixon Line and over the eastern continental divide as well.



Wayne, Tom and Jerry at the Entrance to the 957-foot Borden Tunnel



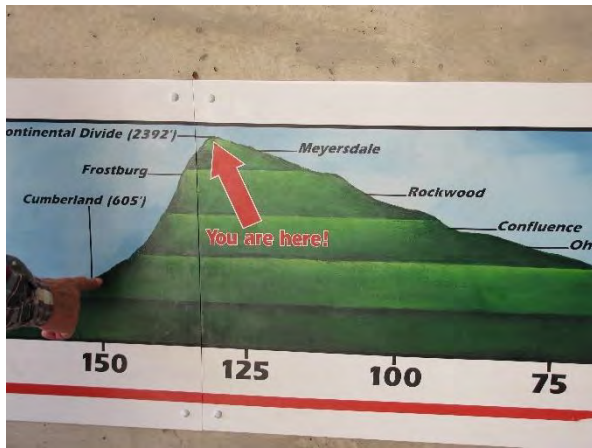
Stan, Tom, Jerry and Wayne at the Mason-Dixon Line



At the entrance to the 3,954' Big Savage Tunnel



The Continental Divide



Which way would you go?



At Deal at last.

To do the whole Washington, DC to Pittsburgh or the other way around, probably the easiest plan would be to ride from Washington to Cumberland, take the train to Frostburg and then go on to Pittsburgh. What do you think? Deal, at milepost 25 on the Great Allegheny Passage, is not much. No place to eat, no place to use a restroom, but there is a place to sit and rest a bit as shown above.

Miscellaneous Contributions

From Gordon Ogle



Celebrating Howard Lang's Birthday









Left to right: ?????, Wayne Franzen, Howard Lang and Stan Glickstein



????



Washibgton;s Landing

Left to riight Mike Oswalt, Tracy Soska, John Clark, Len Slappo, Benny Gorczyca,
Ken Havilla, Daryl Welsh

Orczyca,

A Random e-mail from Al Schorr

Al Schorr:

From: A&B Schorr [mailto:schorrab@comcast.net]

Sent: Thursday, September 20, 2007 11:47 AM

To: iselsley@verizon.net; schorrab@comcast.net; murphyjh@verizon.net; rdburack@msn.com; Stanglick@aol.com; langhn@comcast.net; jimteska@comcast.net; wefranken@yahoo.com; bobciardi@comcast.net; NUNNYPOP@aol.com; rgheih@yahoo.com; rich.raiff@yahoo.com; wes4sue@msn.com; wilsonbb@comcast.net; gofarb1@yahoo.com

Subject: Our bike group lunch in West Newton...

Hi Bikers...

Our 15 minutes of fame in the spotlight following our ride and lunch at the Trailside in West Newton...

Alan

(note the prominence of our fearless leader Stan)



Photo Credit: Sean Stipp/Tribune-Review

From left, standing, John Markle and Rod Darby, co-owners of The Trailside in West Newton talk to a group of cyclists having lunch on Monday.

see also: BELOW

<http://www.pittsburghlive.com/x/tribunereview/news/photogallery/#>

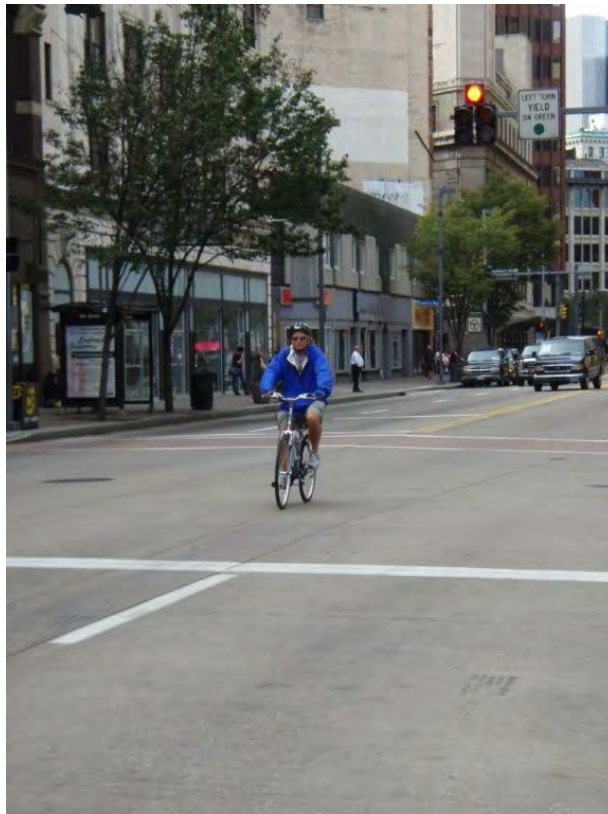
Panhandle Trail 2007







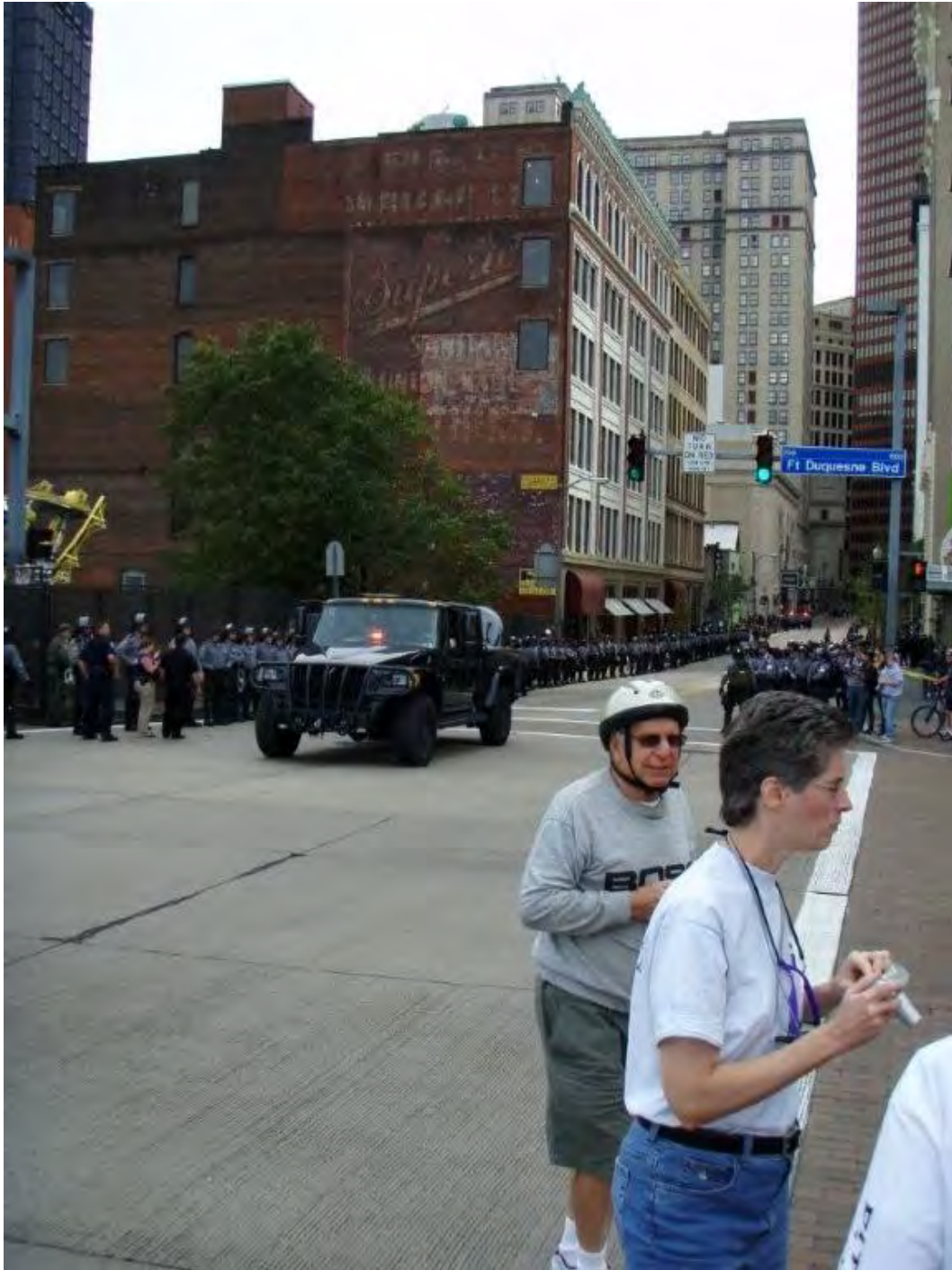
G-20 Bike days; 9/24/2009 to 9/25/2009











Stan Glickstein



Stan Glickstein enjoying the police protection



Gordon Ogle up front with other Silver Cyclers at corner

Henk and some of his friends.



Yearly Picnic at Cedar Creek - 2011



Yearly Picnic at Cedar Creek Picnic - 2012



Yearly Picnic at Cedar Creek – 2014



Yearly Picnic at Cedar Creek – 2017

The Annual Silver Cyclers' Picnic was held on Tuesday October 10, 2017, at Cedar Creek Park, West Moreland County. The park is at the GAP, Greater Alleghany Passage, Mile-Marker "110".



Back row standing are (1) Bernie Zytka, (2) Joe May, (3) Wayne Franzen, (4) Howard Lang, (5) Larry Hess, (6) Stan Glickstein, (7) Ken Brown, (8) Gordon Ogle, (9) Mark Green, (10) Wayne Severson.
Kneeling are (11) Len Slappo, (12) Dean Rath, (13) Bob Ciardi, (14) Tom Prezel, (15) Alan Schorr, and (16) Henk Bossers.



Gordon Ogle took this Picture at the Point, 2017

Recollections from Henk Bosser

On October 12, 2020 in a moment of inspiration Stan S. Glickstein Past President and Founder of Silver Biker asked:

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With all of you siting home there must be time to put together your favorite bike story. Or just come pictures with some words below, include date and place.

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From yours truly

,

Stan, Past President and Founder”

Well Stan, here might be one answer to your question!

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Comedian Jerry Seinfeld has written book entitled: **Is this anything?**

Well, I am no comedian, yet ask:



**Was this
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**Yes, I would
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Here we are celebrating the long-awaited opening the Smithfield Bridge Bike ramp making it safer for us to ride into town and to the

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Wayne Franzen, Henk Bosser, Wayne Severson and Gordon Ogle



Walking to the Hot Chocolate



Walkers crossing Smithfield Bridge



Left to right: Henk Bosser, Wayne Franzen, Gordon Ogle, Wayne Severson and Stan Glickstein



Bike Tour of Braddock

Mark Gottlieb

November 4, 2020

The week before this trip, Stan & I were on a “conventional” ride from the GAP trailhead above Second Ave. to the Pumphouse and beyond.(I say “conventional” since I finally gave up my Ebike after several falls. Stan graciously lent me his spare bike, pending a new non-electric step-thru model for me) Stan suggested that we proceed on to Braddock. Not one to wimp out to my Captain, I said “sure, why not.”

The most direct way to cross the Mon was over the Rankin Bridge-- don't do this! There is only a junk- strewn rocky path from the back exit of the Waterfront to the unmarked, auto ramp to the bridge. We safely crossed the bridge over to the Rankin/Braddock side and its confusing interchange. At that point we decided not to further gamble on our survival skills and turned around, agreeing to return next time via auto.

So, the next week, on a crisp and sunny November day, we put our bikes on Stan's car and proceeded from our Oakland condo building to the parking lot next to Superior Motors Restaurant in Braddock. Lt. Gov.Jon Fetterman and his family live in a nondescript add-on behind the restaurant.

It was a bittersweet tour for me, or anyone who remembers Braddock in its heyday. My wife Carole's mother grew up there. Her family owned Levitt Brothers Furniture on Braddock Ave. (insert photo) When we were dating in the mid-fifties, Braddock, like most mill towns lining the rivers, was a busy, bustling, diverse community.

Payday at The Edgar Thompson Steel Works was usually on Friday, so the weekend sidewalks were filled with shoppers, diners,drinkers and moviegoers . In addition to Levitt Bros, I remember Ohringer Furniture, Unger Jewelers, Spear Dept Store, Murphy 5&10, etc.

Today, Braddock resembles an abandoned ghost town. Few people are on the street, whole swaths of businesses boarded & fenced in. Where crowded neighborhoods once stood,isolated homes dot the hills parallel to Braddock Ave, separated by weedy fields.

Since the hills were kind of steep for a couple of Silver Cyclers, we did most of our riding on the flat streets on the Mon side of Braddock Ave. We rode behind the still operating Edgar Thompson Works and River Locks, then turned around and rode back toward the entrance to the town, passing light industrial sites and a few neighborhoods.

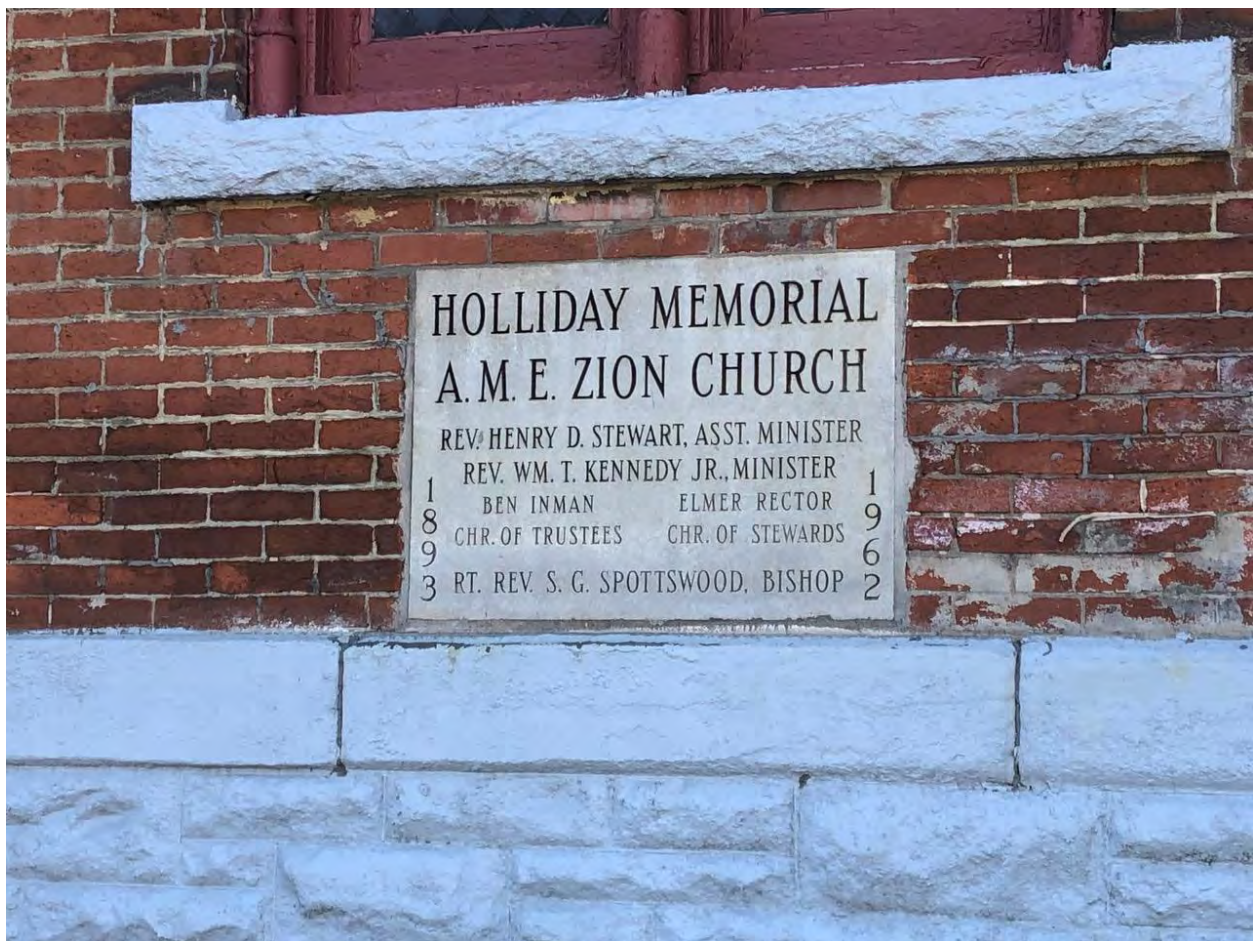
On the hill side of Braddock,we did see the first of Carnegie's Libraries with its imposing architecture and a nearby marker and statue of a young George Washington commemorating The Battle of Braddock. A couple of blocks away is a museum about the Battle, unfortunately it was closed the day we were there. I'd like to return when these facilities reopen.

Although it was a depressing visit, we did see a few signs of vitality-a new arts center in the old Ohringer bldg, new public housing and community gardens with a farmers market. We were excited when we spotted a garishly decorated metal shack that prominently displayed a sign- "Bike Repairs". Alas, it is now a community pantry.

Unfortunately, Braddock has become a national metaphor for Rust Belt despair. Maybe the dedicated efforts and influence of people like Jon Fetterman can help to untarnish this sad image of a truly historic town.

On the way home we stopped at the Carrie Furnace on Rankin Blvd. Several men in dark suits were in the parking lot. It turns out that they were County Detectives, going to attend a colleague's retirement party at the Furnace site. After learning this, we noticed that all of the vehicles were unmarked muscle cars with blue municipal PA license plates.

It was a memorable day. Hope to return when access to the Rankin Bridge is safe for Silver Cyclers!



Not much activity today

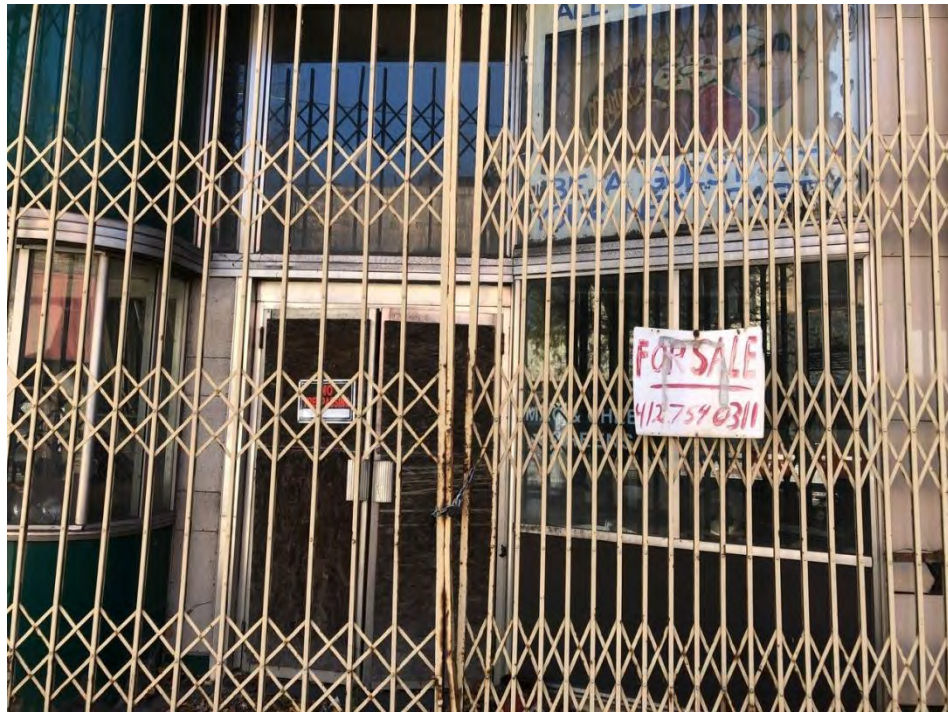


Biking along the side streets of Braddock



Sign: *Wherever you came from, however you got her, we are so glad to see you.*

Food and clothing distribution center.



I bet you can get it for a good price



Stan Glickstein standing beside the locks with Kennywood on the other side of the Mo



Mark Gottlieb was there too



Typical view along Main Street



Main Street in Braddock



Continuing along Main Street in Braddock



View of the Braddock steel works



The locks along the Mon in Braddock



Typical view of present industrial activity along the Mon



Looking along the Mon from Braddock

A Bike Outing to Randyland on the North Shore of Pittsburgh

Ed Abes, Stan Glickstein, Mark Gotlieb and Max Sacher

The following has been extracted from the *Randyland* website)

“Randy sees things before they are there. Where most saw a dilapidated building surrounded by crime, Randy saw an opportunity to create a place of cheerfulness for generations of people to enjoy. He knew that love would fill the cracks. He became an artist by picking up a brush and paint, and creating patterns on things he would find in the garbage. This idea has been expanding for the past 25 years, and his museum of happiness is the amazing result. Randy's vision continues to inspire all who visit him, in person and virtually. His message of love and happiness is most needed in the world today!”



Max Sacher (Stan's grandson currently living in Pittsburgh)



Stan in Randyland

got to find my other Randyland pictures
with Mark and Ed

Contribution from Ken Brown



A couple years ago, visitors to the trail started to decorate the end of a fallen log that is about one mile south of West Newton . They called it the Yough Ness Monster. The decorations keep on increasing with a painted face, clothing, etc. The Silver Cyclers stopped for a photo op in August, 2023. From left to right, Ken Brown, Joe May, Mike Oswalt, Conrad Maher, the Yough Ness Monster, Henk Bossers, Dean Rath, Tracy Soska, Tom Duzak, Gordon Ogle, Mike Sussman, Wayne Severson, Benny Gorczyca, John Clark and Bill Wilson.

Tour de Pittsburgh: A Wonderfully Profound and Memorable Tour

Henk Bosser



l to r someone please fill in.....

Ken Brown and I were sitting at the Three River Point and laughed sharing the rant by “Pittsburgh Dad” on YouTube about the renaming of Three Rivers Stadium. “Pittsburgh Dad” got that right. We were looking from across the Point over the Allegheny River to the huge crane lifting the Red Zone Heinz Ketchup bottle. The day before the red-hot bleeding bottle was removed from the Steeler’s Red Zone structure. Today it needed to be lifted on a truck for permanent removal. No longer could Steeler fans enjoy the bottle spilling its red-colored-great-tasting-ketchup as the Steeler’s offense entered the 20-yard line for a score. The luscious taste of victory is in the air no longer. What is next to go? What is the point?

As we were leaving the Point for the first of two times on our “Tour” and bike to Three Rivers Stadium, Gordon Ogle and I asked ourselves; “What is the point of all of this? The point is the Point. But we are leaving the Point to point us in the proper direction! Sure, what is the

point of all this anyway? Soon we found out. We were told go over the bridge and stay high on the bank to get to the stadium. Surprise! 50 plus EMT trucks greeted us. What is going on? We slowly rode past a huge crowd of EMT and Police workers. One EMT shared that next Sunday in Washington, DC a National Memorial Service was planned to recognize the sacrifice by EMT workers over the last many years. Soon they will hold their own memorial service here near the Point. A new sacrificial point was being made on our Tour de Pittsburgh. On to the Stadium.

We took our picture in front of the truck loaded with the doomed ketchup bottle. Very soon this truck will carry our precious victorious “Red Zone” memories to the trash dump. What is the point? Our fragile memories are not able to carry this tremendous loss gracefully. Is it too late to rebel, start a revolution, and seek vengeance on those evil doers removing our Treasured Pasts? No! the point is to begrudgingly, let go. Is that the point about THE Point? Off we go on our Tour to the abandoned Western Penitentiary Jail. By the neglected remnants of the Jail buildings, Wayne Severson and I talked about the carrier Nimitz and admiral Nimitz from WWII. Memories bring as well as go back what we forget and remember. There is a point there! Our whole nation is asking; “Is there a there?” But that is beside the point we are trying to make, here.

Off to somewhere, where after crossing the 16th street Bridge, we are to turn left and go near something like 17th street and Penn Avenue or is it Liberty Avenue? Who knows? Only the Shadow Knows! Surprise! We arrived at Old St. Patrick’s Church. A beautifully kept garden and shade awaited us. Some walked past the Stations of the Cross on the garden walls. I sat with Ken Havrilla on a bench in the shade on wonderfully maintained green grass. The moment was soothing and that is, its point. Renewal for the soul and we were renewed from the blistering sun. London, England, recorded its hottest temperature ever this day. Old St. Patrick’s Church offered us renewal. Back to the Point? We rode to The Point. We sat and enjoyed just living life and its many blessings. Some of us not sitting but standing gave guidance to Pittsburgh newcomers who knew not Pittsburgh, like we knew Pittsburgh. If only “Pittsburgh Dad” could clarify the point! Debate followed. Where to eat?

We decided on the Double-Wide Grill at the South Side. About 10 of us 15 bikers arrived at that point. We wallowed inside basking around airconditioned tables. The service was pleasant and fast. Good point. Tom Prezel shared a tremendously wonderful picture of his family at Hilton Head from a few weeks ago. Dean Rath and I talked imprinting, memory, and forgetting. He clarified “Memorable” and “Memorialize” words as we reflected on our surprise seeing the EMT caravan. First the EMT’s were up high on the riverbank and then they were down low. The point is that we Silver Cyclers during our bike riding and our lunch, we once again take the opportunity to solve all the world’s problems. Well, at least partially. Point well-made.

At last, after we paid for our lunch, we returned under the Birmingham Bridge to our cars and returned home from our Tour de Pittsburgh. One memorable day in all the days of our lives.

May it remain so!

Henk Bossers

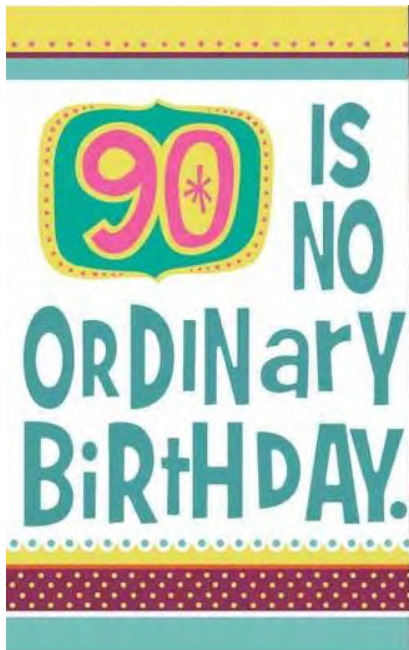


Celebrating Stan's 90th Birthday

Stan Glickstein

On November 12, 2023, Stan Glickstein who founded and organized the creation of the current Silver Cyclers 23 years ago turned celebrated his 90th Birthday. Two days later current and former members of the group organized a Birthday Party for Stan that took place at the Bravo Restaurant at the Waterfront.

Here are some special pictures.

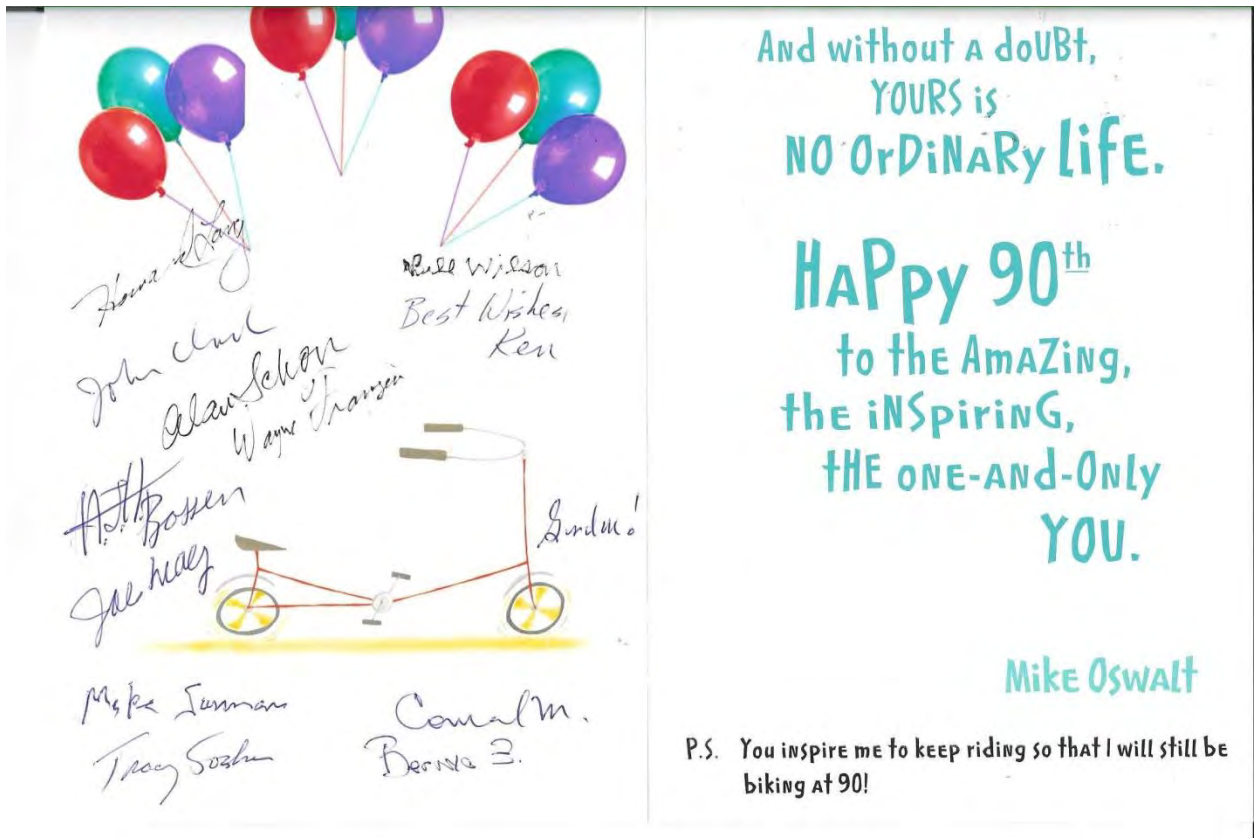
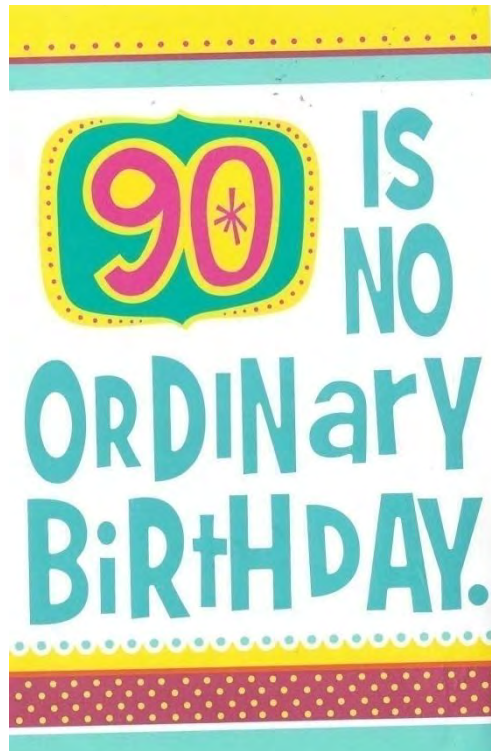


Stan,
And without a doubt,
YOURS is
NO ORDINARY life.

Happy 90th
to the AMAZING,
the INSPIRING,
THE ONE-AND-ONLY
YOU.

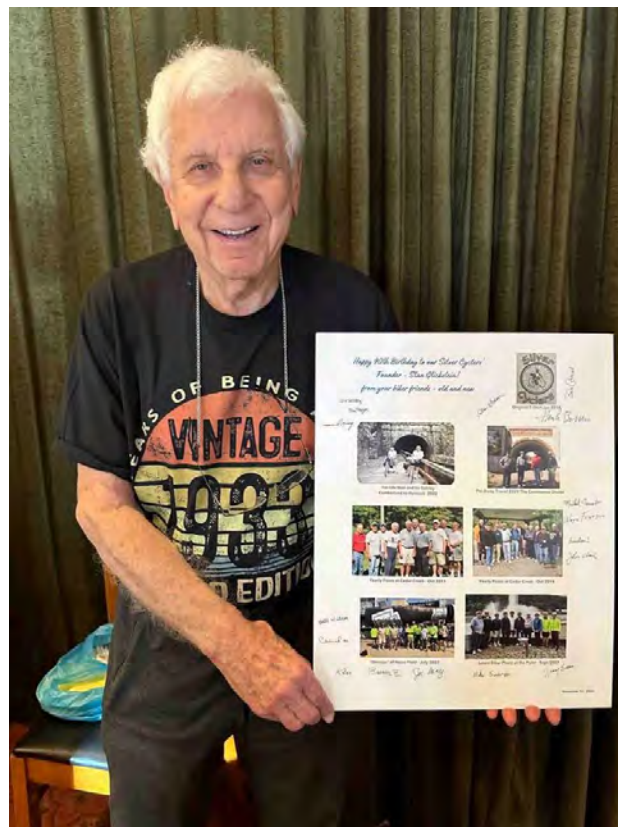
Mike Oswalt

P.S. You inspire me to keep riding so that I will still be
biking at 90!





Our current bike leader. Ken Brown saying a few words.



Stan Celebrating a very happy 90th birthday



Attendees celebrating with Stan for lunch at Bravo Restaurant





A few days later Stan is making a test drive in the Atrium Condominium garage. He is just about ready to get on the bicycle after some long weeks recuperating from a pain in the knee.

Bike Rules

The following rules have been put in place by the Silver Cyclers.

1. **Two Man Rule** - the next to last person must stay with sight of the last person. This rule is waived if the last person decides to stop and wait for the riders to come back past him on their return. However, the last person must inform that next to last person of his intentions.

2. **Wear a helmet.**

3. **Carry First Aid kit** with you. Include alcohol wipes.

Bike Leaders

The following persons have acted of the weekly coordinator of bike outings

Stanley Glickstein	2000 – 2018
--------------------	-------------

Gordon Ogle	2018 – 2020
-------------	-------------

Ken Brown	2020 –
-----------	--------

All Member List Include in Silver Cyclers Story Book 6-7-2023 (name of file)

Include All Member List in

Silver Cyclers History Book

Last Revised June 30, 2023

Combined November 2022 and 2012 Lists

Last Name	First Name	Date Joined	Cell	Home	Email
Bossers	Henk	2013	412-400-5970		bossers77@gmail.com
Brown	Ken	2007	412-915-3533	412-653-0233	gofarb1@yahoo.com
Brubaker	Jim	2010		412-653-1696	
Burack **	Bob	2000			<u>deceased</u>
Churton	John	2023	412-398-6326		churton@verizon.net
Ciardi	Bob	2006	724-420-4569	724-552-9095	bobciardi@comcast.net
Cohen	Steve		412-421-3003		
Clark	John		412-401-3364		jclark207@gmail.com
Decker	Tim		412-491-0607	412-655-4686	
Duzak	Tom	2022	412-370-3051	412-833-1625	tduzak@usw.org
Fields	Marvin	Abt 2021	412-726-0817	412-913-4043	mcfields@aol.com
Foreman	Bob		412-780-0976	412-885-2690	robertform@aol.com
Franzen #	Wayne	2006	412-720-8454	412-653-4321	wefranzen@yahoo.com
Glickstein	Stan	2000	412-886-3269		stanglick@aol.com
Gorczyca	Benny	2020	412-901-2402		bengarson@icloud.com
Gottlieb	Mark		412-687-7711		zenshel@comcast.net
Green	Mark		724-610-8520	724-863-3551	markbgreen@comcast.net
Havrilla	Ken	2021	412-310-0048		kenjpt@gmail.com
Hintz	Rick		412-765-9073	412-466-3727	
Hoppe	Bob	Abt 2008	412-605-8033	412-835-4303	
Kasper	Dave		412-956-9553	412-262-9339	
Lang#	Howard	2005	412-980-8640	412-489-3781	langhc@verizon.net
Lessman	Jerry				<u>deceased</u>
Longwill	Chris	2019	412-609-4813	412-823-2652	cal800@yahoo.com
Maher	Conrad	2022	412-848-8116		conradmaher@gmail.com
May	Joe	2013	412-860-3263	412-655-7919	qinger342@verizon.net
Murphy**	Jack	2002			<u>deceased</u>
Mysliwicz	Don				nancym7158@verizon.net
Olby	Robert	2013	412-880-8721	412-731-6519	
Ogle	Gordon	2009	724-331-4196	412-831-8141	ggogle@comcast.net
Oswalt	Mike	2022	412-302-7633		moswalt307@hotmail.com
Prezel	Tom	2006	412-956-4219	412-835-0452	nunnypop@aol.com

Rath	Dean	2014		724-941-7608	rathdj@verizon.net
Schorr	Alan	2006	412-736-6838	412-276-5573	schorrab@comcast.net
Selsley#	Irving	2005	412-651-3243	215-362-4948	irvselsley@verizon.net
Severson	Wayne	2008	412-302-0354	412-653-4572	wmseverson@aol.com
Slappo	Len	2015	412-298-3767		laslappo@verizon.net
Sper	Dave		412-956-9563	412-262-9338	
Soska	Tracy	2019	412 580-2317		tracy.soska@gmail.com
Sussman	Mike	2018	412-722-6616	412 835 8443	MMSussman@gmail.com
Taylor	Chuck		412-302-0269		chucktaylor1950@gmail.com
Tunick#	Barry	2001			
Bill Wilson	Bill	2005	443-248- 9838	412-241-7241	wilsonb48@gmail.com
Zytka	Bernie	2012	412-951-5798		thebigzee357@gmail.com

Biker Emeritus

**deceased

List of Silver Cyclers

Old Member List

Need two listing of all names on our mailing list old and current members names. Nice to have in alphabetical order as well as according to the dates they joined

New Member List 2011

NEEDS TO BE UPDATED LIST

Bike List		Date Joined	Cell	Home Phone
Bossers	Henk		412-400-5970	
Brown	Ken	2007	412-915-3533	412-653-0233
Brubaker	Jim			412-653-1696
Burack	Bob	2000	deceased	412-655-2542
Churton	John	2023		
Ciardi	Bob	2006	724-420-4569	724-552-9095
Cohen	Steve		412-421-3999	
Decker	Jim		412-491-0607	412-655-4686
Franzen	Wayne	2006?	412-720-8454	412-653-4321
Glickstein	Stan	2000	412-320-3916	412-655-3514
Hintz	Rick		412-765-9073	412-466-3727
Hoppe	Bob	2008?	412-605-8033	412-835-4303
Kasper	Dave		412-956-9553	412-262-9339
Lang	Howard	2005	412-980-8640	412-884-5008
Lessman	Jerry		deceased	412-653-0540
May	Joe	2013	412-860-3263	412-655-7919
Murphy	Jack	2002	deceased	412-655-7017
Olby	Robert		412 880 8721	412 731 6519
Ogle	Gordon	2009	724-331-4196	412-831-8141
Oswalt	Mike	2022		
Prezel	Tom	2006	412-956-4219	412-835-0452

Rath	Dean	2014		
Raiff	Rich		412.915.7916	412.344.5969
Ryals	Wes		412-716-3966	724-266-2106
Schorr	Alan		412-736-6838	412-276-5573
Selsley	Irv	2005		
Severson	Wayne	2008	412-302-0354	412-653-4572
Slappo	Ken	2015		
Sussman	Mike	2018		
Tunick	Barry	2001		
Wilson	Bill		412-609-3034	412-241-7241
Wolfe	Dick		412-735-3288	412-882-4986

Current List of members

Silver Cyclers Member Bio

Stan Glickstein

Born : November 12, 1933

Place: Brooklyn, New York

Stan spent the first 22 years of his life living in the East Flatbush section of Brooklyn, NY.. He attended the prestigious Brooklyn Technical High School that enrolled 6000 students and was located in the downtown section of Brooklyn.. Stan went on to attend The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn where he graduated in 1955 with a BS in Electrical Engineering. After working as a young engineer with General Electric for one year, he returned to graduate school at The Pennsylvania State University. He soon met his future wife Joan and was married in 1957. After 4-more years at PSU he earned his PhD degree in Nuclear Physics.

He then spent 3-years as a Post Doc in the Physics Department at Princeton University. In 1964 he moved to Pleasant Hills, a suburb of Pittsburgh and worked for the Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory. After an exciting 35 years at Bettis, he retired in 1999. The following year he went on to organize the Silver Cyclers and the rest is history.

By Henk Bosser

On Tuesday September 26, 2023, at 9:30 am, the Silver Cyclers were treated to a visionary moment in their cycling history. At the invitation by Tracy Soska, the cyclers enjoyed the presence of Matt Galluzzo, the President and CEO, of Riverlife. Go to “Riverlifepgh.org” for details. We learned much. Centrally, we learned that The Point, is The Point, Pittsburgh POINT that is. We learned two additional lessons. First, we learned that Tracy Soska is a master teacher. He has nurtured Matt since 2001. We were introduced to a student who is doing magnificently. Second, we learned that us located in the center of a vision worthy of implementation. The classic King James Bible has the phrase that “Where there is no **vision**, the people perish:” (Proverbs 29:18). Matt is dedicated to the idea “Let’s create a world-class Pittsburgh riverfront experience that everyone can enjoy.” Matt told us his story how we citizens can make this vision come true. Yeah, for Matt and Tracy. We were honored to receive their wisdom and guidance. Thanks. Later during lunch at the Strip District, Pho Van, we tried to distill what we learned. What is the point? Answer, well the point was THE POINT, period. Just saying.



Left to right: Tracy Soska, Henk Bossers, Tom Duzak, Matt Galluzzo (Guest Speaker), Mike Oswalt, Benny Gorczyca, Mike Sussman, John Clark, Ken Havrilla, Len Slappo

September 27-28, 2023

Stan Glickstein and son Steve travel from West Newton to Cumberland, MD, Wednesday and Thursday, September 27-28th 2023. Steve by bike and Stan by car support.



Stan emerging from Big Savage tunnel

Tales and more Pix to be entered.

Anyone want to continue?

NEED WRITERS !!!

Pictures Random

Picnics

Etc

Etc.

Etc



left to right First row: John Clark, Stan Glickstein
Second row: Ken Havilla, Ken Brown, Bill Wilson, Tracy Soska, Joe May, Benny Gorczyca,
Wayne, Severson, Mike Sussman, Alan Schorr 9-28-2021



2011 Picnic



2012 picnic



Suttersville 2007



9-3-2019-



L to R, Len Slappo, Conrad Maher, Ken Brown, Tracy Soska, Mike Oswalt, John Clark

October 2023



Post Gazette Hot metal Bridge 11-29-2007

Taken By Bob Ciaardi 2007







End of Ciardi PIX