

# Eat, Ride, Eat Ride, EAT - Charleston 2009

For those teams that missed the first annual cookout in Charleston during the Cooper Bridge Run & Ride, you might want to consider putting this on your calendar next year. With two great days of glorious riding (April 4-5) Team Peche, Team McKnight and Team TASK and on single bikes Tracy B. and Jim Smith, would partake of happy hour, cook out on Saturday and the Sunday Coastal Cyclists event.



Hostess got her own "Boost Jersey".

Happy hour at Tracy's would be the highlight for Friday evening with guest accommodations.



On Saturday, teams had the option of leaving from Tracy's house with addition of eight miles both way or driving to Tri-Sport Bicycle shop. With island hopping the teams would meet up with Dwight and Donna, ride host for the weekend. About half a block into our ride a gun shot rang out with us taking cover. Well, it was Dwight's back tire and a six inch bash later. The "mechanic crew" got busy with the repair. Not knowing if Dwight's pump was working and inflating the tube was becoming a major job, JT found the replacement tube had a hole near the valve stem. (How long has Dwight been tandeming?) Out comes a spare tube from TASK bag and back on the road.



Dwight our ride leader took us on the back streets for our island hopping with our final destination to their condo to get an idea of when we come back for the cookout which unit to look for. Jim having dropped a chain told us to go on he would catch up shortly. Waiting at the front of the condo, we waited and waited and WAITED. Team TASK would go back and find Jim along the



sidewalk, bare feet and all with a bigger problem than a dropped chain. It seems that the bike he bought was not



put together properly and the bottom bracket had pushed the chain cog into his frame from the other side. A quick call to Dwight to become his chauffeur to get the bike to the shop as the near reference of Jim riding tandem on Sunday with Tracy was making him white in the face (Roy brought his spare for just that purpose). Shoeless because he had set out on foot to catch up with us towing his bike behind him.

The rest of us would high-tail it back to Tracy's to clean up and come back for the cookout. A local bike shop was able to get Jim's bike fixed before closing hour. Respective miles for the day: 52 and 35.



On our return we would smell burgers in the air. While Dwight has cooking, Donna was hosting and what a great host. Thank you Dwight and Donna for allowing the teams to congregate at your beautiful condo right on the beach. Did any of us explore the beach? Heck no we were all at the feeding trough.

With such a late ride and lunch we decided those teams that wanted to meet up later for dinner (gag, gag more food!) would go to Seewee Restaurant. A famous haunt that Tracy and Jim found by yokel-local talk.

A place you need to visit if in Mt. Pleasant area.



#### The History of SeeWee Restaurant

The name Seewee came from an Indian tribe in the Awendaw area. The Seewee Building was built as a general store in the early 1920's. We purchased it from the original owner in the 1960's and operated it as a General Store for many years, before opening the SeeWee Restaurant in 1993. The old shelving, well worn painted floors, tongue and groove paneling and red tin roof are all reminiscent of another way of life.

#### A Little More History

The place where our restaurant is located was called Wappetaw. It was settled by a group from New England in 1696.

They formed a church called the Wappetaw Independent Congregational Church. The Church has been gone since the late 1800's and all that remains are a few markers. This site is located on Fifteen Mile Landing Road, directly behind our restaurant. This particular area abounds with history and has been of interest to historians for many years. If time and weather permits, it would be worth an after dinner stroll to see this interesting local landmark.

The Seewee Indians were a small tribe and at their largest, probably totaled no more than 100. They were akin to the Sioux linguistically, and their name is thought to mean "island" or "island people". They often hunted and fished on the offshore barrier islands (their "hunting" islands), known today as Bull's, Caper's, Dewee's, and Isle of Palms. In fact, it was a party of Seewee braves hunting at Bull's Island (they called it Oneiscaw) in March 1670, who first welcomed the Carolina, the ship bringing the original group of English colonists to Carolina shores. One of their main villages was a place call "Avendaugh-bough", now abbreviated to "Awendaw". At some time prior to 1700, the tribe was virtually obliterated when they attempted to sail to England in canoes to trade their deer skins directly with the English King. Only the very old and very young remained behind. Tragically, they were barely out of sight of land when they were hit by a storm. Most drowned. The remaining unlucky survivors were picked up by a passing ship and sold into slavery in the Caribbean where they quickly died. By 1715, the total remaining Seewee population was estimated at only 57 remaining.

## Sunday, After the Bridge Run Ride



Team Coughlin's (Double Ds) made the start line (Battery Soccer Stadium) falling back about 20 single bikes with Tracy and Jim close on our wheel. Trying to pull out of the start is always a jockey position for most riders. Dwight and Donna were seen earlier but not on any wheel that we could see. Team Peche were opting for a casual ride to enjoy the day (smart team!). A great pace started with Team TASK pulling a few 25-30 bikes. Team Double D would come up beside us asking if we needed to slow it down a hair as we still had some 50 odd miles to go. What the heck, we took it up a few more notches. How many of these pesty singles can we shake off?

Taking turns pulling and into the yo-yo effect if back too far in the line Tracy and Jim were hanging on and I was very impressed. Jim's first solo long ride having been mostly on a mountain bike for his miles....he wasn't about to let a little fluctuation of 24-26 tandem speed pull throw him off. Well, that was until JT decided to bridge to the next group and Jim not knowing what was about to hit him lost us on the small rise. Jim's tongue hanging out the next single rider brought the group around Jim to hang on the tandem pulls that Double D and TASK were managing.

Our first stop at 40sh mile Jim and Tracy would pull in slightly recover and refuel to ride out with us all again. We lost them from an incident of another rider pushing Jim over to the side of the ditch (into the ditch) and Tracy staying back to keep him company.

We would pass Team Peche the last eight miles of headwind to the finish. How we hate that stretch. Giving a high-five to our cohorts' for the day, Double D and TASK grabbed plates of Sticky Finger lunch that was waiting for us on our return.

Where had Team McKnight gone too? Some time later they would roll in to tell us they had not gotten in line as soon as we saw them. Was stuck in a third wave out and once out on the road had TWO flats. That was three flats in two days. Better check your tire there Dwighty..... We all were so looking forward to having that third tandem to help pull the 30+ something bike train that was enjoying their Sunday ride. Respective miles: 30 and 73. (Offer also was 50 and 100 ml. routes).....

Until next time, keep in mind what great times you miss when you can't ride with TailWind.

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