

The Gainesville Cyclist

December 2006

The bi-monthly newsletter of the Gainesville Cycling Club, Inc.

ONLINE EDITION

Happenings

December 16 (Sat)

Holiday Party

See full details on page 3. Pot luck dinner at the Merkner's, 6 to 10 pm. The club will provide a couple of turkeys! 2401 NW 27th Lane. From Glen Springs Road (NW 23rd Blvd between NW 13th St and NW 34th St) take either 23rd Terr or 24th Terr south to 27th Lane.

December 26 (Tue)

Bike Memorial Event

Event details will be posted on GCCMail.

January 6 (Sat)

200 Kilometer Brevet

7:30 am. Full info is on our web site. Please preregister for this event.

January 13 (Sat)

Tour de Felasco

The ride is full. To volunteer to help out, email info@sanfelasco.net or call the registration director at (386)418-1113.

January 27 (Sat)

Chilly Chili Picnic

See page 6 for full details about this anticipated annual picnic event, held at O'Leno State Park.



The Most Welcomed Sight for Horse Farm Hundred Riders



From The Editor

Roger Pierce

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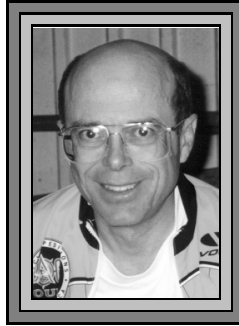
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GCC Web Page

gainesvillecyclingclub.org
gainesvillecc.org
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the season when I don't have a lot of extra time to devote to the stuff I do to

This season...to start thinking about your income taxes. And since this is how I make my spending money (as a tax office manager for H&R Block) it is

keep the club running. We got an early start this year at the office, which explains the lateness of this newsletter (and possibly the lateness of the next one).

Over the next year, the club will be looking at ways to spread out the load and build in redundancies so that we can operate more seamlessly in the future.

Many thanks to the contributors to this newsletter for submitting material when needed and without prodding from me.

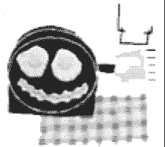


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President's Letter

The Gainesville Cycling Festival is in the books and put to bed for another year. Over 1,100 riders signed up for the weekend rides and our club was able to donate \$10,000 to the Boys Club. This year's festival ran exceptionally smoothly, thanks in large part to our terrific volunteer base. I would like to personally thank all of the many people who volunteered their time and efforts to make the festival the success that it was. Special thanks go out to Festival Director Roger Pierce and Gary Greenberg, Aid Director whose tireless dedication helped pull everyone together.

This year was not safest in memory for our riders. Several members have

sustained injuries, most minor but I would be remiss in not wishing Vicki Santello continued success in her long road back from several injuries sustained when she was stuck by a motor vehicle. On a more positive note I would like to congratulate Jay & Rita Ritter (formerly Rita Comerford), the latest in a line of club romances (including my own) to reach fruition in marriage. This year our club has grown to more than 600 members. I will be looking forward to seeing as many of you as possible at our annual Christmas party. Wishing all of you a happy and safe new year.

Bob Newman



Holiday Party Activities

Eating

The club will provide a couple of turkeys. Bring side dishes to complement the birds.

Food Contest

When you arrive you will be given a food label and a food ballot. The label will have a number on it. Write your name and a description of your dish on the label and make sure that it is placed so that everyone can tell that it goes with your dish. When you decide to vote for a dish as "best", write the number that is on its label on your ballot, and place it in the ballot box. Prizes will be awarded for best appetizer, best dish, and best desert.

Icebreaker

We will have an activity planned for when you arrive.

Competitive Gift Exchange

Everyone coming to the party should bring a wrapped gift. Select something that you think may be sufficiently desirable that people might want to fight over it. But you do not need to

spend a huge amount of money; a box of ten power bars might do the trick if you cannot come up with something more original! Huge battles have been fought over a \$3 stuffed animal from Dollar General!



All of the gifts go under the tree. We will then call names (two at a time), and the persons will select a gift from under the tree and open it (quickly). Subsequent persons called will have a choice: select a gift from under the tree or take one that someone else already has. If your gift is taken, you have the choice of selecting one from under the tree, or taking one someone else has (you cannot take back the one you just lost). You are limited to three "takes" during the evening; after that, if you are the victim, you must select a gift from under the tree. The game ends when the last person selects a gift from under the tree.



The Gainesville-Hawthorne Trail is covered in leaves and bike tires crunch as they roll through the changing landscape. GCC membership changes too, as people come and go. Meet two new members:

Scott Erker just picked up cycling last February (and gave up racquetball where he won two national championships and was a national finalist two other times). Solo, he rides about 33-45 miles and averages around 21mph on his 58" Specialized Tarmac; but he also enjoys group rides. He says, "The best adventure/experience I ever had on a bike was when I first started and being on a Glider ride...the last few miles on the way back in from Millhopper turned into a three-way sprint back to the Chevron - and I won. Since then the "A" ride has been a constant source of humility for me." His favorite place to ride is out Millhopper Road to 241 and environs.



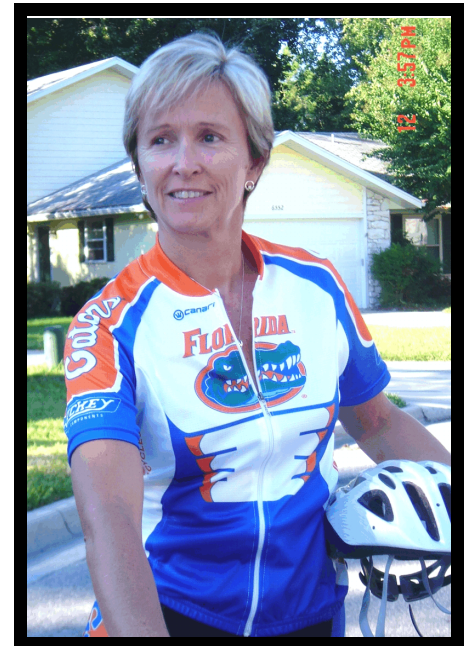
Scott was born in St. Louis and then lived in Orlando, but has lived in

Gainesville since 1995. He's a rider who always tries to do his best and he tries to constantly improve his riding. Scott adds, "I have always been a cycling fan, watching Greg Lemond win his first Tour de France back in the 80's. And even when I went to an Olympic elite camp in Colorado Springs for racquetball the experts there told me the sport I was best suited for was cycling - it took me awhile to finally pick it when I no longer had the heart for racquetball." Scott will see you on Millhopper Road.

Shauna Dixon

joins us from Ireland (although she's lived in Florida for over twenty years and lived in Gainesville for twelve years). A couple of months ago, she says, "my good friends and neighbours introduced me to cycling and I am hooked. I ride at least 30/40 miles on a Sunday morning (15/18mph) as it seems to be the only time I get to do so and maybe if I am lucky I ride for an hour on any given weekday. I feel like when I am out on my bike with the elements all else is left behind and it literally takes me away, for that short period of time."

Shauna has discovered the beautiful surrounding areas through her bike riding and notes, "I have discovered some gems but know I could never find them again in the car!!" Shauna adds, ">I have been really impressed with the community of cyclists, no



matter where or when you can always count on a wave, a nod or even a grunt from fellow cyclists that you meet on the road. I would like to think that as I progress with this sport I too will always have the spirit of friendship and loyalty to those who ride with me. I look forward to getting to meet and know some great people through the GCC."

We can all give thanksgivings for the beautiful and accessible riding opportunities in Alachua County. Have a riding story you'd like to share? Contact Kris at kris.williams@cox.net.

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KERRY DUGGAN

611 N. Main Street
Gainesville, FL 32601

Gainesville Cycling Festival Volunteers

I hope we've managed to list all of the volunteers who made this year's Festival another smashing success!

We were again able to present the Boys and Girls Club of Alachua County with a check for \$10,000 to help sustain their programs. Along with the donations provided by Santa Fe Century ride sponsors, this event makes a material contribution.

I want to thank the Alachua County Sheriff's Office for their outstanding support of this event. Other members of the community contributing included the Rotary Fryers, the men of Chi Phi, and the staff of Morningside Nature Center. Thanks to Domino's Pizza, Beef O'Bradys, Publix, Starbucks, and the Gainesville Health and Fitness Center for their contributions. The Boys and Girls club wishes to thank Saturn of Gainesville for their substantial contribution for the event, and Shelley Meyer, Cox Media, Wachovia Bank, GMAC, and the College of Veterinary Medicine.

Cadre

Director: Roger Pierce
Suzanne Newman
Jen Shelamer
Melinda Koken
Krin Cosner

Course

Chandler Otis
Dave Burr
David Hodel
Huan Dinh
Richard & Anne Heissenberg
Sharron Bowker
Neal Cohen
Jim Merkner



George McKenzie
Amy Barton
Robin Politowicz
Valerie Clark
Chuck Broward
Jim Wilson
George Edwards
Laura Hallam
Scott Pfaff
Gwen Creel
Neal Adams

Rest Stops

Aid Director: Gary Greenberg
Diann Dimitri
Dennis Guttman
Bob Newman
Bud Jones
Scott Pfaff



Paul Messal
Joe Dertien
Mike Beckham
Cheryl Drda & Frank
Michael Bergin
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Danny Dresdner
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Carol Glavin
Andrew Gill
William Maloney
Maria Fiedler
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Jane Emerree
John Parker



Dawn McKenzie
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Harriet Kornblatt
Maggie Hannon
Marly Wilson
Dan Connaughton
Ralph Cott
John Bonds
Ivette Cott & crew
Nanci LeVake
Velvet Yates
Raven Moondance
Bob Newman
Leonard Cohen
Mosetta Cohen
Mark Hope
Mark Hope's friend

Registration

Lee Edwards
Sharron Bowker
Dennis Guttman
Mary Lou Merkner
Brian Hetz
Richard Colbert
Steve Grosteffon
Fred Ross
Burt Silverstein
Harvey Goldstein
Chuck McGinn
Steve Lachnicht

Photos

Rob Wilt
Roger Pierce

January Picnic Features the Famous "Chilly Chili" Contest

The GCC will have its world famous "Chilly Chili" picnic on Saturday, January 27 at Oleno State Park. Bike rides start at 9 a.m., food starts about noon.

The picnic features a Chili Cookoff, and everyone is invited to bring their best chili. For those who don't like spicy chili, The Club will provide the famous "Fowl Flesh Chili", a mild chili made with ground turkey, guaranteed to offend no one. On the other end of the spectrum, we may again see George Edwards' mouth watering "One Alarm Chili" with its accompanying antidote.

All chilis are welcome, including vegetarian recipes, hot or mild chilis and other variations. Prizes and praise will be awarded to the best chili's including vegetarian chili, mammal flesh (cow, swine, squirrel) chili, and fowl flesh (chicken, turkey, ostrich) chili. Insect and seafood based chilis are also welcome.

The Club will provide soft drinks and a big pot of rice to accompany the chili. All picnic participants are asked to bring either a chili or a side dish, such as a salad or dessert.

Bike rides will include both road rides and off-road rides.

Road ride leaders may want to organize road rides for the Oleno area. The top half of the Santa Fe Century route is near Oleno. Also, there is a new off-road paved bike trail that goes from Oleno to Fort White, then to Itchetucknee and on to Branford, about 28 miles. This trail has no cars and is safe for family groups and beginners.

Oleno has 13 miles of gentle off-road trails, including the historic Bellamy Road, Florida's first Federal road built in 1826. Chandler will lead a history ride to the Bellamy Road, which will include the Old Spanish Trace and Wire Road, which have been in use for more than 300 years.

Participants in the IDIDARIDE and the San Felasco Ride are invited to enjoy the chilifest. Oleno's trails are not challenging, but it is a good chance to get together over a meal and try trails that the entire family can enjoy.

Directions to Oleno State Park: Oleno is 35 miles north of Gainesville on US 441. Take US 441 north through Alachua and High springs. Oleno is eight miles north of High

springs on US 441. Riders and picnickers should meet at the picnic area in Oleno, which is next to the Santa Fe River.



Leading the ride through Oleno woods, Chandler demonstrates how to scare off bears. Rob Wilt photo.

March 24-25, 2007

Sebring FL

Sebring Tandem Rally

11th Annual. Traditionally held in mid-January, this event has been changed to March, as the weather has been dreadful the last several years in January. Daily 62, 30 and 12 mile rides. Discover the natural beauty of the rolling hills, citrus groves, cattle ranches, small towns, and lakes of scenic Highlands County. This event is designed for riders of all levels, whether they prefer to speed along winding roads and finish the rides in record time, or cycle through at a leisurely pace, taking in the wonderful scenery. Road riders will especially enjoy the low-traffic back roads. Fully supported with well-stocked rest stops, sag vehicles, and great road markings and maps. Continental breakfast each day and a banquet on Saturday night, a tradition at most tandem rallies. Lots to do in town. Linda Leeds, Event Director, 561-683-2851. Hotel reservations at 1-800-423-5939.

Email: lindamarie7@juno.com

WWW: <http://www.kenlodge.com/rec.html>

The 400K

The thrill of victory! The agony of the rest of the ride! I made a serious mistake on this ride, that could cost me the ride itself. But it all started out so well...

The weather forecast for Saturday was perfect- start out about 60F, high in the 80's, partly cloudy, 10% chance of rain, wind less than 10 mph, then a low in the 60's that night. I asked the RBA (Regional Brevet Administrator) if I could skip the bike inspection the night before, and save an hour and a half trip, and he asked me to just be there early the next morning. I had a good night's sleep, and woke up at 1:20 AM. Way too early! I wasn't hungry; it was too early. I wanted to put sunscreen on my back, but BF was at work, so I thought I would try with a long-handled wooden spoon. It worked! I got dressed in shorts, a T-back tank, my new Bolero, and an Illuminite vest. I already had my bike loaded, and my small trunk bag packed. I was traveling light because of the perfect weather. I had a couple drinks in the trunk bag, and spare lights/batteries, and my tiny camera. In my new Baggins Candy Bar bag I had an assortment of energy bars, the theory being last time I didn't eat enough because I didn't want to stop to get things out of the trunk, so if I had food in a handlebar bag, I would eat more. Never opened it all day!! (But it sure looked cool!) Then I had my cell, truck key, Jelly Belly Sport Beans and Succeed Electrolyte caps in the Bento box.

So I get to the parking garage departure point at 3AM, and no one is there! Is it the wrong day? I bike over to the host motel, and circle the parking lot until a car with a bike finally shows up. By the time he's ready and we head over to the garage, there are plenty of riders there, eventually a total of 20, of which I am the only female...I greet the by now familiar riders, and have a couple pieces of home made banana bread.

We head off at 4AM into the darkness, and unlike previous rides, I

am totally unfamiliar with the route. The fast A riders who will average 25 mph are soon out of sight, but I manage to stick with the B riders at 19-20 for quite a while. Good thing, since I am not following the cue sheet, just sticking with the pack. Almost immediately I discover that the new Baggins bag has the ability to turn my headlights off and on at will. Should have pre-tested it with lights! It's an annoyance, nothing more. As usual, the recumbents pass us with ease, stop to retrieve things that have been launched off their bikes, then pass us again. After about an hour, still dark, we come to a sudden halt in a traffic jam of bikes. What is going on? Just a Secret Control...already! The guy checks my name off the sheet, stamps my card, and off I go, still with the B riders.

The early morning is lovely- mockingbirds are singing, and frogs are chirping. Dawn arrives, we pass a couple stores, and no one wants to stop. Finally, a guy peels off for a pee break, and the entire group joins him with sighs of relief. My first group pee! I back into the weeds by a fence, and am on my bike before the majority of the guys. Still the group sticks together, and I am amazed that I can continue at this pace, faster than I have ever ridden for any distance, much less 78 miles. I have, in fact, knocked 30 minutes off my usual 100k time. That's 25% faster! But at last the speed without major caloric intake catches up with me, and I have to stop for a quick Amp energy drink. I continue on to the Control, and meet up with a slower guy, Buddy, and agree to partner up at a slower pace and let the B riders go on without us.

Still, I'm impatient to be on my way. Buddy wants to take a 15-20 minute break, but, at our present pace, I have visions of finishing by 9PM! I try to conceal my impatience, and drink a Cookies and Cream milk, and refill my Endurance Formula Gatorade. (I am so happy that many stores are stocking this now!) My friend from the 300k, Dan, arrives, and joins our "team." Off we go, supposedly at a slower pace, but with a nice tailwind,

the pace turns out to be up in the 17-19mph range. We have a nice paceline going, and arrive at lunch much earlier than my most optimistic estimation, at 11:30 (115 miles). The only thing is, my knee, actually my ITB right above the knee joint, has been almost hurting for the last 15 miles. I figure we'll take it easy, really slow down a bit more. I've had ITB problems in two very long running races, in the 10-hour range, but never biking. Obviously, though, the unbelievably fast pace first thing has taken a toll, but this early on, I have no idea how serious it is to become.

From the first stop on, I am managing my electrolytes by taking one Succeed cap every hour (sodium 344mg, potassium 21mg) and drinking Endurance Gatorade as needed (twice the sodium, 200mg and three times the potassium, 90mg, of regular Gatorade). This plan seems to really agree with me in this weather, and all day, my stomach never feels "sloshy," a sign of not enough electrolytes. At lunch I also take 800mg of Ibuprofen. I forget to check my Century time, but when I finally remember at 109 miles, my riding time is 6:20, 18 minutes faster than my Century PR, and 9 miles further!

We are out of the lunch stop at noon, (mmm! ham and swiss sub, with potato chips and an ice cold regular Coke!) and head north, almost to Georgia. This section has two long stretches, north and south, with a short connector in between. My knee is seriously starting to hurt, and we stop two times so I can raise my saddle a quarter inch each time. It doesn't really help. Maybe my knee pain is distracting us all, because we figure out we have missed a turn, all three of us looking for what is actually two turns ahead, not the immediate turn. Fortunately, this was discovered only two bonus miles after we passed the actual turn. We go back, and pedal on.

The weather is perfect- 80 and sunny, but not too hot. The countryside and company are wonderful, but I can't appreciate that so much, because of my knee pain. And all the shifting around, trying to accommodate my

knee, is causing problems "elsewhere," too. We have a moment of excitement in White Springs, at a road construction site, when our turn is across a road in the process of being paved. We cannot find a way around, and have to dismount and carefully carry our bikes through the wet tar and gravel.

At some point we come to an unmanned Secret Control, complete with RUSA sign and a blinking red light, my first! We stop, put the little stickers on our cards, and go on. I decide raising the saddle hasn't helped, and stop to lower it back to its original position. We stop at convenience stores twice to refill Gatorade and have bathroom breaks and at each I have a flavored milk. At the last convenience store before dark, I change out the battery cartridges for my lights. My plan was to save weight and just change the four-AA cartridges rather than carry two spare lights with new batteries, but I am so tired, I question the logic of this when it seems impossible to get the backs off the lights. Fortunately, it's just because the batteries have slid forward, and a sharp blow to each puts them back where they will allow the access doors to slide off. I also take my last 800mg of Ibuprofen.

Finally we come into the town of Brandford, check in at the Control, get our cards stamped, and head over to Pizza and Subs for dinner. I look forward to a sit-down rest, and the cook kindly gives me a bag of crushed ice for my knee. I check in with my emergency bail-out person, and tell her that I'm am safely to dinner, with only 50 miles to go, and there is no way I will not finish the ride, even though my knee hurts quite a bit.

After a nice dinner of cheeseburger and fries, we head out. Now it's dark. My knee seems better, and, because I am familiar with the route from here on in, I lead off. At about five miles out, though, my knee hurts worse than ever. I go slower and slower, until it's all I can do to manage about 6mph with much coasting and very painful restarts. I call for a pee break, and am horrified to discover that my knee hurts so much I can't turn my foot to unclip. My knee feels as if someone has stabbed a white-hot poker into it,

and is now wrenching it about. Dan steadies my bike, and I force myself to unclip, then stagger off the bike, and into the weeds, screaming very quietly to myself, trying so hard to not look like a weenie. Back on the bike, and barely able to sit, or pedal, things are looking grim. I discuss matters with Dan, and decide the best plan is limp home, right on the course, and let them continue on without me. It absolutely kills me to make that decision- my home is only 15 miles from the end, but I feel like if I can't unclip, I can't ride safely in traffic. I know Dan and Buddy would gladly stay with me for the rest of the night, no matter how long it took to get in, but I can't put them through that, though I would do the same for them.

At my driveway, I say goodbye, and ask them to let the RBA know that my plan is to continue on before daybreak. I have fleeting fantasies of quitting, but rely on the old axiom "Pain is temporary, quitting is forever." But who knows if that is true; "It never always gets worse" didn't seem to hold true for me tonight...Nevertheless, I retrieve the key from the lockbox with great difficulty, and head inside. Wait, are the motion sensors on or off? I can't tell, and if they are on, I don't have the remote with me to shut them off. I can make it into my bedroom and bathroom safely, but am cut off from food, Ibuprofen and any liquids other than water. I finally decide there would be a blinking red light if they were set, and luckily, I am right.

I get undressed, and survey the damage to my undercarriage. It looks a bit like I have been sitting on a wasp nest all day rather than a bike saddle, welts and all, and unfortunately pretty much feels like that, too. I would even go so far as to say swollen beyond recognition. I've never had this problem before, and blame all the shifting around trying to find a comfortable position for my knee. Oh well, maybe I can fix it later with bag balm and ice. (And yes, by today, 48 hours later, everything is thankfully back to normal!) I "hop" into a nice hot bath after downing a tasty lime Endurox. Oh, it feels wonderful! A quick soak, and it's off to bed with an ice pack. I set my alarm for 4AM.

The phone rings at 2AM, and it is

the RBA, checking in on me. I say I thought he had gotten the message that I would be coming in before 7AM, and he tells me to knock loudly when I get to the motel room. He inquires about my knee, and I tell him I haven't walked on it yet (having slithered out of bed, to the phone, like a snake) but am hopeful that after two more hours of RIE I should be able to limp in.

At 4AM I get up and survey the damage. It feels a little better. I pack up, head out the door, hop on my bike (SHRIEK!!!) and off I go. I am hopeful that at this hour most of the Saturday night drunks are home in bed. I have one scary incident with a white Mustang that speeds past me, parks up in someone's yard which I notice as I pass it, and then roars past me again a few minutes later, but nothing comes of it. I have occasional top speeds of about 15mph, but average 10 mph for the final 15 miles. I'm really just happy to be moving at all.

I finally arrive at room 106 about an hour and a half after leaving home. I knock politely, twice, then proceed to beat the door down. RBA Jim groggily answers, signs me off, notes my finishing time of 5:59AM, one hour before the cutoff, and I'm on my way to my truck a mile away to pack up and be done with it. I feel disappointed, let down. I feel like it's my own fault for riding faster than I should have. I had no idea that there could be knee pain so bad that having a root canal while in labor would seem preferable! I am grateful to have finished, and after all, it is not a race. The finishers' names are written down on the big list in Paris in alphabetical order with no times noted. Still...my goal was to finish before midnight, and I am severely disappointed and saddened. I have doubts about the coming 600k in three weeks, even though I am positive I was well-prepared for the 400k, as evidenced by almost no muscle soreness immediately after the ride, or even the next day. The only glimmer of hope is that I have almost experienced what it would be like to do 400k, sleep a few hours, and then get back on the bike. It wasn't so bad. With all the trouble, I still managed a pace of 15.7mph, my best yet! I was only on the bike for 16 hours. That's pretty good, right? Yes,

not so bad. I am forgetting the awful parts already...

Part 4 of 4.....The End

Not the end really, there will always be another Randonneur ride to call out our resident Randonneuse! There is still the 1200K.

Now go back and read the first article in the series, you will have a new appreciation for what it took for Nanci to get to 600K.

Thanks to Nanci for this excellent series on the character and challenge of Randonneuring. Hopefully it will inspire others to the realization that like anything, it is the trying, and the doing, that makes the seemingly impossible, become the possible.

Following winds,
Rob Wilt

Gainesville Brevet Series

200K January 6

300K February 3

400K March 3

600K March 31

Sign up on the GCC
web site!



Boston-Montreal-Boston in 49 hours 40 minutes

On August 17th 2006 in Boston, MA the 15th edition of Boston-Montreal-Boston was held. BMB is a long-distance cycling event where riders complete 1,200 km (750 miles) in 3¼ days. Gainesville cyclist Andrea Tosolini, 44 years old, a rookie at this distance, was the first back in Boston, leaving a chasing group of veterans almost 2 hours back. He became the **second cyclist ever** to ride BMB in less than 50 hours.

The following are a few extracts from the translation of his diary, written in Italian right after the event. The full account is published in the online version of the newsletter.

The start is set for 6 am on August 17th. This will be the first time I face the challenge of 1200 km, the same distance as the mythical Paris-Brest-Paris. I rode well in the qualifying events, the so called brevets of 200, 300, 400 and 600 km, so I am hoping for a good ride. I trained hard every day for a whole week in the

Pocono Mountains, riding 100+ miles with 8000+ feet of climbing daily. I feel in great shape, but I am still a rookie. What will happen after 600 km? How do you manage to keep pedaling for 50+ hours?

And the biggest question mark of all: sleeping! Stay awake through one night? Done that -- every college student has pulled an all-nighter, right? But two in a row? After cycling all day through the mountains of Vermont and Massachusetts??? That's a bigger question. I read about Stefano Gamper, a long-distance cyclist from my home town of Bolzano, who rode Paris-Brest-Paris in 1999 and didn't sleep at all during the ride. Maybe I can make it also. Maybe not. We will see.

... "Guys, I think we went the wrong way. Look, nobody is after us!" The Bulgarians mutter, consult their maps and start swearing. We have to turn around! Now we ride even faster than before, because we have to make up time on the bunch.

... After another steep climb, we finally

descend into Middlebury, VT. The checkpoint is the gym of a local school, and there are showers. How nice it is to take a shower and change clothes! The veterans are very efficient, but I waste seconds here and there. When everyone else is ready to go, I am still putting lights on my bike and helmet and donning my reflective vest. As I change lenses on my glasses, I see the group leave without me. I yell for them to wait -- it would be awful to ride at night all by myself. I hurriedly jump on my bike, and off we go on the longest of the stages, almost 90 miles north to Rouses Point, NY, near the Canadian border.

... As we go back to the bikes and resume pedaling, I notice something is wrong with my shifters, and my chain makes a strange noise. I stop and make some adjustments trying to solve the problem. For a while it works, there is no noise, and I am relieved. A few miles later something frightening happens: when I push the rear derailleur lever before a small uphill, nothing happens. My cable has broken!

Full Article Follows.

Boston-Montreal-Boston in 49 hours 40 minutes

The start is set for 6 am on August 17th. This will be the first time I face the challenge of 1200 km, the same distance as the mythical Paris-Brest-Paris. I rode well in the qualifying events, the so called brevets of 200, 300, 400 and 600 km, so I am hoping for a good ride. I trained hard every day for a whole week in the Pocono Mountains, riding 100+ miles with 8000+ feet of climbing daily. I feel in great shape, but I am still a rookie. What will happen after 600 km? How do you manage to keep pedaling for 50+ hours?

And the biggest question mark of all: sleeping! Stay awake through one night? Done that -- every college student has pulled an all-nighter, right? But two in a row? After cycling all day through the mountains of Vermont and Massachusetts??? That's a bigger question. I read about Stefano Gamper, a long-distance cyclist from my home town of Bolzano, who rode Paris-Brest-Paris in 1999 and didn't sleep at all during the ride. Maybe I can make it also. Maybe not. We will see.

The weather is wonderful. Perfect day for a bicycle ride. The organizers always warn riders to be prepared for rain. "It comes with the application form," they say. I am sure their statement is backed up by their memory and even statistics. But maybe this year will be the exception to the rule.

150 riders take part in the event. Most of them leave at 4 am, so they can get safely to the fourth checkpoint before sunset. That is also my goal. I studied the route and the altitude profile and decided I could possibly make it to mile 228 in 12 hours. The sun sets around 8 pm. There are at least 12,000 feet of climbing out of the total 30,000 in the whole ride. It may be feasible, but it will take some serious riding to make it before dark.

After the start I try to stay up front to learn which riders are strong so that I can try to stay with them. Three riders immediately stand out. All have red shirts with "Bulgaria" written on them. This trio leads the bunch and starts

pulling hard: 25-27 mph. I stay behind them and pull when my turn comes. However, I wonder, will it possible to keep this pace for two days? My average heart rate for the second hour was 151! Not really a good idea for a 750-mile ride.

The four of us break away from the rest of the group, but when I look back, I do not see anyone behind us. It is impossible that we dropped them like that; maybe they had a flat and had to stop. Or maybe... we went the wrong way!

"Guys, I think we went the wrong way. Look, nobody is after us!" The Bulgarians mutter, consult their maps and start swearing. We have to turn around! Now we ride even faster than before, because we have to make up time on the bunch.

Indeed, the first in line had taken a wrong turn, and three of us followed. For this kind of ride, called a *randonnée*, each rider has a cue sheet with turns listed progressively: at mile 10.6 turn left on Highway 45, at mile 15.7 go straight at blinking light, etc. If you can make a mistake like this during the day, imagine what can happen at night!

The first checkpoint is New Salem, MA, 75 miles into the ride. The leaders have already left. Ian, the chief of the Bulgarians, announces we will stop for 10 minutes at most. I have just enough time to fill my two water bottles and camelback and eat whatever comes into sight before we're off again, trying to close the gap with the leaders.

On the way I have the opportunity chat a bit and to get to know the Bulgarians, who in fact are not from Bulgaria. Jan is from Denmark but holds a Swedish passport; he is a big fan of Ivan Basso. John was born in Boston but lives in London; we talk about Pegoretti. Pat, also from London, is the least talkative of the three. Together they rode a 1200k event in Bulgaria few months earlier, hence the orange shirts with "Bulgaria" written on them. They all are veterans of long-distance rides and have ridden BMB and Paris-Brest-Paris. I am glad to be riding with them because they

know what they are doing (or at least it looked like they knew what they are doing until they took the wrong turn). At the second checkpoint we see the leaders, but a few minutes after we get there, they leave and stay ahead of us. At this second checkpoint I am happy to find my brother-in-law, Jack, who is driving the support van. Jack lives in New Orleans but flew to Boston because he wanted to help me face this new challenge. Last year he came to Dahlonega, GA, to help me do the Six Gap Century, both practically, by handing me water bottles, and mentally, because I wanted his efforts to be worthwhile. I had a great ride, finishing in the top 50. In April this year he came to Gainesville to help me with the 600k brevet. Without his support I would not have ridden through the night by myself, finishing it straight in 22 hours. It was a good omen for the longer 1200k.

Now he's here to support me again. He isn't allowed to use the same roads as the cyclists, he may only offer support at the checkpoints, and he has an alternate route he must follow to reach them. At the first checkpoint I hadn't seen him and started worrying something happened to him or the van. He assures me he actually was there, but he parked had parked behind a barn and hadn't noticed when we came and went. When he went to ask the officials about me, they told him I was long gone. I am relieved to see him and to be able to put on some sunscreen lotion. It is noon and the sun is shining brightly. I eat and drink while Jack talks with my wife Elizabeth on his cell phone. Everything is going well.

The Bulgarians are ready to go, and another cyclist, dropped by the leaders, joins us. Off we go toward the third checkpoint in Ludlow, VT. The most challenging hills await us. When the road goes up I start sweating, and the sweat dripping on my chain makes it squeak. At the next checkpoint I absolutely must grease my chain. At 6' 3" and 185 lbs, I am not a climber, but I manage to stay with the other four.

After each hour of riding I take a lap on the HR monitor to give me the average HR of that hour of riding. The pace has slowed a bit, and I stay around 140 for the hour. I need to stay as low as possible. During the first 5-6 hours with the crazy Bulgarians, I was averaging 155, way too high for long-distance rides like this one. I can accept 140. Later in the ride I would average 120, which is even better.

After a long, tough climb where some riders were forced to push their bikes comes a great, beautiful descent into Ludlow. Jack greets us excitedly, saying the leaders arrived only a minute before us. I feel good, eat some Felicetti organic spelt pasta I prepared the night before and drink lots of Trinity mineral water that I brought from Gainesville. I lay down on the grass, massage my legs and try to rest a bit.

We're at mile 163 with 65 miles to the next checkpoint in Middlebury, VT, where the plan is to shower, change clothes, eat a full meal and get ready for the first night on the bike. After checking tire pressures, we all leave together with the small group that had been ahead of us. So now we are all the leaders.

There is Urs, a Swiss guy who moved to Seattle; he is wearing an intimidating jersey emblazoned with "RAAM" (Race Across AMerica). Talking with him, I discover he had finished the relay team event in 2002. Last year he tried a solo ride but failed because of health problems. Chris is also from Seattle; he wears a beautiful "Cinghiale" jersey. I wanted to buy that jersey for myself not too long ago. Chris is a real "wild boar" (that's what "cinghiale" means in Italian. It is also a brand of paint brushes that sponsored cycling in the past!). Chris pulls the group like a train for the longest times, but he seems to not even break a sweat. There is also a second John, from around here. He seems familiar to me, and I learn that earlier this year we rode the same event: The 12 hours of Sebring, Florida.

So now the group consists of seven riders, and we pass more and more cyclists who started two hours before us. It is afternoon and the temperature is ideal. If we keep on going like this,

we will easily reach the next checkpoint before dark.

At the checkpoints I try to eat well and drink as much as I can. Ideally I should consume about 500 calories each hour on the bike. In my pockets, I carry energy gels, 100 calories each. I also carry cereal bars and cookies. At the checkpoints we check in as soon as we arrive and check out before leaving. The event officials stamp our personal cards and note the time of arrival and of departure. Along the route there are also random, secret checkpoints, announced by prominent "RUSA" signs (for Randonneurs USA, which organizes these events).

After another steep climb, we finally descend into Middlebury, VT. The checkpoint is the gym of a local school, and there are showers. How nice it is to take a shower and change clothes! The veterans are very efficient, but I waste seconds here and there. When everyone else is ready to go, I am still putting lights on my bike and helmet and donning my reflective vest. As I change lenses on my glasses, I see the group leave without me. I yell for them to wait -- it would be awful to ride at night all by myself. I hurriedly jump on my bike, and off we go on the longest of the stages, almost 90 miles north to Rouses Point, NY, near the Canadian border.

After a couple of hours we stop at a gas station for Gatorade and fresh water. I call my wife, Elizabeth, and tell her I am riding through the night with a group of veterans. She feels better hearing that, and she tells me that her whole family is following the ride. Her brother Jack reports by phone to his twin brother Gene in Washington, DC. Gene posts updates to his web log.

At night we roll through beautiful villages along lakes with nice harbors for sailboats; it looks like really pretty scenery. We will see it better tomorrow on the way back. When we arrive at the checkpoint it is nearly 1 am. Jack is waiting inside the ice-hockey stadium. There we find the greatest potato soup and wonderful pancakes with real maple syrup. We are the first to arrive at this checkpoint; we have caught and passed all the riders who started 2 hours before us. Most of the them are now sleeping and resting 90 miles behind us. The people working

at this checkpoint are friendly and talkative. The chef is from Brazil, and we talk about soccer and Formula One.

I decide to wear arm and leg warmers because the temperature has dropped significantly, and it is very humid too. Pretty soon, we reach the Canadian border. The guards are sleeping, and we have to ring a bell to wake them up. They check our documents quickly and we enter Canada. The road signs are different, and so are the speed limits, which are expressed in km instead of miles. It is 2 am, and there is not a soul around. We see the first car more than two hours later. Everyone sleeps soundly in the Montreal countryside.

I peer into the darkness for signs of the famous Covey Hill that looms in front of us. You can see it on the altitude profile, and it will scare you on paper. I heard about it from the veterans. I see some red lights at the horizon, and pretty soon we are going up. While changing from 53 to 39, my chain slips, and I lose my balance and fall to the ground. I get up as if nothing had happened, shine my lights around, check twice to make sure I didn't drop anything, and go back to pedaling. I am surprised that I do not feel any pain, but after all, I was almost standing still when it happened.

So here we are, going up Covey Hill. We proceed at an easy pace, and after reaching the top we enjoy the shallow descent that takes us to the next checkpoint: half way, the turning point. The veterans talk about how nice it will be to see the riders on the other side of the road going out, when you are already going back in.

At this checkpoint everybody would rather speak to us in French, but pretty soon they switch over to English. They have sandwiches, CocaCola and hot coffee. Foodwise, this is the least interesting of the checkpoints. Luckily we will soon head back to Rouses Point for more of that great warm potato soup. Jack had decided not to venture into Canada, but stay in Rouses Point and try to catch a little sleep.

After we eat and drink there is total silence. Everybody lies down on the school's wood floor for about 10 minutes. Although soon there will be

some light, it is now just 5 am and still pitch dark. I don't fall asleep, but it feels good to lie flat on the floor.

Soon we are back outside and ready to head back after having ridden 375 miles in less than 24 hours. A few miles into the return I have our first flat tire. While I am replacing my front tube everybody is lying on the grass. I thank them for waiting and volunteer to pull the group for a while, a much more practical expression of gratitude. Soon we meet the first cyclists still going out; they greet us and wish us well.

Descending the Covey Hill the veterans ride like "il falco", reaching crazy speeds. I take it easy and stay behind them all. Suddenly, a piece of paper flutters by me: it resembles the card that we stamp at checkpoints. Somebody lost his card! What should I do? Should I stop and go back to get it? If I do, will I make it back to the group? Are they going to wait for me? I keep going but try to get somebody's attention by yelling and gesturing. After a while they notice and stop. I explain what I saw and everyone checks for his card. Sure enough, Bulgarian (***) John's is missing. As he rides back to get it, everybody lies down on the grass again. Minutes later, he is back with his card and we all go on together.

The skyline of Montreal is visible in the sunrise -- what nice scenery! I wanted to take some pictures, and had carried my small digital camera at the beginning of the ride. The brutal pace of the first few hours convinced me there was no time for pictures, and I had left the camera with Jack at the second checkpoint.

After a short check and a quick chat with the border patrol we head back to Rouses Point and the hot potato soup. I finally remember to grease my chain (I'd forgotten to do it 20 hours earlier) and because of the flat, I check my tire pressure. Everything is OK. It's been one full day, but after a little rest and good food, we set out on the longest stage. Most likely we will stop in the middle for more food and cold drinks. It is a hot, sunny day, and the wind has picked up! Just after we leave Bulgarian (***) John punctures. He replaces his tube faster than I had while everyone else rests in the grass

beside the road.

We retrace the route we covered the night before. We are actually on an island in the middle of a beautiful big lake. Jack would later describe a naval battle that took place here in the 1800s. The outbound riders are taking advantage of a strong tailwind. For us, it's a headwind, and it's slowing us down. Last night there was no wind, and we envy the outbound riders.

After three hours of riding in the hot sun into the wind, we unanimously decide to stop for an iced coffee. Great idea! But in the middle of the Vermont countryside how many coffee shops are we going to find? Eventually, we find a gas station where they serve locally roasted coffee. Good omen! However, they look at us like aliens when we plead for iced coffee. They decide they can do it, but we end up making it ourselves. They give us the coffee and the ice and the milk. It works out for everybody!

As we go back to the bikes and resume pedaling, I notice something is wrong with my shifters, and my chain makes a strange noise. I stop and make some adjustments trying to solve the problem. For a while it works, there is no noise, and I am relieved. A few miles later something frightening happens: when I push the rear derailleur lever before a small uphill, nothing happens. My cable has broken!

Now my chain is stuck on the 13 sprocket. I can shift the front derailleur from 53 to 39, but I am stuck with 13 in the back! We still have some serious uphills before the next checkpoint, so it looks like my ride is taking a turn for the worse. I consult the veterans for advice on solving my problem, even just long enough to get to the the checkpoint where there will be a mechanic. Alas, nothing can be done. So I tell everybody to find the mechanic when they get to Middlebury and tell him what happened so he will be ready to replace the cable when I get there. Maybe then I will be able to stay with the group for the remaining part of the ride back to Boston.

Everybody slips away on the next climb, while I am huffing and puffing with the 39/13. Middlebury is at least another 40 miles, and there are several serious climbs. I seem

doomed to fall behind the group. I really don't like the idea of seeing this great ride spoiled after having done almost two thirds of the route in the lead pack. I can't believe that my debut in this long distance event will be ruined by a broken cable.

It is impossible to talk on the phone -- no service in rural Vermont. I ask a local cyclist who informs me there are no nearby bike shops. Somehow, I don't want to give up, and I want to fight until the last pedal stroke. Three times as I strain uphill in too high a gear, the rear wheel shifts and rubs the frame. I must get off the bike, center the wheel, and finish the climb walking or running because it's too steep to get started in the 39/13.

On a long flat stretch after some hills I'm finally up to full speed in the 53/13. I see the group up ahead and somehow manage to chase back on. When they see I'm back, they look at me as if I am a zombie or a mummy coming back from the dead.

Because there are more climbs to face, I try to stay ahead of the group, hoping to reach the next checkpoint with them. Somehow I manage to fall no more than 300 yards behind them on the remaining climbs and even make it to the checkpoint a couple of minutes before them.

I immediately start looking for the mechanic, but he had just left on an errand. They reach him by cell phone, and he returns quickly. I explain my problem, and he starts work right away. It is an easy repair, and he should finish quickly. I consume two of slices of American pizza, which is good but different from the authentic Italian kind. I'm hungry, so I like it as well as the original.

Of course, Jack was completely unaware of my mechanical problem. He finds out about it when we arrive at the checkpoint. Now he hovers over the mechanic trying to expedite the repair. It is the middle of the afternoon; we still have four hours of daylight. I am tired but not exhausted, and I'm not even thinking about the coming night. I just hope my bike will be fixed so that I can stay with the group for the rest of the ride.

When everybody else is ready to leave, the mechanic is still working on my bike. It will only take a few minutes

longer. I plead with chief Jan, the Dane/Swede/Bulgarian, to wait, but he insists they have to go. He feels I am strong enough to chase back to them.

Jack is outraged, and I'm not very happy with their decision either. I can't believe they wouldn't wait a few more minutes. My legs feel good, I am confident that I can get back with them, but I don't like the idea of riding all by myself. I hoped that a stronger rider, like wild boar/cinghiale Chris, would wait and ride with me back to the group.

When the mechanic is done, he explains he didn't have a Campagnolo cable and had use a Shimano. As a result, I can only shift up to the 23 spocket, not all the way to the 26.

Still, 23 is a huge improvement over 13, and I'm used to climbing steep grades with just a 23 back in my home town in the Dolomiti Mountains. The mechanic did a professional job, and I must thank him for getting me back in the race.

I leave Middlebury 15 minutes after the leaders. Within 38 minutes I catch them! Everybody is struggling slowly up a steep climb. Everyone congratulates me for making it back so quickly. I thank them, but I'm feeling good, and I don't slow my pace. I look back to see if they are keeping up and see Jan and John not too far back. The others are further back. I keep my pace, and the next time I look back, there is nobody there. I am now breaking away! I am not yet considering riding alone all the way to Boston. My idea is to reach the next checkpoint before everybody else so I can rest and relax a little after all the stress of the mechanical problem and the crazy riding with one gear.

On the way to Ludlow, VT, I get really thirsty for fresh water. I look for miles and miles for a fountain or a watering sprinkler or something, but there is nothing in sight. After drinking lots and lots of Gatorade I had developed an aversion to sugary drinks. I crave a bottle of fresh, pure mineral water, but I do not want to stop at a convenience store and lose time there. In Italy there is a fountain at every corner, especially in the mountains; there is plenty of fresh water to drink everywhere. On a flat stretch I overtake a local cyclist riding

an Italian bike. As I pass him I tell him, "Nice Bike!" We start talking about Italy, and after a while I ask him if where to find the fountains with drinkable water. Unfortunately, he confirms they don't exist here. He offers me one of the bottles he has on his bike, full of fresh water. As we pedal together, I quickly pour the contents into my own empty bottle. What a gift! I thank him and resume my own pace.

When I get to the checkpoint all by myself, Jack can't believe his eyes. He asks, "Where are the other riders? What have you done?" I answer, "I just pedaled and pedaled." I check in with the officials and eat a bowl of great chicken soup. Jack had told the officials and organizers about my mechanical problems, and they want to know more about me. Where I am from, what I do, etc.

They tell me, "You could be the first Italian to win BMB!" Until that moment I never considered staying away solo and arriving first back in Boston. But now the opportunity seems there for the taking. I do not yet know how much time I gained on everybody else. They are not in sight, so I keep on eating and drinking. I put the lights back on the bike, to prepare for the upcoming second night. Eventually they arrive, at least 15 minutes behind. They look at me, congratulate me for my ride and start eating.

There are still 171 miles to go, with killer hills and the whole second night without sleep ahead of us. My legs feel good, and my neck is OK. Before the ride I was concerned about neck pain resulting from long periods in the awkward riding position. Luckily my friend Marty Hugel from ReQuest in Gainesville gave me some exercises to do on the bike, and I hadn't had any problem there. My stiff cycling shoes kept the pain in my feet pretty much bearable. The big unknown was staying awake the second night in a row. I was a rookie and had never gone this distance before, so this was uncharted territory.

Jack is still upset they had left me earlier. I ask him what to do, and he delivers the most brilliant answer. "Why don't you take advantage of the daylight still left? If they catch you, then you ride with them. If not, maybe

you'll be the first back in Boston." It sounds good to me.

Jack told me later that when everybody else saw me leaving, a panic ensued. They probably thought that a rookie would never venture alone through the night, and that I would wait for them. "Don't get lost!" one yelled.

The road goes up and up. It would be nice to be able to use the 26. I am zig-zagging up the hill. Going downhill I have to be careful not to miss any turns. Now that I am the leader, I cannot afford mistakes, otherwise I would blow the time advantage I had built. I think about my wife Elizabeth, who is putting the girls in bed about now while I ride alone at night in the hills of Vermont. I am nervous and tense; I cannot afford the smallest mistake here.

It is pitch dark, and I have to concentrate just to stay on the pavement. The excitement of being in first place keeps me awake and focused. This part of the route is the roughest, and if you hit a big hole it could be the end of it. At best you flat a tire or a or break a wheel; at worst you're injured. Either way, the race is over.

Around 11 pm I decide I am lost. According to the cue sheet there should be a turn soon, but it doesn't materialize. I see a house ahead with a few lights lights on. Someone is working in the garage. I stop and ask about the missing turn, and they reassure me, "It is coming up really soon right down there... really close." These nice folks give me fresh water and some great homemade cookies. I'm not so alone in the middle of the night after all.

One nagging fear I keep picturing in my mind is an encounter with a wild animal. It could be a deer or even a moose, given where I am riding. The night before I asked a rider doing his fourth BMB if he ever encountered wild animals along the route and he told me that somebody last year saw a moose next to the border with Canada. Jack actually claimed to hear coyotes at night! I don't hear them, I just hear some random dogs barking.

At night the most annoying thing is the lights of cars driving toward you on the opposite side of the road. They

see you, but they can't believe what they're seeing, and they use their bright lights just to make sure. You get completely blinded. I try to look only at the edge of the road and not lose my frame of reference.

For miles and miles I keep looking back to check for the lights of the chasing group. I know if they work together, they will catch me quickly. But I arrive in Brattleboro alone, and Jack is happy to learn that I am ahead. I shake my head and tell him that if the road is as bad as this past stage, I am not sure I want to risk riding on alone. Jack encourages me and tells me our whole family and lots of Gainesville friends are still awake and following the ride updates on Gene's blog. Their mother Mary would have been up too; she was always so excited about these long distance rides. Unfortunately she died last April. Gene had stayed up all last night, and his wife Genevieve found him on the couch the next morning half asleep.

Now I feel a responsibility that to not fail the mission. I must achieve this goal. I've planned this ride for months, but now it seems surreal. I never won a race in my short amateur cycling career. I start thinking how great it would be to call up my cycling mentor, Marco Balduzzi, and tell him that one of his bikes was the first back to Boston. How great it would be to tell my cyclist friends in my hometown the story of the broken cable and the breakaway and the solo ride at night. It all seems unreal.

And indeed it will be unreal until the end, another 117 miles. It is really late, but Jack helps me change my batteries and install one additional light on the handlebar. With renewed excitement I head out toward the last checkpoint, only 37 miles away. There is no sign of the chasing group yet, which means I have at least a 20 minute advantage on them. I may even have more.

New Hampshire roads are much better, much smoother and thus much less dangerous at night. I am relieved. I also have more lights, and I can see the road better. I am getting more optimistic. I actually start believing I can make it. My friend Andy Kindfuller, with whom I trained hard in Pennsylvania, assured me that I would

"ace it". I am sure he was half joking, but he witnessed the progress of my training and a great crescendo in my fitness. It would also be a great surprise for my friend Gaetano in Boston. I cannot wait to get to the finish. All the physical pain typical of long-distance rides: bottom, neck, feet, hands is suppressed by the excitement, the euphoria, the joy of being the first. I never have a moment when I feel I am falling asleep -- really incredible!

New Salem is the last checkpoint, and the person in charge of rider check-in is a veteran of BMB and PBP. She looks at me and says, "Looking good!" Jack estimates the lead I have on the chase group. He warns me that they are doing everything they can to close the gap. I look at the veteran, and she tells me, "They are as motivated as you are!" I realize I cannot waste precious time, and I don't even get off the bike. I don't wait for Jack to find the energy gels to stuff in my pockets or for him to bring the cans of double-shot espresso I had requested. He is still looking for them in the van when I pedal away. After I leave, I regret not waiting for the energy gels and start worrying I will bonk with few miles to go and get passed near the end.

Now it's only (!!!) 80 miles to the finish -- about one tenth of the whole distance. It will take me more than 4 hours, but I should get to the finish by morning's first light. It is around 3 am, and a small slice of moon can be seen in the sky; it's not enough to brighten the gloom. Too bad... The full moon of a week earlier would have helped tonight. Luckily, I saw no rain this year. It would start raining later that day, as is tradition for BMB, and a lot of the other riders would get soaked.

At the end of long straight stretches, I still glance back to see if someone is coming. In my mind are too many images of breakaways getting caught by the peleton within a few yards of the finish. But this is not a race, right? Wrong! For some of us this is definitely a race. I know the "wild boar" and the RAAM veteran are working together to bring me back and pass me.

Sometimes I think I see riders behind in the distance. Until the last

mile I keep turning around and fearing the sight of them coming to spoil my party. Not today. Today I am the winner of the race, and I have to admit it is a great feeling. I remember the mythical Coppi and Bartali and the big gaps they put on their rivals in stages like Cuneo-Pinerolo.

At the finish they give me a medal and hand me a fresh Samuel Adams, perfect for 7:40 am! They record my finishing time: 49:40. Without the chasing riders, I probably would not have broken 50 hours. It is the third best time for BMB, and I am only the second cyclist ever under 50 hours. Jack cannot believe it. He seems even more exhausted than me. We are both ecstatic.

Elizabeth and the girls are just waking up when I call to tell them the great news. My father Alberto and my mother Luciana do not even know that I've done this ride. My mother still gets too apprehensive when she hears of cycling.

The veterans arrive almost two hours later, when the rookie has already taken a shower and is about to go to bed. In the afternoon I go down to the finish line, and I see wild-boar and RAAM. They greet me and congratulate me for my time. I'm sure we'll meet again at similar events, maybe at PBP next year. Since they are veterans I ask them about recovery time, and they tell me it will take from two to three weeks to recover. One positive aspect they mention, is that this kind of ride makes you stronger. That sounds good to me. That night Jack and I meet Gaetano at North-End, and he takes us to a wonderful Italian restaurant for a fabulous dinner with great appetizers, pasta, excellent wines, the whole nine yards! Jack tells Gaetano excitedly all about the last checkpoints, when the chasers were coming in and asking about the time gap. The gap just kept growing and growing; in the last 163 miles I gained nearly 2 hours.

Now I know I can ride 750 miles in less than 50 hours, which is a pretty good feeling and a nice present for my 44th birthday, coming up in few days. The next 750 mile ride will be Paris-Brest-Paris: August 20th 2007.

Election Turns Wheels of Power in Favor of Bikes

Roads - Cyclists are pumped as advocates move into key House transportation roles

Wednesday, November 15, 2006

JEFF MAPES

The Oregonian

Andy Clarke, who heads the League of American Cyclists, says he won't advocate that interstates become bike paths after last Tuesday's elections.

But cycling enthusiasts are dreaming big after their three biggest supporters in Congress -- including two from Oregon -- were swept into powerful new transportation positions after the Democrats took control of the U.S. House.

Rep. Jim Oberstar, D-Minn., who helped author the 1991 law that opened the door to federal funding for bike projects, is in line to become chairman of the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee.

Rep. Peter DeFazio, D-Ore., a one-time bike mechanic, expects to chair the surface transportation subcommittee. And Rep. Earl Blumenauer, D-Ore., founder of the Congressional Bicycle Caucus, will either hold a senior position on the transportation committee or move to the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee. All three Democrats are strong supporters of alternative transportation who believe that bicycling can play an important role in moving people, particularly in dense urban settings, and in providing recreational opportunities.

"Bikes are going to be an integral part of our transportation network," vowed DeFazio, whose subcommittee has broad jurisdiction over the nation's roads and bridges.

Oberstar took up bicycling in the 1980s with his wife when she was battling breast cancer and a doctor recommended the activity to build her strength. After she died in 1991, he helped write a law that wound up

producing hundreds of millions of dollars for new bike paths and other alternative transportation projects. Portland's Vera Katz Eastbank Esplanade was one beneficiary of that money.

Oberstar, still an avid recreational cyclist at age 72, also played an important role in winning more than \$600 million last year for a program to encourage kids to ride and walk to school and to provide safe ways for them to do so. Just before the election, he announced that he'd push airports to provide bike parking after a bicyclist had his vintage cycle cut into pieces by security officials at the Minneapolis airport. The cyclist, rushing to make a flight, had left the bike locked to an out-of-the-way pole after being unable to find any bike parking.

Oberstar could not be reached for comment Tuesday, but his allies in the bike community said they expect him to help develop a new national strategy to encourage bicycling.

Clarke said cycling advocates have a chance to develop a national cycling network and to adopt a program that encourages local planners to include pedestrian and bicycling improvements in road projects. Oregon already does this through its 1971 Bicycle Bill, which requires that at least 1 percent of highway money be used to accommodate biking and walking.

DeFazio said he and Oberstar are well positioned to protect bicycling from budget-cutting attempts by the administration and to get federal agencies working together to encourage cycling and to improve safety.

DeFazio, who noted the death of a cyclist earlier this year on a road with narrow shoulders west of Eugene, said he also wants to improve the safety of rural roads popular with cyclists. He said this would also help Oregon's burgeoning efforts to encourage cycle tourism.

Blumenauer said he has strong hopes of passing a bill he's sponsored that would allow bike commuters to be included in the program that gives

motorists and transit users a tax break on commuting expenses through their employers.

"I think it's going to be a very good session for cycling," he said.

Gary Sjoquist, a bike industry lobbyist who runs a bicycling political action committee, said he's found that Oberstar has always been willing to participate in bike-related events if a good ride is included.

"I'm really looking forward to going on a nice bike ride with Jim," said Sjoquist. "I have a couple of ideas to float by him."

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More Tosolini

These are the technical data taken from Tosolini's Polar heart rate monitor:

Distance: 750 miles (actually 753 miles, because of the wrong turn)
 The last 250 miles have been ridden solo, all by myself.
 Total vertical ascent :30.000 feet
 Average speed 15mph
 Time spent on the bike pedaling 42 h and 47'
 Average pedaling speed 17.5 mph.
 (25 minuties were spent walking or running up the hills)
 25,207 Kcal. burnt
 Maximum speed 51mph



Sometimes You Kick, Sometimes You Get Kicked

Velvet Yates Reporting

On October 21, I rode my first century, the Santa Fe Century. As it was my birthday, and I have lost a substantial amount of weight recently, it was also a symbolic validation of a new, healthier lifestyle. I rode as a member of Team Loser, captained by Dennis Guttman. I felt great throughout, and even pulled Team Loser for a few miles heading out of the Worthington Springs rest stop, around mile 75. For this feat, Dennis bestowed upon me the honorific title of 'Biggest Loser of the Day.' It was a glorious experience. So when Dennis asked me, "Are you doing the Horrible Hundred?", my inner reaction was, 'sure, why not? There are hills, but how bad can they be – it's FLORIDA.'

And so a much-streamlined version of Team Loser (i.e., Dennis and me) signed up for the Horrible Hundred. (In light of later events, we retroactively named ourselves Team Where the F*** Are We?). We did a few training rides in the Horse Farm area, but didn't have a chance to scout any of the Horrible climbs beforehand. So we set off boldly into the cold and dark morning of November 20 to Clermont, Dennis riding with another GCC member, Ken Sallot, with me following behind. We had been warned to be there by 7:00 a.m. for the 8:30 start time, as several hundred riders were expected to participate.

My first clue that this was going to be a difficult ride was the line for the women's bathroom at the starting area. In fact, there was no line at all for the women's bathroom, while the line for the men's bathroom was so long that some riders were relieving themselves at the nearby retention pond. MANY more male riders than

female – not a good sign. A quick visual survey further revealed that the male riders in question were predominantly whip-thin, A-rider types. Uh-oh. An inspection of the course map confirmed my suspicions – the organizers had thoughtfully included the elevation profile, which looked like the electronic readout of a major heart attack. The biggest spike appeared around mile 80 – that must be Sugarloaf Mountain – but there were plenty of other spikes, only slightly shorter, clustered in the first 40 and



Ken, Velvet, & Dennis

last 20 miles of the course. Great!

With so many riders, the start was a bit nervous, and the pack didn't really thin out comfortably until 15 or 20 miles into the ride. At the first rest stop, we encountered a problem that all the rest stops would have: green bananas. I was sympathetic, since I had volunteered at the lunch stop for the Horse Farm Hundred, where we had actually run out of bananas altogether. We also started running low on Gatorade, at which point I was mentally planning my escape route, rather than face an angry lycra-clad mob of cyclists denied bananas AND Gatorade (albeit watered-down). No matter what other tasty munchies are on offer, though, cyclists (like Dennis)

will grumble at the sight of inedibly green bananas.

Even by the first rest stop, there had been a few short hills that gave me pause, and I was sure they didn't even register on the heart-attack elevation profile. The first 'hill' was complicated by the fact that we were still surrounded by other cyclists, who were now all flailing about at different speeds and in different directions. (Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to have Sugarloaf at mile 80.) By the second rest stop, around mile 30, I had come face-to-face with my limitations – and they weren't pretty.

By this time, we had hit the hills. On the first two real climbs, the steepest climbs I had ever done, I barely made it – I felt like I couldn't breathe, and was afraid I was going to flop over to one side because I was going so slow. (In retrospect, it is very useful to know just how slow you can go without flopping over; I was actually going faster than some other riders, but was still in a panic about falling over. Or worse, falling backwards.) I realized I

would have to reprogram my breathing rhythm to have any chance on a longer climb. Apparently I did make it up something called 'The Wall,' since there were professional photographers at the top taking our pictures, which we could purchase at the end of the ride.

Dennis was starting to suspect that I was not the same rider who had been 'Biggest Loser' at the Santa Fe. I was struggling on the climbs much more than he was, and his visions of me pulling him along for the better part of the Horrible Hundred were beginning to evaporate. They vanished completely at the base of the next big climb, when I took one look at the asphalt looming upward at a crazy pitch, got off my bike, and walked.

Dennis gave me a concerned look as he pedaled by, and waited for me at the top, where we regrouped. He anxiously asked if there was a bicycle malfunction, to which I said no, there was a Velvet malfunction. My abysmal performance had just revealed what I always secretly knew: I suck at climbing. I can muscle my way through rolling hills, like the ones on Dungarvin Road, but when faced with a pure uphill grade, I am reduced to a gasping, slow-moving, whimpering mass.

At the mile 45 rest stop, we reached the Emerald City. Quite literally; Oz was the theme of this rest stop, and several of the volunteers were dressed as characters from the Wizard of Oz. Here, Dennis and I were surprised to see the much speedier Ken; he explained that he had broken two spokes and was done for the day – he was getting a ride in the SAG wagon back to the start. I was secretly envious, being reminded of a passage from the classic cycling novel, *The Rider*: the narrator relates how sometimes you hope for a flat tire in a race, just to have an excuse to abandon. But my bike has never had a broken

spoke, and my tires are kevlar-belted Gatorskins, so no help there. Damn! But I was actually feeling a little better about things by this time, and settling into something of a rhythm; I had no doubt that I would be walking up Sugarloaf (Dennis: "Don't even think that!"), but I felt like I could at least finish. So I complacently munched on a PBJ and some cookies while Dennis complained about the inedible green bananas; little did we realize that this would be the last outside source of food and liquid we would encounter for the rest of the ride.

Throughout the ride thus far, we had

noticed a problem with the course markings; it was unclear what the different-colored arrows meant (we eventually confirmed with other riders that the magenta arrow was for the century route), and we had often encountered clusters of dismounted riders at intersections, peering at their maps and asking us which way was the right way. We were now supposed to go on a 15-mile loop, ending up back at the Emerald City (also doubling as the 60-mile rest stop). However, Dennis and I reached mile 60 with no rest stop in sight. No other cyclists were in sight, either; a few other cyclists, who kept asking us if we

Chandler Otis, who always ensures that the arrows for the Santa Fe and Horse Farm courses occur at frequent, rational intervals and are highly visible.

By the time we returned to the Emerald City, Dorothy and Company had packed up and gone back to Kansas. Faced with the prospect of no fresh supplies, reaching Sugarloaf around mile 100, and finishing in the dark, I pitched a major fit. Dennis wanted to press ahead, but I am only slightly ashamed to admit that I called the SAG wagon. The driver couldn't pick us up for at least half an hour, though. So I yielded to Dennis' proddings that we at least ride back to

the start area, omitting Sugarloaf, half-believing the bare-faced lie of "I'm sure there's a convenience store just down the road." As it turned out, there were no convenience stores anywhere for miles around in any direction. Dennis and I toiled up and down hills (probably unmarked on the elevation profile) for mile after mile, in a state of disbelief at the utter lack of convenience stores. We were reduced to rationing our remaining fluids. We finally limped back to the starting area, with 91 miles showing on the odometer. Hot



were going the right way, had apparently decided that we weren't, and turned at some point. We decided to go a little further, and dead-ended at the Van Fleet trail. We were tired, lost, and spouting expletives. We eventually encountered a local cyclist headed to the trail, who showed us where we were (or rather, weren't) on the map. We had missed a left-hand turn, and ended up taking a 15-mile detour. When we came back to where we had strayed off course, we still didn't see an arrow for the turn. We got back onto the loop with a renewed reverence for our own Arrow God

dogs and Coke never tasted so good! Dennis says we can't wear our Horrible Hundred t-shirts because we didn't do Sugarloaf, but I think we suffered enough to wear them.

Lance Armstrong said that you learn more from a disappointing ride than a successful ride, so I know what I need to work on: 1) climbing; 2) losing more weight; 3) learning how slow I can go without falling over; and 4) saving my money for that cycle computer with the GPS navigation system.

It was early July. I was recovering from a bout of pneumonia that attacked out of nowhere. In the summer, no less. Which prompted some "routine" blood work. Which led to the unexpected discovery of a near-diabetic glucose level. The pneumonia had taken twelve pounds off me, and now, scared straight, it was seriously time to diet and exercise. My most recent physical activity was a grueling trail marathon the Sunday before Memorial Day. It had been a long time since I biked religiously, but I got on BF's old road-tired mountain bike and started riding for my life. I had to drop the princess act if I wished to ride nightly, and ride nightly I must. No more confining my rides to paved trails, safe from bone-crushing, bike-mangling motor vehicles. I bravely took to the rural roads of my country neighborhood.

One evening, venturing further than I ever had before, I rounded a corner into the bike lane. As I passed by, I glimpsed something- some...thing, out of the corner of my eye, and my head nearly twisted off my shoulders as I whipped around for a second look. I'd seen something odd laying on the ground, in that netherworld between the bike lane and the grass, in the sandy area where only the hardiest of weeds grew, where glass and nails collected. What was it? I couldn't tell. It was black, flat black, pitch black, tar black, and about the size of a small kitten or large rat. Completely hairless, it lay in unnatural repose on its back, with arms and legs out-flung. I was past it so quickly I didn't have time to take in all the details, and it occupied my imagination throughout the rest of the ride. When I passed on the opposite side of the road on the way back, I watched for it, but, foreshadowing times to come, I didn't cross for a second look.

Some people go through life with a continual sense of wonder, others are just counting the days. When I got home, I couldn't wait to describe my strange and exotic find to BF, but, predictably, he wasn't interested. My story trailed into nothingness. Whatever the thing was, though, I couldn't stop thinking about this alien creature, striving to come up with a plausible explanation for it, a taxonomic description of it. I anxiously awaited my next ride, and the following evening I

rounded the corner with almost unbearable anticipation. I expected the thing to be further down the road of decomposition, putrefication, melting away to nothing like that dog last summer, hit by a car and hidden by the canopy of trees from nature's undertakers, the vultures. Over the weeks, the dog had gradually vanished, dissolved by the harsh Florida summer elements until all that remained was a grease stain on the road. But the mystery thing, it was not there, not there, not there, wait! Twenty feet down the road, resting gently on its back in the long grass, there it lay, unaffected by the weather, untouched by scavengers, unchanged. I tried to examine it as I went by- matte black, hairless, with a long, gently-curved tail and rounded ears, maybe a vaguely pointed snout, not so much cat-like as rat-like. But why didn't it have fur? It seemed almost...unborn. And why was it so completely black? Had it been, could it possibly have been dipped in tar?

Over the course of my next few rides, a set of rules of engagement developed: no stopping to examine it, no going back for a second look, no crossing the road to look again on the way home. I could only gather as much information as one pass would allow. But I never really learned anything beyond my initial observations. By the third or fourth visit, the thing had acquired a descriptive name: Tar Baby Rat Fetus. And now, with a name, it became a fixture of my rides: a landmark, an inanimate animal that I spoke to in passing like the other creatures on my route. "Hi Cowies, Hi Mr. Turtle, Hi Tar Baby Rat Fetus." BF would inquire about my ride, and I would say "Tar Baby Rat Fetus is still there." And it always was, fixed and unchanging, a constant. I introduced it to my new road bike. "Lava, this is Tar Baby Rat Fetus. I don't know what it is, but there it is."

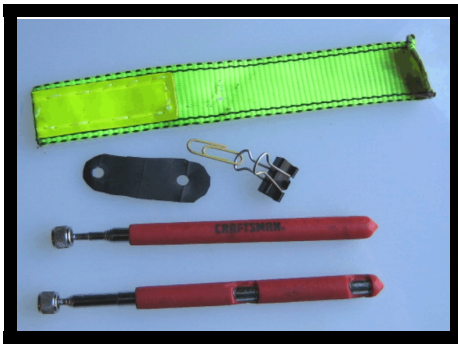
Weeks passed, summer almost turned to fall, and one Sunday evening, BF and I were on our way to dinner at our friends'. As we drove by The Spot, I told him to watch out the window for Tar Baby Rat Fetus. I desperately wanted them to meet. I don't know if he didn't look hard enough, but he couldn't spot it, and neither could I. The next evening, I

set off on my ride as usual. Halfway through, something in me shifted- I experienced a sea change. No longer content to merely pass by, I had this urge not only to stop when I came to Tar Baby Rat Fetus, but to take its picture, with my cell phone camera. Imagine my excitement! I felt as though I knew the location of, and was about to establish proof of something fantastic and unbelievable, a legend, like the Loch Ness Monster, or the Abominable Snowman. I rounded the corner, already unclipped, and Fred Flintstone'd to a stop.

But Tar Baby Rat Fetus was not there. There was no longer anything to document. I searched in vain up and down the shoulder of the road. Gone, definitely gone. Where would it go? Where could it go? I didn't think anyone would kidnap it- heck, I was probably the only one who paid it any attention or even noticed it at all. Then it came to me. Saturday, as I rode a triangle of three small towns, I had passed a road clean-up crew, picking up trash from a golf cart. I'd passed them going out, and coming back, then continued past my usual turn, and passed them a third time on my way back home. I waved at them, they waved at me as they weaved through the long grass in the ditch and out to the bike lane, picking up everything that didn't belong. That was it then, Tar Baby Rat Fetus had been tongued up like a piece of trash. Like an empty beer can, a single flattened shoe or an crushed cigarette pack, tossed into the blackness of a slick black garbage bag. Into a black sack, like the black of Tar Baby Rat Fetus' smooth hairless skin, and it was gone, never again to see the light of day. I felt a pang of regret in my heart. I am going to miss you, Tar Baby Rat Fetus! Why hadn't I ever stopped to solve the mystery? I know why. Because I had preferred Tar Baby Rat Fetus to remain an enigma, rather than find a simple explanation for its inscrutable existence. Now it was going to be a mystery forever. Maybe it's better that way.

There's always tomorrow, though. I'll keep my eyes wide open as I round the corner, and maybe, just maybe...

I use a magnetic pick-up tool from Sears that extends out 25 inches and costs \$4.99. Sears also has an inspection mirror that extends out 36 inches which I use also, depending on the bicycle and route I am riding. It costs \$9.99. With it I remove the mirror and use the shaft only.



To attach the telescoping shaft to the bike, I use a homemade rubber band made from an old mountain bike tube. I simply cut two holes in each end and attach to frame and shaft. This works much better than the rubber bands I was using that came with my Sigma computer.



There are various ways you can attach a flag or streamer to the shaft. Being a minimalist, I use a 6 inch reflective streamer from an old safety vest. To the streamer I sewed fireman's reflective tape that I got from my father-in-law, a fireman. The streamer is attached to the shaft using a simple office clip and paper clip. The magnet on the end of the shaft keeps the streamer at the end of the shaft.



When riding solo, I extend the flag out to maximum. When riding with friends, I do not extend the flag and shorten it by doubling it up in the clip.

You could easily attach multiple streamers, a triangle flag, blinkies, etc. to the shaft as your imagination dictates. With heavier loads, the shaft does tend to sag so to remedy this, I attach a second rubber band from the shaft to the brake bracket on the rear drops.

My next update on the design will be to find a way to attach a whip spring on the shaft so if the shaft was hit, it

would not break off. The tube bands are great for multiple uses when it comes to attaching lights, radios, phones and all kinds of goodies to the bike! I am not sure if the design of attaching the flag to the seat tube will work since your leg would hit the shaft. On my mountain bike, with a shorter wheelbase, the flag has to be attached to my rear carrier.

So far it seems I have been given a wider berth from vehicles.



Congratulations Twin Century Riders

These persons registered to ride both the Saturn Santa Fe Century and the Horse Farm Hundred.

Acosta	Jorge	Brandon	FL	LeBoutillier	Phil	Ft Myers	FL
Adams	Neal	Gainesville	FL	Lorenz	Robbin	St Petersburg	FL
Allgood	Royce	Cape Coral	FL	Marchand	Tom	Jacksonville	FL
Anderson	Kevin	Gainesville	FL	Marsh	Kenneth	Orange Park	FL
Anderson	Scott	Orlando	FL	Martin	George	Dunedin	FL
Arp	Brett	Orlando	FL	Martin	Jean	Dunedin	FL
Azoulay	Daniel	Miami Beach	FL	Maso	Maurizo J.	Winter Park	FL
Baker	Ralph	Altamonte Springs	FL	Mathews	Kenneth R.	Gainesville	GA
Bargnesi	Thomas	Oviedo	FL	McNeal	Barbara	Havana	FL
Beckham	Mike	Gainesville	FL	Mingus	Eddie	Mulberry	FL
Begnaud	Steve	Denver	CO	Mohan	Thomas	Ocala	FL
Bigos	Matt	Merritt Island	FL	Monaco	Rocco	Winter Park	FL
Bjornsson	Johann	Orlando	FL	Morris	Ross	Ft. Lauderdale	FL
Blakely	George	Tallahassee	FL	Muddle	William	Cape Canaveral	FL
Blixt	Lisa	Tampa	FL	Naylor	Carol D.	Ocoee	FL
Blount	Lisa	Winter Springs	FL	Orthoefer	Joe	Gainesville	FL
Bone	Ellen	Orlando	FL	Orthoefer	John C.	Gainesville	FL
Brockett	Robert	Lecanto	FL	Palmer	George	Tallahassee	FL
Brooks	Dennis	Micanopy	FL	Parnell	William	Melbourne	FL
Broome	Dan	Oviedo	FL	Pavelka	Ed	Kutztown	PA
Bruzos	Jose	Miami	FL	Perfect	Gail	Margate	FL
Calvary	Jeff	Lakeland	FL	Phillip	Lennox	Kissimmee	FL
Carver	Cathy	Auburndale	FL	Price	Alex	Mc Intosh	FL
Carver	Harvey	Auburndale	FL	Prince	Tom	Longwood	FL
Choate	Paul	Gainesville	FL	Pyle	Liesl	Denver	CO
Chopyak	Ron	Plantation	FL	Reason	Jessica	Orlando	FL
Claeboe	Christopher	Zachary	LA	Reich	Bo	Alachua	FL
Clark	Adam	Gainesville	FL	Retter	Candy	Tamarac	FL
Cooper	Patrick	Tallahassee	FL	Retter	Frank	Tamarac	FL
Copp	Jay M.	Seminole	FL	Reynolds	Jim	Tallahassee	FL
Cosimi	Ivan	Port Orange	FL	Roberts	Bill	Reddick	FL
Cottrell	Britton	Dunnellon	FL	Robins	Rob	Gainesville	FL
Courtney	Charles	Gainesville	FL	Robinson	Michael	Gainesville	FL
Crawford	Linda	Titusville	FL	Rosenbloom	Mark	Indialantic	FL
Creel	Gwen	Gainesville	FL	Rumohe	David	Ocoee	FL
D'Agostino	John	Boca Raton	FL	Sallot	Ken	Gainesville	FL
DeCastro	Juan	Gainesville	FL	San Agustin	Chris	Orlando	FL
Dickinson	Tom	Gainesville	FL	Segura	Carlos	Newberry	FL
Doherty	Sean	Longwood	FL	Smith	Carlos	Alachua	FL
Dunn	John	Tallahassee	FL	Smith	Kimberly	Orlando	FL
Emerick	Jack	Lakeland	FL	Solley	Tom	Wilmington	NC
Fairfield	Barry	Gainesville	FL	Stevens	Carol	Winter Park	FL
Frye	James	Casselberry	FL	Stevens	Danny	Dunnellon	FL
Gauvin	Dennis R.	Tampa	FL	Stevens	Robert	Dunnellon	FL
Georges	Deborah	Miami Beach	FL	Szedlacsek	Peter	Winter Park	FL
Gibson	John	Orange Park	FL	Tosolini	Andrea	Gainesville	FL
Gies	Larry	Orlando	FL	Twyman	Susan	Casselberry	FL
Greene	Jonathan	Oviedo	FL	Vaes	Lambert	Gainesville	FL
Gum	David	Lakeland	FL	Vaile	Marsha	Palm Coast	FL
Guttman	Dennis	Gainesville	FL	Ward	Kevin	Gainesville	FL
Hoffman	Tom	Melbourne Bch	FL	Warren	Mike	Gainesville	FL
Hudspith	Ted	Winter Park	FL	Wells	Tom.	Gainesville	FL
Inderwiesen	Kristin	Orlando	FL	Wood	Thomas R.	Lakeland	FL
Isaacs	Bill	New Port Richey	FL	Woodruff	Andy	Ft. Myers	FL
Jacobson	Yaniv	Pompano Beach	FL	Yates	Gary	Gainesville	FL
Kavan	Paul	Tampa	FL				
Kavan	Robin	Tampa	FL				
Keith	Darius	Port Orange	FL				
Kramer	Mark	Orlando	FL				
Kubier	Rod	Longwood	FL				

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Ads are \$20 for a standard size ad, \$40 for a quarter page ad, and \$80 for a half page ad. A one year (six issue) subscription for standard size ads is \$100.

AD GRAPHICS

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FEBRUARY DEADLINES

Ad copy needing setup work

January 13

Articles and classifieds

January 17

Ads in GIF or TIFF format

January 20

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C L A S S I F I E D

GCC club bike shorts, VO MAX model, red stripe with the yellow GCC text on the side. Size large. These are very good condition, clean, worn maybe ten times. Will sell for \$30. Rob Wilt 380-0561 or email me at robertwilt@juno.com

Oceanfront 1 bedroom **resort condo** in Daytona Beach. Unit has full kitchen and direct pool and beach access. Family oriented resort. Rent by day or longer. Great cycling in Daytona. Call Jim or Conchi Ossa for rates and info. 3 5 2 / 3 3 2 - 2 4 4 5 o r jocossa@bellsouth.net.

**W H E W !**

This time of year, some strip off their riding clothes after a ride and note "They're not even damp!", and proceed to put them on the ready rack to be used again on the next ride.

What "some" do not realize is that even in the colder temperatures we ride in these days, we do sweat quite a bit, and the biological leftovers are there, even if the moisture has evaporated into the dry winter air.

In the warmth of your home, these leftovers become the home to billions of bacteria, who quietly set up housekeeping.

Now billions of bacteria produce a significant amount of waste products, which accumulate in your jerseys and shorts. These waste products have a

very distinctive odor which most of us find somewhat unpleasant.

When these jerseys and shorts are worn by the rider in front of us, the wind carries a steady stream of this odor back, which can only be avoided by moving well out of the draft, or by getting in front of the offending jersey and shorts (and their wearer).

PLEASE, don't come out on a group ride with unlaundered jerseys, shorts, and base layers. The rest of us would like to enjoy the crisp, clean, winter air without feeling like we're riding through a laundry basket!

**BUSINESS SPONSORS**

These businesses provide discounts to club members who present their yellow membership card or the back page of their newsletter (with expiration date):

Bike Route	10%	374-4550	3429 West University Avenue (Westgate Regency)
Bikes & More	10%	373-6574	2113 NW 6 th Avenue
Chain Reaction	20%	373-4052	1630 West University Avenue
Gator Cycle	10%	373-3962	3321 SW Archer Road
Mr Goodbike	10%	336-5100	425 NW 13 th Street
Pedalers Pub & Grille	10%	http://www.pedalerspubandgrille.com/gcc	(Exotic cycling tours)
Recycled Bicycles	10%	372-4890	805 West University Avenue
Spin Cycle	22%	373-3355	425 West University Avenue
Streit's Schwinn Cyclery	10%	377-2453	4421 NW 6 th Street
Susan Bridges Massage	10%	262-8240	901 NW 8 th Ave, Suite A1

Some restrictions apply, ask for details at the store.



Gainesville Cycling Club

5015 NW 19th Place
Gainesville FL 32605-3435

Horse Farm



Hundred



Santa Fe
Century



Club Affiliate



Adventure Cycling
Association



DECEMBER 2006 ISSUE Mailing label with expiration date identifies current member.

ONLINE EDITION

2007 Gainesville Cycling Festival - 20-21 Oct - Santa Fe Century - Horse Farm Hundred

Welcome New Members!

Christina Adams	Gainesville FL	Carol Heissenberg	Gainesville FL	Beth Shoup	Gainesville FL
Serrhel Adams	Gainesville FL	Kathryn Hurd	Gainesville FL	Joe. Suarez	Fort White FL
Arthur Barnes	Gainesville FL	Brock Kehoe	Gainesville FL	Bryan Terry	Gainesville FL
Owen Baynard	Chiefland FL	Peter Mauro	Gainesville FL	Heather Terry	Gainesville FL
Terri Bidwell	Gainesville FL	Ann McElwain	Gainesville FL	Shannon Terry	Gainesville FL
Richard Browning	Gainesville FL	Becky Minnick	Gainesville FL	Thomas Yang	Gainesville FL
Michelle Carmichael	Gainesville FL	Roger Montes	Alachua FL	Abbas Yazdi	Gainesville FL
Patrick Carmichael	Gainesville FL	Peter Noris	Gainesville FL		
Cathy Carver	Auburndale FL	Buster O'Connor	Gainesville FL		
Harvey Carver	Auburndale FL	Jerry Odonovan	Gainesville FL		
Shelbi Day	Gainesville FL	David Rice	Corinth NY		
Bob DuPerry	Gainesville FL	Bill Roberts	Reddick FL		
Kay Fellows	Interlachen FL	Cathy Roberts	Reddick FL		
John Ferrigno	Granville MA	Ethel Roberts	Reddick FL		
Victor Garrido	Gainesville FL	Rob Robins	Gainesville FL		
Rick Gilly	Ambler PA	Izzg Rudin Rush	Gainesville FL		
Matthew Gladdish	Gainesville FL	Justin Sapp	Gainesville FL		
Woody Graham	Columbia SC	Barbara Schanze	Gainesville FL		
Scott Green	Birmingham AL	Derek Schanze	Gainesville FL		
Sandy Greenwood	Gainesville FL	Kirk Schanze	Gainesville FL		

