

The Gainesville Cyclist

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

February 2009



February 21 (Sat)

300 Kilometer Brevet

See the GCC web site for full information on this event. 186 miles. Jim Wilson (352)373-0023.

March 1 (Sun)

Adopt A Road Cleanup

Meet at 3 pm to get organized for a 3:15 pm sharp deployment. Park along NW 136th St north of Millhopper (close to CR 241).

Please don't be late; it's hard to get you supplied and assigned after we have started. We need about 9 people for an optimal crew.

Please RSVP to diann@piercepages.com or call Diann at 378-7063. We'll eat at a local eatery after we work up our appetite picking up the trash!

March 7 (Sat)

Annual Meeting/Party/Swap Meet

5 to 9 pm, United Church of Gainesville, 1624 NW 5th Avenue.

This year's event is free, you need not bring anything, however...

If you are feeling a little competitive, bring in your own spaghetti sauce, salad, dessert, and/or beverage. All food entries will receive a prize with a grand prize winner for each category.

Please email Chandler Otis (chanbike@aol.com) regarding what you are bringing or suggestions as menu items needed. We need a head count to ensure there is enough food!

Wear your favorite cycling t-shirt; prize awarded to the wearer of the most popular shirt.



Special Event: Concorse d' Elegance

Bring your "special" bike to compete for an award in the Third Annual Concorse d' Elegance. Members will vote for the winner in two categories: Standard and Unique.

March 8 (Sun)

Daylight Savings Time Begins!!!

Don't forget to set your clocks forward and lose an hour of sleep! Standard ride time is still 9 am, but you'll need to get up an hour earlier by the sun to make it.

March 21 (Sat)

400 Kilometer Brevet

See the GCC web site for full information on this event. 248 miles. Jim Wilson (352)373-0023.

May 16(Sat)

R2R3

The Ride To Remember's third year. See the GCC web site for full information on this event. Registration is now open.



League of American Bicyclists



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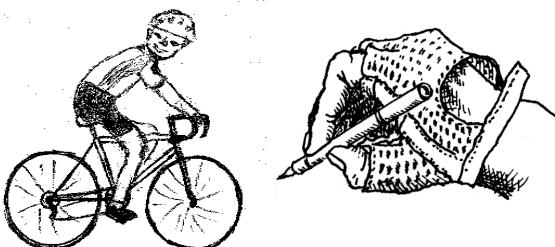
GCC Web Page

gainesvillecyclingclub.org
gainesvilleccc.org
gccfla.org

From The Editor

Roger Pierce

This is my annual "late" newsletter. I'm finishing this up on my first full day off since early January. Such is the life of a tax office manager!



Call To Action

Roger Pierce
Gainesville Cycling Festival Director

For the last several years, we have been able to provide the Boys and Girls Club of Alachua County with proceeds of \$10,000 from the receipts for the Santa Fe Century. While this is a nice sum, it is (by quite a bit) the smallest payout that the Boys Club receives from among their fund raising events.

By comparison, more funds are raised by Team VetMed while riding the Horse Farm Hundred, and more are raised by the Ride To Remember (a significantly smaller ride than the Santa Fe).

The big money for these other events comes from event sponsors. The only big sponsor we have had for the Santa Fe Century is Saturn of Gainesville, and their ability to do that this past year (and probably this upcoming year) has been compromised by the collapse of the auto market. We have had a handful of smaller "rest stop" sponsors, who pay less than what it costs to get a spot on the back of our jersey.

In order to boost sponsorship income for the Santa Fe Century, we need a committee of folks who know what they are doing when it comes to finding sponsors and raising money. If you can help us with this worthy cause in support of the Boys and Girls Club of Alachua County, please drop me an [email](#) or call 378-7063.



President's Letter

Over the years members have been forced to listen to me harp about bike safety on about every platform I have had available. So much so that when it comes time to write this column for the newsletter all I get from my wife is another "Oh boy! Here we go again" look. As we all know, no matter what precautions you take you can never be 100% safe on a bicycle. Over the years some of our members have been involved in very minor scrapes and others have had much more serious mishaps. After a lifetime of riding a bike I finally have my own red badge of courage. On a personal note, I took a spill on the Gainesville-Hawthorne Trail and among other damages I had a broken pelvis and a concussion, consequently

I do not remember anything of the incident. Since I was riding in my accustomed spot at the back of the pack no one is exactly sure of what happened but either a dog or a deer appear to be the most popular choice of a culprit. Hopefully I'll be back on the road around the middle of this month. I have always felt more comfortable on group rides and it paid off on this occasion as my fellow riders were able to come back and provide me with enough assistance to eventually get me home safely.

On a more pleasant note, I am looking forward to enjoying myself at our GCC Annual Party/Meeting. It is always good to be around old friends, oops... make that long-time friends! This year the Party will be held on

Saturday, March 7th at the United Church of Gainesville. As usual we will have dinner, sell & swap tables, and awards. Look for more information in this newsletter.

Stay safe, Stay Happy

Bob Newman



John Devlin leads remote-start GCC ride in Iraq.

Jan 17 2009 Gainesville 200K: Sweet Ride from Frozen Concentrate

by Dean Furbish

Lin and I knew we'd be trading the unseasonably frigid air mass swallowing the Triangle over the weekend for the unseasonable cold of Florida. But it was our problem, and we'd deal with it best we could. So pointing the car south, we rode the cold wave all the way to "the swamp" with bikes draped off the back.



Scene of Lochloosa River along the Gainesville-Hawthorne Trail within a few miles of the final control.

Not that we were such great weather prognosticators. We simply saw a three-day weekend on the calendar and thought, "Road trip!"

This was yet another chapter in the southerly migration of riders in early January. What is the Gainesville allure? Perhaps there are those who want to rush brevet season. In areas of the country where ice and snow rule, Gainesville promises escape from cabin fever, or an R-12 ride opportunity. During PBP years, it offers early qualifying, early training. Stealing a warm weekend in the dead of winter offers the illusion of control of the laws of physics and time travel. Whatever the itch, Gainesville is the cure.

It seemed like a PBP year with 53 eager riders converging on the swamp. At least one rider arrived from as far away as Massachusetts. Then

there was the perennial group from Ohio. Lin met a couple of Shenandoah riders at the Friday night check-in and learned that a handful might be riding. And then there were the Floridians. Who were the hardiest of all? It was no contest. Believe it or not, a couple of Floridians showed up bare-legged with start temperatures hovering at or slightly below the freezing mark. Someone said that it wasn't surprising, since randonneurs are crazy to begin with.

I prefer arriving early at events, allowing sufficient time for last-minute bike prep and clothing details, not to mention meeting and greeting friends. Consequently, we'd already located the starting point. All we had to do was awake on time; grab a quick biscuit; get to the park; make some last-minute adjustments, don a helmet, get a brevet card stamped.

But somebody had misplaced the MickeyD's that I'd sighted on the way into town. Wandering the predawn streets of Gainesville in search of some morning performance enhancers, time slipped away. We finally spotted a BK and quickly pulled in. Ah, coffee!

We arrived at the park and quickly unloaded our bikes. Just in time to miss roll call, last-minute instructions, and official start. Meegan, who would serve a post-ride meal that included hot soup, quickly affixed our brevet cards in the appropriate spot with the official frog stamp.

Finally, we were off. Not with the main pack that had already left, but with a couple of other stragglers. For all the pre-ride drama, if not comedy, neither Lin nor I would garner the distinction of lantern rouge, even though we'd worked hard up to this point on a down payment. But there lay 125 miles ahead of us, time aplenty for exciting turns of event.

Lin wasted no time getting back on track, once we exited the park. Apparently, he'd been studying the cue sheet. His movements were deliberate and

as clear and crisp as the cold morning air. I could tell his steel Trek wanted to run. At mile three we approached a slight, yet perceptible, incline and Lin looked back at me with a grin and said, "A hill. It's not too late to turn back!"



RBA, Jim Wilson (left), and ride volunteer at the final control at Boulware Springs Park in front of the Pump House on the National Registry of Historic Places.

Lin pulled the first 11.7 miles heading out of Gainesville. After a right turn off the main road, I moved to the front until a tandem recumbent, which had been dogging us from the start, made its move, passed us, and ramped up the pace. I decided to settle in and enjoy the scenery, being pulled along by the two-wheeled tour bus. Hey, I'm on vacation! The lead changed hands with each slight incline all the way to the first control at mile 21, where we caught an orderly horde of riders.

The busy though efficient clerk stamped and time-marked my brevet card, and I paid him for a bottle of water. I hit the restroom. Lin and I left the control together. Soon we caught a couple of riders whom we joined along with a brightly-clad group of riders, representing a cycling club out of



Atlanta. We quickly formed a paceline. A disciplined bunch, the cycling club shouted out road hazards and pointed out turns. Lin jumped into the driver's seat, controlling the pace. I followed. When I peeled off the front, I assumed that I'd be joining Lin at the back. But apparently a space had developed near the front into which Lin had slipped. But there was no space for me, so I drifted all the way to the back. After a few miles, a gap developed, forcing me to scramble to catch the lead group. Eventually, the unit slowed to regroup, at which time, Lin and I took leave off the front.

A few miles down the road, Lin dropped a chain on one of the few hills on the route. We pulled over. Lin discovered his derailleur is bent. While he wrenched it back into position, the red and yellow paceline passed, but not without a courteous offer of assistance. We waved them on. Chain back on, we're on the road again.

We caught the red and yellow



Alan D from Massachusetts here was on a long chain this weekend, literally.

The chain on his recumbent bike drapes in a figure-8 and is 2.5 times the length of a regular road bike. Recumbents really like the flat Florida terrain and show up in large numbers.

jerseys again. This time, however, Lin is reluctant to rejoin the paceline due to his shifting mechanism. He didn't want to create a potential hazard for the string of riders. Lin informed the group and we took our leave. And we reached the second control at mile 53 ahead of the pack.

It began to warm. I didn't miss my shoe booties still in the car as much as I did my camera while riders mingled and parked bikes stood alone. I

spotted the sweet Surly single speed Tom M rides. Tom gets the Polar Bear Award dressed in sandals, two pairs of socks and lycra cycling shorts. No one could fathom why his feet were cold.

After a quick break, Lin and I pushed on to the next control. A lone rider who was tailing us easily passed. We saw him a few miles later alongside the ride. We asked if he needed help. He informed us that he was just letting some air out of his tires. But that didn't prevent him from getting back on and passing us again. Later, we are joined by a Massachusetts recumbent rider, who was happy to have left the icicles back home and whose training of late had been solely on a stationary bike.

By now the temperature approached sixty. We enjoyed the afternoon sun. The rested paceline came into focus in my mirror. Eventually, they caught and passed us. We would see them for the last time at mile 93 as they left the penultimate control and we approached. Meanwhile, we enjoyed the sun as we meandered past several large lakes dotting the landscape. We spent a little more time at this control than usual before getting back on our bikes and tackling the last leg of the ride.

At mile 109, we turned off US 301 into the small town of Hawthorne, where we hooked up with the Gainesville-Hawthorne Trail State Park, which we followed all the way to the final control. We could relax. Not only was the brevet in the bag, all the vehicular traffic was gone. Time for nature along the 16-mile paved bicycle path stretching through the Paynes Prairie Preserve State Park and the Lochloosa Wildlife Management Area.

Earlier in the day near Gainesville, I'd seen a group of Sandhill cranes,



Meegan graciously prepares sandwiches to each rider's specifications.

who, like us, had migrated south. We'd also seen fine-looking longhorn cattle up close, looking as inquisitively at us as we were at them. Lin spotted a white heron. Everywhere were Spanish-moss-laden trees. Yellow mustard blossoms lined highways, while yuccas, palms, and pecan trees framed pastures. Now, at the end of the ride, a deer stood just a few feet from the trail. We slowed.

We'd seen plenty of dogs. They chased us from behind fences, barking as we passed. But not a single pooch's paw pressed pavement. This led me to believe that there must be local canine ordinances with teeth.

In truth, most bikes book in this part of the world. Andrea Tosolini, a local celebrity (who was only the second person ever to complete BMB in less than 50 hours), blistered the 200K last year in six hours flat. I, too, set a personal flat record here last year with four. I hope he broke his record this year. I'm glad I didn't break mine!

Thanks Jim, Meegan, and volunteers for the experience! We hope to return to the swamp.



Time now for a post-ride bowl of hot soup and sandwich served up by Meegan.

Article posted on Research Trailer Park blog,
<http://ncrandonneur.blogspot.com/>
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Return to Rio Branco: More on Cycling in the Southwestern Amazon

by Stephen G. Perz

With thanks to I. Foster Brown and Seu José da Cruz Neto

During the fall of 2007 I spent roughly a semester abroad in Brazil and thereabouts, and finally bought a bike and rode it in and around the western city of Rio Branco, in the state of Acre near the Brazilian border with Peru and Bolivia. I discovered much to my pleasure that the intense traffic was not populated by psychotics who think roads are only for cars, and that bike riding, racing, and even touring are alive in the southwestern Amazon.

I returned to Rio Branco in the summer of 2008 for more bike riding and work (you know... bike to work, work to bike). By way of sharing some entertaining stories of what it is to bike in the Amazon, I'm submitting another round of tales based on my experiences there.

First thing: more and better equipment. Along with lots of equipment for collaborative scientific projects, I packed my bag with a helmet, hex wrenches, and some other stuff. Safety was important, so too the ability to make my own adjustments to the bike. I decided against shoes and SPD pedals. As it turned out, they would have put me over weight limits and led to (additional) baggage charges and other complications. Maybe next time.

The first day out, it had rained as the rainy season was ending. And because the rainy season was ending, the road crews had not been doing road maintenance. So the first trip out to the federal university in Rio Branco, UFAC, became an exercise in bike handling, especially on downhills with potholes... potholes that weren't there last year. One favorite was the water-filled "mystery hole of unknown depth" when I had no other option since a car was to one side and a steep drop was to the other. Fortunately the water-filled mystery hole's depth proved to be a couple

inches and not a foot. The other favorite was an oblivious driver who passed me, drifted to the right, cut me off... on a downhill... I had to hit the brakes, back wheel went sideways, but I kept some modicum of control (i.e., I didn't fall and break anything). Sigh. I thought that only happened in the US. I arrived at my destination covered with mud, but at least it wasn't too hot, and my UFAC colleagues all had a good laugh and firm handshakes for their crazy mud-spattered gringo colleague.

There I repeated my advocacy to form a cycling club team at UFAC. My proposal: "Team Purusaurus." This is eminently appropriate: UF and UFAC have a cooperative agreement for collaboration, and UF's mascot is of course the Gator. It turns out that several million years ago, the western Amazon was a large lake inhabited by huge alligators, the Purusaurus, which reached 50+ feet. So you see, UF and UFAC have similar mascots, just of different proportions. But no-OO-oo... everybody was too scared to ride in the street and/or too busy. I shall continue my lobbying campaign.

The return trip from UFAC was also a pothole-filled affair. I happened to have a DVD of Paris-Roubaix (2001, mind you), and could easily identify with the riding conditions: don't slow down, the holes hit you harder and you can't easily get going again because of the muddy-slimy surface! Riding down brick streets in the neighborhoods seemed like a tropical version of the cobbles of northern France.

There were still plenty of people on the cobbles and on the pavement. Despite high fuel prices, there were also more cars; according to one of my

taxista buddies, Rio Branco gets another 500 cars per month, and the roads showed it. The chaos intensifies from year to year, and the only way to ride on a bike in it, as in the US, is to become part of the chaos and act like you belong there. And you know what? If you do that, even with the mounting chaos, even the crazy mototaxistas (taxi drivers on motorcycles, an entertaining combination) will respect your right of way.

A major event during my time in Rio Branco in the summer of 2008 was the 14th annual "Prova Ciclistica 9 de Julho" i.e. the main criterium race in Acre. This is the race I'd heard about in years past but was always getting on or off a plane around the time of the race and missing it. But it is a key race in the Brazilian Amazon, which unites racers of varying ages and machines. Some history: In the early years of the "Prova" it was the racers from Rondônia, a neighboring state, who dominated the race, which featured mountain bikes. But the Acreanos got tired of losing their own race, and the organizers also added road racing, which has since become the featured event. Santos Vidal, an Acreano, won the "Prova" seven times, and this helped consolidate the rivalry with the riders from Rondonia. However, he is now the President of the Cycling



Start of the 14a Prova Ciclistica de Julho, Rio Branco, Acre, Brazil, July 2008

Federation of Acre, and no longer racing.

So the next "Prova" would be interesting indeed. It featured a 1.3 km course and the "elite" race involved 20 laps. On July 6, 2008, the riders lined up and went for it. The early attacks didn't work out. On the 4th lap two Rondonian riders went off the front; on the next lap they were pulled back. On the 6th lap two Acreanos were off the front; but on the next they were off the front. The big move came on the 10th lap, again by two Rondonians, and this time they held on. An Acreano gave chase on lap 13 and joined the leaders. The crowd cheered louder.

On the lap 15 the Acreano had fallen back and another Rondonian had leaped forward from the main group. On lap 16 an Acreano counterattack came, but it fizzled and on lap 17 it was 3 Rondonians out front, two followed by another. By then the crowd was not happy. The last 3 laps had the same state of affairs: 2 Rondonians, followed by a third about 20 seconds back, and another 15 seconds to the main group. The best-placed Acreano, who had broken away but ended up finishing in 4th place, had suffered a puncture on lap 14. The crowd looked frustrated, and but iron stoicism and handshakes among the riders followed the race. Rest assured the rivalry is alive and well.

If anyone doubts the quality of riders in Acre, I have one more little vignette to relate. A colleague of mine, Foster Brown, sent me video stream of Seu José da Cruz Neto, a gentleman who lives in Brasileia, a great little town near Rio Branco. Seu José likes to ride from Brasileia to Xapuri for lunch with friends. That trip is a 67-km ride one-way on the Inter-Oceanic Highway through hilly terrain, more so than most anywhere in Florida. And did I mention that Seu José is 86 years old? And that he rides a Caloi one-speed? And returns from lunch that afternoon, the same day? HOW 'BOUT THEM APPLES? I have to go meet this guy, he sounds like a living legend. If I may borrow a quote from Seu José in his wisdom about bicycles, he recently told my colleague Foster during a follow-up visit: "When I'm riding my bicycle, I never tire."



Inter-Oceanic Highway between Brasileia and Assis Brasil (where the road is never flat), Acre, Brazil, July 2008

On that note, paving of the Inter-Oceanic Highway continues over in Peru, headed up toward Cusco and eventually to ports on the other side of the Andes on the Pacific coast. One of these days it will be an epic ride up from the Amazon lowlands to an elevation of roughly 3400 meters above sea level around Cusco and then down thru the coastal desert to the sea. Seu José recently rode his bike the 110 km from Brasileia to Assis Brasil, at the Peruvian border, a trek even hillier than the one to Xapuri, though into the mountains. He said, "I may return dead, but I'm going." One of these days, I hope I can go, too.



Inter-Oceanic Highway in Peru, climbing from the Amazon lowlands into the foothills of the Andes, January 2009

Training tip of the Month by Herb Kieklik, CSCS [Blue Lizard Sports Performance](#)

WHY : Intervals or sprints are done for the purposes of improving your body's ability to buffer/ flush metabolic byproducts and to improve your anaerobic energy system. Each interval/sprint will rapidly produce more lactic acid/ ammonia/etc. than you can easily flush out. When this happens; the concentration reaches a certain level that you begin to fatigue/ bonk/ hit the wall. With proper training, your body will be able to both flush more efficiently and, most importantly, withstand higher and higher levels of byproducts. Another bonus is that your anaerobic energy becomes more efficient at removing CO₂ and delivering O₂ and fuel.

HOW: Intervals/sprints are done at max speed for a predetermined distance or time. At the end of that interval, you slow down and cruise back to start line or next sprint marker. The next sprint should happen before you are completely recovered. Usually 3-5 sprints will make a set, at which point you will slow/ rest until complete recovery. Any more sets are up to your training program.

FREQUENCY: Once a week is usually enough for most riders.

DURATION: Depending on your fitness level and training program, this could be a 15 minute session or hours...



2009 Bike Florida "Capitol Tour"

by Dave Milliman

March 29 – April 4

Come ride through some of the most beautiful Florida scenery you may ever see. [Click on this link for more information and to REGISTER for the 2009 Capitol Tour.](#)

Join with us for the 16th annual Bike Florida Tour. This year the ride begins and ends in beautiful Madison Florida; a town full of antebellum memories, continues through Monticello and Wakulla Springs, then stops at our state capitol in Tallahassee for the Florida Bike Summit, a Florida Bicycle Association advocacy event. The ride then loops back to where we started in Madison.

Bike Florida is a fully supported bicycle camping tour which cycles along some of Florida's most scenic roads. The tour is leisurely paced and is a relaxing vacation for all bicyclists, no matter age or ability. As you ride beneath the tree canopied roads of Madison, Monticello and Wakulla, you will experience sights and sounds which give you more than a glimpse of Old Florida - the Florida of the 1930's.

The tour takes us through the rural countryside to:

MADISON: For the history-minded, there are centuries-old landmarks, homes, communities and antique shops. For the nature lover, every imaginable recreation is available in forests, rivers, lakes and springs.

The allure of this part of Florida may be bested summed up in the words of Ted Ensminger II, Executive Director, Madison County Chamber of Commerce and Tourism:

"When Bike Florida chooses Madison County as part of its North Florida ride, the entire community gets excited about welcoming our cycling family. We're a small community with a big heart and we welcome riders of all ages with a big smile and opened arms. Welcome to Madison County, where we make new friends everyday!"



MONTICELLO: Nestled among the tree lined streets of Monticello are many antebellum homes which provide a unique look and feel to the city. Today, these homes offer tourists a rare glimpse of the original architectural styles which prevailed in the south prior to the civil war. One such example of this is the fully operational 19th century opera house in downtown Monticello, where Bike Florida will host the evening's festivities.



WAKULLA: Wakulla Springs is one of the largest and deepest freshwater springs in the world. The spring flows from an underground river at a rate of over 400,000 gallons per minute creating the headwaters of the Wakulla River.

Discover one of the most serene places you'll find in all your travels in the Springs Lodge, developed by Edward Ball, a former railroad

magnate in 1937. It stands today as it did the day it was completed. The lodge and the surrounding grounds offer visitors a timeless glimpse into Florida's pristine and elegant past.

While visiting, be on the lookout for what Captain Crash, a tour guide on the Wakulla River, refers to in this manner, "don't touch the alligators, because they will touch back." Old Joe, a monstrous alligator, is still said to inhabit the waters near the lodge, though it is more likely his descendants who cause the ripples below the dock.

TALLAHASSEE

On your layover day in Wakulla Springs, you might visit the Tallahassee Capitol Building. It is just a short ride from Wakulla Springs State Park to the St. Mark's Trail (bike path) which will take you directly to downtown Tallahassee. Along the way, or on your way back, you may visit the many unique sights of our state's capital, including the college campuses of FAMU and FSU. Or, you might wish to venture just south of Wakulla and take in the St. Marks lighthouse and museum.



If, after spending a week leisurely cruising the back streets and roads of these signature institutions, little towns, way stations and rural intersections, you don't feel refreshed and removed from the bustle of 2009 civilization – you still might journey home feeling that:

"You aren't accosted with logo T-shirts and refrigerator magnets, but that doesn't mean you won't feel welcomed by the locals who exude a lovely blend of humble Southern hospitality, old town stoicism and rural town casualness." (KAREN CATCHPOLE, Special to the Star Tribune Minneapolis, St. Paul, 2005)



Chilly Chili Picnic 2009



Photos by
Craig Lee



TOUR de BIG BEND



North Florida

March 28 and 29, 2009

The Capital City Cyclists and the police officers of the annual Blue Line 100 have joined forces to host a weekend double century (standard and metric). Combined, both courses will send riders through four scenic and rural Florida counties, all of which make up the Big Bend of North Florida. Tallahassee's Springtime Tallahassee will also be ongoing this same day.

[Online viewers click here for full info.](#)



Florida Bicycle Safari April 18 - 23, 2009

A springtime bicycling adventure that features six days of supported rides over some of the best cycling roads in North Florida and South Georgia. Three days in Live Oak, three in Madison.

[Link to more info.](#)



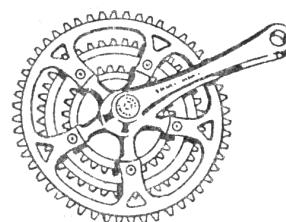
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[Link to Active.com.](#)

[Link to NFBC web site.](#)



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The Gainesville Cyclist is published bi-monthly with cover dates of even-numbered months. All submissions are welcome.

Classified ads will be run free-of-charge for club members; email or mail to the editor.

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

Craig Lee 475-1825
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DECEMBER DEADLINES

Ad copy needing setup work
March 7

Articles and classifieds
March 16

Ads in GIF or TIFF format
March 19

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5th Annual Katie Ride for Life

April 18th on Amelia Island

Tracy McGinn is forming a team to ride the Katie Ride for Life this year.
[Click here to email her](#) if you are interested in joining the team.


CHEVRON AT HUNTERS CROSSING

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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	15%	(386)462-5250	N US 441 (10100 NW 13th Street)	www.bikeroute.net
Bikes & More	10%	373-6574	2113 NW 6 th Avenue	www.bikesandmoregainesville.com
Chain Reaction	20%	373-4052	1630 West University Avenue	www.chainreactionbikes.com
Gator Cycle	10%	373-3962	3321 SW Archer Road	gatorcycle.com
Mr Goodbike	10%	336-5100	425 NW 13 th Street	mrgoodbike.com
Pedalers Pub & Grille	10%	(Exotic cycling tours)		www.pedalerspubandgrille.com/gcc
Recycled Bicycles	10%	372-4890	805 West University Avenue	a web link
Spin Cycle	22%	373-3355	425 West University Avenue	www.spinracing.com
Super Cool Bike Shop	15%	502-4146	3460 W University Ave	www.supercoolbikeshop.com

Some restrictions apply, ask for details at the store.



Gainesville Cycling Club

5015 NW 19th Place
Gainesville FL 32605-3435

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FEBRUARY 2009 ISSUE Mailing label with expiration date identifies current member.

2009 Gainesville Cycling Festival - 24-25 Oct - Santa Fe Century - Horse Farm Hundred

Welcome New Members!

Jesse Alston

Jim Bain

Merry Lee Bain

Dave Buyens

Reina Chaperon

Alan Dopfel

Allan Duhm

Greg Ferrone

Paul Gephart

Lauren Godfrey

Terry Marquard

Stefani Osborne

Montia Rice

Steven Singer

Jessica Stewart

Valerie Villazon

Susan Ward

Michael Wood

Gainesville FL

Ocala FL

Ocala FL

Plant City FL

Gainesville FL

Framingham MA

Lakeland FL

Newberry FL

Gainesville FL

High Springs FL

Gainesville FL



Online readers, [click here](#) for a story on David Bingamam, owner of the new Schwinn Shop on University Avenue near campus.

DARRYL J. TOMPKINS P.A.
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