Ride to Remember

On May 19 (Sat) The Ride To Remember will see its sixth year. See the GCC web site (www.gccfla.org) for full information on this event, which is supported by the GCC. Rides will start from Boulware Springs and Flemington. Registration opens soon. March 11 (Sunday) is the deadline to place your order for GCC Jerseys and Shorts.

GCC Jersey Re-order

We are doing a reorder of the new official GCC jersey and shorts. You can access the Voler order site through the link in the Members Area on the GCC web site. Thanks to our sponsors who are helping to defray the cost of these jerseys: Davis Monk Financial Group, Fine Farkash & Parlapiano PA, Gator Cycle, Ryan Saylor the Cyclist's Realtor, Thomas H. Singletary Attorney at Law, Super Cool Bike Shop, and Syzygy Graphics.

MEETINGS, RACES, RIDES, LES RENDEZ-VOUS

March 3 (Sat) Annual GCC Meeting/Party/Swap Meet (more inside)
5 to 9 pm, Holy Faith Catholic Church Social Hall, 747 NW 43rd St.

Swamp Classic (This Weekend!—more inside)
Saturday Gator Raceway 8:00 to 2:00 p.m.
Sunday Downtown Gainesville 8:00 to 3:00 p.m.

The full FLORIDA TOURING CALENDAR Can be found here http://www.floridabicycle.org/fbtc/index.html

(352) 373-6574

2133 NW 6th Street
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Chain Reaction is offering 20% off bikes, parts, and accessories. Come in for a free tube (one per member thru March)

(352)373-4052

www.chainreactionbicycleshop.com
Believe it or not, I have very little to say. (Gasp! -- don’t worry, the sky isn’t falling). We’re trying a more screen readable format, so we’ve sacrificed pretty for functional. Let us know what you think., and make sure to go out and support Gainesville’s premier downtown racing and local businesses this weekend at the Swamp Classic. Saturday is at the Gator Raceway and Sunday is the Downtown Crit. It looks as though the team and Supercool have really got it going with a $7000 prize list. Big Money = Fast Racing = Fun! Get there early (note times on front page) to cheer on the Gators. Go Gators!

From the Editor

I’m sure we’ve all made enough New Year’s resolutions to keep us busy for more than the entire year. A few of us may even still be sticking to one or two of them. Like many people, my resolutions included vows to improve my physical condition and keep my weight to as close to an ideal level as possible. So far I have been somewhat successful, cycling has been a big part of that for me.

Of course we are all different but for many of us being on the bike plays a major part in achieving those goals. Biking obviously helps build many of your muscles and burns many calories. Another somewhat hidden benefit is that for most people regular exercise also will actually decrease your hunger making it easier to stay on a diet. Consistency in exercise is essential. Like most of us there are many times (especially in the cold weather) that I intend to ride but it doesn’t take long to find an excuse to not do it, just this one time. I do have an advantage in this regard. In my capacity as ride leader of the LoBees I feel a responsibility to at least show up for the rides that I have posted. GCC has riding groups for everyone, from easy ‘sightseeing’ rides all the way to hard core racers. Everyone should join a group and feel you are obligated to partake in that group’s activities. With a little (or a lot) of effort we CAN keep this resolution. The GCC Annual Party/Meeting is coming up March 3rd and it’s always a fun time for those who can make it. This year’s event will be catered by Mi Apa Latin Café. Look for further details elsewhere in this newsletter. I look forward to seeing you there.

Be safe, be happy.

Bob Newman
March 3 (Sat) Annual Meeting / Party / Swap Meet
5 to 9 pm, Holy Faith Catholic Church Social Hall, 747 NW 43rd St.

Meal catered by Mi Apa Latin Café

Arroz con Pollo (Chicken and Rice)
Lechon Asado (Roasted Pork)
Ropa Vieja (Shredded Beef)
Vegetarian items:
Maduros (Sweet Plantains)
Frijoles Negros (Black Beans)
Yuca con Mojo (Cassava with Mojo)
Arroz Amarillo (Yellow Rice)
Flan (Dessert)

We will provide soda pop, ice tea, and beer. Please RSVP using the email that will be sent out in early February, or from the Members Area. **Cost of the meal (heavily subsidized) is $5 per person.** Mail your check with the member number of each attendee in the memo to:

Gainesville Cycling Club Meeting, 5015 NW 19th Place, Gainesville FL 32605.

OR pay in the Members Area with PayPal before the meeting.

Cost for non-member guests is $20 and must be sent by mail.

RSVP Deadline is Friday (March 2) at 3 pm. Mail must be received by Friday to be counted.
Special Event at Annual Meeting: Concours d’Elegance

Bring your “special” bike to compete for an award in the Sixth Annual Concours d’Elegance. Members will vote for the winner in three categories: Presentation, Antique, and Commuter.

• Bikes in the Presentation category should be judged on beauty.
• Bikes in the Antique category must have been produced no later than 1986 (25 years old).
• To be eligible for the Commuter category, the bike must be ridden to the meeting!

Ride America for Safe Routes

Four ambitious women are undertaking a cross country endurance ride that will kick off in Key West on February 5, 2012 and culminate in San Francisco in late April. Two sisters, Jeanie and Chelsea Ward-Waller, their mother, Jane, and close friend Stephanie Palmer are riding across America to benefit the bicycle safety advocacy efforts of the League of American Bicyclists and the Safe Routes to School National Partnership.

Dubbed "Ride America for Safe Routes" (RASR), their ride follows a route traversing 13 southern states and 20 major cities, logging over 5,000 miles between Florida and California. The mission of RASR is to raise $50,000 for the League’s Bike Friendly America program and for Safe Routes to School (SRTS) programs in local communities. In addition, the RASR Team will advocate the critical need for bike safety and promote the public health benefits of bicycling through events with local bicycle groups and SRTS programs in communities along their route. See the RASR website at http://rideforsaferoutes.blogspot.com or contact rideforsaferoutes@gmail.com for more information on the Ride and to support a future of bike-friendly communities. Come out and ride with the RASR riders in Gainesville on Feb 14th, 2012.

2012 Club Elections

After a number of years where our bylaws were structured such that Board members were elected by the Board, we have gone back to electing the Board democratically by all dues-paying Members.

As announced in the December newsletter, members who wished to serve on the Board put their names into nomination. For those positions for which there is no competition, the election will be by acclamation (automatic). Where we have two or more candidates, the election will be held online from February 1 through 14. During that time, when you sign in to the Members Area you will be able to vote. Once you have voted,
the voting link will be removed. The deadline for getting on the ballot is January 31.

Unless there is a last minute candidate, the following positions have been elected by acclamation:

- President - Bob Newman
- Vice President - Rob Wilt
- Chief of Staff - Roger Pierce
- Events Manager - Chandler Otis
- Brevet Administrator - Jim Wilson
- Historian - Velvet Yates
- Treasurer - Richard Ritari
- Advocacy Director - James Thompson
- Ride Captain - Jayson O'Mahoney
- Gainesville Cycling Festival Director - Roger Pierce (George McKenzie serving)

We have an election for Member at Large. This persons prepares to assume another position on the Board by observing and assisting for one term. Members are limited to one elected term in this position. The incumbent in this position has not been elected by the Club, so we're allowing him to run.

Here are the statements submitted by the candidates:

**Allen Kushner**

As a member of the Gainesville Cycling Club since May 2006, I have been an active cyclist with riding in several different groups such as Strays, Lo-Bees, Hi-Bees and Gliders to name a few over the last five years. Since joining the GCC, I have also been able to learn about some of the inner workings of the GCC through participating in various events, such as volunteering each of the last 4 years for the Gainesville Cycling Festival in different capacities. This past year, I took on a little more responsibility with volunteering to be the Load Master for the Horse Farm and Santa Fe. As a result of this, I have been able to get more of a first-hand view into the manpower and tremendous effort that is required to put on such an event. I look forward to not just the possibility of learning more about how decisions are made that dictate the functioning of this great organization as the Member At Large, but also the prospect of taking on more responsibility in higher positions on the board in future years. In addition, I also believe and hope that I can offer a somewhat fresh perspective on things and ideas to help make an already great bicycle club even better. Thank you for your consideration of my candidacy for the Member-At-Large position.

**Dan Perrine (Incumbent)**

I did not know there was any such thing as a bike repair shop as a kid, so I did all my own repairs back then. My interest in bikes continued thru high school & I took my bike to college. I read "The Complete Book of Bicycles" while in college & that got me even more interested in the sport. VP Rob Wilt introduced me to the GCC when he was my next-door neighbor for a little while, & I've been a club member since 2005. As the current "member at large" on the GCC board, I have been available to help or fill in for other board members as needed, & also bringing club members' suggestions, concerns & questions before the board. Currently, I am a mechanic for the Gainesville community bicycle project called "The Kickstand" ------- I serve on the Gainesville Bicycle Pedestrian Advisory board (BPAB), & I fix up bikes for homeless veterans here in Gainesville.

I would welcome the opportunity to continue to serve the club as the member-at-large.
Biking The Left Coast.
By Melinda Koken

Bicycle riding in California can be a very diverse experience. In Northern California, 100 miles south of the Oregon border near Arcata, where Coast Redwoods have been growing for thousands of years, life moves at a slow pace and almost anyone can be seen riding a bike. People are bike-friendly and courteous because they expect to see bicycles on the roadways. Riding 26 miles to Clam Beach from my sister’s house, included the Arcata Bottoms, farms, both dairy and bulb farms, the Mad River bridge, low traffic roads and various bike paths. Ambling along on a bike with two twelve year old kids, stopping for a picnic along the way, enjoying the beach views, made it easy to forget that there IS a different world out there—and it’s called Southern California!

On this summer’s visit to Southern California to see my kids, I pledged to myself to include some serious cycling. On previous trips, the speed of the numbers of cars populating Los Angeles streets and highways had intimidated me. The only riding I had done was along the beach from Marina del Rey to Venice—a benign and traffic free bike “stroll” amid the other bikers, roller bladers, walkers, runners, and family amblers.

Because my neighbors’ son assured me upon his return to Gainesville, that riding a bike in L.A. was something I would be able to do, I re-thought my own aversions. I sent for the Adventure Cycling map showing routes from Imperial Beach to Malibu, and I downloaded a map of the Los Angeles and surrounding area showing supposed bike routes. Thus fortified, I pronounced myself prepared for my next adventure. What I didn’t anticipate, was the level of terror I would experience upon finding that bike lanes shown on the map were non-existent and that I would instead be finding myself in the thick of traffic—fast, furious, and fulsome.

That first day riding was six miles—three out, and three back to and from my son Sam’s house in Westwood. I steeled myself for the ride back after a short wild and wooly ride down Westwood Boulevard. Safely home, I decided to look closely at my desire to ride from there to
Costa Mesa (my brother’s house 60 miles away), with a bit more skepticism.

The first hurdle was riding the Ballona Creek Bike Trail to the ocean. I didn’t know how to get there, nor what it would be like to ride it, so Sam agreed to drive me there and ride it with me. That proved to be a most pleasant experience including surprising family bonding. We pedaled the five miles to the Pacific and another six miles along the beach past Playa del Rey, past Los Angeles International Airport, past El Segundo, and returned from Manhattan Beach. The bike trail and the beautiful wide expanse of beach gave me renewed optimism.

The next hurdle was for me to find my way by bike from Sam’s house, to the Ballona Trail. After getting hopelessly lost the next day on the winding and truncated L.A. streets leading to the Trail, I was finally able to locate it. What two days earlier seemed unthinkable in heavy traffic, I was able to do successfully on this sixteen-mile trip. Thus my confidence was buoyed, and I felt I could manage the long ride the following day.

In addition to my trek down Westwood Boulevard to the Ballona Creek Trail, past the previously mentioned beaches, I rode through Hermosa, and Redondo Beaches, through traffic in Torrance and Carson, along the Los Angeles River Bike Trail, through Long Beach, Seal Beach, Sunset Beach, Huntington Beach, and when I turned off the Pacific Coast Highway I pushed my bike up the huge hill on Superior Boulevard which took me to Costa Mesa and finally, safe haven.

The bike was not a road, nor a touring bike. It was a “Craig’s List” bike given me by my brother-in-
law for work I did on his and my sister’s house while there. It had fat, knobby tires, didn’t fit too well, had two bags and assorted other items bungeed on the back rack due to problems encountered earlier in the day. As other road bikers whizzed by on the Pacific Coast Highway looking sharp and “professional”, the figure I cut was in stark contrast to them. “You ain’t got no SWAG, whatsoever!” guys yelled at me from a car. Despite my lack of “swag”, after 9 hours of peddling, I arrived at my brother’s house in one piece—tired, dirty, hungry and happy to share my experience with other potential road riders, showing perhaps how to push through one’s fears and revel in the results.

My Brief Foray Into The Wacky World of Brevets

Ken Sallot

bre·vet: noun /broʊˈvɛt/ (Say: bruh-vay) - A brevet is an official randonneuring ride of at least 200 kilometers usually completed to qualify for longer and major events, such as Paris-Brest-Paris and Boston-Montreal-Boston. Just as on the longer events, in order to officially complete a brevet you must ride the entire route and stop at checkpoints along the way between certain times to get your route card signed. Failure to do this means the ride doesn’t count. (source, http://bikeconnection.net/articles/glossary-of-cycling-terms-pg184.htm)

When the announcement went out to see if any “A Riders” were interested in doing the GCC’s 200k Brevet scheduled for January 7th, I figured why not? After all, 200k is only 125 miles, which is only a little bit longer than the average century, and only 10 miles longer than the Battle of Olustee, which are distances I had ridden many times in the past. Some quick emails and text messages were exchanged, and a plan was hatched so that some of us would get together and ride the event as a group. “This should be fun!”

Friday Night At the Rush Lake Motel

With my registration fee in hand, I made my way over to the Rush Lake Motel a little before 6PM to register and pick up my cue sheet and control passport. As I pulled into the parking lot, I noticed a couple of people unloading recumbents and I knew I was at the right place. I parked, and my wife and I walked into the motel lobby to see if I could locate Jim Wilson and the registration table. The helpful receptionist kindly told me that Jim Wilson was not registered at the motel, and that she had no idea about any sort of bicycle thing that I was babbling about. Being convinced that 6PM was the correct time to show up, I whipped out my cell phone and called the local Brevet Guru, Doug Folkerth, and had a conversation that went something like this:

“Hello?”
“Doug, it’s Ken, what time does registration open?”
“6:30 lunkhead, can’t you read?”
“Doh! See you soon!”

A few minutes after chatting with my wife, trying to figure out how we were going to kill thirty minutes in the Rush Lake parking lot, Jim and Meeghan Wilson pulled up. Jim, sporting a new set of crutches and a bum knee, gave me one hundred and one excuses why he won’t be doing one of the Gainesville Time Trials this season, but was more than eager to pawn me off to Meeghan so I could register, get my stuff, and leave so he wouldn’t have to deal with me anymore that evening. Meeghan was kind enough to walk me through the process, while insisting my wife and I take cups filled with
M&M’s.

After registering I looked down and in my right hand I had a ziplock baggie, which contained my cue sheet (course map and directions) and control passport, and in my left hand I had a cup full of green M&M’s. Although I’m reasonably sure I wasn’t the first person to walk around the Rush Lake Motel parking lot with a ziplock baggie on a Friday night, I’ll bet there weren’t many others with cups full of green M&M’s. Oooh boy, this is going to be a lively bunch!

For a brevet to be officially completed and recognized, riders must stop at various locations, called “controls”, and get their “control passport” stamped. To make things interesting, the controls are only open during various time windows. If you arrive early you have to wait, and if you arrive late your ride is done and you have a DNF. If you miss a stamp, or lose your passport, your ride is done and you have a DNF. If you do everything correctly, and finish, you finished and your ride is recognized.

However, unlike other cycling events, brevets are not races. Aside from the maximum allowed time, there is no official time keeping for brevets. Remember, although a bunch of people are riding all around the countryside trying to get their cards punched and finish within a certain time, these are not races.

Saturday Morning Start

The official start time was supposed to be at 7:30AM, so I made sure to arrive at the motel by 6:50AM – I can be really annoying with my attention to punctuality. While scouring the parking lot for other randonneurs, like myself, I noticed several signs about roam towing. If you have lived in Gainesville for more than a few months, you know how aggro the local towing operators can be, so I went and asked the desk clerk if they were really going to tow my car while I was out riding my bike. The clerk assured me that he would not, but asked for my license plate number anyway.

After making sure I wouldn’t come back to an unwelcome surprise, I started getting my stuff together for the ride. Although the temperature was a little cool and about 45°, I knew the forecast called for a high in the 70s; base layer, arm warmers, cycling cap, and fingerless gloves weather. Plus plenty of gels, cash, and other incidentals. As I pulled the gear out of my gym bag, I checked each item off from my mental checklist:

- Cash – check
- Map – check
- Control passport – Check
- Food (gels, cliff bars) – check
- Helmet – Check
- Shoes – Check
- Arm warmers – check
- Base layer – check
- Jersey – check
- Cap – check
- Right glove – check
- Left glove – oh no!

With some careful deliberation, I decided to just leave the right glove in the car. After all, it didn’t have sequins, and I wasn’t the King of Pop, so the one glove look had to go.

By 7:10 I was all geared up, standing around in the Rush Lake Motel parking lot all by myself, and wondering where everyone else was hiding. Was this some cruel joke being perpetrated on me? Once again, I picked up my cell phone and called Doug.

“Hello?”

“Hey Doug, it’s Ken. I’m here in the Rush Lake parking lot. Where are you guys?”

“Don’t you ever read? Jeesh, I’ll come get you.”

A minute later, my savior appeared and led me to where everyone else had gathered for the start in the Shands Parking Garage. There were approximately sixty other cyclists in the garage, ranging in all ages, sizes, genders, and bicycles. Included in the group were several “A riders”, like Andrea
Tosolini, Ryan Saylor, Shannon Woodruff, and Steve Grosteffon. Additionally, one of my Velobrew Teammates, Kendall Frederick, made the trek from Jacksonville.

I quickly got in the registration line and had my passport control signed for the first check-in window. After getting my ticket punched, I asked Doug where we could go and, err, have a nice quiet nature break before the ride. He said “Oh follow me,” and proceeded to take me down some path where I biffed in the dirt and fell flat on the ground.

Oh, perhaps this day isn’t starting out so well. But after doing the 30 second inspection of my bike, I took care of business, and went back to the garage.

At 7:20, Jim Wilson called everyone together for a brief talk.

“This is not a race. Ride this at your own pace,” Jim said. That sounded like pretty good advice to me.

“There are some people here who are planning on riding this a lot faster than most of you may want to, or are capable of going, and they want to hurt the people that stay with them, so just let them go on and ride away.” Uh oh, I think he’s talking about my group…

At 7:29 Jim announced that the ride would start at 7:30. With ten seconds to go he started the count down. At 7:30 he said “go!”

And off they went. Everyone. Except us.

You see, two A-riders hadn’t finished registering, so we let the group take off while we waited for Kendall and Steve to finish.

Finally, we were ready to go. The group included Andrea Tosolini, Ryan Saylor, Steve Grosteffon, Kendall Frederick, Cabe Crisler, Shannon Woodruff, Doug Folkerth, and myself. Andrea led the charge with Cabe and Kendall immediately behind, and myself in fourth position.

I knew the route, so shouted directions to Andrea, and we took the left onto S.W. 16th Avenue and the first right at 441 to head south to Williston Road.

And we were flying. Andrea was setting an incredible pace. We must have been doing close to 30 MPH coming out of the gate.

When we got to Williston Road, I did a quick check behind and saw nothing. No one. Nope. Nada. Three miles in and it looked like we dropped half of the group.

Well, apparently my reading comprehension isn’t that great. I thought the route took us south to Williston Road, then north east up to SE 4th, where we then cut over to SE 15th street for the little run down to Hawthorne Road. Although it turned out over the course of the day that I had every other part of the route correct, I completely messed up the first bit and the other guys went the correct way.

Halfway on our way over to 4th my phone started ringing, but I couldn’t catch it before it went to voice mail. It was Doug, he left me a voice mail deriding me for being a bonehead and going the wrong way. I tried calling him back at least three or four times before he finally took my call, and after careful debate, we agreed to meet up at Tim’s Fast Nickel on Hawthorne Road. But while I was messing with my phone, my riding partners had left me in the dust.

So I trudged on, heading to where I would regroup with the others, but with the knowledge that I had at least ten more miles to go before catching them. As I made my way towards Tim’s Fast Nickel, I saw a familiar looking white and blue cycling kit in the distance. Like a dog seeing his master pick up a leash, I got
excited and picked up my pace and finally caught up with my teammate Kendall. Kendall was relieved to see me, because, as he said “I have no cue sheet, I have no idea where we are, and I have no idea where I am going.”

Given that one of us took a wrong turn fifty feet from the start, and the other was completely lost without a map, Team Velobrew wasn’t having a great morning. But, we were once again together. And what the heck, this was not a race.

Kendall and I worked together really well and set a nice solid pace and within a few minutes we started catching the other riders. Pretty soon we caught up with a familiar looking group, which included “our boys”.

“Grab on boys! We have to catch the lead group!” I yelled as we motored by. Shannon, Steve, and Doug grabbed Kendall’s wheel and we kept trucking. A few minutes later we came up on a fairly large group which had several recumbents, and another familiar jersey. “Saylor, grab on!” I yelled as we worked our way past them. Even though I thought this might be the lead group, there was no sign of Cabe or Andrea, so I knew they must have been somewhere up the road.

Once leaving Gainesville, the 2012 GCC 200k Brevet headed east on Hawthorne Road to the light with Tim’s Fast Nickel. From there, the route went north into the metropolis of Windsor, then east from Windsor along some back roads into Melrose.

On our way out of Windsor we saw a lone cyclist by the side of the road repairing a flat tire. That rider was James Ossa. Because he’s fairly modest and soft spoken, many of you may not know that James has a fairly extensive list of accomplishments in long distance endurance events, including completing the 750 mile Paris-Brest-Paris Brevet in under 70 hours, an amazing feat! I thought to myself that if James was right there, the lead group with Andrea and Cabe couldn’t be much further down the road, so I picked up the pace a little more in the hopes of catching them.

As we were approaching Melrose, a call was made for a quick stop. I knew this was going to slow us down, but gave in because after all, this was not a race. Just when we started rolling again, a group came screaming by us. Pulling the group was Andrea on his TT bike, and there was Cabe on his wheel. Huh, somehow or another I thought I had spent the previous fifteen miles chasing the lead group, but it turned out WE WERE THE LEAD GROUP! We picked up our pace and quickly caught up with the main group just as Andrea and a lone recumbent rider rode away from them.

I got to the front of the group and pulled us back up to Andrea and the recumbent rider, just as we were leaving Melrose and turning towards Keystone Heights and the first control stop. The entire rest of the way to Keystone Heights was spent sitting on Andrea’s wheel as he pulled us along at a blistering pace. When we hit the gas station that served as the first control, everyone breathed a sigh of relief that leg one was over and that we could all refill water bottles and grab a quick snack.

However, Andrea was on a mission. He got his control passport stamped and took off before anyone even noticed he was gone. Someone mentioned that he had left, and a small group of us quickly set off to chase him down. That group included Steve, Shannon, Kendall, Joe Fritz and the recumbent rider, John Tanner.

From Keystone Heights, the Brevet route headed on a series of back roads past the Postmasters Retirement Village, around Lake Santa Fe, north up to the Airport, then west on 18 to Hampton, Graham, and eventually Brooker with a detour down the
Dedan Cemetery Loop Road. From Brooker, the ride continued west on 18 over to Worthington Springs, where the second control (AKA “The Lunch Stop”) was held at Chastain Seay Park.

The five of us “wedgie” riders worked together like a well oiled machine on our way to control #2, letting John get a free ride in our draft. No one skipped pulls, or let the pace drop; we just kept pumping our legs, with no noticeable sound except the beautiful noise of a chain turning freely on gears, and rubber singing on asphalt, as we made our way to the second control.

The second control was seventy-four miles into the ride, and fatigue was starting to set in. As we were pulling up to the park, we saw Andrea leaving.

“What time do you think it is?” Jim asked me as I handed him my passport.
“Uh, (looking at my watch) 10:58?”
“The control doesn’t open until 11, you have to wait.”
“Hey Jim, my garmin says it’s 11:02!”
“OK, I’ll sign your passport now.”

A frantic search ensued as Jim tried to find a pen that worked. Meanwhile, some of us busied ourselves with refilling water bottles and grabbing a quick bite. Eventually, we found a pen that worked and Jim was able to sign our passports. As he finished signing my passport, Jim asked us about Andrea. “He didn’t stop here, is he not checking in?”

Realizing that we might have an edge on this since Andrea skipped a control, we relaxed a bit and volunteered our services to eat some of the food that Jim and Meaghan provided. Just as we were sitting down for our made to order sandwiches, Andrea walked up, had his passport signed, and took off.

Yup, Andrea was on a mission, and there I was standing around with a face full of Fritos and a bologna sandwich. But this was not a race!

I rallied the troops, but it still took us a few minutes to get underway. By the time we left Andrea had at least a ten minute head start (but this was not a race!).

From Worthington Springs, the Brevet Route took us south towards the hamlet of Santa Fe, then east over to CR-239, then south towards Alachua where we hopped onto 241 and went through the outskirts of Gainesville, Jonesville, and eventually the town of Archer, and our third control.

Although this leg was only thirty miles in length, it was probably the most challenging because of the strong wind coming from the south. But once again, everyone in our group pulled together and worked hard in an effort to keep the pace high and the time as short as possible.

Click, another mile down. Well the sun is out and it’s a beautiful day for January. Click, another mile. Is that the start of a cramp? Click, another mile. When will this wind stop? Click, another mile. I better eat a gel. Click, another mile. Perhaps I shouldn’t have eaten so many Fritos at the lunch stop? Click, another mile. Ouch, my leg is starting to feel like rubber. Shannon, Joe, Steve, Kendall and myself working in harmony kept knocking down the miles. Click another mile. Whew, we’re at this control and down to just twenty more miles!

As we pulled into the Kangaroo, there was no sight of Andrea, and frankly, I don’t think any of us cared. We were just glad to be at a stop where we could stretch, grab a quick bite, and a soda. After getting our third stamp in our passports, we were on our way!

From Archer, the route headed east along CR-346 to 346-A, to Williston Road, then towards Gainesville to 441 and our home base. This leg literally flew by as we had a nice tailwind pushing us along, and our spirits soared as we knew we were approaching the end of our ride.

As we were heading north on 441 towards the Rush Lake Motel, I saw a sign up ahead. Could it
be? Was it? Really?

Yup, La Tienda! Oh man was I starved, and all I kept thinking about was how great their food was. However, while I was distracted by thoughts of food, my teammate Kendall saw the sign I missed. That sign of course said “Gainesville,” and he managed to be the first one of our gruppeto to cross past that sign.

We managed to roll into the Rush Lake Motel Parking lot around 1:50PM. We were greeted by Wendy Norman, who signed and collected our control passports. Then she told us that Andrea, who rode most of the day solo, had already left ten minutes earlier. But of course, this was not a race!

**Renewing Your GCC Membership**

When it is time to renew your Gainesville Cycling Club membership, you can do so using the Renew Now button in the Members Area. When you renew using this method, you can sign your release online, and pay with a credit card at PayPal, thus not having to deal with any paper.

If you renew before your expiration month, we’ll pass on the savings from not having to mail you a paper renewal form by reducing your dues by $1.

I’ve just fixed a problem that was interfering with this procedure.

*Roger Pierce*

Membership Secretary, Gainesville Cycling Club


**GCC discount on 2012 Adventure Cycling tours!**

Have you ever considered a bicycle tour with Adventure Cycling, but wondered how to save money on registration fees?

Thanks to GCC's affiliation with Adventure Cycling Association ([http://www.adventurecycling.org/](http://www.adventurecycling.org/)), GCC cyclists can receive a 20% discount on Adventure Cycling tours in 2012. For every 4 registrations booked on select tours, we get one FREE registration! That equals a 20% discount for every 5 GCC cyclists on a single tour. This year's tours include Arizona, Texas, Virginia, Utah, Montana, Colorado, Oregon, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and California. The list of discounted tours can be found here: [https://www.adventurecycling.org/landing_clubdiscount.cfm](https://www.adventurecycling.org/landing_clubdiscount.cfm)

Note: GCC membership not required, so bring your friends and family! Must be ACA member. Contact Ally Gill (ACA Club Contact) at gillallyson@gmail.com prior to registration in order to take advantage of this special offer.

**Battle of Olustee Sees Record Turnout**

January 22, 2012--Ryan Saylor

("The Battle is the oldest continuously run bicycle race in Florida. I know some of you don’t think it’s “racing” unless you have a number on your back, but trust me, this is a race!--Ed.")

Great Battle of Olustee today with warm temperatures and the largest-ever Battle of Olustee turnout. With over 125 riders, we had a nice tailwind for the first half. The store stop took seemingly forever for 125 people to get checked out (only one register open!?). We continued on at an easy pace until 75 miles in where things heated up. Despite many people's best efforts to break away, a large group of roughly 60 riders headed to the finish all together and it was a field sprint to determine the
winner. St. Augustine's Ben Renkema, riding for southeast regional team Globalbike, took top honors. Gainesville's own Victor Alber, riding for Supercool Bike Shop and arguably the state's best mountain biker, took 2nd place on his 24th birthday. Ocala mountain biker Regan Woodall, racing for Top Gear Bicycles, took an impressive 3rd place.

Great day today! Thanks to all for coming—Ryan. old Hans Vandenberg (Slipstream Craddock Jr. Development).