

The Gainesville Cyclist

October 2006

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

Happenings

October 6 (Fri)

Paynes Prairie Night Ride

Full details will be posted on GCCMail.

October 7 (Sat)

Standard Club Ride Meeting Time Now 9 AM

As always, check GCCMail ride announcements to ensure your group is using the standard time

October 8 (Sun)

Adopt-A-Road Cleanup

Meet at 4 pm to get organized for a 4:15 pm sharp deployment. Park on CR 234 just east of Micanopy near our sign. Please don't be late; it's hard to get you supplied and assigned after we have started. We need about 14 people for an optimal crew. Please RSVP to diann@piercepages.com or call Diann at 378-7063. The club will help pay for dinner after the cleanup.

October 14 (Sat)

Trail Maintenance Day

Watch GCCMail for details on this event at San Felasco. Lunch will be provided.

October 21 (Sat)

Saturn Santa Fe Century

Registration starts Friday at 6 pm at the North West Boys and Girls Club. Registration and breakfast open at 6:30 am Saturday at the North West Boys and Girls Club.



October 22 (Sun)

Horse Farm Hundred

Register at the Santa Fe Century, or at Morningside Nature Center starting by 7:30 am or at Flemington Community Park (for the Horse Farm Tours).



October 29 (Sun)

Eastern Standard Time Returns

Fall back, set your clocks back one hour, gain an hour of sleep. If you fail to do so, you'll be way early for your ride!

December 16 (Sat)

Holiday Party

Put it on your calendar! Details in the next newsletter.



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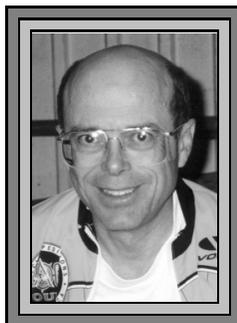
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Welcome to the fattest Gainesville Cyclist ever! Contributors came out of the woodwork over the last couple of months, and have provided you with a

cornucopia of varied reading.

Our California chapter has checked in after a long absence with a fresh Wannabe column, which you should

find amusing.

Our series profiling the local bike stores continues with Velvet Yates' report on Spin Cycle (yes, they're still in business!)

Nancy LeVake has contributed two articles, one continuing her brevet series, and the other a bizarre account of a ride on the Trail. (You get extra credit if you can figure out WHICH trail she was riding on!)

We have travelogues from Karelisa Hartigan and Jim Birdsall, advice from Kathy Byers and Bill Elliott, and a tome on Beer by Kiara Winans. Plus some serious editorial stuff on the next page.



Gainesville Cycling Festival

Roger Pierce, Director

As you receive this newsletter, we are only about three weeks away from the Gainesville Cycling Festival!

A lot of work remains to be done to be fully prepared.

We still have plenty of openings for volunteers. Check out the web site to see what is available, and give me a call at 378-7063 if you can help.

Areas of particular concern are persons to place signs on the course the morning of each event, and persons to pick them up after the rides.

We also have some openings for rest stop crew chiefs/supervisors.

Congratulations to T-Shirt contest winners John Stokes (Santa Fe Century) and Paul Messal (Horse Farm Hundred).

Volunteers, don't forget to send in your Entry Certificate by October 10 so that we can order you a t-shirt (and sign you up for a ride if that fits with your weekend).

The Saturn Santa Fe Century (and the Gainesville Cycling Festival) is 14 years old this year. Let's all pull together and make the 26th Edition of the Horse Farm Hundred the best ever!

President's Letter

40000 by Roger Pierce

This is the best time of the year for GCC members. The Santa Fe Century and Horse Farm Hundred are nearly here, the oppressive summer heat is letting up and we all should be enjoying the road.



cyclists safe and accident free. We must seize the things we can control, be proactive and practice defensive riding.

The police are watching motorists with a heightened awareness of cyclist's safety, they are also watching to make sure we obey the law and are doing our part too. Let's get out there have good, legal rides and a great Cycling Festival. Once again, please be extra cautious, it makes no difference who was right or wrong if you are in the hospital.

Bob Newman



The cycling community however, has been hit by a rash of accidents to our members and other cyclists as well. Various injuries and even death have occurred in collisions with automobiles. This column has often issued a plea for safe cycling, but I would be remiss not to do so again in light of recent events.

There has been much heated discussion lately among club members as to the thoroughness of cycling laws and the best way to get them expanded and enforced. That is all well and good and should be pursued with vigor. My first concern however is seeing our members and indeed all



We live in a society that accepts 40,000 road deaths a year as a cost of doing business. Imagine the reaction if we experienced half that number of deaths from terrorist activity (suicide bombers, IED's, roadside bombs, murder squads, etc.). This problem impacts all segments of society in all areas of the country. Those that need to be removed from the gene pool are probably impacted more heavily, but that does not spare the rest of us.

All road users are affected. In the same week Mr. Bostick was killed, a pickup drifted across the center line near Melrose and killed another driver heading in the opposite direction. Had the driver in the cycling crash drifted the other way, he might have taken out another driver rather than a cyclist.

The three things that are implicated in many (if not most) crashes are driver impairment, driver distraction, and aggressive driving. The first two impact us most as cyclists. And unless the driver has been drinking alcohol, the law is quite lenient.

The GCC now has over 600 members. If we can get the right group together, we have a chance at making an impact on legislation in Tallahassee. Watch your GCCMail.

Law puts a lesser value on the loss of some lives

by Scott Erker

A short time ago, another Gainesville cyclist was run over from behind and killed by a motorist on Williston Road. This incident was merely the latest in what has been a long line of similar tragedies the last several years.

Reportedly, the driver was not under the influence, and therefore under state law, was only charged with "failure to drive in a straight line." The is a minor traffic infraction whose only penalty is a small fine. The same scenario would hold true

for any person, either pedestrian or a motorcyclist, who was hit by a car.

The unavoidable conclusion seems to be that the law puts a much smaller value on the lives of these victims when compared to those of other crimes. The light fine involved clearly does not serve as a sufficient deterrent to those with a lack of respect for other users of the roadways, and does not adequately represent the value our society should place on every citizen.

It is time for us as a community

to come together and take this issue seriously and impart those thoughts and feelings to our local officials. One life is just as important as another. The law needs to be changed to better represent its citizens and to better protect those on our roadways who need it the most.

This letter appeared in the Gainesville Sun on September 8.

The 300K

(This is the report that makes brevets sound fun!)

I'd been checking the weather forecasts, on three different sites, for the past two weeks. It appeared that the day of my first 300k (actually 187 miles) brevet would be rainy and not that warm. And windy. And possibly with thunderstorms. I spent the week prior frantically ordering and rejecting rain pants of various types. I never found a pair I liked, and decided to go for it with my Performance thermal windproof tights. I love them, and warm as they are, they are just breathable enough to make it through a windy 60 degree day if they have to.

Two nights before the ride there were crashing thunderstorms that kept everyone except me awake all night. Let it rain, I thought, get it out of your system before Saturday. Friday evening, I did some final adjustments to my lighting system before taking my bike in for inspection. Like what do I know, I had two \$9 Cateye micro halogens, a \$29 10 LED Cateye taillight whose main talent was flying through the air with the greatest of ease, and a back up brilliant 6 LED Nashbar taillight which was easy to mount and aim from my seat stay. It quit raining long enough for me to load up my bike and drive her into Gainesville for the inspection, which she passed with flying colors, but the downpour started again on the way home, so I brought my bike into the house for the final packing of the trunk and panniers.

It's hard to pack for 300k. I guessed 13-14 hours, with a shaky weather forecast and unknown food sources. I, as usual, opted for the Everything But The Kitchen Sink approach. I would wear my thermal tights, with my Trashy Cat shorts underneath. PI Calientoes (I LOVE them!!!) on my shoes, regular cycling socks, spare socks in a ziplock in a pannier. LS Shebeest cycling jersey, (white leopard!) sleeveless jersey in a ziplock in pannier. Wear old gloves, bring

new gloves and new rainproof gloves. My thought is after my old gloves turn black from wet bartape, and are soaked with my nose runnings, I can put on nice dry ones! (Too much effort, it turned out.) Wear my Marmot rainproof jacket. May as well be out in the rain, even the huge pit zips can't keep me cooled off. But I'd rather be hot and wet than cold and wet. Need to investigate a Gore cycling jacket, maybe. Illuminite lime green vest over the jacket. Reflective ankle bands, and blinking red and reflective lime green arm bands! Very cool, got compliments. Louis Garneau helmet cover, with my head light peeking out. Kept my head_toasty_ warm and dry. Shebeest very lightweight wind jacket in a ziplock.

Food that I brought: Ziplock of almonds- uneaten. 4 ziplocks of four sushi pieces. Ate 1. 3 ziplocks of choc covered espresso beans. Ate 1. 7 packs of Jelly Belly Sport Beans. Ate 3. 1 Polar bottle of Gatorade. Drank and refilled twice. 1 bottle of choc milk. Drank and purchased 2 more. Necco wafers, didn't eat. Ziplock of candied ginger- didn't eat. 4 Advil- didn't eat. 1 ziplock of pecan-stuffed dates. Ate in the bathtub afterwards. 1 ziplock of super-aged white cheddar slices- ate in the bathtub afterwards. I think I would eat more if it wasn't packed away. I think I will investigate a second Bento Box.

Food I DQ'd after I felt the weight of my bag: 6 Fruit Trekkers, 1 Clif Bar, 1 Luna Bar, 1 Power bar, 2 bags of granola, 2 spicy chicken wraps, 1 vanilla milk, 2 ziplocks of almonds.

Amenities: Ipod Shuffle, cell phone, 4 AA batteries in drybox. Did not bring my camera in its tiny drybox because of weight issues. Tiny disposable rain poncho, in case I didn't wear my rain jacket at the start. Two glue-on heat packs in case my neck or SI joints hurt later. Two chemical heat packs for my feet in case I froze. Sunscreen, lip balm. MONEY! Money to pay for my 200k and 300k medals, (\$10 each) at the finish!!

Packed my panniers, then took the whole trunk bag assembly off the bike

(it's so heavy!) and put it, and the clothes I would change into, and everything else I wanted to bring into the truck in the middle of the thunderstorm. By now it was 8:30 PM, and I knew I had to be up at 3:30, for the 5AM start, and I still had to eat my chicken chow mein, which has become my pre-ride night before dinner and breakfast favorite! Went to bed, woke up an hour later to a torrential downpour. Resisted getting up to check the radar. Woke up hourly, resisted getting up to check the radar. Rain/wind/thunder/ lightning continued unabated.

Finally at 2:45 I gave up trying to sleep, and got up, and stumbled into the bathroom, where I met a large, really large roach scampering about the bathtub. Yeah, I know they don't want to be in the house as much as I don't want them to be in the house, but I just cannot bring myself to catch and release like I do with the big spiders, so it was death by shaving cream can for the roach, and my Century box turtle came clambering sleepily out of his house in the bathtub (too cold to be outside at night) to greedily gobble up the still-kicking corpse. Good turtle!

I put my bike on the rack, in the rain. Radar looked like it could rain for a few more hours, so I opted for my rain jacket. I decided to park in a ramp where I work instead of on the street at the start, so I could dress and load up my bike while dry. Headed over to the start in another parking garage. Lots of people there, in various assortments of rain/reflective gear. I looked at some people's light setups, and still can't decide.

Then, after some words from the ride director, we're off! I stick with the main pack, who immediately out of the ramp don't know which way to turn. Right! I shout. They make a couple more correct turns, then keep going straight and miss a left. Oh well, I can't get them to turn, so I go off by myself on the correct route, wondering if I will be alone for the next 14 hours. Make my way through campus and town. The roads are wet, but brightly lit by street lights. Finally after about 5 miles, the pack catches me. A-riders,

too fast to stick with. Then a group of B-riders. I can't quite hang with them, either. Then a couple straggling groups, the Atlanta group, a pack of recumbents. I'm apparently destined to ride alone.

The street lights end, and it is pitch black. I had my lights aimed so one was a spot, several feet in front of me, and one was a flood, maybe 20 feet out. I'd been using the spot to look for trash and not hit it, and now needed the flood as well. My helmet light was oonly-aimed and relatively worthless, though it did allow me to read my computer. I had one of those tiny LED's over my aero bar, sitting where it shined perfectly on the cue sheet. A passing rider said it was really cool! I got to compare my \$9 light to lots of \$300-\$500 lights. Except for one HID, I have to say I preferred mine. So why spend the extra \$, and carry the extra weight? I don't get it. You can buy a lot of other stuff for the price of a hub generator, wheel and light, though the benefit is apparently "free" light with no "cost" in batteries and an infinite burn-time as well as not having the task-loading while very tired on the second night of changing batteries. But what about the "minimal" drag? Hey, I'm already slow! And if it does fail, then what? Seems too hard to try to fix, and you can't throw it away and get a new one- way too \$\$\$\$. Something to think about.

After a while, I am out in the country, listening to the frogs singing, many different species. Water is running rapidly in the ditches- I can hear but not see it. The rain has tapered off to almost nothing. I turn off the spot light, and ride with the flood light, right down the center of the lane, because there is bsolutely no traffic. It's very calm and peaceful. I hear a dog bark as I pass, here and there, and after a while, a rooster crowing, though there is no visible sign of dawn yet. At about 7:15 it starts to get light, and in a few more minutes I turn off my headlight. At about 8:15, I reach the first convenience store in Lake Butler, and many of the riders are there, taking off rain gear, refueling, stretching. I buy a choc milk and drink it, but don't linger. It's still a long way to Georgia, and the first Control.

Now it's daylight, and I'm in new

country that I haven't ridden, or even driven. A few farms- there's a guy trimming a horse's hooves. I used to do that for a living. I can smell the unique odor of trimmed hooves. Frogs are still singing, though not so loudly. There is a bit of traffic, but the drivers are careful. I ride through a wild swampy forested area, with cypruss trees up to their knees in standing water and a heron who keeps repositioning himself as I catch up to him, finally giving up and flying awkwardly into a pine. "How can a huge bird like you even fly?" I say to him as I pass. There are lots of small tan dogs, one or two at each isolated home, who come yipping out of the weeds and trees to try to chase me down, but they are just too small. I have a name for them- Slinkdogs. I don't know that that word really means, but to me it is these low-set



The 300 K medal.
Photo by Rob Wilt

light-colored dogs, running fast like weasels, parting the high wet grass in the pale morning light.

Up ahead there are many flashing lights. I hope it is not a cyclist, and it isn't. A big U-Haul truck has driven across the road and through the deep black mud and into the forest. Probably fell asleep. A huge tow truck is trying to winch it out. Then civilization- a small, poor town, and I cross into Georgia. I reach the first control, 75 miles, at about 10:15, nicely ahead of schedule. Many of the riders are gathered there. I buy a choc milk and some Gatorade, get my card stamped, decide not to remove my thermal tights quite yet, though I do remove my rain jacket and stow it away on top of my trunk. Then it's back south, into Florida, and on through about 30 miles of pretty but

pretty much the same pine forest, with not a house or anything to break the monotony.

A rider from Tennessee catches up to me and stays for about ten miles. We talk about rides, and riding history, and he describes the Three State Three Mountain route, which I will be riding in May, in detail. The wind from the west is fierce, a steady 15-20 with extended blasts of 30mph, and after I while, I get dropped, and he just drifts away, and I can't quite catch up. I can see groups of riders strung out ahead of me- Dad and Son, son who gave dad a hub generator for Christmas, who I have been leapfrogging all day. The three recumbents (one has been side-lined by broken handlebars, caused by sliding into the guardrail on a slippery section of bridge grating, who is now waiting for someone to bring him a spare bike). The Atlanta Three. I pass a guy who isn't as fast as the rest, who seems tired. Minutes later, I am overcome with sleepiness- the short hours of interrupted sleep the night before combined with the ceaseless, grinding wind and the endless rows of pines are putting me to sleep! I stop for some emergency choc covered espresso beans. Mmmm. I hope they take effect soon.

I quickly catch the slow rider, and decide to stay for a while. His name, I think, is Dan. But it might be Mark. I am HORRIBLE at remembering names. He's been doing these rides for about four years, and has even gone 1200 miles! Yikes! We talk about this and that, take turns drafting, bemoaning the wind, and it's just nice to have company. Somewhere along this stretch, my stomach starts to feel a little bloated. I need electrolytes, I decide, and dig into my little coin purse that lives in my Bento Box, and find that my melted Succeed caps are also wet, and may have something vaguely green growing on them, and they smell a bit strange. They are sort of the texture and color of a frog's belly. As I hold a gelatinous mass of it in my fingers, I think, should I or shouldn't I? Which is worse, needing a serious dose of sodium and potassium, and having a bloated belly, or eating it, and risking I don't know what from whatever is growing on them? I opt for eating them. My stomach feels much

better within minutes, and I don't catch salmonella or bubonic plague and die. We finally get to Lake City, and the turn south, out of the wind. We ride through a small very poor neighborhood, where children are out riding some really pretty bikes. They all wave and are curious and friendly. "Are you racers?" they ask? Nope, just riders.

1:15, much earlier than predicted, we arrive at the lunch stop. 119 miles, almost as far as the total 200k three weeks ago, and my legs feel full of energy. What's up with that? Dad, of Dad and Son, explains that the increasing distance of brevets, spaced monthly, 200k, 300k, 400k, 600k, is actually an efficient training program. I've stressed my muscles, rested them, done "maintenance" rides in between of 60 and 80 miles, and now I am stronger. I think the lack of 30 mph winds for the entire ride, and no hills, also has something to do with it...I eat two bowl of delicious veg soup but decline a sandwich, have a can of ice tea, and it's time to go.

Dan/Mark and I head off to the next control, at which, since we just stopped for lunch two miles earlier, the ride director has told us we don't need to go in and buy anything and have our card stamped- we just need to write down our time and the price of regular gas (I think it was \$2.39) to prove we'd been there. "And," he said, "it is perfectly all right to tell the riders you pass, the price, to save them three miles out and back to the control, as long as you tell them the wrong price!" Everyone laughs. It turns out, we mostly went in and got our cards stamped anyway, since no one had a pencil. I got a can of Amp, feeling the need for some caffeine, but declined to use the restroom, since I had just gone, twice during lunch. Big mistake.

We were off again, now onto familiar roads I'd ridden from home the previous Saturday, handily marked with the green arrows of the Santa Fe Century, as well as mysterious white hearts. "Sweetheart Century" Dan/Mark explained. I soon felt the inklings of having to pee. I thought there was a convenience store in Worthington Springs, in about 25 miles. I hoped I was right. The ride director had advised us of a stretch

that would contain the Secret Control, if there was one, between 150 and 155 miles, so we kept our eyes peeled, but didn't see it. I really had to pee. We passed two of three Atlanta guys, one laying in the ditch, apparently resting. Passed Dad/Son, who had been making regular stops for peeing/eating. I am suddenly very, very hungry, and gobble down the remaining Jelly Bellys and espresso beans. Atlanta guys re-pass us, and I say "Did you have a nice nap?" "I just had to get off the bike for a while" he replied. No Secret Control, through Worthington Springs, no convenience store, across the beautiful new fast bridge, and I tell Dan/Mark that we will soon be making an unannounced stop. He says just shout out when you see a tree to your liking, and I say that I will soon be a lot less discriminating. Sure enough, less than a mile later, I see some tall weeds that suddenly appear to provide sufficient cover. What a relief! Dad/Son pass as we are getting going, and Dad is concerned, and I shout that I just really had to pee. What??? "SHE JUST REALLY HAD TO PEE!" Son yells. I get a bag of four tuna/ avocado sushi, which are rather mushed, but good.

At about 165 miles it hits me- I am good and tired. Not dying, still have energy, but I'm ready to be done. We finally arrive in Alachua, 170 miles, stop at a convenience store not four miles from my house, and I buy another Amp, and change into my wind jacket and turn the tail lights on. Did I mention that \$30 Cateye 10 LED has performed very unreliably, being found "off" at the first control, not able to turn on, but then mysteriously on again later? I engage it by whacking it sharply, but have no faith that it is going to stay lit. Good thing I have the spare 6 LED from Nashbar, who has been working faultlessly. I put my cue sheet away- I know the way home by heart.

We are now about 17 miles out, all on very familiar roads. The ride director has told us that after we get to Millhopper Road, he didn't care how we navigated through Gainesville. I follow directions from Dad, who's lived in Gainesville for about a century. Millhopper Road is dark, a wildlife-rich forest with houses in it, with a 40mph

speed limit that mostly people annoyingly observe when I am in a hurry (I stick to seven over through here, which is still irritatingly slow) but tonight it's like a drag race out here. Too bad, I think, the usually reliable population of Highway Patrols and Sheriff's Deputies aren't out. But wait, they are, and a guy who passed us going about 70 is now pulled over getting a ticket. There is a nice bike lane, and we are brightly lit, so I feel safe going along this road, even in the pitch dark.

Then we are in Gainesville, in more traffic that I like riding in, at a closer range, then onto campus, where we catch some lost Atlanta riders, and lead them safely home. It's about 7:30PM. We arrive at the final control, six of us together. I apprehensively dismount, but am amazed at how not sore I feel. It's nothing like the end of the 200k, where my quads were in a jelly-like state, and I felt like I couldn't pack my bike or drive home. I sign my card and get it signed by the ride director. I pay for my 200k and 300k medals. Dan/Mark and I say goodbye, nice riding with you, hope to see you at the 400k. I ride back to my car, call my emergency bailout friend to tell her I am finished, text message BF, who is out of town, a simple message, "Done."

Drive home, unpack mountains of bags of gear and drag it into the house, force myself to put my bike away properly, kick the turtle out of the bathtub, fill with hot water and bubbles. Pour a glass of wine, and decide that rather than cooking, or even re-heating, a nice bag of pecan-stuffed dates and some sliced cheddar is the perfect dinner. Mmm! I don't have much energy left, and would like to go straight to bed, but Mr. Bird has been home and lonely and neglected for two nights now, so I take him out for about 30 minutes of TV before calling it quits. I sleep one of the best sleeps of my life.

Next day- where's my sore muscles? My aching knees and neck? I feel great! I am proud of my achievement! I am ready to test myself with the 400k in March. Predicted weather- 74 and sunny!!

Next time, Part 4 of 4.

Bumping along on my rented bike I cycled down Rome's first and most ancient road, the Via Appia Antica. The large paving stones are deeply rutted from centuries of cart and carriage travel: this road, stretching south from Rome was laid down in 312 BC.

The Via Appia is now considered an archaeological park, for in addition to the original stones the remains of ancient tombs stretch along both sides of the road. The ancients did not bury their dead within the city, and so the approach road to any town or city was lined with tombs. Some of those along the Via Appia are still massive structures; others rise but a few feet above the ground. Portrait busts adorn many of the funeral monuments; others reveal fragmentary inscriptions; before still others stand headless marble statues.



Paving stones of the Appian Way

The Appian Way is shaded for its first several miles south from Via Cecelia Metella. Pine trees arch across the opening stretches of the road; near the graves the ancient tree of death, the tall tapering cypress, stands as a somber reminder of what these ruins once contained. Olive trees stretch beyond the road at times, but there are open fields across which can be seen the Alban hills, hazy in the distance.

Bikes may be rented from the Casa dell' Appia Antica located at the end of Via Cecilia Metella at the start of the Appian Park. For a mere 3.5€ per hour, one can ride for several hours along the course of the ancient road. It

is challenging to ride on the ancient stones, but many parts of the road are paved and there is a side path of gravel. These sections too are challenging, for the paving is of the small square black bricks typical of Roman streets, while the side path winds around trees and ruined monuments.

Riding south I passed current villas and the scattered remains of the Villa dei Quintili, a prominent Roman family. Their estate boasted a nymphaeum at its entrance: once water poured from fountains here and splashed into reflecting pools in honor of the goddesses of the stream. Pedaling north, within a quarter mile I passed the massive round mausoleum of Cecilia Metella which towers on the right. A short distance beyond lie the remains of the Circus Maxentius, the fourth and final venue for the chariot racing the Romans so loved. Continuing in easy ride down a well-paved road I cycled past the Catacombs of San Sebastian and San Callisto- tombs of Christians who died before Rome became a Christian city. By riding a bit further I saw another important monument of early Christianity: the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, built at the spot where Peter saw a vision of Christ. When Jesus responded to his question, Quo Vadis, "Where are you going" that He was returning to Rome for a second crucifixion, Peter had the courage to return to Rome as well. He would die at the Circus of Nero where the Vatican now stands.

To bike the Via Appia is to ride through several centuries of history. In a few hours I pedaled along the very first road of the Roman Empire, saw the remains of its early history, cycling from the pagan to the Christian world. There are few places where the cyclist can move through so much history in such an attractive environment. And enjoy a most challenging ride.

Few things make me feel more comfortable when riding on the road than being able to easily track the progress of a car as it comes up from behind and overtakes me. Since starting to ride with the Strays about a year ago, I've acquired some minor pieces of equipment that have made my rides safer and/or more enjoyable. A small rear view mirror allows me not only to watch the cars as they speed by but it also greatly reduces my startle response when a biker passes me from behind without any warning. I use a mirror that attaches to my helmet (\$15), although other people have theirs mounted on the handlebars.

As for enjoyment, I've found I'm a lot happier with insulated water bottles (\$10), as I like cold Gatorade much better than warm. I've also put a computer (\$25) on my bike and once it was calibrated correctly, I've found that knowing my speed and the distance I've covered is a great motivator. Two other items I plan to purchase include a Topeak pump (\$29) and a speed lever (\$6). Although this particular pump is small enough to attach to your bike, it's a floor pump so you can use the weight of your body instead of relying solely on the strength in your arm to pump air into the tire. And when you need to change a flat, Crank Brothers makes a speed lever that allows you to take the tire off the wheel in one clean stroke.



Karalisa on the Appian Way

Signs of Fitness

Miss me? Thought not. I do have some decent excuses for the two-year hiatus though, should you care. Last year I organized a downtown criterium. What a ridiculous amount of work that was! Chapeau to Roger and all those people who muck in for the Gainesville Cycling Festival. Believe me, training for an event like that is the easy part. I now have a thorough understanding of the processes involved in organizing and to be honest I'm not sure I could go through it again. Yeah, so you managed to finish both the Santa Fe Century and the Horse Farm Hundred back-to-back this year. Woohoo. Help organize one or both and still manage to complete them and then you start to impress me.

This year's twin projects are learning to fly and writing a novel. Both are likely to spread well into 2007 so apologies if it's another two years til you hear from me again. Anyway, to current business. One of the effects of getting busy is that the limited time available to train usually necessitates a lot of solo riding. You know how it is. It's not just the time commitment of group rides but also the pace. If you're averaging three or four hours a week, most of which is spent waiting at stop lights getting in and out of town, then you're hardly ready to hang onto the back of the 60 mile Saturday group ride even if you do have the time to spare that particular weekend.

As I've been dawdling around my local streets recently I have been carefully developing a system with which single riders can notify each other our status. We are usually riding alone for a very good reason and how on earth are other solo riders supposed to know our intentions if we don't announce them?

The idea is simple. You take an old racing number, turn it over, and write on the blank side with an indellible black marker pen one of the following letters, upper-case, as large as you can. Pin the square to the back of your jersey just above the pockets so that it

can be seen clearly by cyclists who are coming up behind you. Here's the code.

S – Soloist! I am riding solo because I want to. I only came out to get some peace and quiet from the kids. I am now humming show tunes or talking to myself distractedly, or I have bad gas from the beers I drank last night, and I really can't be doing any of these things if I have company, can I? Besides, you wouldn't want to ride on my wheel even if I didn't have bad gas. I'm not about to start paying enough attention to point out sticks and other obstacles in your path. That's your lookout. My cerebellum is barely functioning enough for one of us right now as it is. I also don't want to chit-chat. I love my kids and I was still ready to kill them an hour ago. This is my down-time. Please pass me as quickly as you can and flick out a quick wave or beam a hello if you must. Just don't expect an acknowledgment in return. I am miles away.

T – Tandem. I am really, really unfit and overweight right now and I am hating every minute of being on this bloody machine. I need stimulating conversation to take my mind off it. Please! Come on, pull up alongside so we can discuss the Landis doping affair, or the Shimano versus Campy debate. Heck, I don't care what we talk about! Mortgage rates? The inverted yield on the ten year T-note? It's all good! Just get the hell up here already before I pull over at that Starbucks I see ahead and order myself a triple caramel macchiato with whipped cream. And chocolate chip sprinkles.

I – Interval individualist. I am doing intervals because I heard somewhere intensity training is the only way to increase power. (So what if I need to lose another 20 lbs before my power-to-weight ratio moves appreciably away from zero?) Besides, I only have an hour to throw into this thing. Therefore, I am now, or am about to be, pouring on the power for a sick and twisted two whole minutes. If you can hang on the back of me

that's great, but bear in mind I get tunnel vision once my heart rate exceeds 170.

H – Hammerhead. I am only riding solo today because I had to run my kid to soccer and so missed the start of the group ride. I'm not bitter about it. Don't let my moderate pace fool you though. The moment I detect you are gaining on me - or God forbid actually get on my wheel – I am going to slowly ratchet up my speed until I either drop you, or I start to feel the pain myself at which point I'm gonna pull to the left, slow down and start screaming obscenities at you to pull the f*#\$% through! Congratulations, you are now on a group ride.

D – Dropped like a dead donkey. I am riding solo now because I thought I would be able to hang on to the group ride this morning, even though I've only been riding an hour twice a week since March. What was I thinking? Ten miles into it and some muppet took off for a city limit-sign sprint. That was the last I saw of "my group." I was dropped harder than a gorilla on a bungee. If you'll give me a minute on your wheel I'll try to get my heart rate back below 160 and then I'll offer whatever I can muster to help get us back home. I do have my cellphone with me, however, and I am not past stabbing both my tires with a piece of glass to achieve a tactical double-flat, then calling my wife to come pick me up. God I hate this sport.

F – Flat chance. I was doing supremely well on the group ride until I got a flat just before Alachua. I'd been doing most of the work up til then and only went to the back to eat when I got the flat. Of course, nobody waited for me. Those SoBs just kept right on rolling. So now here I am riding solo. I was going to try to chase but let's face it, even in my stunning form there's little chance of one guy chasing down a pack of twenty into a headwind. Thanks for coming up alongside me, by the way. I hope I'm not boring you yet with my laundry-list of excuses for being out here all alone. Hang in there,

though. I'm not through. I have another twenty minute oratory on how I pummelled the snivelling gits over Mebane. That should convince you the F is my correct designation. No, not a D. Yeah, I know, I'm not dealing with this very well... Would you buy an I?

X – Extreme danger! Preferably, the X should be marked in bright red instead of black. I am riding solo because nobody will ride with me. Regardless of whatever fitness and strength you may perceive by the way I look, I have the road sense of a squirrel on LSD. I am a danger to myself and to anyone within ten metres of me. You must have a death wish if you want to sit on my wheel. Incidentally, how do you like my replica Discovery team outfit? Yeah, this is the Trek Madone, just like the one Lance used last....Whoa! Sorry about that, didn't see the pothole til I'd gone over it. Anyway, as I was saying, this is all genuine hero-worship material. I got into this biking thing after the 2004 Tour. It's great, isn't it? Next season I'm going to try joining a team and sign up for some Cat 5 masters races. I'm already putting in 300 miles a week. I figure another 100 and I might get good enough to take a shot at a pro contract. Hey? Where are you off to...?

So there's the first iteration. Letters can be combined as needed. For example, many hammerheads riding solo are at their limit and their road sense becomes 'dilute.' In this case, the designation H(X) would be appropriate. If you haven't identified your particular category before getting out on the bike, don't fret! Simply take along a blank white square and the marker pen and make your selection out on the road. This is the way to go if you are planning the group ride and have no way yet to select between F and D. Or just carry an S out to the ride start and feign wanting to be alone should disaster strike.

Got more ideas for the code? Send them in to Roger for the newsletter. In the mean time, feel free to lobby your local USA Cycling representative and ask for mandatory adoption of the code beginning in 2008. It'll save us solo riders a lot of confusion and angst.

The Beer Story

by Kiara Winans

In British colonial days, beer was part of a soldier's ration and pay while in the service of the Crown. A logistical problem was shipping beer to the far-flung reaches of the Empire before it spoiled. British brewers found that the unique geology of the Trent River area produced a water low in pH - ideal for the brewing process, and by adding hops, they were able to produce a beer that not only traveled well, but also imparted a unique and pleasant flavour. This style of beer became known as Pale Ale.

European immigrants brought brewing to America and beer styles unique to their homelands and regions, giving America a varied beer landscape characterized by settlement patterns and ethnic populations following the growing network of the expanding railroad lines. With the invention of the ice railcar in the 1870's it became possible to brew in a central location and ship beer all over the country. This drove many small breweries out of business and beer became rather pedestrian in flavour as the big brewers consolidated markets. Prohibition put the final nail in the small brewers coffin.

In the late 70's, dissatisfied with the taste, quality and variety of American beer (light lager), an intrepid group of folks began to experiment on their stovetops, attempting to brew beers unavailable to American consumers for over 50 years. The result was far superior to what was commercially available at the time, thus spawning the micro-brewing movement leading to a change in the public perception of quality, taste and what actually constituted a beer.

Many styles of beer including Pale Ales and IPA's (India Pale Ale) were revived, refined and modified by home brewers, and microbreweries creating a style unique to America - the American Pale Ale or "APA". With this in mind we celebrate the return of a quality, locally brewed beer and the conversion of Rails to Trails - promoting healthier lifestyles, and safer cycling.

In this year, the year of 2006, Hogtown Brewers together with the Alachua County Bicycle Alliance, Gainesville Cycling Club, and Market Street Pub are delighted to announce a brew befitting these auspicious milestones: 10-year anniversary of the Gainesville-Hawthorne Trail; 20-year anniversary of rail trails and the Rails to Trails Conservancy; and, 13,500 miles of trails built from recycled railroad corridors.

Rail Trail Pale Ale

A beer that is as racy as a carbon frame road bike, while being as laid back as the most comfortable recumbent.

The Hogtown Brewers are preparing a number of candidates for the title of "Rail Trail Pale Ale." They will be available for sampling at the Market Street Pub in downtown Gainesville starting at 1 PM on Sunday, October 22. Purchase tickets (\$2) at Morningside Nature Center or Flemington Community Park. "Pub Grub" will also be available in case our hot dogs and chips don't fill you up.



Crash Advice By Bill Elliott

I am still not 100% clear on the events that occurred on Sunday July 23, 2006, but will recap to the best of my recollection. Lyn was out of town so I decided to do a solo ride from my house in southwest Gainesville, departing at around 8:30 am.

I rode uneventfully the first 7 miles up into Haile Plantation, and turned north on to SW 91st. at the town center, speed about 16 mph. At one of the roundabouts to the north, the second one, I believe, my memory goes blank. Then I woke up in Shands about 30 minutes later with a concussion, a broken left clavicle, and lots of road rash and bruises.

They were doing a CT on me and determined that I had no internal injuries, luckily. One thing that has come back to me about the accident is the image of a car entering the roundabout with me, seen either in my peripheral vision or in my rear view mirror, or both.

Apparently, I had gone down while exiting the roundabout. I went back to the scene later and surmised that I must have tried to move right as the car came by me, and I contacted the concrete curb/asphalt seam or a patch of gravel/sand near the edge, and went down hard on my left side. As I lost control, my momentum carried me straight up onto the curb, where my helmet struck the concrete curb as my body contacted the road.

The police report initially assumed I had a collision with a car, but there

were no eye witnesses, and no driver stepped forward to admit involvement. A resident had driven into the roundabout some time afterwards and saw me down, blocked the road and called 911.

Later, based on my loss of memory and the hospital ER report saying I had no blunt trauma indicative of a vehicle impact, the police report was changed to a one vehicle incident.

A couple of important lessons learned....

I had just bought a brand new Bell helmet 2 weeks before, and had adjusted it so it fit nice and tight, and I wore a cycling cap under it. All of the foam ribs on the left side were broken completely through, but the hard plastic shell held it together well. If I had my old helmet and/or it was not adjusted right, it could have slid up on my head when I hit, the curb, and I might not be writing this email now.

Second, I was riding alone, and although this area is usually pretty safe on Sunday mornings, and is close to town, etc...the problems of riding alone include: not having a lantern rouge to call out "car back", not having a witness, and not having someone to call 911 right away.

Third, although I did have my driver's license with me, I had failed to bring my whole wallet, including my insurance card. This resulted in a lot of legwork by me afterward to get the bills paid by my insurance. We should all carry a copy of our insurance card on our bikes.

Fourth, I did have my cell phone, but

did not have an ICE (in case of e m e r g e n c y) n u m b e r pre-programmed, so, rescue personnel were unsure who to call. We all need to add this to our phones.

Even though I can't remember much, my rear view mirror memory is the only "evidence" I have of the events, and I highly recommend that all riders have a rear view mirror on the left side of their helmets or bikes (I have seen some installed on the right side, believe it or not...)

The Alachua County Sheriff was good enough to recognize that my expensive Specialized Roubaix Comp carbon bike should not be left by the road, and he was kind enough to bring it to the emergency room. Lucky me. :)

Finally, skinny tires and sand, gravel, curbs and pavement seams do not mix well, and it only takes a split second to have the bike come out from under you, especially at speed while turning. Do not give way to cars to the point that you lose your stable riding surface. Incidentally, the bike sustained no appreciable damage; I cushioned its fall pretty well.

I hope that this information is useful in preventing this type of accident, or at least minimizing the pain and aggravation riders will suffer if they are unfortunate enough to have this type of accident.

A Rider Time Trial

Photos by Rob Wilt



Spin Cycle



I recently sat down with Ted Kubisek, owner of Spin Cycle, in the office loft above the shop. Spin Cycle is dear to many club members for its generous 22% discount to GCC'ers. Ted was very gracious in answering some questions about the shop and his own biking background, and I have summarized his comments below.

This year marks the fifteenth anniversary of Spin Cycle, and its seventh year at its current location. Ted was only 18 years old when he first started the business with two other partners (he is currently the sole owner). He got involved in the shop start-up because he was the go-to guy in the greater Gainesville area for mountain bikes. This was in the early years of the boom in mountain biking, and the shop was geared towards mountain bikes, even sponsoring races and race teams. The market has since swung away in the opposite direction, and Spin Cycle has expanded its original focus to include commuter and road bikes. The shop also sells bike-related clothing and accessories – Ted describes his approach in this area as



'doing the shopping for the customer,' since he is very familiar with the products available, personally selects the items to stock, and recommends the proper item to suit a particular customer's needs. (I myself benefited from Ted's expertise when I recently bought a set of lights for night-riding from the shop.)

With his vast experience in bicycles – 22 years, including time in the manufacturing and marketing arenas as well as working in or running bike shops – Ted justifiably considers himself an "encyclopedia of bikes." Based on his wealth of knowledge, he



Ted with prized 1991 Gary Fisher

or his employees can work on any bicycle, from a 100-year-old antique to a sleek modern racing bike. Ted describes his management style as family-like; he strives to create a wholesome, honest, and nurturing environment for his employees. When he interacts with customers, his goal is to inspire them with his passion for bike riding, and help change their lives.

Ted would like GCC members to know that the building which houses Spin Cycle is for sale, but that the shop itself will continue in another location once the building is sold. Ted is not sure what his level of involvement in the shop will be at that point – he has plans to get married (to Jill Durham, on December 2) and start a family. He will definitely be biking and still be passionate about cycling, but it may not be the sole focus of his life anymore, as it has been for at least the past fifteen years.

Ted's parting words of wisdom, in the form of a favorite maintenance tip,



Ted and Jill

concerned flat-stopper tires. These are tires with a plastic liner (not Kevlar), that acts as a built-in flat protectant. Ted says that such tires are no heavier than regular tires, and give a smoother ride as well as providing excellent protection against flats.

SPIN CYCLE OUTDOOR CENTER
424 W. UNIVERSITY AVE.
GAINESVILLE, FL. 32601
(352) 373-3355 www.spinracing.com



Rosemary the shop dog



Bicycle Training, Touring Ride Tandem at New Florida Discovery Bicycling Center in West Volusia

LAKE HELEN, Fla. (July 24, 2006) – On November 12, 2006, the new Florida Discovery Bicycling Center (FDBC) in Lake Helen, Fla. will roll out its inaugural training and touring program – the first of its kind in Florida, and believed to be the first in the United States as well. The Center combines adult bicycle safety training and touring into vacation-like packages that include accommodations, meals, entertainment and sightseeing along the St. Johns River region of western Volusia County. Sponsored by the Florida Bicycle Association (FBA), the River of Lakes Heritage Corridor, and the City of Lake Helen, the FDBC is intended to create a hub of outdoor recreational touring while helping adults cycle more safely on Florida's roads.



“Countless cyclists and other outdoor enthusiasts enjoy the natural beauty and small town charm of this area every year,” said Renee Tallevast, Executive Director of the River of Lakes Heritage Corridor, an enthusiastic supporter of the FDBC. “Combined with this region’s natural assets, the city’s slow-growth policy and proximity to Florida’s trail system make Lake Helen the ideal location for the Center’s headquarters.”

Lake Helen is located between the college town of DeLand, home to Stetson University, and the historic spiritualist community of Cassadaga, in a largely rural section of Florida known as the River of Lakes Heritage Corridor. The Corridor showcases

many of small town Florida’s cultural, historic and natural treasures, including three state parks, a national wildlife refuge, several natural springs and, most importantly, Florida’s longest river – the St. Johns River.

“While government organizations and supporters of the FBA continue to work on the development of trails in Florida, we’re tackling safety through rider training,” said Laura Hallam, Executive Director of the Florida Bicycle Association. Hallam outlined details of the program at the ProBike®/ProWalk Florida Conference in St. Augustine, Fla. in April.

The FDBC’s first five-night, six-day program will begin November 12, 2006, with a full day of cycle training by League of American Bicyclists-certified safe cycling instructors. The remainder of the program will include a schedule of daytime tours with stops for wildlife sightings, historical briefs and nature explorations along the scenic St. Johns River. Local events and entertainment, such as storytellers and musicians, will be incorporated with tours seasonally. In the evenings, riders will enjoy dinner at area restaurants and private homes before retiring to The Cassadaga Hotel, a 1929 country inn and home base for the tours. Tours will begin at \$745 per person for double occupancy and \$845 for single occupancy, which includes all accommodations, meals, professional safety training, a tour guide, and on-road support vehicle. Tour and training programs are limited to 20 riders and require cyclists to bring their own bikes and wear helmets.

For more information on the Florida Discovery Bicycling Center and its programs, visit www.floridabicycle.org/discovery, or call 386-228-2121. Visitor information for the River of Lakes Heritage Corridor is available at www.riveroflakesheritagecorridor.com or by calling 386-775-2006.

Team Florida Pace Line Advice

Big Phil went over basic riding etiquette at the meeting. Here are a few major points. It’s imperative that you know these if you are planning on coming out to a team ride in order to keep anyone from hitting the pavement.

1.) We ride in a double pace line which is two people wide. No more than that or we will get mistaken for Critical Mass and risk getting arrested.

2.) Remember to stay handlebar to handlebar with the person you’re riding next too, even if you don’t like them. This keeps you from half-wheeling and overlapping wheels with the person in front or behind you. Overlapping wheels is mega dangerous because if someone needs to swerve to avoid an object then you get wheels rubbing and someone (almost always the person behind) goes down. AKA, road rash sucks and we all want to avoid it.

3.) Be sure to communicate with the person you’re riding next to. If you are tired, don’t feel obligated to keep breaking the wind (hehe) until they pull off, just tell them and either you can pull off alone and they can continue to pull or you move to the back together.

4a.) When going uphill, maintain a constant effort, NOT constant speed.

4b.) When going downhill, if you are on the front, do not stop pedaling. It will slow you down way faster than those people behind you because you are fighting the wind...it’s the equivalent of slamming your brakes.

5.) Most importantly be sure to POINT STUFF OUT! That includes glass, road kill, pipes, sticks, and other objects that could easily take someone down. If someone in front of you calls something out, you should pass it on back down the paceline even if you don’t see it. Being the reason for someone’s roadrash is not a good feeling.

6.) Lastly, you triathletes are more than welcome to join the Team rides, so long as you stay out of your aerobars unless you are on the front of the paceline. One is guaranteed more stability in the drops, hoods or top of your handlebar.



Florida

Bicycle Touring Calendar

(VERY ABRIDGED)



See the complete calendar on the World Wide Web at <http://www.floridabicycle.org/fbtc/>

October 7 (Sat)

Miccosukee FL

23rd Annual Spaghetti 100

This beautiful ride has options of a 100-mile or 100-K road ride, or a 100-K dirt-road ride. There is also a "Fast Track" option for those who choose to skip the lunch stop in Boston GA. Same outstanding route as last year through some of the most picturesque rural countryside. Rolling hills and flat terrain. The ride start is in the Miccosukee Community Center which is located just northeast of Tallahassee. Please join us for this wonderful ride in the country followed by our traditional spaghetti feast afterwards.

October 8 (Sun)

Glen St. Mary FL

YMCA Nat'l Forest Swampan 100

The ride starts at 7:30 a.m. at Baker County High School in Glen St. Mary. This is a fully supported ride with rest stops and lunch served. Routes are scenic with great pavement and very low traffic. Distances are 14, 32, 62, 81, and 106 miles. The ride is part of the YMCA really caring campaign that benefits under privileged kids. Lunch will be served back at the High School cafeteria from 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Baker County Family YMCA, Shawn Eastman, 98 W Lowder St, MacClenny, FL 32063-2676. Phone: (904)259-0898.

October 13-15

Mt Dora FL

Mount Dora Bicycle Festival

32nd Annual. Attracting 1500 cyclists, this is Florida's oldest and largest bicycling event! With rides of varying lengths skill levels, cyclists of all ages come and see why Lake County is recognized as one of the best places in the world to ride (Bicycling Magazine, March 1998). Sponsored by the Mount Dora Chamber of Commerce, P. O. Box 196, Mount

Dora, FL 32757. Phone (352)383-2165.

October 29 (Sun)

Cocoa Beach FL

Intracoastal Waterway Century

The 18th Annual event is going to be the best ever. We offer a full 100 mile route and a 100 kilometer (62 miles) route. Both routes take riders along the scenic Indian River, through the NASA Kennedy Space Center, and down through scenic Merritt Island along Tropical Trail. Our ride is just one of the many activities happening the last week of October. Anticipated events include many space related festivities and the Cocoa Village Annual Arts and Crafts Show. Spacecoast Freewheelers, P.O.Box 320622, Cocoa Beach FL 32932. (321)868-5106.

November 3-5

White Springs FL

Florida Fat-Tire Festival

At Stephen Foster State Park Camping, meals, T-shirt. All skill levels, ride Guides and Sweeps. Sponsored by the Suwannee Bicycle Association, PO Box 247, White Springs, FL 32096.

November 12 (Sun)

Lake Helen FL

Red, Bike & Blue Discovery Festival

100/50/25/5 mile rides in Volusia County. First Annual Event! Registration opens at 6:30 am; National Anthem and Veterans recognition 7:45; rides start at 8:00 (100 & 50), 8:30 (25) and 9:00 (5 miles). This is the KICK OFF event for the new Florida Discovery Bicycle Center (FDBC) - a joint safety education and touring program of the Florida Bicycle Association and City of Lake Helen. Registration includes T-shirt, continental breakfast, rest stops, SAG support. Registration \$25 postmarked by 10/31; \$5 discount for

Lake Helen residents or Veterans; \$5 late fee after 10/31. Contact: Lyndy Moore (407)282-3245 9am - 7pm. Florida Discovery Bicycling Center P O Box 555 Lake Helen, FL 32744-0555.

November 17-18 (Fri-Sat)

Port Charlotte FL

Pasta Bash

Friday night is a wine-and-cheese party and Saturday is a continental breakfast and pasta lunch. Rides of 61.6, 32.3 and 16 miles with SAG support and a well-stocked rest stop. For more information, contact Audrey Norman at (941)426-5906.

November 19 (Sun)

Clermont FL

Horrible Hundred

27th Anniversary. The Florida Freewheelers invite you to participate in one of the oldest continuous rides in Florida, encompassing the 'mountains' of Central Florida with names like "Buckhill", "The Wall", "Citrus Tower Hill", and of course, "Sugarloaf Mountain". Course includes options of 37, 72 and 102 miles along lightly traveled rural road in Lake County. Florida Freewheelers, P.O. Box 916524, Longwood, FL 32791. 407-788-BIKE (2453).

November 19 (Sun)

Dunedin FL

Diabetes Challenge

100K - 8 AM, 50K - 8:30 AM, 25K - 9 AM, Family Ride - 9 AM. Brought to you by Suncoast Cycling Club to benefit the American Diabetes Association. You'll swear and burn, but most mostly you'll smile because you will know that you are helping more than 17 million Americans affected by diabetes. Rider Amentites: Pre & Post ride meals, A "really cool" t-shirt & goody bag, Mechanical SAG support, Rest Stops with liquid and Solid Fuel. Well-marked, safe routes.

Well the ride was a great success.

I stayed over at Claudia's (a friend I met in Lucca, Italy just two months ago) house in Seattle Thursday and Friday nights to get ready for the STP. We spent a lot of time in REI picking up our packets and buying things like Power Gel, STP jackets, shirts and pins. We each were given a coupon for one item at 20% off. I bought a pair of riding shorts. I already had my supply of Chamois Butt'r which really does work in saving the old butt on long rides.

Saturday morning we arose at 4:30 AM madly getting our gear together. One large duffel would be transported to various locations from 100 miles (Centralia, W.A.) to 130 miles (Toledo, W.A.) depending on how far you wanted to go the first day. We had already registered to go 121 miles to Winlock, W.A., home of the world's largest egg. At 5:30 AM, Shaun, a friend of Claudia's picked up our duffels to drive them to the start where he would park his car for the weekend. Claudia, Sam and I rode our bikes the three miles to the start, a huge parking lot on the University of Washington (locals call it U-Dub) campus. We carried our duffels to the truck that would take our gear to Winlock.

When about 300-500 cyclists accumulated at the start (there were 9000 of us that did the ride) they would set us off. We managed to get off before 7 AM. Claudia was upset because we really wanted to start before 6:30 AM. Some people had started as early as 4:30 AM.

Four of us started out together: myself, Claudia, Shaun and Sam. We had already done one training ride together in Seattle three weeks before. The other three knew each other but that training ride was the first time I'd met Shaun and Sam. Sam had little experience with long distance cycling and none of us expected him to keep up. Much to our surprise at each rest stop Sam would peddle up only a few minutes after we arrived. Then he finished ahead of us when he skipped the last rest stop.

The beginning of the ride was around Lake Washington. It was an overcast and cool day (about 65 deg. F, while the rest of the country was having a heat wave) as is often the case in the Pacific NW. Riding with so many riders was pretty exciting. People were lined up along the route cheering us on with big signs. It was necessary to keep the hands on the brakes for the first 20 miles or so because we were really packed in. There is nothing like looking ahead as the road rises and winds to see hundreds of cyclist snaking along. During the whole ride of 210 miles there was not one moment when there wasn't a bunch of cyclists around me. The route was marked but all you had to do was follow the cyclists ahead of you.



On the Ferry to Seattle

Washington is one beautiful state and we were routed mostly along back roads through forests and by snow covered mountains and through cute little towns. I was really surprised at how flat the route was, there was only about three significant hills. My previous trips through Washington (Canada to Mexico and Seattle to Corvallis, OR) were along the coast and very hilly. The terrain around where I reside out here in Port Townsend is steep hills to the extreme. So I was surprised at how flat the STP is. Indeed it was the rare occasion that we traveled below 18 mph. Claudia, Shaun and I took turns pulling (to be fair they did more than I did) and we held a pace around 18 to 21 mph. We were mostly passing people but we

sometimes got passed too.

At the beginning of the ride I saw a guy on a unicycle. At the 150 mile mark I saw a guy on a push scooter with a small wheel in the back (can you imagine that?), I saw lots'a really young kids (8 to 12 yo), I saw quite a few people that must have weighed in at over 250 lbs., there were many tandems, many recumbents (some with full ferrings with just their heads sticking out the top), there was a guy who dressed his bike up as a palomino pony with a horse head and he had glued a cowboy hat onto the top of his helmet.

Each person had their number displayed in three different places: on the front of their bikes, on their helmet and on their backs. Professional photographers were stationed about every 50 miles or so and your pictures are miraculously available to you at your website after the ride.

There were many, many official and unofficial rest stops. These were all well stocked with sandwiches, power bars, fruit, drinks, etc.. The wait for the portopotties was never very long and even shorter for the men's urinals. At the official reststops the crowds were probably over 1000 cyclists. Having worked as a race director for the Florida Track Club I can only imagine the nightmare of organizing all this stuff.

After 121 miles we reached our overnight at the Winlock high school. We elected to sleep on the gym floor but there were a lot of tents outside. After showering we were bused the three miles into town for a spaghetti dinner, no beer unfortunately. Upon returning to the high school we had a full body massage and hit our sleeping bags. At 4:30 AM people were getting up to start cycling, but not Shaun, Claudia, Sam nor I. We got off at 7:00 AM. Pancakes and eggs were served for breakfast in Winlock and we were off with sore butts.

At about the 160 mile mark we reached the huge bridge over the mighty Columbia River into Oregon. Again the officials made us wait until about 500 cyclists accumulated then they stopped the car traffic and we

Bizzaro Ride

by Nancy LeVake

slowly went up this bridge, going only as fast as the slowest riders in the front. Cars had been lined up for miles before the bridge.

Once in Oregon we stayed mostly on highways that had rolling hills but the scenery wasn't as pretty as Washington and the temperature seemed a lot hotter. It was starting to get hard. We did not slow up however. When we finally got to the park in Portland that was the finish line we were funneled through a chute with people on both sides cheering like crazy. Medals were put around our necks and we were directed to the festivities. There was a beer garden, plenty of food, all kinds of sponsors selling stuff, a semi-truck with free showers. Boy did those beers taste good.

Claudia is a friend of one of the directors of the STP and I asked him how many of the 9000 cyclists actually reach the finish line. His answer: "Virtually all of them". At one point I did see a woman on a backboard being loaded into an ambulance. I never learned what happened but she may have been the only non-finisher.

We loaded our bikes into one of about four or five semi-trucks going back to the starting point in Seattle. I noticed that there was one truck headed for California. Then whenever you want on Sunday or Monday you hop on one of the many buses lined up to head back to Seattle.

Now I'm excited about doing the STP next year in one day instead of two. It was a great experience.

(Long, kind of scary)

Yesterday was my first "cold weather" ride of the year. I was expecting a temp at the start of about 50F, heating up to 75F by the end if I was lucky. It was hard to choose what to wear, but I settled on running knickers over Trashy Cat satin shorts, a long sleeve jersey, Early Winters fleece jacket with windblock on the fronts of the arms and the whole front, and stretchy gloves instead of bike gloves.

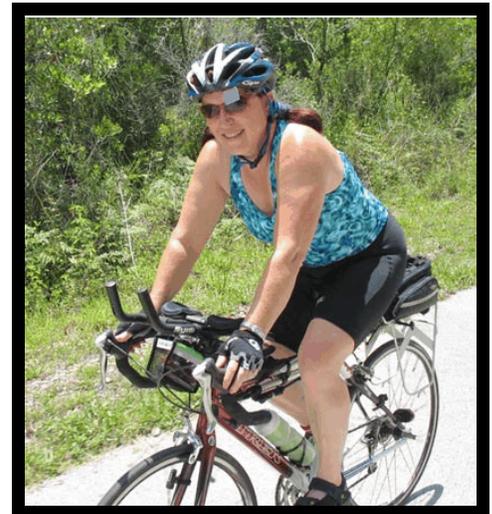
It seemed to take forever for daylight to arrive. I got packed up, and brought my Camelback just in case, though I don't drink that much in cold weather, and thought I could survive from one little store to the next with just a single bottle. The drive to the trail is about 50 miles, and I carry my bike on a rack. When I arrived at the trail, I took my bike off the rack and immediately discovered that the left aerobar pad had fallen off somewhere along the way. How disappointing- the aerobars were only a couple months old and fairly expensive. (\$40 to replace the pad, it turns out.) Oh well. I decided against the Camelback, and loaded up all my snacks into the Bento Box. Should I take my little camera? No, not enough room. Never see anything new, anyway.

I can't believe how cold the wind is! I am so glad I am wearing all the windproof stuff. I had planned on riding about 60 miles, but with gas as high as it is, and the sun coming out and heating me up without broiling me like it does in the summer, I decide to do 70 instead. Passing a little park on the left, I see a bunch of food stands and carnival rides. The smells of Kettle Korn and barbecue tempt me as I pass. What is going on? Oh yeah, Cooter Days!

My bottle of Gatorade lasts through the first 35 miles, and I plan on stopping at a little store for a refill. Road shoes are not made for walking. Especially when, like me, you insist on putting on SPD mountain bike cleats so all your shoes go with all your

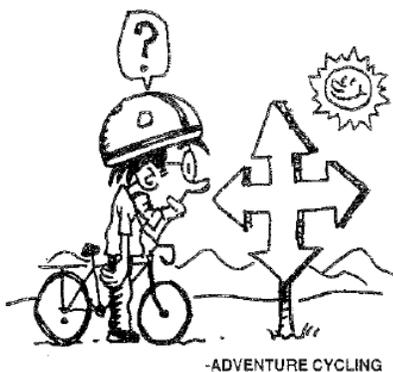
pedals on all your bikes. My shoes are a pair of bargain basement Sidis from Sierra Trading Post. I couldn't afford the red Sidi Dom MTB shoes, so settled on a pair of road shoes. Some things I like - they are super light, very stiff, my feet take a lot longer to get numb, and they are roomy and stretchy and comfy. Some things I HATE. Like how you can't just step on the pedal and stick there until you can click in. You have to either hit the pedal just right, or the slick road shoe sole goes skidding off the pedal, and you rack yourself with all your might on the top tube - geez that hurts!!! Or how you can't walk up the metal ramp to your shed - it's like a skating rink. Or how, walking up to the store, little dogs run in fright from the strange clacking sound of your steps. I opt for a bottle of green tea, and take off home.

But soon I notice my right foot is



Nanci and Lava
photo by Rob Wilt

really float-y. Like too float-y. I think my pedal spring must be getting loose, so I stop to check. But I can't even unclip that foot. So I have to take my shoe off. I turn my bike upside down in the grass. Apparently, one of the screws holding the cleat to the shoe has come off, and the other screw is loose, allowing the shoe to spin, but not unclip. A nice kid stops to help. We bust the shoe off, but can't get the



cleat out of the pedal. An older man and his wife on their tandem stop, but are baffled. I shed layer upon layer of my windproof clothing, sweating now, and marvel at how the millions of ants I have planted my bike in aren't biting. Finally, a 71 year old man stops. He manages to get the cleat out, and even has a temporary fix! Yes, if you lose a screw from your cleat, the bottle cage screws are the same size. Amazing. He tells me that at age 71, he has just done his first Century ride last week. His average speed is several mph higher than mine. I am tired of elderly people kicking my ***!

I'm off again, planning to stop at a bike shop in about 10 miles for some replacement screws. There is a little traffic on the trail. I am coming up behind an odd-looking character. He is wearing what appears to be a floppy sombrero, long olive drab pants and a flapping, long-sleeve matching jacket. As I very slowly catch up to him, I see his bike careen off the paved trail, swerve wildly but not go down, and swerve back onto the trail. "Great save!" I plan on telling him as I pass. But my words die in my mouth as he glances back at me. His face looks like a skull surrounded by long gray wispy hair. He wants to ride on the left side, but moves over to the right as I go to pass. Right as I pass, he swerves to the left, narrowly missing me. I accelerate, heart pounding, adrenaline rushing. Did he do it on purpose?

Now I am riding scared. The trail is empty except for me and Creepy Guy. But geez, he's riding a million years old Kmart mountain bike, held together with duct tape. He's about 60 years old, or maybe just looks it. Nevertheless, I decide to book out of there. I'm riding as fast as I can without collapsing - 17, 19, 21 mph. I'm breathing like a racehorse. I'm pretending I'm in a race. Then I come to a tore-up road that I have to cross. My plan to veer off to the right doesn't pan out - there is an eight-inch drop down to the gravel which I am afraid to do on a road bike. I unclip (thank God my cleat holds!) and hurry across the two-lane lime rock road, heedless of traffic. Get on, take for freaking ever to clip back in, and set off at a fast pace. And guess who passes me, glancing back with his skull-like blank

expression. Creepy Guy.

Ok, I have a new plan. I will drop back, let him go on. I observe his strange passing etiquette several times. Ride on the left, move to the right to allow someone to pass, swerve suddenly back in front of the bike that just passed. Ok, maybe it's just his thing. I almost start to relax. I am wondering how women protect themselves from someone on a bike, who can out-ride them. Pepper spray? Taser? :-) Finally, civilization. Creepy Guy, who has been gradually slowing, takes a hard left down a sidewalk into town. We're right in the middle of Cooter Days. I keep going to the bike shop a block further, and turn off the trail. Creepy Guy, having circled around behind me, goes careening past.

Now I am officially scared. I go into the shop, ask for a bottle cage screw. I ask if they are familiar with a strange-looking man in a floppy, wide-brimmed hat. Nope, never seen him before. I explain that he has been following me. They apparently don't want to discuss it. I drag myself out of the shop, and scan the crowd for signs of the man. I don't see him. I have 15 miles to get to my car. I worry about the last seven miles of the trail, through the woods, ending in a parking lot in the middle of nowhere, where I am almost always the last car to leave. I fantasize about asking someone for a ride to my car, maybe even offering my last \$8 as payment.

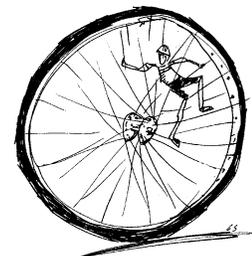
But I decide to tough it out, die at the hands of a serial killer if I have to. I ride about a mile, and see the familiar sight of a sheriff's car, coming down the trail! I am filled with happiness. I stop next to him, and he continues to talk into his radio. "Yeah, they're coming now. I have the Field Service Techs waiting for them at the road crossings." Is it a gang of creepy guys, with a SWAT team preparing to intercept them? The deputy finally turns his attention to me. I describe Creepy Guy. He hasn't seen him, but will watch for him. He says "If I were you, I'd get off the trail for ten or fifteen minutes..." (but I already have, I think, at the bike shop) "...there's a cattle drive coming."

What??? Yes, now I see there are a bunch of horses across the road, on

both sides of the trail. I cross to their side. 100 feet away, I see even more horses, and a milling herd of longhorn cattle. Good thing I didn't bring my camera! I edge even further into the trees on the side of the trail. The cattle ooze off the pavement to my side of the road. I cross to the other side. They are about 50 feet away. As soon as I settle in, they swarm over to my new side. Cowboys whoop at them, and a few strays trickle in and out of the trees. I cower (is that where that word comes from?) back even further into the trees. Soon the cows are even with me- big liquid eyes showing fright. This is not routine, and they definitely aren't expecting a strangely-dressed being in the woods. (I know how they feel!) I call out to them- "Hey cowies, it's ok, I won't hurt you, it's ok, go on." You can see it in their eyes, they aren't really sure I'm safe to pass, but there are men on horses and barking dogs and they have bigger things to worry about.

The passing of the herd has lightened my mood. I forge on, kind of fast, but saving some reserve speed just in case. Not that it would do any good. Lance Armstrong can catch me any time he wants. Out in the middle of nowhere, I glance behind me, and have quite a shock before my brain can compute that the quickly-approaching rider is actually another one of those elderly speedsters in a bright yellow and black jersey, not a flapping swerving creepy guy. I try to keep up with him the last five miles, but can't quite do it. Still, through extreme effort, I keep him in sight until the last mile. I wonder how far a human scream will carry.

Then finally I am back safe in the parking lot, and Yellow Man is packing up his bike, and Nice Mom and Kid are trying out roller blades. I am safe at last.



- Adventure Cycling

GCCMail Etiquette

by Roger Pierce, GCCMail Manager

When posting a message on GCCMail, it is important to remember that you are not just talking to a small group of your friends. Imagine yourself standing at a podium in an auditorium filled to capacity with over 400 persons. Then compose your message as if you were delivering it as a short speech or announcement to that group. Make sure that what you have to say is of sufficient import to require each of these persons to deal with the receipt of your message, either reading or discarding, in any case, taking their time.

Topics that we expect to see on GCCMail include announcements of rides and bicycling related events, cycling related stuff needed or for sale, and limited information about current cycling related topics (there are plenty of other venues for those who are into specific topics to get information). If you are moved to comment on another post, imagine that you are standing up in the 400 person audience and shouting your comment.

Due to the number of subscribers and the avowed purpose of the list (information), GCCMail is not a good venue for carrying on extensive discussions. What these amount to is a group of persons up on the stage in front of that auditorium of 400 persons, most of whom are there to learn information, not listen to a discussion. Discussions also generate significant traffic that has to be dealt with in often

crowded in boxes. Last month, I asked for anyone who is truly interested in discussions to respond, and I would set up a separate list solely for discussions; no one responded, so I don't think there is any real interest.

We expect all users of GCCMail to exercise proper decorum when posting to the list. Anything that you say about another person should be something that you would not hesitate to say from that podium in the auditorium, and that you feel that you can defend if sued for libel. In general, you should avoid negative comments about individuals in GCCMail.

Do NOT forward mail from others that was sent to you personally to the list without their express permission. This is particularly true of "discussion" topics.

Due to several significant breaches of etiquette on the list in September, all posts are being screened before they are sent out. This will not always be possible, so please think twice before hitting Send. If steam is coming out of your ears as you write, put it in the Draft folder and look at it again tomorrow.

Because all mail is currently screened, there will usually be a delay between the time you send and the time it is sent to the list. Please take this into account. Rides posted in the evening for the next day will not make it in time for anyone to show up.

Tosolini!

GCC Member Andrea Tosolini was the first finisher this year at Boston-Montreal-Boston, a 1200 kilometer randonneuring brevet. We understand that his finishing time of 49 hours and 40 minutes represented only the second time in history that a rider has broken 50 hours for this event.

The ride is known as BMB to the regulars. Here is some information about the ride from their web site:

"750-miles of challenging day and night cycling on country roads of New England for experienced endurance cyclists. BMB is not a competition. The terrain is extremely difficult. Be prepared for over 30,000 feet of climbing. Riders will encounter a steep 10% climb and severe 15% climb into Middlebury Vermont. A triple crank is recommended. Be prepared for bad road surfaces. You may have 75-degree days with sunshine and humidity. It could get as low as 45 degrees at night. It rains at least one day on BMB every year. Always has. Rain is included in the entry fee, so be prepared."

BMB is held on years that Paris-Brest-Paris is not run. Next year is a PBP year. The brevet riders will be working extra hard to qualify for the French ride!

Other GCC members participating this year included David Buzzee and Robert Stevens. Former member Linda Crawford also rode.

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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
craig@craigdidit.com

DECEMBER DEADLINES

Ad copy needing setup work
November 13
Articles and classifieds
November 17
Ads in GIF or TIFF format
November 20

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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
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