

## WHEELPEOPLE

The Charles River Wheelmen  
2210 Massachusetts Avenue  
Cambridge, MA 02140



### JANUARY 1975

NEWS, ARTICLES, CLASSIFIED ADS .. Please send typed copy by the tenth of preceding month to the editor, Richard Mazeikus, 55 Newman Rd., Malden, Mass. 02148 ... 322-5569 eves.

CLASSIFIED ADS. Free to members; 25¢ per word to dealers and non-members.

### CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 10 A.M. Join us in a 20-40 mile ride to the North Shore, exact mileage will depend on the temperature. The new LAW New Year's Day Ride patch will be available to all who ride, \$1.25 for LAW members, \$2.50 non-LAW members; (if you belong to the CRW you also belong to the LAW). Refreshment stops are doubtful because of the holiday so it would be best to bring your own. As this is the first ride of the year and it is also appearing in the AYH bulletin, we'd like to see as many CRW people there as can make it after all, the leader has to get up also. The pace of the ride will take into full account the fact that many of the riders may have welcomed in the New Year with good friends and hearty food and drink until the wee hours. Meet in front of the new Boston City Hall in Government Center. Leader: Richard Mazeikus 322-5569 (evenings).

SUNDAY, JAN. 5, 12 NOON. Frost bite ride. Meet at 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Leader: Mike Gildea.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 7:00 P.M. Ski touring at the Martin golf course in Weston. X-C skiing is a great way to stay in shape for cycling; cycling is a great way to stay in shape for X-C skiing. Give up your relaxasizers, treadmills, indoor tracks, and wishful thinking .. go skiing. For the first time Boston will have man made snow from late December until spring. The Lincoln Guide Service, in cooperation with the MDC, has set up the Weston ski track on the Leo J. Martin golf course at the end of the Riverside branch of the Green Line; trails will be maintained in artificial snow areas and natural snow areas as it occurs. You can rent and ski and get instruction if you wish, from 7 - 10 p.m. or bring your own equipment and ski, with or without instruction. The group rate is \$6/per person or less for rental, instruction, and skiing for the evening, more than 12 persons drops the rate. Bring a friend, they don't have to be a member of the CRW to come along; just let me know in advance. If you're interested, call Dr. Mark Roseman 254-3800 ext 240 days, 723-5775 eves, now.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16 evening. Club meeting at the Roundup Steak House, 39 Main Street, Waltham, Rt 20 between Watertown and Waltham. Dinner 6-7; meeting 7-8; program 8-9:30. For all you cycling aficionados who anticipate a bicycle

built to your very own specifications, John Vanderpoel will expound on the fine points of determining the best frame angles, materials, fittings, accessories and the other niceties that go into the creation of one's dream bicycle. For those of us who are not ready for a custom bike, there will be much information that will be useful in the selection of a bike "off the rack." Join us for what should be a most entertaining evening.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19. 12 NOON. Frost bite ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.  
Leader: Mike Gildea.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2. NOON. Frost bite ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.  
Leader: Mike Gildea.

FRIDAY, FEB. 14. Show and Go to the International Bike Show in New York. Leave Club headquarters at 5:00 p.m. sharp, expecting to arrive at the Colosseum at 5:00 p.m. the following day (Saturday). Visit the show and return by car on Sunday, Feb. 16. Follow the route that John Vanderpoel and R.W.G. took a couple of years ago when they rested for an hour in jail cells in Middletown, Conn. The blankets were warm, but the bunk was hard. For additional information call Ralph Galen at 876-8636 (days).

SUNDAY, FEB. 16, NOON. Frost bite ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.  
Leader: Mike Gildea.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22 Evening. The annual CRW banquet and awards night will be held at the new American Legion Post #440, California Street, Newton. Alan Barkin the coordinator, plans to serve Roast Beef and the price will be about \$7.00 per person. More next month.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26, 7:00 P.M. Ski Touring at the Martin golf course, Weston. If you're going, call the leader - Dr. Mark Roseman, 254-3800 ext 240 days, 723-5775 evenings.

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, JUNE 20-22 TOSRV EAST Vermont

JUNE 22 - JULY 6. Boston Council AYH Grand Tour of Europe, See last month's WHEELPEOPLE for details, or call Pauline and Aaron Jacobs, 522-6338 eves. Deadline for applications is February 1st.

Bicycle Standards: Because bicycle manufacturers say that they cannot meet the January 1 deadline, the Consumer Product Safety Commission has delayed indefinitely mandatory bicycle safety standards originally scheduled to take effect at the beginning of the year. The CPSC said it will offer a new effective date plus several changes in the standards.

Vermont Inns Tour: The Granite State Wheelmen are planning a one-week bicycle (with sag wagon) tour of Vermont, stopping at country inns overnight. Anyone interested should contact Roger Charest, 30 Ingalls St., Manchester, NH. Tell him you read about it in the CRW Bulletin.

BIKEWAYS - In estimating bikeway costs, you should keep in mind that the Washington, D.C. Department of Highways and Traffic uses the following rough estimates: \$75,000 a mile for an exclusive eight-foot-wide asphalted bikeway with good terrain without signal work; \$20,000-40,000 a mile for class II and class III non-exclusive bikeways, depending on the extent of alteration of existing roads or sidewalks; and \$50 per sign for routes merely signed. - from "Ride-On" Washington Area Bicyclist Association, Inc.

FLATS - John McGlennon, New England regional administrator for the US Environmental Protection Agency, while calling for the mandatory collection of deposits on beverage containers to reduce roadside litter stated, that discarded beverage containers account for 19% by item and up to 70% by volume of the total roadside litter. Those of us who have had the good fortune to cycle in Vermont, one of two states which has such mandatory deposits, heartily concur with McGlennon's recommendation. How many times have you had to stop and examine your tires because of glass which suddenly appeared in front of your wheels and you couldn't avoid it because of traffic, or something else. Let the politicians and bottlers know how you feel.

#### A MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT RALPH . .

Thanks to the membership the CRW bank account is a bit healthier. The party at Club Headquarters netted a gain of \$101 for the club treasury. An additional \$50 was received from the U.S. Sports Club for the use of our display; their's fell off a truck at the wrong moment just before a show that they were to attend. In addition to the honorarium we have many new friends in Boston who are members of the U.S.S.C. All in all, Don Blake our treasurer, is pleased that things are looking up.

Interested in biking to GEAR '75 over Memorial Day? Watch for announcements from Going to Gear Chairman, Ed Cross. Ed will be coordinating as an L.A.W. effort a joint ride with other New England Clubs. The intention is to arrive by bike en masse for a gala reception.

Not only is GEAR '75 a Bicentennial event but a historic route in the Pioneer Valley will receive permanent markers to commemorate the Great Eastern Rally. To further emphasize the importance of the event guest speaker for the banquet will be Ed McColluglan, chairman of the Massachusetts Bicentennial. Ed, a cyclist biked the Knox Trail this past Fall to relive the effort of transporting cannon to Cambridge for defense of the city.

#### RAMBLIN' - with Henry I. Soren

Desert riding in June. This was my lot as my work brought me to Alamogordo, New Mexico, for three weeks this past June. Naturally I brought my Raleigh Pro along, still geared only at 95 inches. American Airlines asked me to buy a large plastic bag for \$2; it is large enough to fit the bike fully assembled. I had my bike very compact with one wheel tied to each side of the frame, so I declined, saying that my bike had better protection in the open, that in the open it would be

handled more carefully. When they commented that they really wanted more protection for the other baggage from being marked by the bicycle, I relented - that argument made sense.

Alamogordo is an oasis in a sage brush desert with an elevation of 4335 feet. It lies between the San Andres Mountains in the west and the Sacramento Mountains in the east, and is about 90 miles north of El Paso, the most western tip of Texas. Every day was a sunny day, hot and dry like a blast furnace, temperatures between 95 and 107, relative humidity typically under 10%. One point became quickly apparent; there were many cars of the 40s and 50s riding the roads. The low humidity preserves cars long after they have rusted away around here. I had seen no other serious cyclists during my three week stay.

The coolest part of the day was just before sunrise; it was at this time that I did most of my cycling, generally about 30 miles each morning. I did not commute to work by bicycle. My first ride was a pre-sunrise ride to Tularosa, 14 miles north on a broad highway with an elevation rise of 185 feet. I checked my time as I do around here and the ride was very fast, probably because the thinner air of approximately 4400 feet offers less air resistance, so, on the average my speed was up about 10%.

Desert riding offered different experiences, perspiration did not pour off me as here, it evaporated too fast; this felt more comfortable. My mouth dried out during the rides; the saliva dries out and cakes up in the mouth. This did not interfere with breathing, but it was a bit uncomfortable. After the ride I had to rinse out my mouth and it took a long time. During my first week I sipped a lot of water while riding even for short 30 mile rides. But I adapted, helped by the poor taste of the water; during my last week I used no water.

During my dark riding I wore the reflective "X" on my back and a reflective arm band. The clean, dry air sometimes made vision difficult. Before twilight offered much brightness, the headlights of a car coming from the opposite direction, even miles away, made seeing the pavement difficult. The road was being repaired and there were no white lines. The first layer of pavement was very tacky and it was left this way over the weekend so the sound of the tire on the pavement and the sound of the car tires was like riding in the rain.

My first Saturday figured to be a working day, so I did 39 miles early in the morning. I and my colleagues accomplished what we could in a couple of hours and one of the men had to exchange a rented car in El Paso so we all went down for the ride. After the exchange the men were planning to cross the border into Juarez, Mexico, and do some shopping and take in the races. I had other plans as I had brought my bike along so I could bicycle from Juarez back to Alamogordo. I felt it should be easy with the prevailing southerly winds to help me along. My friends were skeptical, especially because there were some long stretches with no civilization whatever. On the way down I coated all of my exposed skin with a sun screening lotion because without this protection I could be burned to a crisp with several hours in the sun.

We waved goodbye in Juarez and I was on my way to the border crossing to El Paso, Texas. The U.S. Immigration officer asked my citizenship and several other questions. He asked me what was in my back pockets of my cycling shirt. I showed him my wallet, a pocket Instamatic camera and a plastic bottle with Gatorade. I carried water in the single bottle attached to the bike and two spare tubulars strapped to the saddle. I was traveling light.

The immigration officer let me pass and I proceeded to El Paso. I got lost but added only a few miles. I was in no great hurry, but I hated to squander time this way. It was hard finding someone to give me directions. Finally I found a postman who properly directed me. On the way I held off stopping for refreshments as long as possible. I saw a Coca Cola sign in the distance so I skipped the last few gas stations heading for this sign and at the sign I found a Bible revival meeting house with no refreshments. I continued on into the desert finally reaching, 20 miles from El Paso, the Texas border town of Newman - population 14. The gas station sold no soft drinks, so I went into the barroom where I got a big, cold glass of Sprite. Oh, that hit the spot. As I rode through the desert I sipped on my water and the Gatorade. The Gatorade helped, but I didn't carry enough. When I would feel tired and down, a sip of the Gatorade would perk me up. Back home during hard riding, I found this drink of no help, preferring a drink with sugar to provide energy, but here in the desert loss of energy was not a problem with the easier pace I was setting. Apparently dehydration was a problem.

Finally I made Ora Grande and refreshed myself again. There was still about 38 miles to go to Alamogordo. I made a big mistake; on the way down in the car we stopped in Oro Grande and it was the first town from Alamogordo. I did not recognize the town on the way up. The drive down was so fast I mentally figured about 15 miles, so I assumed another town on the way. I did not prepare myself for the long dry ride ahead. My Gatorade had long since been consumed. I could have added a couple of bottles of soft drink in my back shirt pockets. Even my bottle was not full. The riding got harder. The winds shifted more westerly creating strong crosswinds. A strong gust ripped off my sun glasses and smashed them to bits. Only an earpiece lay nearby. This desert was mostly flat with only some small hills. The abundant sagebrush gave it a greenish hue.

In the distance I saw what looked like a town. I watched it for 15 - 20 miles. Finally I got there; just some storage tanks with no life around. About 16 miles from my destination the winds shifted northerly - strong head winds. Nowhere along this barren section was there a sign to inform me how far I still had to go. With about 6 miles to go, there was a road going left. There was a sign advertising a grocery store. This meant refreshment. I found the store closed with a For Sale sign in the window. No other refreshment was available. There was a revival meeting across the street with hymns being sung. No hope there. There was a hose on the lawn. I drank from that and it helped a bit. After another mile or so my friends passed me, cheering loudly. They did really seem to be surprised. There was only a few miles to go, but I could not tell. The highway bends to the right and Alamogordo is hidden by mountains. Only perhaps the last 2 miles did I realize where I was. It was sure good to get back to civilization. I could not eat

much that day, but the next day I was treated to a free dinner by one of the men. He had won \$60 at the track in Juarez.

Sunday, the next day, was an unusual day. The sun shone brightly, but the temperature was only into the 70s and 80s. I thought about riding the foothills of the Sacramento Mountains to get an idea of what the ride might be like up the mountain road to Cloudcroft, a ski resort town with an elevation of about 9000 feet. The road is well paved and has several cattle guards across the road. These are a series of about ten railroad tracks spaced about eight inches apart placed across the road. The top of the tracks were even with the road surface. One of my associates on his previous trip here had witnessed a most horrible accident. A truck with faulty brakes sped down the mountain, off the road, tumbled down the mountainside, and burst into flames, killing the driver. There are several emergency truck ramps where a vehicle with faulty brakes can leave the pavement and proceed up an incline to absorb momentum. But fate is not always kind. I should exaggerate the difficulty of this mountain road. It is about half the slope of Mt. Washington, which I had climbed by bike a couple of years ago.

The lower section did not seem bad. Noting what a fine cool day I was blessed with, and it would not be repeated, I decided to try a climb to Cloudcroft. I could turn back if the climb became impossible, but I would not walk. The climb up to the tunnel at about 7000 feet was still mostly desert-like. It was difficult keeping balance in the dark tunnel. A short distance above the tunnel I noticed a mountain stream down a deep ravine. This brought memories of the crisp spring water on Mt. Washington and in the Matopedia River Valley in the Gaspé, Quebec. The climb down was tortuous and slow. Finally I dipped my bottle into the clear, but not very cool, water. Utter disappointment! The water had an unpleasant taste. The water is safe. A short way up the mountain there was a continuously running spigot with the spring water; this location was attracting people from many miles with many bottles to fill up. I never did develop a taste for that water. Farther up I found a fruit stand with freshly picked cherries. I bought a half pound and tied the plastic bag to my handlebar. The saleslady filled my water bottle, gratis, with cherry cider. I had never heard or seen this stuff. Superb! Farther still the woods thickened. I pulled my bike off the road. In the woods I sat down on a log to meditate, eat cherries and drink cherry cider. A pleasant interlude.

Continuing the climb I finally passed the town line with an elevation of more than 8600 feet, some steep climbing just ahead. After a snack and some photography in Cloudcroft, the trip down was not very exciting. Head winds had developed coming up the mountain. At the fruit stand I picked up a pound of cherries and a gallon of cherry cider. How did I carry the cider? The toe strap I was using to hold my spares was used to hang the bottle from the top tube. The spare tubulars went into the back pocket of my cycling jersey.

The balance of the stay at Alamogordo found me with long work hours including weekends. The early morning cycling made the long work hours somewhat more bearable. I had four flats during my three week stay. Yes, there is glass on the roads there too!

Next month .. Howard Moore asks what all the fuss is about with 10 speeds.

FOR SALE:

21" Man's Custom Woodrup (England) Road Frame Set. 531 thru out. Chromed Front and Rear ends plus Crown. Special Campagnolo Vertical Rear Drop out. As new \$150.00 or best offer.

27" Tubular Wheels Capagnolo Tipo HF Hubs. Clement Veltro Tyres Fiamme Rims, (No QR Skewers) \$45.00 New

Call 969-0879 Harold Lewis day or night.

If you have an interesting cycling story, from a few hundred to a few thousand words, why not submit it to WHEELPEOPLE?