


Wheel People

Newsletter of The Charles River Wheelmen

On the roads of New England since 1966

Volume XXVIII, Number 1 · January, 2004

CRW Advocacy Grant to MassBike

by *Tod Rodger*

On December 10, five CRW board members were guests of the Massachusetts Bicycle Coalition at their annual Bike Night in Cambridge. At this time we presented MassBike with our third annual \$5,000 Advocacy Grant to support their RMV (Registry of Motor Vehicles) Project, which was voted by the CRW Board at our October meeting.

During 2004 MassBike will be working to get bicycling back on the radar screen at the Registry, and especially into the minds of young drivers, who have not yet formulated strong opinions about roadway safety (or lack thereof). Changing the material at the Registry will be a very political process, and CRW funding will be a critical piece in having the resources necessary to achieve success.

We are especially pleased with our relationship with MassBike for a couple of reasons. First, they are working to improve bicycling where we live and ride. Second, they are clear about what they hope to achieve with our support. Specifically, this program will measure success by the following benchmarks: Is there a bicycling question on the written test? Has erroneous information been updated in the Driver's Manual? Is bicycling incorporated throughout the entire manual? Do Registry officials support bicycling as part of their educational mandate on the Registry website, in press releases, and in speeches? Additionally, MassBike will measure success by whether or not the Registry is committed to producing a Bike Driver's Manual and organizing bike education classes.

Defending the Lanterne Rouge - Another View of PBP

By *Elizabeth Wicks*

While Melinda Lyon was out front defending her title in this year's running of Paris-Brest-Paris, I was in the back trying to make sure I finished. But that's one reason why I love doing these rides.

I am not nearly as fast as Melinda (and a few years older), but I can participate in the same event and even "win" the same medal for finishing within 90 hours, despite the fact that she got back to the start in Saint Quentin en Yvelines a lot sooner than I did, actually about 34 hours before I did.

What Melinda didn't know, until I told her this year, is that she has been my inspiration since she spoke at a CRW evening in March

2000 about her experience on PBP in 1999, the first time she won. Several things she said that night have influenced my riding ever since, particularly two:

1. No matter how you feel on a long ride, you are going to feel differently.
2. Just keep pedaling. No matter how you feel or how slowly you think you are going, just keep pedaling and moving forward.

The Lanterne Rouge - Continued on page 6

"Hard Road" Cycling Video Show

Friday, January 30

Join your CRW friends for a social evening of pizza and a screening of the cycling documentary, "The Hard Road." As described on the dust jacket, "The Hard Road follows a first year professional cycling team through an entire season, documenting their struggle to pursue a dream at any cost. While the canvas of the film is the gritty subculture of American professional bike racing, what arises are issues of loyalty, integrity, commitment, and self-knowledge. Follow the riders into their homes and hotel rooms; along in the team van and behind the scenes of the races for an inside look at the team's camaraderie and triumphs, as well as their disappointments, hardships and sacrifices."

The film is fast-paced and includes a lot of race footage. It is an interesting behind-the-scenes look at the American pro racing scene.

Time: 6:30 for pizza -- \$5 - RSVP required by Jan. 29 to Connie Farb, chfarb@yahoo.com; 7:30 for the film only (free).

Location: Jerry Green's, 28 Winchester Drive, Lexington, MA

Directions: Coming from Boston on Rt 2, take the Rt. 4 & 225 exit into Lexington. At the rotary, Mass Ave, turn left (still on Rts 4 & 225). Go about 0.3 mi to small rotary on right and a Shell station on far corner. Turn right onto Rt 2A, Maple St. Go 1 mile to stoplight. Then straight up Winchester Drive. Jerry's house is 0.4 mile on left at 28 Winchester Drive.

From I28 take Rt 2A exit into Lexington. Go on Rt 2A about 4 miles to 2nd traffic light. Then straight onto Winchester Drive. House 0.4 mile on left.

The Charles River Wheelmen is a group of active adult bicyclists which sponsors a year-round program to promote the enjoyment of cycling. During the regular season - early Spring to late Fall - at least two ride loops are available every Sunday, designed to be ridden at your own pace. The Sunday rides, are arrowed in advance, and maps or cue sheets are generally provided. There are also rides each Saturday and during the week. Our Winter rides program, The Second Season, is more informal; the route and pace are decided by those who show up. We also hold social events and related activities.



CRW members receive WheelPeople, the Club's newsletter. CRW is also an associated club of the League of American Bicyclists. Address correspondence to:

The Charles River Wheelmen - Club Address: 1 Gleason Road - Bedford, MA 01730

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

	Term Expires	
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Barry Nelson	2006	617-964-5727
Tod Rodger	2005	978-456-8654
Paul Schimek	2006	617-983-9111
Cindy Sragg	2004	617-232-0227
Bill Widnall	2004	781-862-2846

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Membership Information	Larissa Hordynsky	617-527-5620
Information	Keith Manning	781-643-4628
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Merchandise	OPEN	
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	Bob Zogg	617-489-5913

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Sunday Rides	Tod Rodger	978-456-8654
Winter Rides	Eric Ferioli	781-235-4762
Intro Rides	Jenny Craddock	617-332-4098
Century Committee	Melinda Lyon	978-887-5755
Wednesday Fitness and Masters Ride	Dave McElwaine	781-821-8643
Wednesday Wheelers	Dick Arsenaault	781-272-1771
Wednesday Ice Cream Ride	Gabor Demjen	781-237-0602
	Eric Evans	617-527-0517
Thursday Fitness Rides	Rich Taylor	978-287-4921
Friday Rides	Ed Glick	978-250-1883
	Daniel Rabinkin	781-275-2391
Saturday Fitness Rides	Dave McElwaine	781-821-8643
	Mark Dionne	617-965-5558
Sunday Fitness Rides	Carl Howerton	781-837-9777
	Jim Hill	781-337-5394
Urban Rides	Charles Hansen	617-734-0720

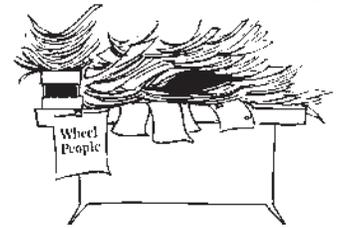
WHEELPEOPLE STAFF

Copy Editor	Jack Donohue	781-275-3991
Production Editor	David Cooper	781-483-6960
Advertising	Marty Weinstock	617-491-6523

INTERNET STAFF

Web Site (http://www.crw.org)		
Webmaster	Gary Smiley	webmaster@crw.org
Picture Gallery	Rory Dela Paz	rdelapaz@mindspring.com
Touring	Andy Meyer	asm@ameyer.org
E-Mail List (crw@ameyer.org)		
Administrator	Barry Nelson	barrynelson@alum.mit.edu

Editorial Policy



We welcome contributions to this newsletter, but reserve the right to edit articles in any way that we deem appropriate.

We will make every effort to preserve both the style and intent of the author, but we may rewrite an article to fit available space, to clarify ambiguities in the text, and to correct factual errors.

Articles and other materials which appear in WheelPeople, unless specifically identified as editorial policy, represent the opinion of the author, and do not represent the opinions of the editors, coordinators, officers, or board of directors of The Charles River Wheelmen, Inc.



How To Send Us Your Article

Articles and letters must be received by the 5th of the month to be included in the next issue of WheelPeople.

Mail handwritten or typewritten documents or articles on floppy disk to Jack Donohue, 26 Fox Run Road, Bedford, MA 01730. Note: floppy disks will not be returned.

Documents produced on computer may be sent electronically via Internet to Jack at jmdonohue@alum.mit.edu. Your document must be in "text" mode.

Articles submitted to WheelPeople may also be published on the CRW web site unless the author instructs otherwise.

Insurance

If ride leaders or others have questions about insurance, contact Don Blake at (781) 275-7878. Please do not contact the insurance company.

Advertising Rates

Half Page	\$80.00	Third Page	\$55.00
Quarter Page	\$42.50	Eighth Page	\$24.00
For more information please contact Marty Weinstock at 617-491-6523			

CRW BOARD MEETING MINUTES

December 2, 2003

In Attendance: Board Members: Chair Bill Widnall, Cindy Sragg, Don Blake, Connie Farb, Barry Nelson, Tod Rodger, Rita Long; Other CRW Members: Andy Brand, Sheila Widnall, Eric Evans



Minutes from the November Board meeting were approved as published.

Introductions (Bill Widnall)

Andy Brand - who will be a new Board member beginning in January 2004.

Eric Evans - who presently leads the Wednesday night "Ice Cream Ride" and may be willing to volunteer for the club in other areas.

Sheila Widnall - there to make a co-presentation with Bill on the tax-exempt Federal status CRW is presently pursuing.

Reports:

Board Election (Bill Widnall)

Bill reported that Board member Rich Fields resigned, citing new out-of-state work commitments that will make missing Board meetings unavoidable. With this additional partial term to fill, we then had five openings for the five candidates. Following the procedure approved by the Board at the previous meeting and taking into consideration the preferences expressed by the candidates, the authorized Board sub-committee decided unanimously to assign the three three-year terms to candidates Andy Brand, Barry Nelson, and Paul Schimek and the two two-year partial terms to candidates Connie Farb and Tod Rodger.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Dustin Baker	Fitchburg
Dara Cunnon	North Quincy
Diane Deguzman	Newton Centre
Timothy Donahue	Natick
Achilleas Dorotheou	Boston
Steven Ford	Malden
Diane Gobron	Stoneham
Joan Hartnett-Barry	Marion
Ian Kallmeyer	Needham
Tracy MacNab	Newton Centre
Peter Moss	Bedford
Philip Moss	Brookline
Brooks Mullen	Brookline
Bevan Quinn	Stow
Alexandra Rousseau	Cambridge
Martha Russell	Bedford
Eric Scace, Mary Yntema	Charlestown
Cliff Strout, Stacy Browne	Lexington

Federal Filing Status (Bill Widnall/Sheila Widnall)

A presentation was made to the Board on the distinctions between the three types of Federal filing status the club has been looking at for the past several months: Section 501 (c)(3), 501 (c)(4), and 501 (c)(7). The report gave a sampling of the status other clubs similar to ours have chosen and addressed how each different filing status "stacked up" against one another in several areas: limitation on raising revenue from non-members, deductibility of contributions, incentive for business and other potential donors to support CRW as a public service organization, protection from liability for the club, its officers, directors, and volunteers, and the filing costs associated with each of these three designations. At the end of the presentation, Bill ended his presentation by advising the Board that based upon his research he felt that 501 (c)(3) status was the best choice for the club. He moved that CRW apply for Federal recognition of its tax-exempt status under section 501 (c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code effective calendar year 2004. The Motion was seconded and then passed unanimously.

Finance Report (Don Blake)

We reviewed the Register Report.

Ride Committee (Connie Farb)

There hasn't been a Rides Committee meeting since the last Board Meeting, but Connie did report that an email has been sent to all ride leaders recently,

informing them of a few new features on the Ride Leader section of the website, including a new download for a cue sheet template, Ride Leader FAQs, and some minor changes to the Ride Leaders' Guidelines.

Membership Report (Cindy Sragg for Linda Nelson)

November 2003: 972 memberships, 1,172 members, 25 renewals, 18 new, and 20 expired.

One year earlier, November 2002: 1,023 memberships, 1,223 members, 13 renewals, 16 new, 16 expired.

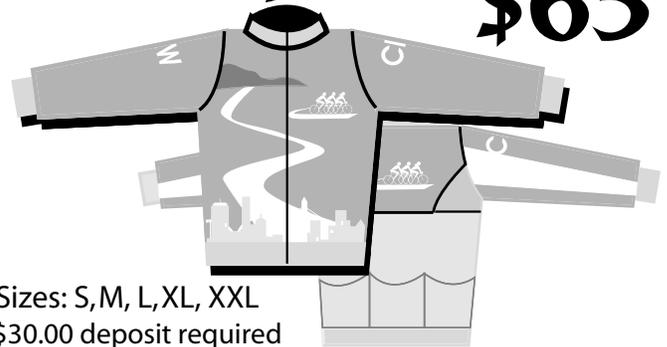
Social

Bill reported that the November 20 Harpoon Brewery pizza party, beer tasting, and tour as organized by Amy Spector was enjoyed on that rainy evening by about ten folks, including Bill. Amy ran this event on a break-even basis paid for by the participants.

The next Board Meeting will be held on Tuesday, January 6th at 7:30 at the United Church of Christ, Lexington.

Respectfully submitted,
Cindy Sragg
Board Member/Secretary

CRW Cycling Jacket \$65



Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

\$30.00 deposit required

Mail your check made out to CRW and this order form to:
Ken Hablow, 35 Longmeadow Rd., Weston MA 02493

Please include your phone number

For info: (781) 647-0233 - or - khablow@khgraphics.com

Name _____

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Quantity _____

Size(s) _____



Recurring Rides Calendar

These rides are held every week unless indicated

Wednesday Wheelers

Times: Varies, usually 10:00 AM

Description: A group that enjoys exploring a variety of scenic routes, mostly in the western suburbs but also to the north or south. Occasionally we do an urban exploration. We always include a lunch stop, either during or at the end of the ride. In the winter we may substitute other activities, such as cross-country skiing. We stay together, following the leader for the day, while being careful not to drop anyone. On a rural ride of average hilliness, the pace is 15 to 17 mph on the flats, but slows considerably on the hills, so we wind up with a rolling average of about 13 mph. In fairness to the group, we require that prospective riders be capable of maintaining this pace.

Routes: Distances are typically between 30 and 40 miles.

Leaders: Different leader each week, to become a leader contact Dick Arsenault [RFArse@aol.com]

Start: Location Varies.

Directions: The ride coordinator sends ride announcements and ride reports by weekly e-mail. For more information, including the next ride start location, call or e-mail the ride coordinator Dick Arsenault [RFArse@aol.com] 781-272-1771 day or early evening.

Saturday Morning Fitness Ride at Nahanton Park**

Times: 8:30 SHARP! This ride runs all year 'round.

Description: You will ride scenic rolling roads through Needham, Dover, Sherborn, and Medfield. We usually try to start people in bunches of about 10 riders, grouped by distance (28/42 miles) and (very roughly) by speed. Often each group ends up breaking into smaller bunches. We do encourage people to "wait up" a minute after certain hilly sections. The routes are arrowed so that you can find your way alone. This ride is for intermediate to advanced riders. The slower groups probably average 15-16 MPH,

and the fast groups often average over 20 MPH. Most people do the ride to get a good workout. Even if you don't keep up for the whole ride, hanging on for as long as you can is a good way to get stronger! Don't be late. At 8:30 we're gone.

Routes: Three routes, cue sheet and arrows: Long Route - 42 miles Medium Route - 28 miles Short Route - 19 miles

Leaders: Dave McElwaine [McElwaineD@aol.com] (781-821-8643) or Mark Dionne [crw @ markdionne.com] (617-965-5558)

Start: Nahanton Park, Newton.

Directions: Take the Highland St. exit off Rt. 128 toward Needham. Take a left at the light onto Hunting Rd. At the next light make another left onto Kendrick St. The park is on your left immediately AFTER crossing the river. Ride leaves from the main parking lot. (There is another entrance to Nahanton Park on Winchester St. Don't go there!)

** CRW's Fitness Rides Program is designed to assist intermediate and advanced riders to improve their skills and learn cooperative paceline riding techniques.



CRW Trips

Eleventh Annual Bikers on Skis

February 13-16, 2004

Try your hand at gliding instead of rolling. This cross country skiing and snowshoeing weekend at a comfortable B&B in the Northern White Mountains, features gourmet food and a hot tub to soothe aching muscles apres ski. We'll visit ski touring centers at Bretton Woods and the Balsams, and try some back country skiing and snowshoeing. Skiers of all abilities welcome. Downhill skiers can join us and ski Bretton Woods. If there's no snow bring your hiking boots and/or mountain bike. The trip spans the three day President's Day weekend. Cost of \$200 for the weekend includes three nights lodging, three breakfasts, two dinners.

To register send the a check for the full amount made out to Charles River Wheelmen and a stamped self-addressed envelope or e-mail address by January 13 to:

Bikers on Skis

c/o Jack Donohue

26 Fox Run Road, Bedford, MA 01730-1104

Registration fee non-refundable after this date unless we can find someone to take your place.

For more information, you can contact the leaders:

Jack Donohue and Susan Grieb

(781) 275-3991 (before 9pm)

jmdonohue@alum.mit.edu

MDDM 2004 - 20th Annual Memorial Day Dash to Montreal

May 27-31, 2004

Special 20th anniversary Retro edition of a classic international tour.

Thursday night stay at a ski lodge near Montpelier, Vermont. Friday morning drive to Gordon Landing in the Lake Champlain Islands. Park cars, put gear in sag van, take a ferry to New York state and cycle north ~75 absolutely flat miles to Montreal, where we stay in the downtown Youth Hostel (2-person rooms available). Saturday & Sunday are free days with many options - cycling, cultural and otherwise. Monday ride ~75 miles back to the cars, including the beautiful Lake Champlain Islands. NOTE: Although there are no hills, this can be a tough ride due to strong headwinds! \$175 trip fee includes 4 nights lodging, 4 meals, sag support, tour T-shirt, tour waterbottle, happy hour and extensive tour literature. Call for info or to register. This is a Charles River Wheelmen tour. Leader: Charles Hansen H: (617) 734-0720 W: (617) 572-0277 Email: velotrain@peoplepc.com Note: This tour has filled the first week in March the past two years.



January Rides Calendar

On all CRW rides, please arrive at least 15 minutes before the published ride starting time. It is recommended that you bring pump, patch kit, spare tube, allen wrenches, screwdriver, lock, water bottle, some money, helmet, gloves, and a map.

Happy New Year

Thursday - January 1

Times: 11:00 AM

Start: Boston Common at the intersection of Park Street and Tremont Street

Leaders: Eric Ferioli (781-235-4762)

Highlights: This is our famous annual New Year's Day Ride. What better way is there to clear the mind and body in the crisp, clear air of downtown Boston as it once was - before the internal combustion engines took over. We will visit many interesting sights from Charlestown to Castle Island, and maybe Dorchester Heights. Start the New Year off right with friends old and new. See you on the Common!

Sunday Crack O'Dawn Ride

Sunday - January 4

Times and Routes: 7:50 for 27 or 46 miles

Ride Type: Cue sheet and map

Leaders: Barry and Linda Nelson (617-964-5727 before 9 PM) BarryNelson@alum.MIT.edu

Highlights: The Crack O'Dawn group (www.crackodawn.com) rides every weekday starting at 5:45 AM. On the weekends, they start much later in the morning. The short route passes through Newton, Wellesley, Weston, Wayland, Framingham, and Sudbury. The longer route includes a coffee stop and a chance to get out of the cold at Nashoba Brook Bakery in West Concord and returns via Walden Pond, where we will stop for a swim if it is warm enough. One routine of the COD group is that they ride their bikes to the start, and they never know who will be there. Consequently they leave promptly at 8:00, so arrive early enough to pick up a cue sheet. The terrain is rolling. The ride is cancelled if it is raining, or there is more than 2 cm of snow or ice on the street.

Start: Starbucks (474 Woodward St.) in Waban

Directions: From Route 128 (aka Route 95), take Route 16 East toward Newton. At the first light bear right on to Beacon St. After 1

mile take a right on Woodward St. Starbucks will be on your left just before the Waban MBTA station.

Whitehall Whiteout

Sunday - January 11

Times and Routes: 10:30 AM for 34 or 24 miles

Leaders: Fred Mueller (508-485-7476)

Ride Type: Cue Sheet and Map

Highlights: Starting from Framingham Center Common, we will pass through the centers of Ashland, Hopkinton, and Southboro on mostly back roads including a loop around beautiful Whitehall reservoir. A few hills will keep the engine warm. Every town center features a venerable spot to stop and warm the toes or get a bite to eat.

Start: Old Framingham Town Hall @ Framingham Center Common (this is not the current Town Hall near the Commuter Rail downtown).

Directions: From Boston: MA Pike to exit 13; 2 miles on Rte 30 West to Rte 9 West; 1 mi. to "Framingham/Southboro Rt 30" (green sign) ramp; Right on Edgell Rd; 300 ft. to left @ Old Town Hall/Common. From West: MA Pike to exit 12, Rte. 9 East 2 mi. to "Main St./Edgell Rd." (green sign) ramp; Left on Edgell/Main St.; 500 ft. to left @ Old Town Hall/Common

Round Carlisle

Sunday - January 18

Times: 10:30 AM

Ride Type: Map and/or Cue Sheet

Leaders: Jack Donohue (781-275-3991 before 9PM)

Highlights: We'll see how many times we can circle Carlisle without getting dizzy.

Start: Bedford Center

Directions: Take Rt.128 to Rts.4/225 to Bedford Center, turn left onto Mudge Way to the Bedford Library Parking Lot.

Cunningham Park

Sunday - January 25

Times: 10:30

Ride Type: Map and/or Cue Sheet

Leaders: Eric Ferioli (781-235-4762)

Highlights: A ride along the Quincy shore guaranteed to add some color to your nose. Note: if there is snow, there is the option of cross-country skiing in Cunningham Park. This ride was originated by Jim Merrick, who moved to Maine because the Massachusetts winters were too mild.

Start: Cunningham Park, Edgell Road, Milton.

Directions: From Rt. 128/93 South take Rt. 28 North about 3 miles, turn right on Pleasant St. 1/2 miles to Cunningham Park on the right.

Other Trips

13th Annual Downhill & Cross Country Skiing near Quebec City

Tuesday - Sunday, Feb. 17-22

Meet Tuesday night in Portland, ME. Wed.-Sun. chartered bus trip. Enjoy choice of extensive, reliable XC or DH skiing at Sugarloaf, ME on Wed., in Quebec City area Thurs.-Sat., and en route south on Sunday. Quebec skiing includes Mt. St. Anne, Camp Mercier and LeMassif. One night in Portland and 4 nights in luxury Loews LeConcorde Hotel in beautiful, French Quebec City. \$475 includes 5 nights hotel (2 persons/room), 5 days chartered bus, 3 hotel buffet breakfasts, 5 trail lunches, & 1 dinner & snacks on bus. This is an Appalachian Mountain Club trip led by CRW member Arnold Nadler.

Leader: Arnold Nadler, 978-745-9591, ardnadler@aol.com

Co-leaders: Mike Barry, 781-762-2784, msbarry657@juno.com and Iva Kazda, 781-646-9344.

The problem with number 1, of course, is that when you feel great you have to try not to think about how you may feel lousy later. But, on the other hand, when you do feel lousy you have time on a long ride to recover and feel better. As for number 2, the only way to get to the end is to pedal, even when you really don't feel like it. If you can just keep moving it is amazing what you can accomplish.

There are two ways to do PBP. You can have a support team that meets you at every control, but not on the course, to give you food, change of clothes or whatever you need. Some groups had pretty elaborate set ups with tables and chairs, even huge busses. Otherwise, you do it the more traditional way and carry everything you need with you and get food and fuel offered at each control. Plus, the Americans set up two bag drops at which you could have a bag waiting for you. That's how Melinda did it. I was sort of in between. My boyfriend, Paul, came to France with me. He was my team of one who met me in Loudeac, at the 280 mile mark and the 480 mile mark, where I had a hotel room. He got there and checked us in before I first got there on the outbound leg. Then drove to Brest, met me there and then drove back to Loudeac to be there when I arrived back on the return loop.

We had cell phones so I could call him whenever I wanted. And we had walkie-talkies, which quickly became my favorite toy, uh tool, of the trip. What a gas. I had mine hooked to the strap on my hydration pack. Paul had his on his belt. When I got within a mile or two of where I know Paul would be I would hit the signal button to alert him I was near by and he could tell me just where he was so I could find him in the crowd. What a time saver, comfort and just plain fun to have.

On to the ride

The riding adventure and dealing with what can be thrown at you in such a long ride often starts before the ride. I had problems with my lights two days before leaving for France and again in France the night the ride started.

Paul helped each time. The first was Sunday before we left when I discovered my Schmidt Hub, my major front light source, was broken. I panicked as I knew I probably couldn't find anyone to fix it on Sunday. Paul stepped right in and on Monday drove to NH with the

wheel to see if Peter White, who had made it for me two years ago, could fix it on the spot. Which he did!

Then on the afternoon that the ride started as I was getting my bike and "stuff" set up about 4:00 PM, I discovered the headlamp I planned to wear on my helmet was broken. I really panicked this time. I was counting on it to help see the reflective route markings. Without even being asked, Paul hopped in the car and drove into Saint Quentin to see if he could buy one. Somehow, he got into town, bought a headlamp and got back to the hotel only 10 minutes after we had planned to go to dinner. On top of that

Boom, all of a sudden we were off. Egad, it was crowded, with bicyclists jammed together across the road and noisy, as the street was lined with hundreds of cheering, whistling, clapping people shouting "bonne route," "bon courage."

he found a perfect headlamp that wasn't too heavy on my helmet and I never had to change the batteries. I keep trying to convince Paul that this whole adventure was a team effort!

The Start

I started with the 90 hour group at 10:00 PM, two hours after Melinda started with the fast group. Brad Smith, a new friend from California, and I arrived at the Gymnasium just after 8:00 and a line was already forming. We stood around until they started to let us onto the field about 8:30. Visualize a soccer field that is empty at 8:30 PM and wall to wall, shoulder to shoulder bicyclists by 10:00. Finally, the crowd started moving in front of us - one by one out of the field. We bunched up at the starting line waiting for the final go.

Boom, all of a sudden we were off. Egad, it was crowded, with bicyclists jammed together across the road and noisy, as the street was lined with hundreds of cheering, whistling, clapping people shouting "bonne route," "bon courage."

The first several hours were amazing. Bicyclists literally all over the road as far as you could see in front and behind you. For the first 80 miles to the first stop, there was a continuous, weaving ribbon of red lights on the road ahead of us. It was fun watching it snake around curves and corners that you couldn't see in the dark. Actually, throughout the entire ride, I don't think I went

more than five minutes without seeing a rider up ahead, even at night. Even if it was only one tiny red tail light up ahead in the dark, you knew you were on the route and felt secure.

We also went through the first of the spectacular villages we would go through for the next 750 miles, with their narrow streets, cobbled intersections and ancient buildings with shuttered windows just inches from you because they are not set back by sidewalks. Visualize the TV coverage of the Tour de Franc. I was quickly to learn that in each village there would be a left or right hand turn that would lead you up a steep hill. At the top of which would be a town square of various sizes, usually with a lovely church and gorgeous flower displays around the square and the church.

With out any advance planning for it, I decided early on that I would save my legs for the latter part of the ride by getting into my littlest ring every time I hit a hill or hard stretch so that I could spin my way through it, rather than grinding along. It turned out to be the most fun I have ever had on hills. I seemed to get better and stronger at it as the hours went along. I even found myself passing people on the longer climbs. That felt good.

One of the problems with the 90 hour start is that the controls are jammed with people. The controls are set up in designated towns along the route where you have to have your card stamped to prove that you were there. Each town has its own setup, usually at a school or some other public buildings. Yes, plural. At some of them the checkin was in one place, food and water another and showers and sleeping quarters in another. It could be very confusing and time consuming, particularly on the way out. It took me an hour to get the through the first one, because it took me a while to get the hang of it and find the American bag drop area, and it really frustrated me.

But when I was on the road I was completely happy. The route is spectacular. I was having such fun scurrying up the endless hills. This was the first time I can say I actually got excited when I would see one coming. But I got my comeuppance for feeling so cocky. At one point I was with a group trading places back and forth. When we got to an intersection, I went out one way flying up a hill ahead of everyone. What a hot #%@ I was thinking. Wrong. Luckily, I heard one of them shout at me and I turned around to discover I had gone the wrong way. The route went further around the rotary.

I was feeling great when I arrived in Loudeac around 9:30 PM Tuesday night, after almost 24 hours on the road. I must admit I was taken aback by the crowd and chaos that seemed to reign there. It seemed as though everyone who took the 90 hour start all arrived there at the same time.

As we were stuffing my bike and bag in the back of the car to head for the hotel, a group of riders came flying out of the control on their way to Paris. The crowd was screaming with excitement and I wonder now if they were the group who finished in a record breaking 41 hours. Remember, at this point I was still heading west and hadn't even gotten to the turnaround point in Brest. Apparently Paul's heart sank as he watched them speed down the road toward Paris. He found himself thinking about the juxtaposition of "those pros heading in and this little amateur still going the other way." Luckily he didn't share those thoughts with me at the time.

I slept for about two hours and then headed over to the control to eat. The line was pretty long and I finally got on the road about 4:00 am, I think. This is where I heard most of the real climbing starts - from Loudeac to Carhaix and Brest and back. I don't remember having to struggle up anything severe. I just stayed loose and spun my way up.

After Carhaix there was a gorgeous several mile climb up Roc Trevezel. What a magnificent 360 degree view from the top. And what a great downhill on the other side.

And then Brest. The turnaround point at last. It is a huge seaport and was such a contrast to the countryside we had been through. It was so pretty going in over an old bridge that was closed to traffic. I raised Paul on the walkie-talkie and there he was to greet me as I came in at 1:00 PM.

To be honest, though, when I got there, I told Jennifer Wise, who was there greeting Americans, I would never do the ride again -- it was too many people to contend with at the controls, so many of the riders seemed rude and obnoxious, the crowds messed up the bathrooms and blah, blah blah. The title of my story at that point was going to be "A good ride - spoiled." I had been doing a pro and con list at every twist and turn.

As a good ride, the route is spectacular. The terrain is rolling, rolling and more rolling hills, but nothing that requires a quad-wrenching push to get up and over the way you have to over the Vermont mountains. It goes through deep, shaded forests and then there are fields as far as you can see all

the way to the horizon with amazing tall skinny evergreen trees (Van Gogh's trees) everywhere. And then into the old, beautiful villages with flowers in window boxes and in the town squares, to be greeted by spectacular views from there to the next one. My kind of downhills in between - long at times but never terribly steep and no potholes to worry about, especially at night.

Townpeople greeted us all along the way into the wee hours of the morning, many of whom were out with food and coffee. And perfect weather - not a drop of rain, star filled, moonlit skies, and fairly comfortable temperatures, particularly after the heat wave in Europe.

One of the best parts was the arrowing. The entire route was marked with reflective arrows pointing the direction to go in, so that even at night it was easy to find your way. Not having to read a cue sheet was a real treat and seeing those bright triangular shapes reflecting back at you in the dark were such a comfort.

The Return Route

With a belly full of food and the end up ahead, I headed from Brest back to Paris. Except for the climb back and over Roc Trevezel and a quick stop in a village for a coke and ice cream, I don't remember much about the trip back to Loudeac. I did trade places with a group of Danes as the afternoon turned into night. I arrived in Loudeac at about midnight - exactly when Chris Block, a friend and PBP veteran from 1999, had said that I would.

... for the next 34 miles I chased Louie up and over hills and went careening through villages just the way they do in the Tour

I was feeling so good and cocky, thinking perhaps I could do the last 280 miles at the same time I did the first 280 and finish early Friday morning. Wrong. I should have known that on such a long ride you simply can't ride as fast at the end. Also, I made a devastating mistake. I decided to only sleep for a couple of hours instead of three or four Chris had recommended so that I'd be nice and refreshed and have plenty of time to finish in a reasonable time. I also didn't have enough to eat. I decided not to eat breakfast at the control because I thought the line would be too long, and I did have some food with me, but not enough. Big mistake. Huge.

Actually, throughout the ride I realized I didn't eat enough. I never got the hang of

getting the jambon (ham) and cheese sandwiches at the bar in each control where they served coffee and sandwiches. At the first couple of stops, there seemed to be such long lines of rude, pushy people who barged into the line wherever they want that I was intimidated and never actually got one. Also, for some reason I found the other food pretty tasteless or at least after I would pile my tray high with food, I couldn't get it down. Others thought the food was great, so there was something wrong with me.

So, on Thursday morning about 4:00 am I got on the road again. It didn't take me too long to realize my mistake. I was riding slower and slower and feeling pretty spent. I was carrying an emergency blanket (one of those aluminum looking blankets that come folded into a little packet), toothbrush, eye shade, ear plugs and alarm clock to use if I decided to crash at a control or sleep along the road, as I had heard people often did.

At some point in mid-morning, I decided a nap would be a good idea. I kept my eye open and finally found a likely soft looking spot among some trees. What a gas. I spread my emergency blanket out on the ground, put on my eye shade to block out the sun, set my alarm for half an hour or so and waited to fall asleep. I could hear bicycles going by, not as much the sound of the tires on the pavement as much as people pedaling. It was weird and intriguing at the same time. Bam, the alarm went off and up I got, repacked my stuff and headed out.

By the afternoon I knew I wasn't going to finish by Friday morning. I had 34 miles to Villaines, 50 to Mortagne au Perche (where I planned to sleep at the control), 51 miles to Nogent Le Roi and then 36 to the finish. I decided I needed to make up some time if I was ever going to get to the end.

The next thing I knew a rider sprinted passed me. Without hesitating, I pedaled as hard as I could and I grabbed onto his wheel. Well, what a thrill. I don't know where the energy came from, but for the next 34 miles I chased Louie up and over hills and went careening through villages just the way they do in the Tour - whizzing around the intersections and flying up the hills to the center of town and out the other side. I was terrified and slowed down a bit at the first one, but let it go through the rest. What fun. We traded pulls, although he did most of the work. I even surprised myself - and him - a couple of times when I went clambering uphill ahead of him when the rollers were close enough together.

Continued next month

At the tender age of 45 I bought my first bike ever. The ones I rode as a kid, a Rollfast and a Raleigh three speed, were bought by my Dad. Good choices on his part. The Rollfast was an awesome bike; big, heavy, and stealth-like. Well oiled and greased, I could sneak up on most of the kids in my neighborhood, never emitting any other sound than the hiss of tires on asphalt. The Raleigh was a great bike too in it's own right. I loved the classy British style and the green and gold paint and lettering. I came to resent the Raleigh though; in those early teen years I lusted after internal combustion and wanted no more to do with bicycles. I was so lost then. Years and events came and went.

In the spring of 2001 I found myself cruising the local bike shops looking for a bike after 30 years of velo-dormancy.

My choice was a Trek Hybrid. At the time I thought it unlikely that I would ever need more performance than it offered. My plan was to use the Trek to cross train for my chosen hobbies of Mountaineering and Rock and Ice climbing. So much for plans.

I'm a late entry to athleticism, having spent my teen years and much of adulthood abusing any substance that I could get my hands on. All that substance abuse left little energy or desire for outdoor pursuits. What I saw of the outdoors in those years was viewed as I went to and from package stores and bars. I was fortunate enough to embark on a path of recovery in 1991 and have been clean and sober ever since. My recovery has allowed me to return to the outdoors that I knew as a youngster. I've spent many weekends during the 1990's on the trails and crags of the White Mountains and in more recent years I've had some successes climbing at higher altitudes in Colorado, Alaska and Mexico.

There is a dark side to my hobbies though. I'm always pushing myself to go further, higher and faster. Once I found out that my body was still in reasonable working order after all I'd done to it (amazing!), I seem to always be pushing it to its limits. Maybe I'm trying to play catch-up for all those years wasted in blind excess. Normal enough I guess, until it became clear that I tend to attach my self worth to each new goal. This is where things get a bit grim. Friends, loved ones and advisors have called me to task from time to time about my sometimes cheerless "all or nothing" approach to my athletic goals. They're right; I have to admit that often I'm not having much fun in either the preparation or the event itself. Fear of failure looms large. To top it off, I notice that I never savor an accomplishment. I always critique harshly,

My 1st Season

by Pat O'Dougherty

and tell myself that what I've just done was "too easy".

All this makes me tons of fun to be around! Which brings me back to Cycling. I had a great time on the Hybrid that first spring and summer. Carmen (my girlfriend) and I logged many miles around the Metro West area on evenings and weekends. Plus, I began to love the after work rides I took on my own. I remember one ride in particular that seemed to firmly implant the riding bug in me.

I had started out from my apartment in East Arlington on a hot, muggy summer evening and decided to take the Minuteman Bike Path from Arlington center to the terminus in Bedford and back. I worked hard all the way, head down, sweat dripping off my nose. I was about to return when I stopped for a moment and just looked around. For an instant my mind was distracted from my performance and whatever goals I had set for myself. Instead, I experienced one of those rare moments where I could see and appreciate clearly where I was in my life. I realized that I was an incredibly fortunate individual, still very much alive despite several close calls during my years of abuse. Here I was, spending a summer evening cycling around these New England streets, pushing myself to improve, to go faster, and in the meantime I was missing out on so much.

As many New Englanders know, there are a finite number of evenings such as the one I was now enjoying. All the trees and shrubs are full and fat. The asphalt is still warm from a very hot day. There is an orange muggy haze created by dust, humidity and the setting sun. Gnats hover in clouds along the roads and paths and the very air itself feels like a warm bath, almost swimmable. "This is it" I thought, "This is prime time".

I decided not to turn back right away. Instead, I continued on through Bedford and into Concord, letting my whim and curiosity decide the route. I still kept a brisk pace but also worked on letting my awareness take in the full experience. What a ride! At times I

could barely wipe the smile from my face. I've had many rides like that since, some even better.

Eventually, after a hectic year of buying a home and settling in, I found the time, energy and money to further investigate this sport and buy a road bike. The Hybrid wasn't cutting it anymore, and as much as I was trying to appreciate my surroundings and "smell the roses" as it were, I hated being passed by roadies. I envied those sleek fancy rigs they rode and wanted to zip along at the speeds they seemed to achieve so effortlessly.

I'd done some research and felt confident that I knew at least a little bit about what was on the market, and what would suit me best. After several weekends of test rides this spring, I chose a Bianchi Imola triple, with full Shimano 105 gear. Basic entry-level stuff by many standards, a two-wheeled Formula One racer to me. As a British friend of mine said after riding it; "quite a lovely bike really, very well mannered". That about sums it up. I've had great rides on it and couldn't be happier, although I do confess to schemes of making it lighter.

It's been a wonderful season on the Bianchi. Training rides are much longer, average MPH is way up and I've had many rides that have been filled with moments of absolute joy. If that wasn't enough, my competitive urges have been well satisfied. After discovering the CRW and going on a handful of Saturday rides with them, I've had a ball trying to stay with some of the aggressive pacelines.

So, along comes the Fall Century! I knew the minute that I read the description that I wanted to do it. The hills worried me though, the Delorme contour map looked a bit frightening from mile 30 to mile 50.

The thing is, I'm a lousy climber.

Maybe all those Marlboros (quit in '97) had done some irreparable damage that I could never overcome. Maybe I'm only a first year roadie and expect too much. All I know is that my heart and respiration rate shoots up as soon as I head uphill, I mean way up! It's the same with Mountaineering, my body seems to go into this super low gear to get climbs done. It's frustrating as hell. There's nothing worse than watching the hind end of other hikers or cyclists move uphill at a faster pace than I can manage.

The Physical suffering is one thing, I'm getting pretty good at ignoring the pain. The mental beating that I am capable of self-administering is quite another. It can ruin rides, and it has come quite close in the past to ruining some wonderful climbing

trips. With that in mind, I made a promise to myself that I would try and approach the Century differently.

Meditation and spiritual practices have taught me much in the past few years. Probably the most important being compassion. A friend once joked with me after witnessing one of my self-beatings; "Pat, put down the bat and step away". He trained an imaginary gun at me and had his feet spread wide apart. It was funny and served to diffuse the moment. He was also right on the money. The trick, I've found is to drop the mental "bat" again and again, every time I pick it up. Sometimes, that practice seems to involve the whole ride. Other times I need only remind myself occasionally to be compassionate.

September 21st found me in a chilly high school parking lot in Acton fiddling nervously with my bike and eyeballing the other riders. I also made several nervous trips to the thoughtfully placed Portajohns. My game plan was as follows:

1. Ride a reasonable pace. After all, there are another 50 miles to go after the hills and the most I've ever done at one go is 55 miles.
2. Eat an energy bar at least once an hour, in addition to the goodies at the water stops.
3. Stay Hydrated
4. Stay Hydrated!
5. Look around at stuff
6. Smile at other riders and chat if there is an opportunity.
7. Drop the "Bat" early and often.
8. Have fun!

After a brief pre-ride talk I set out with a lead group at 8:04 am. I knew I wouldn't be with them for long, but I was too itchy to wait any longer. I was shelled out the back at 8:06 am. I grinned to myself as other riders whizzed by me. "Easy Pat, there is a lot of riding left to do yet."

The first hour or so was spent sightseeing and warming up. Once I was warm, I shed my windbreaker and continued on. Occasionally I rode with other riders, singly or in groups. The groups, for the most part were moving too quickly for me and I would be dropped once a hill appeared. Being dropped was disappointing, but I reminded myself of the long day ahead and tried to remain cheery. In truth, deep down inside I was thrilled that I was even on this ride. Who woulda thunk it? Most people weren't even up yet, and here I was, attempting a century. A man to be reckoned with!

I attached myself to another group at the beginning of the hills and again was dropped.

Only this time I had company. A rider whose name I've since forgotten confessed to be a slow climber too. He had good reason; I estimated his weight at around 260 lbs. It was like riding along with a nose tackle. He was used to being alone on hills and had done many centuries. We ground out the hills together and chatted about bikes and riding in general. After disclosing my beginner status I got lots of riding tips (some helpful). As we crested what seemed to be a high point (great view) he said he intended to pick it up a bit. He was gone like a shot on the descents.

I was actually surprised to roll into the 50-mile water stop in such good shape. I ate, drank, stretched, whizzed and took stock. My legs hurt a bit, but that was to be expected, I felt well hydrated and still had good energy. Above all, my attitude was great! This was fun. Sure, there was pain up the road but so what? When wasn't there?

At the pre-ride talk (where I paid attention for a change) there was a reminder that one more nasty hill remained after the 50 mile stop. With that in mind, I ate an extra snickers bar and headed up the road. Sure enough, there it was, Yikes! What a climb! I ended up in my lowest gear, switchbacking my way up this monster of a hill that I thought would never end. At one point I thought I'd have to get off the bike, but I dug down and found just a bit more push in my legs. At last it was over. I felt trashed, and in fact, I was never quite the same after that last climb.

Thank God for descents! there were a few beauties after that last climb. Once out on the relative flat though, I found that my legs were well and truly cooked. Once again, I found myself riding with another solo rider for a bit. We exchanged physical status reports and he encouraged me to keep at it despite the baked legs. His basic message was to try and mentally "begin again" every time I thought I could go no further. Awesome advise!

From then on in, after every groan and gasp and falter, I settled down and continued as if it was a brand new ride.

I noodled into the 75 mile water stop and replenished myself with water and bananas. I spent some time trying to stretch some new life into my legs too. Staying longer that 15 minutes felt like postponing the inevitable, so I headed up the road for the home stretch.

It wasn't pretty but I got it done. Those little rollers that made up much of the last 25 miles were tough. At one point, as I crept up a short hill in deep concentration, I was startled by a sudden "pong" as a previously

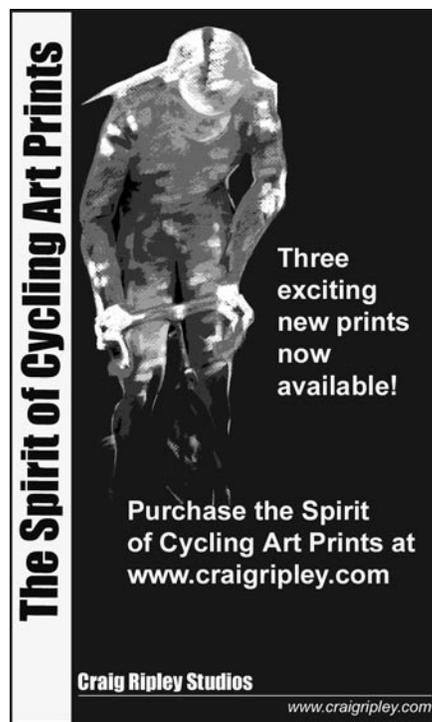
unheard rider behind me ran over an acorn. I whipped my head around to see who was there and nearly rode into the woods on my right. "Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you" he said. I confessed to being in a world of my own and husbanding the remainder of my energy. He said he was exhausted too, and losing his riding skills. We wished each other good luck as he moved on.

Finally, I began to recognize familiar surroundings and knew I was almost home. Like a horse nearing the barn, I found some last bits of energy and got on the wheel of a guy who was also sprinting for the finish. We wrapped up the last two miles at a respectable 18-19 mph. And cruised into the high school parking lot. I glanced at my watch, exactly 3 PM. Whoo-weee what a ride!

After two sandwiches and some Gatorade and a handful of cookies, I felt pretty good. The memory of the hills and the pain was already beginning to fade. The warm buzz of accomplishment remained though, and still does.

I'm still squeezing in the occasional ride during these colder months but, the Fall Century feels sort of like an official seasonender, the big game. My first season and first century will live on inside me to remind me how to persevere and also, how to enjoy. Sometimes at the same time.

I'll be back next year.



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Little Jack's Corner - by Jack Donohue



I've often marveled at the spotless drive trains I see on other people's bikes. I have come to the conclusion that there are two ways for me to achieve this. Don't ride, or clean that drive train.

I had recently achieved an epiphany in the dental hygiene area. After years of resisting flossing, when confronted with the fact that my teeth would probably fall out if I continued in my evil ways, I have become a flossing zealot.

A similar problem occurs with your freewheel (OK, cassette for those who weren't alive in the 60's). The space between cogs is a fertile area for all sorts of crud to settle.

While your freewheel doesn't have to worry too much about gum disease, it is a pretty filthy mess. So I decided to start flossing my freewheel.

My previous approach was basically to ignore it. Round about every six months, I would have to take the rear wheel off for some reason, usually a flat, and I would take the opportunity to ram a screwdriver in between the cogs in an attempt to dislodge a portion of the mass of impacted black gunk.

My new philosophy is to keep those cogs spanking clean. I purchased a container of water based solvent, and went at my freewheel. First I did the flossing bit to get out most of the crud in the interstices of the freewheel. Then I smeared on the solvent with an old toothbrush (from my pre-flossing days), and rinsed the whole thing with water. Was looking pretty good (I had forgotten what

color my freewheel actually was).

Next day, as I was riding in to work, taking great joy in actually being able to see space between the freewheel cogs, I was appalled to see there were still chunks of black crud that had escaped the initial cleansing. So back to the shop that evening when I started picking out the offending bits.

Next morning, I was again admiring my freewheel when I realized there were still more nasty black bits. The horror! I could barely wait through the workday until I could go home and purge this disgusting excrescence from my pristine freewheel.

At this point I came to the realization that this was bordering on obsession, and maybe I should just let the black bits fall where they may.

Babz Bike Bits

“Two Degrees of Separation”

by Barbara Clough

I didn't have a column last month because my arm was in a sling - the result of what was probably my first serious bike accident. I'm always expecting the “big one,” while simultaneously doing everything possible to avoid it. And I don't tend to worry about my own skills, but rather the other people on the road, and not just automobiles. This time though, no one was at fault, just me, and all my skills couldn't have moved that huge bump out of the road that catapulted me over the handlebars. As usual, I was wearing my helmet, and this time, it truly saved my life. The gravel is embedded in the Styrofoam part about a 1/4 inch deep, and I keep it on my rack in my kitchen to remind me that that could have been my skin (or brain).

Recently, I read an article in Bicycling magazine about the right of passage of having your collarbone broken. With many others, I watched with squeamish fascination this summer while Tyler Hamilton climbed peaks that I couldn't do on my best day with a whole body, much less with a broken collarbone.

Unfortunately, I'm still not in the elite group of broken collarbone riders, but I'm getting

closer - I managed to get a Grade II separation of my shoulder. Mind you, when I first returned to work I didn't know shoulder separations came in grades. A woman I work with and avid sports fan kindly informed me that there were degrees of separation, and of course I wanted the best one, a Grade III! Alas, I had to settle on the smaller, albeit no less painful, one. When the orthopedist actually described a grade III separation, I was glad I didn't have one. The thought of my clavicle just sort of wiggling around because the AC joint had been so damaged gave me a slightly nauseous feeling.

As it was, my bike accident made great Thanksgiving day conversation among my basically non-athletic family. I'm the only one (except the Brooklynites) who doesn't own a car, and they don't really understand why I actually like bike commuting. I got to show off the lump on my shoulder and the still healing road rash as well as retelling the story of my first ambulance ride with lights and sirens. Frankly, that was the worst part of the whole ordeal, and unless I'm so broken that I can't move, next time I'll take my chances with just going home. If I didn't have a broken neck (their concern) when they put me on the backboard, I nearly had one by the time they took it off me about three hours later. As it is, I got a lot of mileage out of the sling, in addition to the lovely road rash on my face although I will admit to feeling like Quasimodo with leprosy. Occasionally people are even nice on the T, and

would let me sit down so I didn't have to try and balance my backpack and pole hang with only one good arm.

I'm out of the sling now, and slowly getting range of motion back. Of course, the main reason I want to get better is so I can get out and ride again, well, that is after I fix my bike. It sustained some damage, but much less than my soft, breakable body. Well, I always need reason to upgrade - this might be the time!

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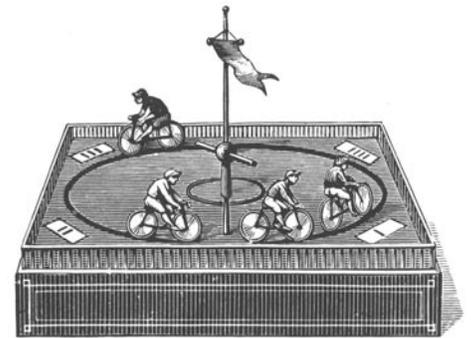
November Mileage Totals | | | | | | | |---|---|---|---|---|---| | 2 | 1 | 9 | 3 | 3 | 8 | |---|---|---|---|---|---|

Name	Miles	M	C	K	Name	Miles	M	C	K
Melinda Lyon	14043	9	9	8	Joseph Tavilla	3558	3	1	-
Gerald Goode	13073	-	-	11	Don Mitchell	3149	3	1	-
Tod Rodger	9708	10	7	6	Nick Linsky	2984	3	1	-
Robin Schulman	9413	4	1	3	Bill Hanson	2751	2	-	-
Jack Donohue	8737	1	-	2	Ed Hoffer	2678	1	-	-
Bruce Ingle	8376	8	6	4	John Goeller	2537	3	1	-
Don MacFarlane	8260	10	-	1	Gabor Demjen	2234	3	-	-
Steve Robins	8164	-	-	-	Marc Webb	2231	3	1	-
Chris George	7995	6	1	-	Gregory Lee	2100	3	1	-
Irving Kurki	7871	10	2	3	Cynthia Snow	2033	-	-	-
Mike Kerrigan	7773	7	6	4	John Springfield	1855	-	6	-
Paul Hardin	7197	8	5	-	Cynthia Zabin	1840	-	-	-
Peter Knox	6574	4	4	3	Elaine Stansfield	1528	3	-	-
Jean Orser	5810	8	4	-	Doug Hartley	1500	-	1	-
Cory Lovett	5367	4	-	-	Rich Whalen	1473	3	-	-
Dick Arsenaault	4868	3	1	-	Frank Connell	1382	2	1	-
Ken Hablow	4412	7	1	-	Harry Wolf	1285	-	-	-
Glenn Ketterle	4380	2	-	-	John Kane	1108	-	-	-
David Wean	4363	3	-	-	Greg Tutunjian	1052	-	-	-
Doug Cohen	4261	4	1	-	John Loring	1042	4	-	-
Frank Aronson	4095	4	2	-	Lyn Rodger	1014	2	-	-
Joe Repole	4035	11	11	-	George Caplan	1007	-	-	-
Bob Sawyer	4028	2	-	-	Jim Broughton	930	-	-	-
Butch Pemstein	4025	5	-	-	Jeff Luxenberg	907	-	-	-
Lisa Weissmann	3866	6	4	-	Jared Luxenberg	526	-	-	-
Gary Smiley	3672	4	-	-	Jamie King	268	-	-	-

Mileage Table Explained

Miles are year-to-date totals. The M column indicates the number of months the rider reported completing a metric century. The C column shows the number of months with a hundred mile century, and the K column is the number of months with 1000 or more miles.

Report mileage by the fifth of each month to: Jamie King (jamie_e_king@charter.net or 978-448-0533).



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496 Tremont St., Boston (617) 542-8623
- Cycle Loft**
28 Cambridge St., Burlington (781) 272-0870
- Dedham Cycle and Leather**
403 Washington St., Dedham (781) 326-1531
- Farina Cycle**
61 Galen St., Watertown (617) 926-1717

- Ferris Wheels Bicycle Shop**
64 South St., Jamaica Plain (617) 522-7082
- Frank's Bicycle Barn**
123 Worcester Tpke, Westboro (508) 366-1770
- Frank's Spoke 'N Wheel**
119 Boston Post Rd., Sudbury (978) 443-6696
877 Main St., Waltham (781) 894-2768
- Harris Cyclery**
1355 Washington St., W. Newton (617) 244-1040
- Harvard Square Bicycles**
36 J.F.K. Street, Cambridge (617) 441-3700
- International Bicycle Center**
89 Brighton Ave, Allston (617) 783-5804
66 Needham St., Newton (617) 527-0967
- Landry's Bicycles**
151 Endicott St., Danvers (978) 777-3337
574 Washington St., Easton (508) 230-8882
303 Worcester Rd., Framingham (508) 875-5158
276 Turnpike Road, Westboro (508) 836-3878
- Marblehead Cycle**
25 Bessom St., Marblehead (781) 631-1570
- National Ski and Bike**
102 Washington St., So. Attleboro (508) 761-4500

- Northeast Bicycles**
102 Broadway, Rt. 1, Saugus (781) 233-2664
- Pro Cycles**
669 Main St., Wakefield (781) 246-8858
- Quad Cycles**
1346 Massachusetts Ave, Arlington (781) 648-5222
- Ski Market, Ltd.**
322 South Bridge St., Auburn (508) 832-8111
860 Commonwealth Ave, Boston (617) 731-6100
400 Franklin St., Braintree (781) 848-3733
CrossRoads Ctr., Burlington (781) 272-2222
Endicott Plaza, Danvers (978) 774-3344
686 Worcester Rd., Framingham (508) 875-5253
- St. Moritz**
475 Washington St., Wellesley (781) 235-6669
- Town and Country Bicycle**
67 North St., Medfield (508) 359-8377
- Travis Cycles**
7 Oak St., Taunton (508) 822-0396
722 N. Main St., Brockton (508) 586-6394
- Wild Women Outfitters**
397 Massachusetts Ave, Arlington (781) 641-5776

Charles River Wheelmen
1 Gleason Road
Bedford, MA 01730

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Join The Charles River Wheelmen

In consideration of being permitted to participate in any way in the Charles River Wheelmen (CRW) sponsored bicycling activities, I for myself, my personal representatives, assigns, heirs, and next of kin:

1. acknowledge, agree and represent that I understand the nature of bicycling activities and that I am qualified to participate in such activities. I further acknowledge that the Activities will be conducted over public roads and facilities open to the public during the Activities and upon which hazards of traveling are to be expected. I further agree and warrant that if at any time I believe conditions to be unsafe, I will immediately discontinue further participation in the activity.
2. fully understand that: (a) Bicycling activities involve risks and dangers of serious bodily injury, including permanent disability, paralysis and the risk of death; (b) these risks and dangers may be caused by my own actions or inactions, the actions or inactions of others participating in the Activities, the conditions in which the activities take place; or the negligence of the other participants designated below; (c) there may be other risks and social or economic losses either not known to me or not readily foreseeable at the time; and I fully accept and assume all such risks and all responsibility for losses, costs, and damages I incur as a result of my participation in the Activities.
3. hereby release, discharge, covenant not to sue, and agree to indemnify and save and hold harmless CRW, their representatives, administrators, directors, agents, and employees, other participants, any sponsors, advertisers, and, if applicable, owners and lessors of premises on which the Activities take place (each considered one of the participants herein) from all liability, claims, demands, losses, or damages on my account caused or alleged to be caused in whole or in part by the negligence of the participants or otherwise, including negligent rescue operations.

I have read this agreement, fully understand its terms, understand that I have given up substantial rights by signing it and have signed it freely and without inducement or assurance of any nature and intend it to be a complete and unconditional release of all liability to the greatest extent allowed by law and agree that if any portion of this agreement is held to be invalid, the balance notwithstanding shall continue in full force and effect.

Date _____

Date of Birth _____

Signature(s) _____

Name(s) _____

Address _____

Phone (eve.) _____

e-mail _____

(day) _____

We sometimes allow bicycle-related companies the use of our membership list.
Check this box if you don't want to receive mailings from these companies.

We publish an annual member directory that is available only to club members. Check this box if you don't want your name, address and home phone number on this list.

I would like to receive my monthly issue of WheelPeople as:

PAPER via Postal Service ELECTRONIC via email
The electronic file is a pdf file and requires Adobe Acrobat 4.0 or greater.

CRW Membership Fees	1 year	2 years	3 years	Additional contributions to CRW (\$1, \$5, ...) are greatly appreciated!
Individual	\$20	\$38	\$55	
Household	\$25	\$48	\$70	

Make check or money order payable to Charles River Wheelmen and send completed form and membership fees to Linda Nelson, 65 Hillside Ave, West Newton, MA 02465.

I'd like to help with the activities checked below. Please have someone contact me:

- Ride Leader Publicity Legislative Action
- Safety Membership Newsletter
- Host a post-ride party Special Events
- Other _____



Renewal or Change of Address?

Don't miss a single issue of WheelPeople! Send your renewal or change of address to our Membership Coordinator:
Linda Nelson, 65 Hillside Ave, West Newton, MA 02465.