

# The Cyclist

Newsletter of the Capital City Cyclists

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*400 riders had to run on foot to this staging area before the start of the 12 Hours of Razorback endurance off-road race in Reddick on February 17. Photo by Heather Whitaker*

## Distance riders go long in shortest month

*Roger Hawkes and Jim Russell led endurance-rider teams at off-road and road events on February 17*

### **Twelve Hours of Racing at Razorback** by Roger Hawkes

Every February the cycling community, especially the off-road enthusiasts, look forward to the 12-hour race/festival in Reddick, FL. This year was no different with over 400 racers participating in solo rides and team competitions. Cold weather and a tough but exciting course made for a great weekend.

The 12-hour race is designed as an endurance event for both solo riders and teams. The race began on foot in a *Le Mans* style start for about ¼ mile to the bike staging area. The course was a 10-mile loop that flowed through and around an old limestone rock quarry. With the race beginning at 10am and ending after 10pm, the ride required about four hours of night riding, so lights were needed. Teams consisted of men, women, or co-ed teams of up to four riders, with each rider taking turns on the course in a relay format. The goal was simple: after 12-hours the team or individual with the most laps wins.

Although the race format may seem fairly torturous, those that participated look back on it as one of the most enjoyable events of the year. The event, however, is more than just a race. When not on the bike, a festival-like atmosphere awaited with almost every rider having his own support group providing food, rest, and encouragement.

Two teams from Higher Ground Bike Shop and over a dozen solo riders from Tallahassee converged the night before the ride in below freezing temperature at a little country town halfway between Ocala and Gainesville. We camped in tents and weathered the night. The next morning we awoke to a village of tents and RVs that were a buzz with activity. And as luck would have it, despite the cold the night before, the blue-skied day warmed to a high of 60 degrees.

We were an eclectic group with different expectations of the day. Some hoped for nothing less than a podium finish, and

*Razorback continued on page 3*

### **Tallahassee Racers Place at Bike Sebring 12/24** By Jim Russell – 180 Energy Drink Cycling Team

On February 17<sup>th</sup>, four Tallahassee racers, members of the 180 Energy Drink Cycling Team braved 31 degree temperatures early in the morning to begin 12 hours of racing in Sebring, Florida. Bike Sebring 12/24 is an annual Ultra-Marathon Cycling Association sanctioned race with 12 and 24 hour drafting, and 24 hour non-drafting RAAM qualifier races taking place centering at the Sebring International Raceway. Karin Clausen, Ed Williams, Georgia Northway, and Jim Russell of Tallahassee began the race with three laps on the race track, followed by an 89 mile loop, then an 11 mile loop until race end. The race tests riders to see how far they can ride in 12 or 24 hours. The 180 Team entered the 12 hour race and all members won or placed in their respective categories.

The start temperatures were below freezing, causing some riders to drop from the race at the start, but there were plenty of motivated racers on the line when the “Go!” signal was given. As the day progressed, the temperatures became milder, but the winds whipped up, creating a nasty headwind for 50 miles of the first portion then for half of the 11 mile loop. While the headwinds did their best to sap the strength of the racers, carefully planned loops allowed for recovery when the tailwind portions were reached. A key to successful ultra-racing is conserving energy when possible, so any opportunity for a “rolling recovery” was taken, while not allowing the competition to put the miles on.

The race was used in preparation for the 180 Team’s signature event, the 180 SAFE RIDE, set for March 26<sup>th</sup> to April 6<sup>th</sup>. The entire team leaves from Florida State University to complete a 1200 mile journey around Florida in 12 days to increase public awareness about impaired driving, safety belt use, and the SAFE Street Smart Program. SAFE is a non-profit organization created by paramedics to educate young drivers about the real life consequences of impaired driving and failure to buckle-up. Information can be found about SAFE at

*Bike Sebring continued on next page*

[www.safeprogram.com](http://www.safeprogram.com).

“People ask us why would we ride our bikes so far”, said SAFE Ride co-founder Jim Russell. “Our message is, you don’t have to ride all over the state or do something huge to make a difference when it comes to DUI and buckling-up. You only have to not get behind the wheel if you’ve been drinking and put your safety belt on all the time. The ride is hard, being safe is easy. A simple common sense choice can save you or your family a lifetime of sorrow.”

The 180 SAFE RIDE was founded by Capital City Cyclists’ members Russell and his wife, Terri Sue, in 2005. For more information on the 180 SAFE RIDE or how you can help educate young people about being responsible drivers, contact Jim or Terri Russell at [180SafeRide@comcast.net](mailto:180SafeRide@comcast.net).



**The 180 Energy Drink Cycling Team: (L-R) Billy Poertner – Tampa – 1<sup>st</sup> Place, Jim Russell – Tallahassee – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Shawn Carroll – Sarasota – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Michelle Patterson – Sarasota – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Valeria Nolla – University of North Florida – 1<sup>st</sup> Place, Georgia Northway – Tallahassee – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Karin Clausen – Tallahassee – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Bruce Doras – Lakeland – 1<sup>st</sup> Place, Ed Williams (Not Pictured) – Tallahassee – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place.**

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*Editor’s Note: opinions expressed in The Cyclist reflect the viewpoint of the writer and not necessarily those of the Capital City Cyclist’s executive committee or other members. Columns, articles and photos pertaining to cycling are welcomed and encouraged. Submit yours to [dave@cccyclists.org](mailto:dave@cccyclists.org). Please shrink photos to 800 X 600 or less.*

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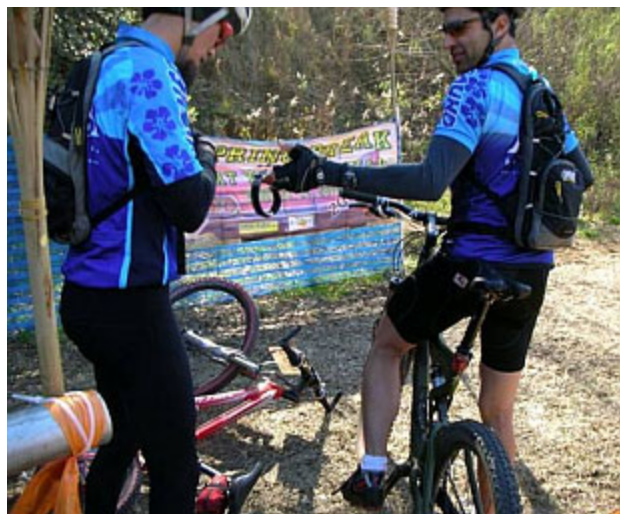
others—well, others just wanted to finish. Neither the course nor the weekend disappointed participants.

The Higher Ground co-ed team was comprised of Mickey Phillips, Brook Pace, Joe Veglucci, and Sam Ecenia. They finished sixth in their category, completing 11 laps. “We started steady and really rode well for most of the race,” said team captain Phillips. “By our third rotation we had moved into third place overall. Then the inevitable problems arose: I

had one lap with a broken seat post, Sam’s first night lap included three flats, and Brooks’s night lap was slowed by a broken chain.”

“I really liked the 12-hour format,” said Ecenia. “It was fun and a great course. For sure, the night riding was the best for me. Not worrying about what was around you, just riding!”

The men’s Higher Ground team finished with 12 laps completed. Of the solo riders, Tallahassee local Darien Angelier finished 12<sup>th</sup> in the men’s overall with 11 laps.



*Higher Ground’s Mickey Phillips hands off the transponder to teammate Joe Veglucci. Photo by Heather Whitaker*



*Sam Ecenia climbs out of a recessed area. The course was technical throughout. Photo by Heather Whitaker*

## **Bomb-proof wheel survives motorist hit; right foot doesn’t**

By Charles Pahl

Tallahassee bicycle riders may remember a small article in the Tallahassee Democrat last November about a cyclist being struck down on Weems Road at 6:15 pm. The attendees of the CCC holiday party in December might remember a guy on crutches who brought homemade cinnamon buns. I was the biker and baker of those events.

I come not to complain about the respect denied to cyclists by motorists with their obsessive demands for the right of way in all situations, such as entering a roadway from a stop- sign-delimited side street, but rather to praise the wheel building ability of Todd of the Higher Ground Bike Shop on Mahan at Magnolia.

A year ago, having noticed a distinct shimmy in the front wheel, and after researching and communicating with two nationally advertised wheel builders and trying to make a rational comparison of final prices among comparable end products, I gave up and commissioned the purchase of parts and building to the local talent. The end product, with new rubber in and around was a lovely sight which made my 12-year-old Cannondale touring/commuter bike ride like an adolescent again. Alas, such feelings of great satisfaction rarely last.

Four months later I determined that changing out the touring chainring-gearing of 42-36-28T on the crank-set to a brilliant

compact double with a 50-38 would give me added speed, challenge, and sense of accomplishment. I use this bike on the 17-mile round-trip work commute and enjoy all those natural endorphins, adrenaline, and naturally occurring pain-masking chemicals which make bearable the eight hours in the office between rides. Every day I thanked Todd for his excellent wheel and life was very good.

It was on November 14th 2006, the 2502<sup>nd</sup> day of commuting to Southwood from my home on Brewster Road, when, as all the stats command, the “accident” occurred with less than a mile to go to my front door. The bomb-proof front wheel was put the test. Had the driver waited another two seconds, she would have driven over me. Never mind that I was looking right at her after she garnered my attention as she inched forward towards the intersection. Foolish me, I thought I had made eye contact.

Good news is that the wheel seemingly took the majority of the impact, but... though I’ll never know for sure as the next moment of consciousness was from a viewpoint two inches off the pavement. Lying on my right side, and already fully aware that the lower right leg was no longer anatomically correct, perhaps partially because the right SPD pedal was no longer accepting the cleat and so that foot was not secured to it, like the Man from LaMancha, I went tilting at windmills - or moving automobiles.

Today, with 6 of the 9 week cast-confinement complete, while spinning on the same Cannondale fitted with the former front wheel, I often gaze over at the wall ornament aka bomb proof wheel... that is STILL holding air with nary a broken spoke, and think, “ahh, Taco, you’ve served me well.”

# President's Paceline: What's Carried

by Mark Koch



Last summer, a restaurant manager entered a local shop and dropped two large (\$2,000) on a shiny blue Trek 5000. In his truck he carried home the new bike, a receipt, and a written-down website address. He cycled by himself for the next three weeks, then made a phone call from the contact list he had found on the Capital City Cyclists' website. He had a Trek, he said; the other, his acquaintance from website, replied that he had a Douglas. That next Saturday the restaurant manager brought his new bicycle, a helmet, and the fear of making a fool of himself to the parking lot at Chaires. He was so nervous that he was the first one there. Did he have the right place? Would he crash or be cast out as the new guy? He found the owner of the Douglas and followed behind him for the next 24 miles. Six months of Saturdays later, this same restaurant manager brought to Chaires that same Trek, a different jersey, and two CCC brochures. Again he was early, but this time it was to meet a coworker and the coworker's friend. The coworker was on a Specialized, his friend was riding a Windsor, and both were new to it all. Would they worry about crashing? Would they feel watched? The manager hoped not. He had them follow his wheel and carried them that way for 24 miles.

Two Saturdays later, a cycling coach carried towards the Gainesville Criterium a junior race team (that included a Tony, a Graham, an Alex, a Nick, a Kellen, a Maitland, and a Cody), seven race bikes, three trainers, a pump, extra tubes, power beans, goo's, gels and bars, and the worry that some of these may crash or end up with egos crushed. It would be the first time racing for many of them. Would it be what they envisioned? So far, probably not: they laughed, played twenty-questions, and lifted their feet off the floor as they passed over the Suwannee River—a racers secret for good luck that is now no longer a secret.

That following Saturday a teenager loaded up his 20-inch bike into his mother's trunk. They were to spend the day at Tom Brown Park. She was a cyclist, too, albeit on a different kind of bike. It had been over a year since she had taken him, and she was now looking forward to it. She packed Capri Suns and granola bars and even swung by to pick up her kid's best friend. The new boy carried with him two sticks of gum and the worry that the one bike wouldn't be shared equally at the track. As it turned out, he was right. It tends to rain more than track volunteers can handle, and the course was washed out. After a few laps, the owner of the bike hit a rut and his foot slipped from his peddle. Shimano DX imitations can cost as little as \$19.95, and although they are not as light as the real thing, the little spikes within them are just as effective. Technology, circumference, and a fairly new freewheel all worked against the rider, and a mere split second later those same spikes made a full revolution the other way around before they met up with the boy's shin. The mother, still a little worried, returned home two hours later with two happy boys—one exhausted and the other no longer bleeding through a tied sock he had affixed to his leg.

Three days later two cyclists, one experienced and the other brand new, left at 8:30 on a reconnaissance mission. They drove the entire 100 mile TOSRV course. The experienced one, the driver, knew the route very well—he had coordinated the feeding zones for the past fifteen years. The other, the newly volunteered passenger, simply took notes. They drove in a Toyota van, and the passenger was two months pregnant. Fearing the unknown, the passenger brought a bologna sandwich, a bag of Pringles, a diet Pepsi, and the worry that enough volunteers wouldn't step foreword to make this TOSRV as successful as the twenty-five that preceded it. She carried all of this as they scouted SAG stops and visited school lunch rooms in Cairo, Camilla, and Albany. In all this time they spoke with a Peggy, a Rebecca, a principal, and a janitor that had been involved with TOSRV the past fifteen years as well. She returned with a full sheet of notes, a half eaten lunch, and just like everyone mentioned above more of an understanding of what the dedication of a interconnected cycling community can carry forward.

*Right: Riders head out on the ever-popular Chaires Ride, some for the first time, encouraged by experienced cyclists.*



## Sketch



*In the first episode (The Cyclist, January-February 2007) we met Sketch, an abandoned but resourceful teenage boy who lives in a primitive shack off of Mocassin Gap Rd. Sketch gets around on self-repaired discarded old bicycles. Although completely on his own, he bikes to the bus stop that takes him to Lincoln High School. He meets Paige “Pekachu”- a girl from class on whom he’s had a crush - at the Holiday Parade amid the cycling contingent – the Intergalactic Order of Psychle-pathics.-ed.*

## V. Losiped

Daylight savings time had Sketch all messed up. His bodyclock was able to get him up in time for the school bus, but after the springtime change he had been late for three days straight. That meant pedaling one of his fixed-up road bikes all the way down Miccosukee to Crump, then Chaires Crossroad over to the Parkway to school. At least he was getting there before the very bus that he had missed, plus it allowed him to stay after and watch Paige march around with the other ROTC cadets—from a safe distance, at least.

Sketch was pedaling home on Miccosukee on Wednesday when he noticed a slight hum growing louder from behind. It grew so loud that he pulled over and stopped. Just over the rise behind, bobbing cyclists came into view. Twenty or thirty of them zipped by him down the hill and were gone over the next. The roar, the sheer speed with which they passed! The colors—lots of yellows, reds, and blues!

Sketch eagerly rode his bike to school and back the next day so that he might see them again, but none came by, nobody at all did on a bike. It wasn’t until after he finally saw them again that he realized that this must be a thing they do only on Wednesdays before dark.

He climbed trees and watched them go by from above; he studied them every Wednesday for a month. But it was over so quickly; he had more questions every time he saw them—more than a week’s worth could take.

They approached Miccosukee from Roberts; they turned off towards Tallahassee on Moccasin Gap. He timed them from one tree to another on his cheapo watch. On the days in between he tried to pedal the same area just as fast using his lightest bike, but the distance from the two trees was too close. How to truly measure himself to the cyclists when he didn’t know where they had come from or eventually went? They didn’t loop around, which really sucked.

So he trained to and from school. He figured out how to sprint on the climbs, to recover on descents. He practiced, and on Wednesdays he watched.

Then he realized a fundamental thing, something that would do the trick. There was nothing, really, between Miccosukee and Centerville Road. Nothing but woods and space.

On Saturday he rode a fat-tire bike up and down Miccosukee and examined the woods near the street. He waited until afternoon, then went off-road straight into the woods. He zigzagged between trees and avoided the thick brush. He snapped vines in half; he bent back branches. It took a few hours, but he finally found the other street. It was just on the other side of the house with the broken down cars and trucks, the one on top of a steep hill on Centerville Road. He pedaled back again, this time making adjustments and shortcuts, sometimes going a little out of the way in order to bunny hop downed trees, just to prove that he could. By the end of the day he had a mountain bike trail etched out—a wedge between two major roads, a short cut about a mile long all to himself!

The following week Sketch looked at his watch as the mysterious riders passed, then he hit the trail as fast as he could.

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Two weeks later, Mooney Muck was glad to be able to fit in some ride time himself. Career and cycling had been out of sync. It was affecting his opportunity to ride, but he managed to be a sprint leader in one of the town’s only true race-rides. His trick was staying on the back for most of the ride, advancing up in the rotation, and then going for it on the sprints. He had just come back from his first pull at the front when he noticed a rider without a helmet at the back of the pack. It’d take just one spill at these speeds—just one spill—and these hotshots would get why helmets save lives, he thought.

This kid hadn’t been with them from the parking lot, Mooney felt sure. He was on an old *Masi*—steel, by the looks of it. It had molded lugs you just didn’t see any more—not in this day of high tech plastic. Mooney was wondering where the kid got the vintage steel bike when he noticed something else: The kid was wearing a T-shirt tucked into cutoff shorts! Was that tape connecting his sneakers to his pedals as a replacement for cleats?

Mooney looked at the other riders in the rotation, but no one else seemed concerned. The kid was missing a water bottle, a front derailleur—even front brakes!

Just ahead was the steepest climb of the ride, the one near the house with all the cars up on blocks. It was a traditional sprint point that Moody usually took, and he pulled in behind the new rider. “I’m so going to smoke you, kid,” he thought.

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Sketch had never ridden in a paceline before, and he couldn’t see anything ahead of him except the back of the nearest rider. It never occurred to him that pacelining meant trusting the one in front. Was he really break-necking down a road in which he could not see?

He tucked low and pedaled like everyone else. He had been practicing riding this route from trail end to trail end every day for the past few weeks, but this was the first time he had the nerve to add himself in. Feeling that he had it figured out, he let his mind wonder, and for him that always meant thinking of Paige, the Pekachu of his secret crush. Her school locker was not too far from his, and her lingering, bubble-gum accented perfume always sent him in wonder. Why he was thinking about all this now he did not know, but he could see her as if she were right before him, even detect her smell. She was taller than most, always smiling and popping her gum down the halls, high-stepping gracefully with those shiny, army issue boots that the other cadets seemed to wear only in uniform... She was girlish yet not too girly at all if one were to think about it—and Sketch had done little else for the past six months. That little bounce she had, her little ponytail snapping this way and that...

Not too unlike the ponytail the rider now before him had, Sketch just now noticed. Far fetched, yes, but even the idea that Paige could be nearby sent a cold steel spike down his spine. Sketch pedaled to the left a bit, just to enough to see the rider's face. She was young—Sketch could tell that—but helmets can really make a person look different, he had recently noticed. Wasn't that the same little raised nose that he had daydreamed about so many times before?

"Car Back!" he heard from behind, and that startled Sketch right out of his saddle. He flew out at the left side of the peline and cranked up the hill with all his might. "Attacking!! Attacking!! On your left!" someone screamed, and bikes and elbows scattered. Sketch pumped and climbed and zipped past the final rider as if the stranger was standing still. By the time he got to the crest of the hill and rounded over to the other side he had created a sizable gap—just enough to aim his bike towards the new path that he had made and slip within the foliage. Unnoticed, he hoped.

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To be continued in the May-June issue.

## Meet Maitland Jones

by Mark Koch

There's a new junior Atomic flying around on the Food Lion and Chaires rides. It's Lincoln High School's 16-year-old Maitland Jones. "He's always been aerobic and interested in various sports," said his father, Bob. "At the invitation of friends, he started riding on Saturdays with the Chaires Community group. They taught him a lot about group protocol, dynamics, and team effort."



After signing up for CCC Maitland heard about Atomic and their junior workshop/orientation that Jon Sewell and Pete Butler hosted. "They held a meeting at Innovation Park for any new members wanting to join, so I went and really liked it," said Maitland. He then started training with Junior Coach Tom Gillis. He rode more often, used a trainer, and began interval rides. His second race was the February UF Criterium. After that he knew he had to train harder. "I've been training with Atomic the past few months," Maitland said, "but didn't really push myself as hard as I should have. After getting shelled I decided I really needed to train harder during the week, and I can tell a difference. My goal is to train harder so that by my next race I can complete in the sprint and maybe in the not too distant future win some races."

So far, he has certainly been noticed on the fast rides. He keeps the other junior racers Cody Johnson and Kellen Denny company. "He has impressed me," said Coach Gillis, "on several group rides with his ability to hang with the lead group and even take pulls in the peline. This will be his first year racing, but I think he'll pull at least one podium before the year is up. It couldn't happen to a nicer kid."

Maitland plans to attend college and would like to participate on a collegiate cycling team.

REMINDER from the CCC's ride coordinators: morning ride start times are 8:00 am beginning April 1. This includes Cabo's, Chaires, Killlearn Lakes and the rotating scheduled rides.

# The Red Hills Triathlon, Beer & Wine Tasting and Cabos fixie ride rival Prozac/Viagra Convention

By Elio "Neil" Demacali



What a great weekend!

First, we had the Red Hills Triathlon early Saturday morning at Maclay Gardens. I saw a huge pool of volunteers from members of the Capital City Cyclists. A BIG congratulations to those who competed – Brook Pace (second in her age group), Kathy Lindsay (third), Joe Sroka (second), Mike Wyant (third overall, or is it second?), Curtis Bridgeman (his first tri), Peter Kerwin, Jim Phillips, and a whole bunch of others.

I had a great time as bike course marshal – talking about a fun motorcycle ride – fifty miles of no automobile traffic!

It is worth noting that the FSU School of Law – their faculty and students – competed and raised \$37,000 for cancer research, on behalf of one of their professors who has cancer.

Saturday evening was the CCC Wine & Beer tasting (not necessarily in that order). Kudos to Richard Wynn and Sam Amantia (and others, I'm sure) – they put on an incredible event! Marien and I had a wonderful time. We got to see a bunch of folks we have not seen for quite some time (Jim & Jane Ann, Lee &

Sandy, ...). The food was simply fabulous – I'd say the best covered dish spread, yet! And the wines and the beers, oh-oh-oh-ooooohhhh soooo goood... and plentiful! I am glad I was able to say hello to the folks I have not seen, as I was becoming multi-lingual, QUICK! Hahaha!!!

I am beginning to suspect that the CCC is a drinking club in disguise with a bicycling problem! No worries, on the way home, I was THE DESIGNATED PASSENGER. I need to get out more... We were home by 9:45 PM (bummer!). What is up with CCC parties?? Everyone leaves before 9 PM. C'mon guys... we're talking once, twice, heck, make it four times a year! Staying out late occasionally will not ruin your VO2 Max. Folks, with the exception of attending a Prozac & Viagra convention in Las Vegas with washed-out Brazilian supermodels, this weekend was the most fun you can have. We're talking about INCREDIBLE selections of beers & wines selected for us by expert beer & wine folks, together with incredible food and great company... It does not get any better than that!!! I would love to see dancing in the NEAR future. Argentine Tango, anyone?

Had a great bike ride Sunday morning. Hooked up with the Cabos Group (Christine Frier, Don Horton, and a few tri-geeks) until Southwood, then went on my "Indy" (i.e. Independent) ride – approx 55 miles on my fixie. Yes, I am one very tired rider.

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## Bike Shorts



### Delay no longer, TOSRV 2007 is on April 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup>

It's crunch time for this year's Tour of Springtime Rural Vistas (TOSRV 2007), the premier Florida-Georgia twin century. Don't be left behind. Register today. Visit the TOSRV web page at: <http://cccyclists.org/tosrv.php> for a list of Albany hotels and other information. The free and adventuresome accommodation of indoor camping is also available. Gym campers report a camaraderie factor of sleeping amid a hundred other riders. Hotels fill quickly, so make reservations now.

Register for TOSRV 2007 on-line at Active.Com. <[http://www.active.com/event\\_detail.cfm?event\\_id=1396154](http://www.active.com/event_detail.cfm?event_id=1396154)> Contact ride director Kevin Lyon at: [tosrvsouth@yahoo.com](mailto:tosrvsouth@yahoo.com) or by phone at 850-926-7766 for more information and to volunteer for a gratifying and interesting role in a grand tradition.

### Paypal membership renewal is going smoothly

114 Renewals So Far

and 126 to go... that will complete renewals for 240 club members! Marv Rubenstein, Membership Director, recently sent an e-mail renewal notice to current members whose membership will expire on 3/31/07. Marv's e-mail notice included instructions for logging into the secure [Member Area](#), and using the new Paypal payment process. You can still pay by check if you must. If you joined the club or renewed an expired membership after 11/01/06, your membership was automatically extended to 3/31/08.

This year's renewal process will not require completing a paper application, even if you pay by check. You can update your membership information on-line. If you pay by check, be sure to indicate on the check that it is for "CCC 2007 Membership Renewal". The address and phone number on the check should match your membership record. The mailing address to pay by check is: Capital City Cyclists, POB 4222, Tallahassee, FL 32315. You can e-mail [Marv](#) with any questions.

**If you have not renewed by April 15th**, you will no longer receive any of the benefits related to membership in the club. These benefits include the weekly e-news, Semi-monthly newsletter, access to the web site's member's area, and the ability to renew your membership using Paypal.

## Louis Bertrand, Montreal cycling personality, tours area

### But motorist incident jeopardizes future tourism

By David Stotts

Louis Bertrand, a former bicycle racer and current tv sports announcer in Montreal, Quebec visited Tallahassee for a week in February. Bertrand came to north Florida to escape Canada's sub-zero weather, do as much bicycling as possible and check out the area as a possible destination for potentially large numbers of snowbird Quebec cyclists.

The charming and outgoing Bertrand, who is "the Phil Liggett of Quebec television," rode a Montreal-made all-carbon bike, the Argon-18. He is a celebrity endorser of the bicycles and gets free use of the beautifully-made ultra-light machines.

His plan was to establish a base for Montreal cyclists in the Tallahassee area where they could come to ride in the winter. He intended to promote Tallahassee through his work as a well-known public figure in Quebec.

Jim Mann and I spent an enjoyable several days cycling the area with Louis, whose usual riding partners are professional racers. He took it easy on us old guys, however, as we biked around Leon, Wakulla and Jefferson counties. We rode through the Betton Hills neighborhood, over to Railroad Square, had coffee at All Saints Cafe, then out the St. Mark's Trail to Woodville where we turned onto Natural Bridge Road for a tourist stop at the battle monument. He marveled at the beauty of the canopied Old St. Augustine Road as we ascended church hill, which he found not terribly steep.

The next day, his last before dodging snow storms on the 25 hour drive back home, we rode an expanded version of the Chaires ride.

Earlier in the week, however, Bertrand experienced a scary incident with a terrorist-motorist while cycling solo in Gadsden county. On a road with very light traffic while pedaling a few inches from the edge of the pavement, he was passed at high speed by a workman's van. Although the oncoming lane was clear of traffic, the van came within

centimeters of striking Bertrand. "I thought I would never see my children again," he said in his deep French-accented announcer's voice. "He had to have seen me. It was a deliberate attack. He was saying 'I hate you.'"

The incident upset the genial Canadian to the extent that he reconsidered recommending the Tallahassee area as a cycling destination for the thousands of Montreal cyclists seeking a winter venue. "I don't want my friends killed after I tell them to come down here," he said.

We tried to reassure Bertrand that the incident was an isolated occurrence and could happen anywhere. He said that he had decided not to come back to Tallahassee until riding with Jim and me and seeing some kindler places to bike. During our two days of cycling, we had no ugly encounters with motorists, and Bertrand said that Tallahassee was back on the table for consideration as a winter haven for cyclo-tourists.

We hope you return, mon ami.



*Louis Bertrand (l) and Jim Mann in front of a metal dragon sculpture in Railroad Square. Bertrand wanted to bring Canadian bicycle tourists to Tallahassee. Photo by D.S.*

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## Thanks for joining the Capital City Cyclists

Welcome to the club members who have joined since January 1, 2007: Robert Schoggin, Christina Schoggin, Kimberly Shugar, Jack Sigler, Bill Smith, Carolyn Smith, Joe Sroka, Jonathan Van Hook, Steven Vancore, Mary Vancore, William Vice, Steven Walworth, June Wiaz, Barry Moline, Chuck Yarbrough and Bobby York. Happy cycling!

The Capital City Cyclists are a diverse lot of men, women and children. We are doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, writers, artists, police officers, retired folks, researchers, politicians, clergy, carpenters, chefs and every other societal role. We ride on the road, on the trail, to work, to school, to the store around the country and around the world. We are Tallahassee on two wheels, self-powered. We seek health, happiness, company, adventure, exhilaration, exercise and to go somewhere. We race, tour, ramble and commute.

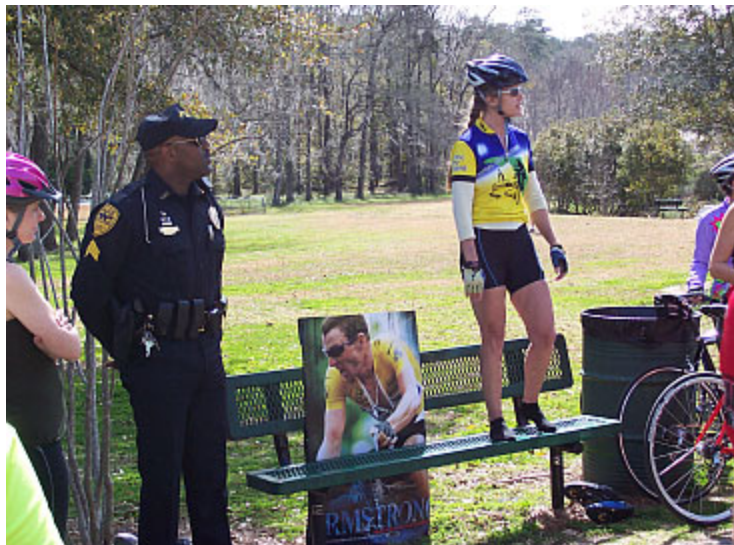
We have one thing in common: We love to ride bicycles. By joining the Capital City Cyclists, you are declaring your love of cycling. We hope your riding experience is enhanced by pedaling along with our herd of bike lovers.

# Betton Hills Ride

By David Stotts

Families from the Betton Hills neighborhood, children, young couples, pets, a city commissioner and bike club members gathered for a serene two-wheeled tour through scenic hills on a warm and sun-dappled early spring day.

Mary Kay Falconer and the Betton Hills Neighborhood Association organized the perfect pedal-fest that began on Saturday, February 24th at noon in McCord Park at the intersection of Armistead and Armstrong roads – the latter road prophetically bearing the name of the greatest American cyclist. Although the 7-time Tour de France winner couldn't attend, Mary Kay delivered her welcome and conducted a dramatized cycling safety seminar in front of a large poster of Lance.



Mary Kay Falconer (right) welcomes riders to the Betton Hills Neighborhood Ride as a TPD officer and Lance Armstrong look on. Photo by DS.



Pete Butler and Atomic teammates help Mary Kay demonstrate the principles of safe cycling with an enactment of riding single file and announcing "car back" when being overtaken by a motor vehicle. Photo by Mark Koch.

A series of three rides of increasing radii departed and returned to the gorgeous McCord Park and its placid pond, sylvan landscaping and bike path. The first ride of approximately one mile traveled around Harriman Circle and back to McCord Park. The second and third rides wove through Betton Hills, Lafayette Park, Old Town, back to Betton Hills, Woodgate, and Betton Woods for a distance of 6 or 7 miles each.



Capital City Cyclists Dave Crawford (l) and Jim Mann (r) lead the group around Harriman Circle. Photo by Mark Koch.

Tallahassee Commissioner Mark Mustian, a Betton Hills resident and advocate of livable neighborhoods and safe streets for cycling and walking, rode his bike, chatted with other riders and seemed to have a wonderful time. He had no problems climbing the hills.

Automobile traffic was light to non-existent. The few motorists who passed cyclists were polite and supportive.



City Commissioner Mark Mustian (r) pedals up the hills of his neighborhood with ease accompanied by Brook Pace (l-front) and Pete Butler (l). Photo by Mark Koch.

*continued on next page*

## Betton Hills Ride

Neil and Marien Demacali pulled a trailer containing their dog, an avid cycling passenger. Club president Mark Koch photographed the event. Greg Wilson and Chris Sands of the Bike/Walk Network were on hand with information about the advocacy organization that seeks to make sure local government continues to provide for cyclists and pedestrians. Peter Koepel, the Bicycle-Pedestrian Planner of the Capital Region Transportation Planning Agency attended. A contingent of the Atomic Race Team - including Pete Butler also of the Multimodal Advisory Committee and Eastgate Neighborhood Association - rode resplendently in their Atomic team jerseys.

Mary Kay was happy with the turnout of 40-50 bike riders, many of whom were casual beginners from the neighborhood. She said she is unsure whether the Betton Hills Ride will become an annual public event, but intends to organize regular early-morning social-fitness bicycle rides of neighbors and friends.



Photos by Mark Koch



## Capital City Cyclists Off Road 2007 Events

### Off-Road Ride Schedule

Club's rider liability release form in pdf is available for download at [www.cccyclists.org](http://www.cccyclists.org)

DATE/ TIME	LEVEL	LEADER/ PHONE	START	ROUTE/COMMENTS
Sat Mar 31 2:00 PM	All riding levels welcome with focus on beginners	Brook Pace 339-7171	Tom Brown Park - BMX track	Tom Brown Saturday afternoon ride. Ride cancelled this week - watch the schedule for updates.
Sat Apr 7 2:00 PM	All riding levels welcome with focus on beginners	Brook Pace 339-7171	Tom Brown Park - BMX track	Tom Brown Saturday afternoon ride. Please watch this schedule in case of cancellations due to bad weather or ride leader schedule conflicts.
Sat Apr 14 2:00 PM	All riding levels welcome with focus on beginners	Brook Pace 339-7171	Tom Brown Park - BMX track	Tom Brown Saturday afternoon ride. Please watch this schedule in case of cancellations due to bad weather or ride leader schedule conflicts.



# Road Ride Schedule

**A=Race(>21) B=Fast(18-21) C=Medium(15-18) D=Slow(12-14) EZ=Easy Rider(<12) YOYO=You're On Your Own**

**The Chaires and Cabo's rides are not official Club rides; are not sagged, swept nor managed; and are strictly ride at your own risk and responsibility. Maps for most rides can be found on the Club's website [www.cccyclists.org](http://www.cccyclists.org)**

RECURRING RIDES	MILES/LEVEL	CONTACT/PHONE	START	COMMENTS
Every Sat 8:00 AM	20/31/45 A B C	YOYO	Chaires Elementary School (4774 Chaires Cross Road)	All riders leave at 9:00 AM. For more information about the A ride, contact Charlie Hofacker at: <a href="mailto:chofack@nsns.com">chofack@nsns.com</a> .
Every Sun 8:00 AM	20/38/51 A B C	YOYO For information, call Peter Stone 942-9095	Cabo's Grill parking lot, corner of Apalachee Pwky & Magnolia	Cabo's Breakfast Ride B & C riders bring partner.
DATE/TIME	MILES/LEVEL	LEADER/PHONE	START	COMMENTS
Sun Apr 1 8:00 AM	TBD C D	Richard Wynn 228-3755	Bruegger's Bagels, Carriage Gate Shopping Center. Use center of lot for parking to avoid interference with bagel customers. 3425 Thomasville Road	Bruegger's (with relaxed option) - Short ride a relaxed pace. Group stays together and decides on distance.
	36 B C	YOYO with map provided		
Sun Apr 8 8:00 AM	31 C D	Roger Holdener 656-6521	Miccosukee School	Aucilla Loop
	59 B C	YOYO with map provided		
Sun Apr 15 8:00 AM	37 B C	Steve Wise 510-0164	Midway City Hall, Hwy 90 west of I-10 50 Martin Luther King Blvd	Midway-Quincy Loop
Sat Apr 21 7:30 AM	100 ALL	N/A	Quincy Recreational Center	TOSRV! - Two day ride. Regular or metric centuries to Albany, Georgia and back.
	63 ALL	N/A	Cairo High School	
Sun Apr 29 8:00 AM	23 C D	Dick Durbin 668-4336	Jefferson County Public Library - Monticello 555 South Water Street	One Legged Turtle
	36 B C	YOYO with map provided		
Sun May 6 8:00 AM	TBD ALL	Richard Wynn 228-3755	Bruegger's Bagels, Carriage Gate Shopping Center. Use center of lot for parking to avoid interference with bagel customers. 3425 Thomasville Road	Bruegger's (with relaxed option) - Short ride a relaxed pace. Group stays together and decides on distance.
	34 B C	YOYO with map provided		
Sun May 13 8:00 AM	21 C D	Tom Strazulla 539-9598	Calvary, GA. North on Hwy 27 thru Havana to Hwy 111 turn right, then 3 miles to flashing light. Turn left.	Calvary to Climax
	34 B C	YOYO with map provided		
Sun May 20 8:00 AM	21 C D	Jim Mann 422-0302	Summit East parking lot, E Hwy 90 just past I-10 on right 7775 Mahan Drive	Summit East Ride
	31 B C	YOYO with map provided		

For information on out of town rides, visit the Florida Bicycle Touring Calendar online at <http://www.floridabicycle.org/fbtc/>

## What's Inside

- 1,3 Razorback 12-Hour - Roger Hawkes
- 1,2 Sebring 12/24- Hour- Jim Russell
- 3 The Bombproof Wheel - Charles Pahl
- 4 President's Paceline - Mark Koch
- 5,6 "Sketch," part 2 - fiction by V. Losiped
- 6 Meet Maitland Jones - Mark Koch
- 7 Red Hills, Wine... -Neil "Elio" Demacali
- 7 Bike Shorts - TOSRV, Member renewal
- 8 Louis Bertrand Visit - David Stotts
- 8 Welcome New Members
- 9-10 Betton Hills Ride - David Stotts
- 10 Off-road Ride Schedule
- 11 Road Ride Schedule

## Local Upcoming Events

April 1  
April 21-22  
May 5

Blue Line 100  
TOSRV 2007  
MDA Walk/Bikathon



Capital City Cyclists  
P. O. Box 4222  
Tallahassee, FL 32315-4222

[www.cccyclists.org](http://www.cccyclists.org)

PLEASE FORWARD



*Capital City Cyclists is a member organization of the League of American Bicyclists, Adventure Cycling, the International Mountain Bicycling Association, and the Florida Bicycle Association.*

### Is your address current?

If you see a yellow label up above, we don't have your current address. You can update your address by logging onto the members area on the club's website [www.cccyclists.org](http://www.cccyclists.org).

Contact the Membership Director at [marvinr@cccyclists.org](mailto:marvinr@cccyclists.org) for further assistance.