January 1987

Whatever begins also ends

SENECA

NEW BEGINNINGS SPRING FROM THE END

PLINY THE ELDER
RIDES PROGRAM

GUIDELINES FOR CLUB RIDES

Compiled by Debbie Bell, V.P. Rides

NYCC rides are intended to be friendly group rides: we don't like to "drop" or lose anyone. However, leaders should avoid single riders whose physical or bicycle condition seems inadequate, or when this is not feasible, those whose riding ability early on in a ride seems inadequate. Our leaders are truly reluctant to do this; so please cooperate with them.

In choosing a ride note the estimated "cruising speed," listed below. This number approximates the speed of a typical rider of the indicated category while moving along a flat road with no wind or other adverse riding conditions. Average riding speed will show the effects of varying terrain.

1) Select rides within your capability. Avoid downgrading the ride for your fellow riders and stressing yourself by trying to keep up, or conversely, demanding a faster pace than advertised.
2) AA, A+ and most A rides generally maintain pacelines. If you are unfamiliar with paceline riding be prepared to learn.
3) Be on time or a bit early. Rides will leave promptly.
4) Keep your bike in good condition: both brakes working, properly inflated tires, adjusted derailleurs, no loose parts.
5) Bring water, snacks, spare tubes, patch kits, pump and lights if the ride will begin or end in the dark.
6) Eat a good breakfast.

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<tr>
<th>RIDE AND RIDER CLASSIFICATION</th>
<th>Self-Classification</th>
<th>Central Park Times</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ride Class</td>
<td>Average Speed (not incl. food stops)</td>
<td>Cruising Speed</td>
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<tr>
<td>AA</td>
<td>17+ mph</td>
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<td>A+</td>
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* New members can assess their probable riding class by riding 4 full laps around Central Park, at a pace which feels comfortable to them, and comparing their times to those listed above. Ride with other cyclists or runners; the park can be dangerous at its northern end. Central Park Boathouse phone numbers are: 650-9521; 744-9613; 744-9814. The Boathouse is located inside the Park, along the East Drive, near 72nd St.

Th. Jan. 1 \* NEW YEAR'S BRUNCH IN WHITE PLAINS. Leader: Marty Wolf (212-935-1460) From the Boathouse.

10:00 AM Start the New Year off right with an entry in your mileage chart. (No chart? I'll make copies and bring you one.) We'll leave promptly at 10 AM -- the objective being to brunch at the Flagship Diner in White Plains. Any precip. or temp. below 25°F cancels. Call Marty if you're in doubt.

Sat. Jan. 3 \* LEADERLESS "A" RIDE. Meet at the Boathouse at 9 AM.

Sat. Jan. 3 \* JANUARY DIAL-A-A*-RIDE. Leader: Alinda Barth (718-461-5612). Are you interested in riding this weekend? Although I may or may not be riding (depending on the weather), I will try to get interested riders and leaders in touch with each other. Call if the weather looks promising.

Sat. Jan. 3 \* JANUARY DIAL-A-C*-RIDE. Leader: John Mulcare (718-672-5272). If the forecast is promising, call me before 8 PM the evening before. First caller may help select destination. If I am unable to ride (not likely), I'll try to put interested riders in touch with each other. Precip., icy roads, and/or temps. below 40°F cancels.

Sun. Jan. 4 \* BED OR BREAKFAST SPECIAL. Leader: Steve Baron (212-226-6555) From the Boathouse. Last year we did our first century of the year this weekend. If the weather is abnormally warm, we'll do it again. If it's abnormally cold, we'll stay in bed. If it's in-between, well...call for details or just show up.

Sun. Jan. 4 
BRONX BOTANICAL GARDEN. Leader: Elly Spangenberg (212-737-0844) From 59th St. & Fifth Ave., Manhattan. Enjoy warmth in January during a trip to the warm climate, deserts and jungles. Lunch under orange trees at the NY Botanical Garden in the Bronx. Bring $2.50 for admission to the Garden’s Conservatory. Dress warmly for the ride, and bring a lock and lunch or money.  
Joint AYH. Any precip., temp. below 32 F, wind above 15 mph, or snow/ice on road surfaces cancels.

Sat. Jan. 10 
NORTHERN SHORTER SCHMOOZE. Leader: Susan Glaubman (718-596-0477) From the Boathouse. We'll explore some nice North Shore roads. Snow cancels.

Sat. Jan. 16 

Sat. Jan. 16 

Sat. Jan. 17 
SNOWFLAKE FANTASY II. Leader: Jay Rosen (718-857-2610) From the Boathouse. Leisurely ride to Nyack. Long range weather forecasts predict flurries again with a one-inch accumulation for an exciting return. Temps. below 20 F or greater than 2" on road cancels.

Sat. Jan. 17 

Sat. Jan. 17 

Sun. Jan. 18 
MYSTERY RIDE. Leader: Christy Guzzette (718-596-9833, day; 212-799-8293, eve.). Meet at the Boathouse for a mystery ride to ... breakfast. Bad weather cancels.

Sun. Jan. 18 

Sun. Jan. 18 
BIKE AND SWIM. Leader: Elly Spangenberg (212-737-0844) From 59th St. & Fifth Ave., Manhattan. That’s right — swimming in January. Bring your bathing suit and a towel, and we’ll ride to the Bronx and the Olympic-size swimming pool at Fordham University. Bring $5 for admission to the Vince Lombardi Sports Center, lock for bike, and lunch or money. Ride is cancelled if any of the following are forecast or exist one hour before the ride: temp. below 32 F, any precip., wind in excess of 15 mph, any snow or ice on road. Phone US Weather Bureau (976-1212) for current conditions and forecast. Be sure to wear warm clothing, including a cap to cover your ears and a pair of warm gloves. Joint AYH.

Sat. Jan. 24 
NYACK. Leader: Alan Zindman (212-989-8529) From the Boathouse. Ride to Nyack with some of my hilly colleagues. I have some that you probably would like to avoid. Start training for the Skyline Drive early.

Sat. Jan. 24 

Sat. Jan. 24 

Sun. Jan. 25 

Sun. Jan. 25 

Sun. Jan. 25 
Sat. Jan. 31 MAMARONECK HARBOR. Leader: Christy Guzzetta (718-596-9833, day; 212-799-8293, eve.). From the
9:15 AM A
Boathouse. Easy-going "B" ride to Mamaronneck Harbor. Early breakfast, 25 mi. out, in Scarsdale, then past beautiful mansions and on to Mamaronneck Harbor. Maybe even a second deli stop on the way back. Need to have a nice forecast (somewhere in the 30s to 40s, no rain, high winds or other bad stuff) to get this ride off.

Sat. Jan. 31 JANUARY DIA-L-A-"B"-RISE. Leader: Sara Flowers (212-921-4317, of.; 718-344-9168, h.). See
Sat., Jan. 3.


10:15 AM A
found a contact lens; we'll now try to find a cozy place to eat. 9 AM temp., lower than 28 F
25 mi.
or higher than 40 F, or precip. in the air or on the ground cancels. Call if a question.

Sun. Feb. 1 HUDSON IN FEBRUARY. Leader: Caryl Hudson (212-243-0763) From the Boathouse. Ride the River
6:30 AM A
Road and see if any gruunongos are out early. We'll decide where to eat on the way. Rain,
60 mi.
snow, ice, bitter cold -- the usual -- cancels. Call if doubtful.

Sun. Feb. 1 FEBRUARY DIA-L-A-"B"-RISE. Leader: Sara Flowers (212-921-4317, of.; 718-344-9168, h.). See
Sun., Jan. 3.

Sun. Feb. 1 EXPLORING SACRED SPACES, I. Leaders: Elly Spangenberg (212-737-0844) & Mark Banchik
12 noon C
(212-686-6643). From 59th St. & Fifth Ave., Manhattan. Exploring churches, cathedrals,
15-20 mi.
synagogues, and temples of various faiths in Manhattan. Easy-paced ride with stops at 2-3
houses of worship. Bring lock and dress accordingly. Temp. below 32 F, any precip., wind
in excess of 15 mph, and/or any snow or ice on road cancels. Joint AYN.

Ride Preview

July 7-14 GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, IDAHO, WYOMING, AND UTAH. Seven days of
dream cycling in some of the most beautiful country in the world. The first section is filled,
but we're working on a second section (10 people) to go simultaneously with the first. Airfare,
$266 R/T; land in Salt Lake City; leave from Jackson, Wyoming. Sag wagon and lodging,
$450. Meals extra. Initial deposit of $100 due Jan. 31. Balance due by June 1 for ground
arrangements. Airfare payment due May 15 to Guardian Travel, 777 Third Avenue, New York, NY
10017 (Valerie Rhodes, 212-686-2661). Call Art Guttering (212-415-8920, of.) or Debbie Bell
(212-864-5153, h.). B+ and above riders only.

THE JERSEYS ARE COMING! THE JERSEYS ARE COMING!!

THE JERSEYS ARE HERE!!!

The waiting is finally over! The new club jerseys will be available beginning with the January
meeting. If you paid for your jersey in advance it will be held until you can pick it up. Additional
jerseys will be available for sale while the supply lasts.

Lee Gelober

Winter Training Tips by Josh Keller

To maintain top level fitness through the winter months I have
developed the following training program after years of experi-
mentation. Follow it religiously!

1) ADJUST MILEAGE --- increase hours spent under a blanket and in
front of the television. Spend time with noncycling friends &
family.

2) MODIFY DIET --- to fight winter cold, try to gain five to ten
pounds. Increase intake of chocolate and alcoholic beverages.

I realize not everyone has the discipline to adhere to such a
rigorous program to the letter but remember every little bit helps.

A consistent and varied winter program
will improve your season by not only
building strength and endurance, but
also by improving your attitude and
motivation.

--- Connie Carpenter-Phinney
CALLING ALL B LEVEL RIDERS AND LEADERS..........................

We are having a January meeting to plan our training rides and the 1987 ride schedule. Please call Sara Flowers (212) 921-4317 days, 718/ 544-9128 evenings) if you would like to attend or offer suggestions. Call before January 24.

START THOSE DIMES AND DOLLARS COMING

Unless you've been off cycling on a distant planet for the last month or haven't read your November bulletin (tsk, tsk) you know that David Walls rode in the John Marino Open and has qualified for and will ride in the 1987 RACE ACROSS AMERICA. Besides exceptional cycling ability, (of which David has plenty), an undertaking of this magnitude takes money, (of which he needs plenty), for equipment, support vehicles, travel expenses, etc.

Let's make certain that when David rides through all of those towns and across all of those TV screens that America knows what club he rides for.

If you would like to help David in his efforts send your contribution payable to:
NEW YORK CYCLE CLUB, RAAM FUND
c/o Lee Gelobter
2686 Ocean Ave. Apt.F3
Brooklyn, NY 11229

SLIDE SHOWS -- "AT HOME"

Ivy Weinman

Karen Sauter's slide show of her solo bike-camping tour from Seattle to San Francisco was enjoyed by 15 people who responded to the notice in the Dec. Bulletin. Karen climbed many hills and captured many lovely views; all we had to do was enjoy them, with no physical effort at all.  The would-be campers among us, and the lust plain curious picked Karen's brains about her equipment, campgrounds, and details of her adventures with interesting people she met on her travels and with many of whom she still corresponds.  She had along some slides, taken the day before she returned home, for which she apologized because "...they were not really biking slides." No, they were merely about her 18 mile hike to, up, and from the famous Half Dome in Yosemite National Park. By "up", I mean she actually climbed the vertical face of the Half Dome to its very top, albeit with the help of ropes and posts which are installed on the face for adventurers like Karen.  The slides of this hike were a beautiful topping (pun intended) to an already beautiful show. Karen has plans to leave NYC area early in 1987, so we especially appreciate the time and effort she took to share her Pacific bike tour with us, "At Home."

Our next "At Home" slide show will be held at Bernie Pearlman's home, which is accessible from many subway lines. on Sun, Jan.23 at 4pm. After the show, those so inclined will have dinner in nearby Chinatown. Please call Bernie (212) 281-1235 to make your reservation and to get travel directions.

DECEMBER 1986 BOARD OF DIRECTORS' MEETING MINUTES SUMMARY

Alinda Barth, Secretary

A letter from Sara Sloan, head of the Ballot Counting Committee, with suggestions for next year's election procedure was tabled for discussion closer to election time next year.

Martha Ramos resigned as ATCC member to the Bicycle Advisory Committee.

Ed Rudatay will serve as the new member and Martha will serve as alternate.

The club's finances were discussed. A surplus of $ 300 is expected for 1986.

The Board decided to sell surplus Club jerseys for $ 37 each.

The Board reaffirmed its decision to set aside for Dave Walls' support in RAAM 87 any profits it realizes from the sale of the Club jerseys.

The next Board of Directors' meeting will be on Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1987.

TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS: I can't publish everything, BUT......I give priority to items typed on 8½ x 11 paper crossesways (in the 11" direction) because this works well with the reduction function of my copy machine.

Caryl
Tuesday, August 30, 5:00 p.m. The eastbound climb to the top of the Roc Tresvezel is lonely and hard. The full thousand feet of it are accentuated by gusty headwinds ripping across the bare aloes. The road climbs to a crest and I get a good hand; well, nobody passed me on this stretch! As soon as I start down, however, a tight pack overtakes me. I am too tired to hang on.

I want a rest. I want to lie down in the grass and watch the clouds sliding hurriedly towards the sun declining in the Western sky, to sense the freshness of the evening breeze, to let my achings muscles relax contentedly. The temptation is growing. I pedal as long as the descent continues, but as soon as it levels out, I yield. For fifteen minutes.

I am lounging on a grassy knoll overlooking a lovely river gorge, when a disciplined formation, spread out and Royal, floats majestically by on its way to Brest. We have all been roaming together in the “Foreign Compound” at the FIAPAD and I call out “Heya Sverige!” The Russian word, no doubt, was that “Heya Letland!” It’s time to get moving.

Past Huelgoet, two riders gain on me. They wear red number plates: the 4 p.m. boys. One of them is evidently hurrying. He is middle-aged, lean, stoomy, his calves practically stand away from the leg bones. The younger man is ahead, pulling; the one behind is keeping up, sometimes getting out of his saddle in order to help. Two sacrificial riders, “workers” flung by opposing clubs on to the road to pave the way to Brest for the teams. Each team would like to make it back. From the word go.

I join in. Their pace agrees with me. We are climbing up the river valley towards Carnails with no words spoken. The breathing comes hard and uneven in the effort, but it feels nice to be keeping up.

Post on the railway tracks: Carnails. It is dusk. I order a coffee and a pair of croissants at the bar; this stop will not be for long. While I am munching a tall, sandy-haired cyclo taps on my shoulder. He is Belgian and would like to trade his cap for the Star and Stripes. I want to keep them till the end of the ride to preserve appearance of identity, but would be happy to let him have the cap afterwards. He is in a hurry to get underway—his club is leaving. He wants me to keep his cap anyway. He should be arriving at Brest about 8 on Thursday morning and will be hanging around there till noon. We shake hands. He leaves and I stuff the Gold and Little “Cycles Drouant” into my handlebar bag.

Just as I am getting ready, John and Mike roll in. They stopped to eat in Landerneau and are not hungry. We set off together.

Over the viaduct and uphill; and mostly uphill; and still uphill. The land is a succession of enormous rollers rising ever higher, luxuriantly green in the bright setting sun. We enjoy roughly an hour of this drama until, by Brastemes, it becomes prudent to turn on the lights. While we are fumbling with our headshields (here comes the bungle again), a car comes lumbering out of a dirt driveway. Its occupants inquire, we mixed with interest, whether the P-P-P is really tough. (Is- ce does?) We assure them that it is.

Into the second night. It is eerie to ride in pitch darkness, where the visible world is limited to the reach of one’s headlamp. The legs feel the resistance of rising grades, the face senses the air speeding by on downhill runs; every once in a while, a road sign raises a vague from an unseen front yard, but, except for the periodic faint glimmer of distant lighting, the road stretches on and on. Our little daireness and the road surface twenty-three feet ahead, at most. From time to time, one baseline or another seems wobbling by, almost on a fresh road, no doubt, but we do not have what it would take to hang on to them. We are doing 12 mph, I guess.

We are beginning to wander all over the roadway. The downhill are never long enough and the uphill are ever more exhausting. I may the sign for St. Caradeuc and follow the road. Each disoriented and believes wherever how far from Lousidec this would place us. I claim to have seen another sign which showed Lousidec stereo. I remember that the map said 12. We get hot and testy, the dispute is cut short by a shout and a flashlight waving from the darkness, they are making sure that we do not miss the turnoff.

The control is softly lit. Cyclists are lounging and snoring in every nook. It is 11:30 and there will not be any cots until midnight, but then we will like to have food first in any case. I make the reservations and we proceed to the kitchen. Ravineuos, I pick up a steak, some potatoes and a half-bottle of Bordeaux. We eat down our condition allows. Much must be used up after the allowances eaten and turn the lights out. I toss at him to be quiet and entertain a brief thought of retribution but, happily, sleep gets the better of both of us post haste.

1986 NEW YORK CYCLE CLUB ANNUAL AWARDS

Rookie of the year
Best dressed rider
Flat queen
Flat king
Best on the road repair
New Horizons Award
Most Scenic ride: Skyline Drive
Best ride: Greenwood Lake
Comedy rider of the year
Couple of the year
Entertainer of the year
Most improved rider
Best Buns Female
Best Buns Male
Wrong way Corrigan award
Ride Leader of the year
Animal of the year
Rider of the year

Roberta R. Pollock
Tony Nappi
Claire Goldsworthy
Herb Dershowitz
Christy Gizzetta
Art Gutterding
Guttenberg, Stevart, Bell
Debby Bell, Al Plate
Caryl Hudson
Roberta & her husband (Steve)
Tony (Pasta) Nappi
Debby Bell
Julie Stevart
Christy Gizzetta
Lorenzo (Pasta) Perrone
John Mulcare
Alex Bokerman
David Wallis
ONE LESS TOY. Three months ago I reported on a friend's bike, left on a city street, locked with a Citadel. The lock was snapped off and the bike gone. I'm sorry to report a similar story about a Kryptonite lock.

One of my sons had a white Nishiki International with Brooks saddle and his social security engraved (by the police) on the bottom bracket. He left the bike, for three or four hours at a time, in front of NYU's security office, until someone slipped a piece of pipe over the end of his Kryptonite and snapped it off at the lock-in part. There is a solution to this particular problem: a plumbing joint "T" will make it impossible to break the lock in the above-mentioned way. And the "T" should only cost a couple of bucks and weigh a half-pound. Three years ago the Nishiki was insured with the new lock, and 2 years ago we had separate insurance, but those companies don't send automatic renewal notices, and last year we let the insurance lapse.

And, don't forget, if your saddle is worth $15 or more, it is also a target. Secure it with a length of old bicycle chain to the seat stays. The urban code doesn't allow thieves to carry chain tools or to use them to steal saddles.

Bikes need maintenance, and many shops run winter specials on tune-ups. Unless you have sealed head set, hubs and bottom bracket, it is probably a good idea to do this work annually. I urge you to buy a good repair manual or two for $10 or $15 and a few necessary tools as required, and do your own work. Chances are you'll do better work than the shops, and at $65 or so you'll have enough change left for double strawberries at the Flagship even after you buy tools. Next year you'll be in even better shape, of course, and can buy my doublestrawberries and French toast.

When my repair work isn't so good I blame it on inexperience, not on the lousy mechanic, but when a shop does poor work, well.....

If, finally, you have work done by a shop, be sure they do everything necessary (the lubing mentioned above) but nothing unnecessary. Look at brake pads and cables at stress points (up inside the brake hood, for instance) and replace frayed cables, and pads that are getting close to the metal. But keep in mind the axiom of the wizard of odds: IF IT AIN'T BROKE, DON'T FIX IT!

It's 1987.

Did you renew your NYCC membership?
The form is in the back cover.
Mail it or bring it to the next meeting.
Thanks,

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Bikers Oatmeal Breakfast - Distance Tested - by James Rosar

Oats are great for horses, it's where they get their horsepower, and you'll be surprised at how much mileage you'll get from a bowl of this stuff. I prefer regular rolled oats; they have a more agreeable texture than the processed instant kinds.

Into bowl-
2 1/3 cup rolled oats (Quaker Old Fashioned)
Into small pot-
2 tbs
1 c 4 oz water
1 tbs nuts (peanuts, walnuts, anything)

Bring to boil, add grains.
Simmer 5 minutes - stir occasionally.

Meanwhile - Into bowl-
2 tbs dried fruit (dates, raisins, anything)
2 tbs wheat germ

When oats are cooked, stir in fruit & wheat germ. Let stand 1 minute.

To serve, dump oatmeal into bowl, carve your moat, (doesn't anyone carve moats anymore?)
Spoon-
2 tap applesauce on top (yum)
Sprinkle-
taste brown sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg
Pour-
Cautious milk

And then - Enjoy!

This preparation is especially recommended for those bleak, blustery mornings when a portable furnace seems like a great idea. Happy Cycling!
TO SPIN OR NOT TO SPIN, THAT IS THE TOURIST'S QUESTION
Irv Weisman

Conventional cycling wisdom advises spinning (pedalling) at 80 rpm and higher. While this advice is appropriate for racers and other high performance riders, it is of questionable value for class B touring cyclists. Briefly stated, for any given speed, a lower cadence, in a slightly higher gear, is more efficient than a higher cadence in a proportionately lower gear. Spinning, in fact, is effective for an aerobic workout precisely because of its lower efficiency - it consumes more energy and stresses the heart more than does a lower cadence for the same speed.

On the other hand, a lower cadence requires higher pedal pressure, and therefore runs the risk of wrecking your knees. This, unfortunately, is what happens to many beginners who ride in their highest gear for long periods because they think it proper to push hard on the pedals in order to get exercise value from their riding. It can also happen to more experienced riders who climb too many hills with inadequate low gearing, often getting out of the saddle and "dancing" or "honing" their way up the hills. Although this hill climbing technique is more energy-efficient than is spinning, it will tire your leg muscles sooner than necessary and will, if prolonged, lead to knee damage. It should be obvious by now that we each have to make some compromise between spinning for its knee preservation characteristic despite its inefficiency; and pressing, for its efficiency accompanied by its tiring of muscles prematurely and its propensity for wrecking knees.

The long distance touring cyclist is best served by cadences between 65 and 75 rpm. This range avoids the inefficiencies of the 80 and higher cadences and also the knee-damaging cadences below 60 rpm. If high performance is your ultimate goal, then you have to train yourself to both spin faster and press harder. Spinning is the safer first approach in that it will only tire you, whereas pressing hard before you have very gradually trained your knees to withstand the higher loading will induce knee injury.

No doubt many readers are surprised at this challenge to the efficacy of high cadences. My conclusion is based on my theoretical analysis and on data taken some years ago using a Racer Mate. This winter, I hope to augment the original data with the help of three "laboratories" located in Manhattan and Queens. A data-taking session of approximately 2 hours will include two sequences of riding with a break in between. The sequences will be adapted for the different classes of riders so that for most of each run you will be well within your comfort range, and only towards the end of the runs will you be working hard, but not necessarily at your maximum. The tests will show the effect on your heart of 1) different pedalling rates for the same bike speed, and 2) increasing work load, while you maintain constant pedalling cadence. This second test is, in fact, a measure of your overall work capacity. The test results should be of interest to anyone who has an interest in his/her body's response to different workloads and riding conditions, not only to high performance riders and racers. Call for an appointment, the price is right.

The theoretical analysis and the results of this study are scheduled for presentation in my GEAR'87 workshop, "Spinning Is The Way To Go - Or Is It?" Your participation in the tests will help establish a large data base from which reliable conclusions can be drawn; I hope that you will be able to schedule a session at one of the three "laboratories" during the coming off-season. When you call to volunteer, please provide your leg length (crotch to floor), and your preference for a weekday evening or Sun. afternoon test time. The "laboratories" are at:

Ed & Sara Flowers 111-50 76 Road (4L) Forest Hills (718) 544-9168
H. Holland & R. Herbin 211 W. 106 St. (8c) Manh. (212) 666-2162
Maggie Clarke 1795 Riverside Dr. (5f) Manh. (212) 567-8272

{| Table: Trial Results 10/26/86 Approximate Distance: 17.50 miles |
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Dear NYCC,

When I wrote my postcard confessing infidelity to the club, Greg wrote back with only a slightly accusatory tone: if you're gonna cheat, at least give us a searching account so we all can enjoy it! So here you are...

On the bright yellow and orange license plates of New Mexico, it says "Land of Enchantment". I have come to whole heartedly agree. Santa Fe is a city 7000 feet above sea level and surrounded by mountains, the Sangre de Christo to the east, the Jemez to the west, and the Sandias to the south. Because of its excellent climate and rich cultural heritage (it was founded in 1609 by the Spaniards, yes that's before the pilgrims) it has become a center for the arts. The Santa Fe Opera brought me here this summer. The Opera is known worldwide for its premieres of new works and innovative performances of older ones (for those of you who spend time at the Metropolitan Opera and tire of the woofy, abused voices there, you should give this company a try).

When I first arrived in town, I began commuting to the Opera on my bike, ten miles each direction. But the Opera is on a busy highway, the main northern route to Taos and beyond, and people drive loco here—very fast—no policeman. Also New Mexico does not have an abundance of paved roads, so the ones that do exist tend to be busy highways. Where to turn for help?! Of course your local cycle club. I started riding with the Sangre de Christo Cycle Club and they showed me some wonderful spots though many you need to drive to get to. Here are a few of my favorites:

Puye Cliffs: drive to Pojoaque with the bike in the car, take the Los Alamos turnoff and make the first right after the Rio Grande River. Park and here you have a beautiful 10 mile ride and a view from the height of the mesa. From the mesa, you can see the Sandias and the Puye Cliffs appear ahead. It is another 8 miles to get there. These are cave dwellings. There are several thousand farming Indians. You can’t climb there; they’re in your bike shoes; go in the car for that. Count all your patients waiting auto. Total 40 miles if you go to the canyon and Pueblo.

Cochiti Lake: drive toward Albuquerque on I-25 and take the Cochiti Pueblo exit, drive to the lake campground and park. The road you ride on encircles the Cochiti Lake (really the dammed Rio Grande River). Ride the Dam Crest Road to the Cochiti Pueblo (20 miles) and turn around and go back the way you came. The Picacho Peak to the East and the Sandias to the South. A very scenic and totally flat ride, 40 miles total.

Lamy: if you take the Amtrak to Santa Fe, this is your stop. Ride south out of Santa Fe on the Old Pecos Trail, turn east towards Las Vegas (NM, not the famous one), then turn south towards Cycles Cores. Take the Lamy turnoff, go, here's a train station, where's the town? This is the town! There is a very old church here as most small towns have, some with huge buttresses. This is a hilly, very, very pretty ride, great for after work. 36 miles.

And these are just a few. So pack your bike and come to New Mexico. You don't have to get vaccinations and the water is safe. I've found my little spot on the face of the earth so this is a farewell, I won't be back to NYC except to visit. So make your reservations and come to the Land of Enchantment.

Beth Van Alstine

QUERY: NEW ORLEANS TO HOUSTON RIDE

Well, folks, once again the weather has gotten cold, and my thoughts are turning to a warm-weather tour this winter. I’ll probably remember my RAP (Race -- small-style, that is -- Across Florida) between Xmas and New Years a year ago. I’m going to a Biophysics meeting in New Orleans Feb 22-26, 1981, and thinking of following it up with a bicycle ride to Houston, where I have cousins. Looks like about 350 miles, and in my typically leisurely manner I’ll do it in about 5 days of cycling (fully loaded).

Now the questions:
(1) What’s the weather like down there in February? Is it really going to be Spring?
(2) Any suggestions -- roads to stay on or off? I’m thinking of heading up to Baton Rouge keeping on the East side of the Mississippi, but heading more or less due west from New Orleans looks interesting too. There seem to be few roads from Louisiana into Texas in the Fort Arthur area, and I’m a little concerned about traffic, since the area is industrial.
(3) How 'bout good eatin' places? (Cajun country and all that...)?
(4) Do you know anyone who lives along either route, and might be interested in putting up a cyclist / Biophysicist / Western-swing musician for the night?

I promise a trip report, and maybe another recipe (if I can convince Paul Bocuse to give me up...).

You can mail me a reply or call me up.... Thanks:
Peter S. Shenkin
1522 Unionport Rd. #4-G
Bronx, NY 10462
\hspace{1cm} home: (212) 829-5363
\hspace{1cm} work: (212) 280-5517
MEMOIRS OF A PARVENU CYCLIST

by Richard Rosenthal

Part I

In Detroit in the late '40s and early '50s, a young boy's thoughts, to the extent they were about transportation, were of the automobile. Body by Fisher automobile design contest, my schoolmates (in addition to Ivan Bukey) were the sons of senior executives of General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, and American Motors. (Their daughters were consigned to a sister academy.) Only recently have I learned that Detroit was a major source of outstanding cycling talent. e.g. Sheila Young, Connie Pantasavittik. I was briefly a copy boy at the Detroit Free Press, on occasion serving time in its sports department, while (also briefly) in law school. I can testify that cycling was prominent in the Motor City, where a young boy came of age knowing a car was his rightful inheritance and upon which inheritance his parents were relieved of their primary parental responsibility driving their kids. I had, as my sole mode of transportation, a car in my teens, motorcycles in my twenties, and bicycles in my thirties: I am downwardly mobile.

I recall some early bicycle riding. I recall my father's running alongside me up and down our street with a guiding hand on my seat. (The ambiguous duality of that last word is deliberate.)

I recall losing my much bigger brother's newspaper route book when he came down with the vapors or some other dubious illness for which Twentieth Century medical science has yet to find a cure. He prevailed on me by force of sheer reason--my own future good health--to take his route. I did. And, I swear, accidentally lost his route book with its notions of who got a paper and who owed how much--an early indication of my satanic business acumen since borne out in full.

I've recently seen a photograph of me, age twelve, with my bike, a three-speed Raleigh or Rudge. When it was new it had fenders, front and rear lights, a fully encased chain guard, a kickstand, and a huge tool bag. By the time the photo was taken, which could have been as soon as a week after I got it, the chain guard light, fenders, kickstand, and tool bag had been removed, the handles had been reversed into an era's downswing, and the entire bike had been made faster by the addition of horizontal white stripes of Johnson & Johnson adhesive tape around the three main metal frames. As reported in the Motor City, where a young boy came of age knowing a car was his rightful inheritance and upon which inheritance his parents were relieved of their primary parental responsibility driving their kids. I had, as my sole mode of transportation, a car in my teens, motorcycles in my twenties, and bicycles in my thirties: I am downwardly mobile.

But the fact remains that, except for the usual amount of bike riding a young boy does, I never really rode a bicycle until I was forty years old. Were it not for a single act of grace, the beginning of the end, I might never have discovered the joy of cycling in my adulthood and I will never, ever be sufficiently repayed for it.

They went on strike in 1980 and it obliged me to turn to the bike I bought during my three-year university spent in Hollywood a few years before.

It is a State of California requirement that all citizens manifest some form of outdoor exercise. I complied by buying a Schwinn LeTour at Beverly Hills Bicycles, now either out of business or worse, moved to the Valley. It being in Beverly Hills, the bike shop quoted me the price of the bike, fully assembled. I recall the bike cost $150, and sales tax ($17.50) were added. I was determined to get as much for my money as possible. And if I was going to pay top dollar for the bike (around $175 as I recall), I was going to have some real weight to show for it.

Actually, its purchase was calculated to further a relationship that, as it happened, expired after two months. I wrote to the company's headquarters for the seven months I would be whatever Trisha wanted me to be. It wasn't until a few years later that I learned how qualified she was to be an ardent of Things California as, I heard, she undertook her fourth marriage. Nevertheless, cycling remains from that relationship the longest-lasting, most positive force I've left with from any relationship.

The chain from my Schwinn derailed in the course of the bike's being moved to New York. I was completely undone by that. I mean, totally dumfounded. I caved in to total despair at ever having fixed this and so it sat, occupying 20% of my new New York apartment with me swearing that United Van Lines was going to pay plenty for this damage. I was in one of my periodic deep recessions and was in no position to pay the. I imagined, some time, Sears a few dollars to have this repaired. And, god knows, as a well-born Jew, bred of a fine Episcopalian prep school, I was utterly unprepared to fix the bloody thing myself, having neither the required knowledge or skill. So there the bike sat. Until the transit strike.

My office was only a fifteen minute walk from home (or twenty minutes by bus when they were running). But I liked the idea of wheeling a bicycle into the lobby of an office building. And I liked, maybe even coveted, an image of我自己.

Company management, eager to encourage employee attendance during the strike, suffered bikes being brought onto its floors--but only during the strike. Management did not think it a fine idea to continue this policy beyond the end of the strike. I did.

I don't mean to suggest a cause and effect relationship when I next report I celebrated my getting fired from this job some months later by taking my new Trek to job hunts, Germany, at the conclusion of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers.

I've mentioned before a new bike. I went to a bike store and presented myself to its owner for what I was: a wholly uninformed, aging tourist with no other wish in life than to go up an Alp without getting off my bike. The owner assured me he understood fully what I wanted and needed and told me to come back in a week, that my new bike would be there. The next day, he presented me with a new racing package--in the handles, with maybe twenty-three, twenty-four tooth low cog. Seems that store couldn't (and, some say, still can't) see past a racer's needs. I demurred on the bike and ripped up the Master Charge slip. The owner was still pleased. He should be. I was an easy ship. I still have the bill. Close to $100. In 1980 dollars. For a Trek, yet. Imported all the way from Wisconsin.

I was in the thrill of Trek because (then, not now) it was a small production bike with, putatively, some handmade parts, including two wheels. I delivered myself to D.J. Cycles in Bemar, two hours from New York on the Jersey Shore. I regarded traveling to anywhere in New Jersey as a sacrifice but I liked the idea of sacrificing for would be again turn to Johnson & Johnson (for my cycling needs). This customizing was prefigured: I would do to my first car a few years later to remain on the cutting edge of fashion: strip it of all its chrome and less-in the plug holes. That was cool.

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(con't)
HAPPY NEW LIFE -- HAPPY NEW E (FOR "ENFANT") RIDER

By Cyclops

ED and BARBARA MAJOR had planned to bike across the country. Instead they bought a home in Glen-dale and had "the icing on the cake" -- a 10-pound 2-ounce baby boy. Dennis Christopher was three weeks late, born on Monday, August 4, but at 6:47 a.m. -- an early riser like his father. Dad Eddie's other talents are: his job (innovative party and events lighting, like for the recent Wollman Rink opening), renovating his 100-year-old house, and gearing up his riding status to B. With such a good first baby, former medical social worker and second grade teacher Barbara has time to ride her Bianchi, converted to rollers, in the basement.

Ed and Barbara's "major" effort joins our growing E riders contingent: TONY MANTIONE's Michelle (who recently attended a club meeting), and LEE GELOSTEN'S Michael (both three years old); and LARRY REILLY and WINIFRED ZUBIN's Timothy, and LENNY LOPIENTO's Leonard Jr. -- both two years old this month.

Welcome, Dennis Christopher -- and Happy New Year, E riders, and all!

New Members

-- compiled by Irene Walter

COLVIN, Bruce
DOTT, Kathy
HOLLAND, Jessica
LUTZ, Dave
MCGANN, Brian G.
PALM, Patti
PAPPAS, Gregory
PRINCIPE, Richard

2413 E. 26 St.
225 E. 72 St. #709
155 E. 93 St. #3B
423 Hicks St.
160 E. 26 St. #6F
2120 Broadway #3
170 Ave. B #2S
210 W. 101 St. #6A

B'klyn
N.Y.
B'klyn
N.Y.
N.Y.
B'klyn
N.Y.

11235
10021
11201
10010
11106

718-934-2660
212-650-1353
212-410-3768
212-689-8785
718-956-1527

212-677-4722
212-662-6025

NEW ADDRESSES:

BEKERMANN, Alex
SPERRGEL, Howard
VOJTECH, Bill

150 E. 27 St. #L-A
30 Dogwood Lane
2214 64 St.

N.Y.
Port Washington
B'klyn

10016
11050
11204

212-213-5359
516-883-1091
718-259-3036

NYCC MEMBERSHIP AS OF 12/1/86: 644 MEMBERS
Time to Renew!

Cycle Club, Inc. New York, Cycle Club, P.O. Box 877, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

Please complete and return this application with a check made payable to the New York Cycle Club. Membership dues are $2.00 per individual, $2.50 per couple residing at the same address.

Other Cycling Memberships (circle): AMC, AVH, ARA, CCA, CEC, Other:

Where did you hear of NCC?

Published in the Bulletin semi-annually.

Circle if applicable: I do not wish to receive any mail at the address listed in the roster which is

RENEWAL

NAME OF CHECK

DATE

ZIP

STATE

APARTMENT

ADDRESS

PHONE

NAME(S)

Blames in case of accident.

As a N.Y.C. member, I accept full personal responsibility for obeying all traffic regulations.

Application for Membership in the New York Cycle Club

211 West 106 Street

New York, NY 10025

Herman Holland