

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1976

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Camb.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride, Dedham Mall, Rt 1, near Washington Street, Dedham, entrance next to Sears.

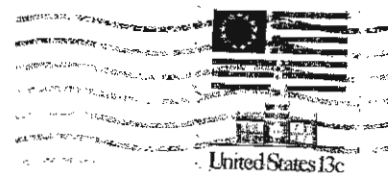
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, EVENING - Ballroom dancing at Moseley's on the Charles. Rt 1, Dedham. An hour of instruction begins at 8:00 PM followed by an evening of dancing, couples and singles. Meet at Moseley's at 8:00 PM or at club headquarters, 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge at 7:00 PM Coordinator: Ralph Galen, 354-2495 evenings.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Camb.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, EVENING - Monthly Meeting. Winter inactivity got you "out of condition"? Going to do something about it? What is being "in condition"? How do you achieve that state? Come to the February meeting and find the answer to these and your other questions about physical conditioning from a true expert.

WHEELPEOPLE

The Charles River Wheelmen
2210 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02140



10/76

JOHN J SPRINGFIELD
16 RANSOM RD. APT16
BRIGHTON, MA. 02135

NEWS, ARTICLES, CLASSIFIED ADS ... Please send typed copy by the 10th of the preceding month to the editor, Richard Mazeikus, 55 Newman Road, Malden 02148
CLASSIFIED ADS ... Free to members, 25¢ per word to dealers and non-members.

Healthful Fellowship Through Bicycling

Our speaker will be Prof. Howard Knuttgen of B. U. , noted exercise physiologist. Prof. Knuttgen will talk to us about that most extraordinary of machines (even bicycles take a very far distant second place) - our bodies. Each of us should learn something of how to keep ourselves in top working order. Don't miss this one!

Location: Round-Up Steak House, 39 Main Street, Waltham. Time: Dinner - 7:00-8:00 PM. Meeting - 8:15 PM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride. Natick Mall, Rt 9 and Speen Street, Natick. Entrance next to SEARS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26. Cross country skiing at the Leo J. Martin Golf Course, Weston. Meet at 6:30 to 7:00 PM. Leader: Mark Roseman, 723-5775.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Camb.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride. Burlington Mall, Rts 3A and 128, Burlington. Entrance next to JORDAN MARSH.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 11:30 AM - Frost Bite Ride, 2210 Mass. Ave., Camb.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, Spring Greeting Ride. Join the CRW in celebrating the vernal equinox. More next month.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION. Membership in the Charles River Wheelmen also includes membership in the national cyclist organization, League of American Wheelmen, and includes subscription to the monthly newsletters of both clubs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone _____

Single Membership - \$15.00 Household Membership - \$19.00

Any special bicycling interest? _____

Charles River Wheelmen decal - sheet of three - \$1.00

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING ...

Once again the CRW is participating in the ski touring package being offered by Lincoln Guide Service at the Leo J. Martin Golf Course in Weston. An evening's skiing on maintained trails, a lesson for the beginner and novice, and rental of skis, boots, and poles will cost approximately \$6 per person on CRW nights, January 15 and February 26. Other nights can be arranged if a minimum of 12 persons can be gotten together. If you have any questions about alternate nights or if weather conditions will allow skiing, call Mark Roseman 723-5775 evenings. Mark will also be having some trips to other ski areas, probably overnights, but because weather conditions prevent any long range planning, it would be necessary to call him during the week if you would like to go. The latest word on any skiing activities can be had by calling the CRW COLD LINE, 723-5775 evenings. Please call Mark, or his recording machine days, if you plan on skiing on CRW nights so the size of the crowd can be judged.

A MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT RALPH:

I have enjoyed serving as your president this past term of office and am hopeful that some of our goals have been accomplished. Please be assured that I will work with the incoming president whomever he or she may be so that there will be continuity and continued growth of the CRW.

There is one program that I had hoped to institute during my term of office that for one reason or another didn't get started; that is a Blood Program with the American Red Cross. As most of you know, a donation of one pint of blood will guarantee unlimited use of the blood bank for one year for that person should the need arise. Even if the donor doesn't require this protection the gift of blood is the "gift of life."

If the 1976 officers wish to start a blood donor program and assign the chairmanship to the immediate past president, I will be pleased to serve as the first blood donor chairman.

May I thank each of you in the club for your support to both the goals of the CRW and the LAW, and to myself. You have been a tremendous group of people to work with.

FROST BITE RIDES - For the last few weekends the temperature has been about or below freezing, just the kind of weather for a Frost Bite Ride. Where have all the riders been? On January 9 only three riders showed up, on January 18 only two ... Why do you think we call them Frost Bite Rides???

WALTHAM CYCLE - We would like to extend our special thanks to Phil Robinson of Waltham Cycle, 723 Main Street, Waltham, for donating the beer for the last CRW Beer Party at club headquarters. Phil has also operated a sag wagon and refreshment stop for the last few Century Rides. Thanks again, Phil.

A FALL TRIP - Part III. John Vanderpoel

My second week of riding began with entrance onto The Skyline Drive. This drive runs the length of The Shenendoah National Park connecting directly to the Blue Ridge Parkway at the south end and going generally in a north-northeast direction. It has but two crossing highways during its full length, so once on it, the cyclist is pretty much confined to park facilities for support. There are two or three places where one may camp, but these are quite far apart in terms of hours on a bicycle. It is possible to get a "bush-whacking" permit from the rangers and camp anywhere along the park, but one must get more than 100 yards off any road or path. I did not use this privilege because then I would not be able to get breakfast upon arising. My first day on the Skyline Drive saw me get only 63 miles because at 3 p. m. I would never have made the next campsite. It turned out to be a welcome rest as I was able to get a shower and do my laundry in public facilities. I do not have any experience in public campsites, and my night was not a particularly pleasant one. Late arrivals - invariably without a muffler - roared through the campsite looking for an unoccupied spot until almost midnight, however, the adjacent hotel had fine food, and even beer. Tuesday I kind of stalled a little bit as I was approaching Hershey, Pennsylvania and the antique car flea market too quickly. It was not to start until Thursday. The balance of the Skyline Drive was largely downhill, as I had been lucky enough to sleep at just about the high point of the park. On the way out I met the only touring cyclists of the whole trip. They were a honeymooning couple on a tandem just a few miles inside the park and facing a tough ten miles of uphill slogging before getting to a level patch of any kind. I almost hated to answer their question on the subject. Front Royal, the exit from the drive, looked a bit too touristy for me, so I pressed on ^{to} Winchester, ending the riding day at about 4 p. m. and 72 miles. Wednesday somehow I made the mistake of not getting a proper intake of salt at breakfast, and by 2 p. m. I had some severe cramps in my legs, but once again I was lucky and passed a public country club where I was able to get a hamburger on which I loaded a great deal of salt. After a half hour I was well enough to proceed and arrived in Carlisle, Pennsylvania in late afternoon. Carlisle is the home of the Army War College (97 miles) so I stopped in and got a fine room in their transient quarters. Later at the Officers Club I met a man of over 70 who rides his three-speed Raleigh all the way to Florida every December. I wish I could remember his name. Thursday dawned in pouring rain and I departed for Hershey at about 9 a. m. When I got there a few hours later, 2000 flea market booth operators and 15,000 potential customers were slogging around in mud which was destined to get much deeper in the next two days which were also rainy.

I had an appointment to see an antique "hobby-horse" supposedly made in 1818 in Belgium, but it was most difficult to view properly with both of us under a canvas in the back of a pickup truck. I finally was to conclude that it was not really what it was supposed to be, and went on my way finding a small and rather old motel on Rt 443 in the direction of Stroudsburg (78 miles). This road is roughly paralleled by an Interstate Highway on the south and by Rt 209 with very heavy trucking on the north. While dining that night my lightweight Michelin rear tire gave up

the ghost and blew out. It had only about 800 miles on it, but with a Silka pump, I couldn't get to the 90 pounds of pressure recommended, so it appeared to have chafed on the flange of the rim and the sidewall parted just outside the bead. I didn't discover this until Friday morning which was a blow as it was still raining and there was no restaurant in the morning, so breakfast was miles away;. About 20 miles before getting to Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, my route joined up with Rt 209 and I got a taste of what might be in store all the way to Port Jervis, New York. The truck traffic was very heavy in both directions, and though the road was four lanes, the breakdown lane was virtually unrideable. It was cracked concrete with much glass and many potholes. I rode into Stroudsburg looking over my left shoulder every few seconds and getting onto the breakdown lane if a truck was coming. Many times I actually had to come to a halt because of the condition of the road. In Stroudsburg I asked advice on other roads into Port Jervis. The best advice seemed to be to go over the Delaware Water Gap into New Jersey and ride up to Port Jervis on that side of the river through a State Park. The way to New Jersey was only by Interstate Highway, but fortunately there is a toll bridge there and a footpath at its edge. The toll taker said I could ride the footpath if I assured him I would get off right across the bridge. I now had about 48 miles to go to get to Port Jervis, and though it was after one o'clock, I felt enthusiastic about the ride along the river through the park. The road was not actually drawn on my map, and it wasn't more than a mile later that I realized this was to be no easy, level ride.

The road climbed all sorts of bluffs away from the river and returned to the river with the loss of all the hard-won altitude. When I thought I must be almost to Port Jervis from the condition of my muscles, hikers on the road assured me it was 30 miles to my destination. Incidentally, this is the third day of continuous rain, and this is where I broke my first spoke (rear, freewheel side naturally). I didn't fix it, but only trimmed the wheel with the other spokes, arriving just before dark at the Holiday Inn in Port Jervis. I would have passed up this motel for a less expensive one, but my morale was at a pretty low point, so I settled for the "cheapest" room with the foldaway bed in a couch. I had ridden 113 miles for the longest leg of the trip so far.

Saturday dawned with more rain as I started out on Rt 6 for Bear Mountain Bridge and Connecticut, but I had slept well and my spoke was replaced, so all was well. About 11 I entered the Bear Mountain State Forest just below the Military Academy at West Point. Because of a football game and some road construction I wound around a detour with hundreds and hundreds of cars on very narrow steep roads. It was at this time that I broke my rear brake cable. If it hadn't been raining, I would have fixed it then and there, but by keeping my speed to that of the car traffic instead of zooming ahead on the down grades, I felt I could still be safe and get to shelter for the repair. Finally, near the bridge there was an open construction shed where I retired to get my bike in order again. Over the bridge the detour continued, but instead of 4 miles into Peekskill, it was about 10 hilly ones.

After lunch I pressed on feeling that I could get to Watertown, Connecticut before dark, the entire ride of the day taking place on Rt. 6 except for the detours. Along about 5 p. m. when I was getting quite tired, Rt 6 merged with Interstate Rt 84. That was a blow because by now I was committed to Watertown where I had friends and could stay the night in cheap luxury. What to do? I asked in a gas station about the character of the road for the next few miles and found it was generally a down grade, and with a well surfaced breakdown lane, so I hurled myself down the road for about 5 miles and exited before getting in trouble with the police or anyone else.

Dark did catch me this night and I had to put on lights for the last few miles to my friend's house (117 miles). Sunday was finally a good day and I set out for Holyoke, Massachusetts via the western edge of the Connecticut River Valley which is generally flat and easy riding. I crossed the river on Rt 9 at Hadley and dropped down a couple of miles to the home of Roger Johnson who has a fine collection of antique bicycles and tricycles. I had merely stopped to discuss the possible restoration of one of Roger's machines, but conversation and the things to see were so interesting, that I stayed from three in the afternoon until almost 11:30 the next morning. My Sunday mileage was a short 76. By Monday noon I was in Amherst and climbed that 5 mile hill to Pelham returning home from there on Rts 202 and 2A, a distance of about 84 miles. The total mileage for a great trip amounted to 1363 and was accomplished in something under 14 days of riding.

WANTED

Would the person who wanted info on a bike route across the state please send me their name and address again - I'm sorry but I misplaced the original. My favorite route is Rt 9 from Pittsfield to Worcester, not as hilly and narrow as Rt 2, nor as heavy with traffic as Rt 20, the other obvious choices. In fact, Rt 9 is a very nice road - even spectacular in places and it goes through many small towns. East of Worcester try to connect with Rt 30 (becomes Commonwealth Ave) - the only civilized route to Boston.

TRADE

Campy Record 165 mm cranks. Want to trade for 172.5 mm. Joshia Ostroff, 647-4255.

FOR SALE

Chrome 23" track bike, all Campy Pista, Beautiful, road set-up, \$200. John Symonds, 492-7961.

GB Alloy stem 70 mm, will fit French steering tube, \$5.50. Dick Talbot 973-5581 days, 449-3792 eves.

Custom-built 20-speed touring/commuting machine, using SA 5-speed internal gearing +4 external rear cogs; no front derailleur necessary. Gears range from 30 to 110, with useful gears throughout. No derailing necessary in city traffic. Specs: 23" newly-painted black English frame with chrome-tipped fork, alloy clinchers, bars, brakes, carrier, and kickstand, plus a new Spanish leather seat, \$155. Call Jim Berger at 353-1214.