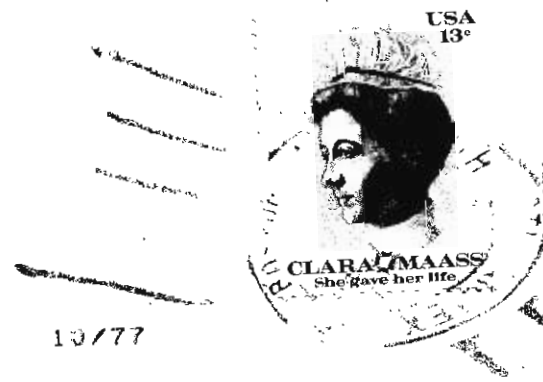


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WHEELPEOPLE

The Charles River Wheelmen
 2210 Massachusetts Avenue
 Cambridge, MA 02140



JOHN J SPRINGFIELD
 16 RANSCM 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 Rd., Malden 02148.

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

Healthful Fellowship Through Bicycling

CHARLES RIVER WHEELMEN
2210 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE, MA. 02140

DECEMBER, 1976

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 10:00 a.m. John Vanderpoel, recently returned from his flight school reunion (tell us all about the trip, John), will lead a 25 mile ride beginning at the Minute Man statue, Lexington Green, and passing through Carlisle, Concord and Lincoln. Leader: John Vanderpoel, 1-369-7237.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 9, 7:30 p.m. Meeting of the Board of Directors and others interested in getting involved in the affairs of the CRW. Many committee positions are open. We will be getting together at the Harvard Community Health Plan's Lunchroom at 1611 Cambridge St., Cambridge, between Harvard and Inman Squares.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 12, 10:30 a.m. Meet at the Westbrook Village (formerly Hancock Village) Shopping Center, VFW Parkway (Rt. 1), half mile south from West Roxbury Parkway, West Roxbury. This is the last of the regular rides of the season and will be about 20 miles in length. The pace will be relatively slow to allow for some rubbernecking as this promises to be a somewhat unusual ride. The ride will terminate at our ride leader's home where refreshments will be available to our hearty, hungry and, most likely, chilled riders. Leader: Erving Pfau, 969-5965.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 19, 11:00 a.m. Frostbite ride starting from club headquarters at 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 26, 10:30 a.m. Frostbite ride, starting from the Duck Feeding area at Norembea, Routes 128 and 30, Auburndale (Newton). Leader: Dick Buck, 923-8900

SATURDAY JANUARY 1, 10:00a.m. Join us on our annual New Year's Day Ride; a little something to clear the cobwebs out of the head and the cotton from the mouth. This year's ride, 30 to 40 miles, will go out to Nahant and much of the route will be over roads not used on previous CRW rides. If the weather is nice enough we will continue on to Swampscott before returning to Malden. The meeting place is new- Malden Cycle Center Commercial Street, (next to Malden MBTA subway station), Malden. It's a Schwinn dealer so look for the sign. Leader: Richard Mazelkus, 332-5569

SUNDAY JANUARY 2, 11:00 a.m. Frostbite Ride,

beginning from club headquarters, 2210 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

During the usual preparatory comments on the ride that was about to start several weeks ago, the ride leader made a comment that he did not intend to stop for stop lights or stop signs as he considered them to be "a lot of nonsense", or words to that effect. He went on to advise that the other riders could do what ever they wanted to do about these annoyances. Well, I wish to make it perfectly clear that this does not represent the official position of the Charles River Wheelmen.

As a club whose primary concern is the promotion of safe, pleasurable bicycle sport it is impossible to divorce ourselves from the body of laws and regulations governing the shared use of public roadways. There are many of us who believe that such roadways must be maintained for all vehicles without restriction - yes, possibly even on so-called limited access highways if bicycle travel is limited to the shoulders. To openly advocate that bicyclers need not bother to obey the vehicle codes is to invite our critics to mandate us off the road and onto bicycle paths or sidewalks as has already happened in some localities around the country.

Safe cycling can best be brought about in several ways. First, through enlightened legislation such as the "Bicycle Bill Of Rights" which was introduced into the Massachusetts legislature by Senator William Saltonstall and which became law in January, 1974. Secondly, funding must be made available in order to enforce this legislation. This is the factor which probabay makes the 1974 bill ineffective, since money is needed to create the enforcement procedure - until tickets, approved by the courts, are developed and the police instructed on their use, nothing much is going to happen. Third, if you disagree about certain aspects of vehicle code pertaining to bicycles and you have some convincing arguments as for example, making a right turn on a red light - let's see what can be done about changing the law. And finally, by rigid observance of the vehicle code - and being very visible in this observance - we not only protect ourselves and set a good example to other cyclists' but we educate the motorist to anticipate the bicyclists intentions whereas now the motorist only knows that a cyclist's movements on the roadway are erratic at best.

NEW YORK TO BOSTON IN 17 1/2 HOURS

by Richard Talbot

The following is an account of a trip taken earlier this year by two CRM members, Don Burch and Dick Talbot. Don lives in Hyannis, Massachusetts and is one of CRM's first members. In addition to this ride, Don also made a stab at a Bicentennial Transcontinental record to break the current record of 20 days. To accomplish this feat, he would be required to maintain an average 167 miles per day. This pace was successfully maintained from Los Angeles to Kansas before Don ran into extremely poor weather conditions which forced him to drop his pace and finally abandon the ride in St. Louis, Missouri.

Dick is probably best known to CRM members through the numerous articles he has published in this newsletter. One of the most notable of these described his interest in the Triple Century (300 miles within 24 hours) which he has completed in less than 20 hours. He is also the founding father and major domo of a group of ardent touring cyclist in his home town of Needham, Massachusetts. And now their story:

Don and I had finished squeezing the last few pounds of air pressure into our tubulars. Our pannier-mounted day packs were filled with fruit, water bottles had been topped, and we were making a final inspection of our room prior to checking out of Midtown Manhattan's Statler-Hilton. It was 3:40 a.m., Sunday, June 13.

The night had not been a restful one for either of us. We had laid awake most of the night; anticipation of the 240 mile ride ahead, from the heart of the Big Apple-Pennsylvania Station - back to Boston's South Station, and the street sound of the world's fifth largest city stimulated us to the point where sleep had been a virtual impossibility.

The previous days' five hour rail trip from Boston had been pleasant but uneventful, having sped through Rhode Island and coastal Connecticut on Amtrak's train number 171, The Southern Crescent.

Don and I mused on how different our return trip would be, when our bodies would be called upon to supply the sole source of motive power and our senses would be fully stimulated by the sights, sounds, odors and physical exertion which characterize all long distance cycling events. As our train roared through the industrial cities of Bridgeport and Norwalk, then into New York, our conversation turned to a multitude of questions concerning our venture. Would the weather hold? We had no foul weather gear. Had we sufficient spares? We each carried 3 tubulars. Would traffic be a problem? We had selected Sunday morning as the optimum time to traverse Manhattan's streets. Had we taken sufficient tools? (8 spokes, 1 spoke wrench and a spanner between the two of us). Lastly, what about major equipment breakdowns or personal emergencies?

We had made no provision for a support car or sag wagon so we would make it solely on our own or not at all.

Our train trip had been preceded by a 13 mile bike ride into Boston's South Station from my home in suburban Needham. After a humorous search for the old rail terminal's mens room, which was cleverly concealed on the 2nd floor, we slipped out of our cycling togs, changed into street clothes, checked our bikes through Amtrak's baggage handling system and boarded the 9:40 a.m. for New York. Kudos to Amtrak- For the modest fee of \$3.00 our bikes arrived with us at Penn Station without a scratch. Not wanting to press our luck we persuaded the freight handlers to relinquish our machines at the station platform. We gladly carried them up two flights of stairs to busy 7th Avenue and into the Statler-Hilton, our home for the night.

Our arrival at the hotel's lobby, bikes in tow, caused little stir and outside of having to utilize the service elevator to get the bikes and ourselves to our room, the check-in was accomplished without a hitch. However, we did get some incredulous stares from guests who just couldn't believe anybody, especially two middle aged men, could possibly ride bikes from New York to Boston in less than a day.

Our return route had been carefully mapped to, hopefully, carry us back to Boston with a minimum of exposure to motor vehicle traffic. We would leave Manhattan Island by paralleling the Hudson River as far to the west as possible, then, once north of the Harlem River, swing eastward across the Bronx to U.S. 1, The Old Boston Post Road. Heading north into Connecticut we planned to continue on U.S. 1 to New Haven and head northeast on Route 17 crossing the Connecticut River at Middletown. Beyond Middletown the Nutmeg State becomes rural and very hilly. Through this region our route would take us on Highway 66 and Connecticut 6 through the heart of the Hatcham and Goodwin State Forests on a road noted for its long pulls and sweeping downhill runs. At North Woodstock we hope to pick up Route 137 following it into Massachusetts. The only wrinkle was that to gain access to 137 we would be forced to use unmarked country roads. The remaining 60 miles to Boston would be ridden on Massachusetts Route 18, a meandering country highway, and a thirteen mile portion of the Worcester Turnpike, Route 2.

As we had no support vehicle we planned to stop at restaurants and markets along the way for food and drink. While this is a rather time consuming process and would necessarily increase the overall transit time it met our criteria that the ride be primarily a training run for the upcoming USCF 24 hour time trials to be held in Onondaga, New York and not an all out effort to set any particular point to point speed record. Besides, our early planning for the trip had been based on a desire to do it just for the joy of cycling. As we are both competitive cyclists we knew the hills would give us plenty of miles to work up a good lather while the stops could be used to enjoy the scenery, something racers barely get an opportunity to do. Being ardent time trialists, we did agree not to draft one

another and to maintain a minimum distance of four bike lengths between us so as to keep the trip an individual effort.

With the last few details of our hotel check-out completed we strapped on leg lamps, posed for a few snapshots in the Hilton lobby and in front of the adjacent Penn Station, then pushed off, south bound on 7th Avenue. Arm warmers were the order of the day as a 60°F breeze chilled our bare legs. Swinging right onto 32nd Street I glanced back to see Don picking up his pace six bike lengths behind. The Penn Station clock registered 4:00 a.m. as we turned northward onto 8th Avenue it became apparent we had made some erroneous assumptions regarding Manhattan night life. Instead of a near deserted street we found 8th Avenue swarming with taxis and teeming with pedestrians. After twenty blocks of fender jockeying with careening cabs, a series of unplanned sprints, and a good deal of survival-dictated bike handling to avoid numerous pot holes, steel excavation plates, the ever present glass and assorted debris (some of it the two legged variety) we reached Central Park and wheeled up Broadway.

Above 150th Street Broadway becomes cobblestone, mixed with patches of concrete and asphalt. Glass chips in the cobblestone chinks reflected brightly in the light of streetlamps as we maneuvered to avoid most of the rough spots. Ahead in the pre-dawn light loomed the bridge which crosses the Harlem River. Eager to be off the island we quickened our pace and sped over the water boundary separating the Bronx from Manhattan.

Unfortunately, in the dim light, I had failed to spot the massive bridge expansion joint which nearly pitched me over the bars. I yelled back to Don but, too late, as I heard him barrel over the same trap. Once on smooth pavement my heart sank. A pronounced thump was making itself known on every revolution of my rear wheel. Pulling up to inspect the damage confirmed our worst fears. A four inch sector of the rim had been flattened by the impact. Several spokes had been stripped and the wheel was severely twisted out of alignment. Working desperately for over an hour with only a spoke wrench and bare hands we managed to straighten the rim enough so it would pass through the rear stays. The rear brake calipers had to be opened completely, rendering them useless, in order to allow the wheel to rotate.

At 5:40 a.m. on a Sunday morning, at 225th Street in the Bronx with no bike shops open, with 220 miles to go and no sag wagon there was really no choice but to proceed. Spinning smoothly to avoid further spike stress and carefully riding the smoothest portions of the road, we continued. A little experimentation revealed a constant speed of 18 to 20 mph seemed to dampen the vibrations to a tolerable level and we continued at a brisk pace.

We crossed the Bronx on Gun Hill Road then headed north on U.S. 1 into Palham Manor. Our arrival there was heralded by the incessant barking of attack dogs freely roaming the auto salvage yards that lined both sides of Boston Road. Luckily

most of these canines were contained by high security fences. Not so those patrolling the numerous gas stations. A few of the latter charged us. Don, riding in the trail position, took the worst of it. A combination of loud yelling, brandishing of pumps and at least a few prayers kept them at bay.

With the sun now fully risen and the road ahead free of all traffic our spirits lifted as we enjoying the hypnotic effect of a smooth cadence and the sound of our tubulars singing over the pavement. Sweeping down a long hill into Hamaroneck our tranquility was shattered by the presence of a half dozen police cruisers and the local constabulary suodning what appeared to a mini-riot at an all night dinner. We kept pedaling.

My jackhammer ride was a constant reminder of how tenuous our position was. On the down hill runs I knee-braced the top tube and watched the rear stays vibrate wildly. It would only be a matter of time before that pounding loosened more spokes or blew a tire.

In Stamford we pulled up to eat and Don placed a call to a cyclist friend in Norwalk. It was agreed that we would continue northbound on Route 1 and Don's friend would head south with a replacement wheel for me.

The wheel change was accomplished at the Darien Howard Johnson restaurant thanks to the kindness of Duane Thompson who, at 7:00 a.m., left his home in Norwalk, with his tandem wheel in hand. The 40 spoke, cross four was a welcome sight after 33 miles of riding on a bent rim. After mounting the borrowed wheel and leaving my damaged one behind we pushed off again much more confident of reaching Boston that day.

A beautiful morning greeted us as we pedaled onward through Bridgeport, Stratford and Milton. We found that riding US 1, which passed through the very center of every city, allowed us to savor the character of each community. In essence our route became Main Street U.S.A. We glided by early morning churchgoers, passed close by the town halls, fire stations and commerical districts as the still near empty road remained a pleasure to ride.

Skirting Interstate 95 for mile after mile the Old Post Road carried us towards New Haven. How different the cyclist's view of these old New England towns than that of the super-highway-addicted motorist, just a few hundred feet from us. He in his totally alien and artificial environment, we in complete harmony with our surroundings feeling the wind rush by our bodies, our senses alive with the sights, sounds and odors of the real world.

At New Haven Route 1 seemingly evaporated at a redevelopment site, apparently deemed such an unimportant and little used road by the superhighway planners as to not merit adequate signing. It was at this very location we had hoped to pick up Route 17. Without guide signs we now became as confused as the citizens who were trying to guide us, missed 17 completely, and ended up in North Haven several miles off our course. A brief stop for guidance at

John's "Gas World" set us straight but not before John, the owner, jokingly requested that next time we bring our cars "with empty tanks."

Heading eastward out of North Haven we ascended the first of what would be a seven hour continuum of hills, hills and more hills. Reaching Route 17 at Northford, we stopped for a delicious vanilla milk shake at Daisy's Ice Cream parlor before starting the climb to Middletown. Despite the hills Route 17 turned out to be an excellent cycling road with smoothly surfaced, well marked shoulders approximately two to three foot wide. Beads of perspiration started to form as increased pedal pressure announced the larger hills, each longer and steeper than the previous one. Connecticut's hill country was indeed giving us a strenuous work out but we soon psychologically adjusted to the effort and, as is so often the case in cycling, our bodies took each new ascent in stride until the hills became a non-event.

Besides, we were becoming engrossed the lovely countryside and pastoral setting. It was a scene which sharply clashed with our still fresh memory of Manhattan and the industrial cities of southern Connecticut.

Finally we were in the Connecticut Valley on the outskirts of Middletown, appropriately named as it marked the approximate midpoint of our journey. While stopped at a grocery for fruit Don experienced his one and only flat. My single puncture would occur just 20 miles from here.

Crossing the Connecticut River we stopped at the bridge for a few snapshots then started our climb out of the river valley on Route 33. Again we were into the hills, only this time the landscape was more rural consisting of state forest lands and an occasional farm, country much like that of the western portion of our native Massachusetts. Stores were few and far between. At several of these we were pleased to meet local cyclists who advised us of road conditions ahead and wished us luck.

It was 3:30 p.m. when we arrived in Williamantic. Spotting a wayside restaurant we scrubbed off our road grime and set down to our only real meal of the entire trip. It was just a cheeseburger but it tasted better than filet mignon.

Continuing northward on Route 6 we reached Route 193, following it through the Hatching State Forest. Soon we would be on unmarked country roads so we stopped to inquire locally for what we hoped would be accurate directions. Unfortunately we were thrown a curve and after wandering for 40 minutes on unmarked roads spotted a route indicating we were headed south.

Sighting a farmhouse on the otherwise desolate road we decided it was time for more information. After a very cordial greeting by Bob Frink and his son Niel (plus two very well behaved farm dogs) we were treated to some good New England water and told we were in North Woodstock. We

were just a few miles from Route 197 and the Massachusetts border.

Passing over the Massachusetts border we pedaled into the town of Webster. There was a definite chill in the air now as we pulled into a doughnut shop for hot coffee and milk topped off by the last of our oranges. The shop was filled with customers anxious to hear about our trip and all asking how was it possible for us to have left Manhattan that morning and still be fresh enough to make Boston, some 60 miles distant, that night. Anxious to avail ourselves of the now rapidly diminishing sunlight we said our farewells and checked our machines in the now frigid evening air. I make a mental note to never again travel without a windbreaker as I enviously watched Don zipper up.

As we pedaled off on Route 16 chill breezes seemed to tear through my cycling jersey and arm warmers leaving goosepimples all over my body. Outside the Webster town limits we again started the ascent of the first of three very long climbs through the Douglas State Forest. This time the climbs were most welcome as the exertion built up body heat and thoroughly warmed me.

Darkness overtook us at Uxbridge as we somehow missed a turn and became disoriented. A stop at the local police station set us straight but now a new problem had developed. My leg lamp failed. No amount of adjusting hanging, etc. could get it going and after a few choice comments on the poor design of leg lamps (literally cursing the dark) we pushed on. Don, whose leg lamp was operative rode six bike lengths behind to prevent us being over run from the rear. I remained at the front trying to stay on the road with only the now faint beam of my head lamp to guide us. Lighting problems made the last forty miles difficult.

Route 16 has few street lamps and for long stretches we were forced to keep to the center of the road for fear of riding off the shoulder. As our guide we used the barely discernible midnight blue strip of sky illuminating the tree tops which lined both sides of the road. It was an eerie feeling, gliding along in the moonless night. When headlights of approaching cars illuminated the road we would swing to the shoulder until they passed. Invariably motorists approaching from the front would hit their high beams, temporarily blinding us and making the situation all the more dangerous. The well lighted streets of Milford and Holliston were a welcome respite from the nerve wracking darkened stretches of 16. It wasn't until after the ride that Don confided he had been unable to see me much of the time and his only warning to prevent an overtaking collision had been the audible tick of my cyclometer. This, plus disciplined bike handling learned on the pace line, carried us safely into Wellesley with only thirteen miles to go.

Turning on to brightly lighted Route 9 we picked the pace up to race speed, practically sprinting the last few miles over the Hub's cobblestone streets, and completing the final stretch in thirty five minutes flat.

As we guided our bikes into the middle of the now

deserted South Station concourse the big clock registered 11:40 p.m. My cyclometer completed its last rotation: we had covered 234.2 miles since our departure from Penn Station that morning. Eliminating the 2 hour delay at the start for repairs to my damaged wheel revealed we had covered the distance in 17 1/2 hours, a time which included all meal, maintenance, rest stops. We shook hands across our handlebars while an Amtrak maintenance man snapped our picture to record the event.

A brisk ocean breeze was sweeping off Boston Harbor as we wheeled our bikes outside the terminal, each of us savoring the feeling of accomplishment that accompanied the completion of our trip. It was a moment to remember.

PRODUCT NOTE

Some time ago, I described my early experiences with "The Seat" by Cool Gear. After riding about 4000 miles on it I decided that: 1) It was only a slight improvement over my old Brooks Pro seat. 2) Seat tension should not be too tight for a comfortable ride. 3) The yellow nylon cover was necessary to allow one's clothing to slide on the plastic seat. Last Thursday, at the end of the Thanksgiving morning ride, I added a fourth observation - the seat frame is inadequate. As I was riding I noticed that the Seat had tipped forward so that I was almost sliding off of it. After carefully negotiating my way back home I attempted to release the clamps of my Campy seat post to remove the seat. Alas, the frame came apart and was in two pieces, cleanly cracked at the four ends of the clamps. This, mind you, is the new 1978 improved model of "The Seat" which, along with other advertised improvements, includes a heavier, stronger frame construction.

Therefore, all you "The Seat" owners, you are advised of a potentially dangerous (uncomfortable?) situation. I would recommend that you remove your seat and carefully inspect the frame for any cracks or signs of metal fatigue. If you find anything bring it immediately to your dealer for replacement. At the price charged for "The Seat" you deserve better.

CLASSIFIED ADS

for sale: Schwinn Super Sport 24" chrome moly frame, Sears baby seat, Weinmann rims, brakes, Huret rear dropouts. 35 pounds light. Nice riding. First \$100. Call 596-5123

for sale: Weyless rollers with speedometer, \$100.00 (I made a mistake and somehow got two sets). Clement 50 tires aged in the dark for one year \$12.50 each. Miscellaneous Campy parts and one set of Phil hubs. Inquire of John Vanderpool, Concord, Mass. Tel 390-7257.

FOR SALE

Fuji Touring Bicycle - 24 inch frame

This all yellow touring bicycle was owned by Patricia Goodwin and was used for one week in Homestead, Florida at the Rendezvous. It includes new high pressure tires (25lbs) a rear rack and water bottle. Asking price is \$50 or best offer. Also one pair of cycling shoes, size 10 (new). Best offer.

To see this excellent buy call Ralph Galen at 354-2495 days or evenings. If you wish to write to Pat she can be reached at 720 N.E. 7th Street, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060. Tel: (305) 942-1629.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Single Membership \$15.00 Household Membership \$19.00

Any special bicycling interest _____

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

East Coast Bike Trail, set of 21 maps, \$4.35 postpaid from editor.