

# RCC News



The Newsletter of the Redmond Cycling Club Volume 9, No.14

September, 2001

## Meetings & Events

Mark this date on your calendar:

**General meeting: Oct. 2, 2001**

MIAROMA

7614 NE Bothell Way,  
Kenmore (425-486-6200).

Social meeting starts at 6:30 PM,  
business at 7:00 PM.

## 2001 RCC Officers

### President:

George Thornton, 206-283-3057  
rdyabout@seanet.com

### Vice President:

Tom Killion, 206-418-0870  
tkillion@gte.net

### Treasurer:

Charlie Buchalter, 425-743-0483  
charlie@atoc.com

### Secretary:

Amy Harman  
aharman@earthlink.net

### Social Director:

Greg Sneed, 206-784-1265  
gr8tandem@home.com

### Newsletter Editor:

Linda Knapp, 206-524-9630  
lknapp@home.com

### Webpage at:

<http://www.redmondcyclingclub.org>

### Email List at:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/rcc-riders>

## Message from the Prez....

by George Thornton

Those who know me, also know my riding schedule has suffered in the recent past from the horrible dual scourges of work and travel. I have not been able to participate in my favorite rides, STP one day and RAMROD, because I have not had the time to train for these events. It was with some relief earlier this summer that I passed a major hurdle in work and was able to gain some free time. My wife and I went to Sun River, Oregon for a week of R and R.

The Mountain, of course, beckoned. This particular mountain is Mt. Bachelor, not Mt. Rainier.

You may not know this, but mountains are in reality deformed magicians with the power to cast illusions and hypnotize the nearby population. These magicians persuade their credulous neighbors that they are invincible, majestic and forbidding. Every once in a while they belch fire, put on some spectacular illusions, and scare the population to death. Thus Mt. St. Helens. Here in the Northwest, and in particular the Pacific Northwest, we are an especially hypnotized and mystified populace. Of course, they get tired from time to time. The Pacific Northwest weather works for them, for when the clouds come in they can't be seen. They can relax the illusion until the weather clears again.

My belief is that bicyclists and mountain climbers are struggling to break free from the hypnotic trance. Deep down inside they somehow know all is not what it seems. Instead of shunning the center of the illusion, they seek out and try to conquer it. Climbers try to climb the illusion; cyclists ride around it looking for a point where the illusion breaks down. The magical spirit that created the mountain illusion of course fights back. The more powerful the spirit, the larger the mountain feels and the greater effort needed to overcome the resistance. The most successful cyclists and mountain climbers are actually able to get close to the center of the mountain, or success-

fully ride around it.

Of course, the mountain still wins. Few of us have been able to completely break free from the illusion. We remain convinced, after climbing the mountain, or riding RAMROD, that the mountain does, indeed exist. There are only a select few who have been able to penetrate to the truth. To see, instead of a mountain, a small, ugly gnome with a large, warty nose, bad teeth and a bad attitude.

There are a select few of us who know the real truth. We keep it to ourselves because the rest of you will think we are crazy. Next thing you know you are locking us up in mental institutions and drugging us with thiorazine. Here I am telling you the real truth, and you think this is another humorous article. I am able to tell you the truth, and protect myself from involuntary commitment, precisely because you think I am joking. Go ahead, rest comfortable in your illusions. I am equally comfortable knowing the real truth, and I do not have to prove it to you. I know what mountains really are. I have seen them with my own beady eyes.

Anyway, back to Bachelor and Sun River.

For those who have not been there, Sun River prides itself as a vacation community for bicyclists. That is true if your ideal achievement in cycling is to be able to make it all the way from Gas Works Park to Bothell in one day on the Burke Gilman trail. The community is surrounded by natural beauty and numerous interconnected bike trails. You almost never have to cross roads. But the longest route is maybe six miles, all of it flat, and there are lots of kids, pets and pedestrians.

Well, I tired of that pretty fast and decided to go for a real bike ride. So there was this "mountain" called Bachelor. Although I was overfed and under conditioned, I decided to go for it.

The route I followed began on the road alongside Sun River. The route took me through forest roads and eventually to the main access road between Bend, Oregon and Mt. Bachelor. I continued on up to the ski area. Of course, the whole

point was to ride around the mountain. I continued on down the other side, until I eventually found another forest road that returned to Sun River.

Not a huge distance, around 70 miles, but a lot of "climbing".

First, I never got to see the Mountain Gnome that day. I think his illusion was particularly strong, as the weather was bad and there were only a few people he had to fool.

Second, I recommend highly the area for cycling. The roads were in good shape, with very little vehicular traffic. The approach to Bachelor, over about 20 miles, was a typical gradually increasing relentless slope, mostly through scrubby pine forest, leading eventually to the ski area. Never got too steep for this overweight, out of condition old man.

The descent and trip around the west side of the mountain was particularly striking. There were a number of beautiful descents down steep winding mountain roads into beautiful alpine valleys with lakes. There was very little civilization and almost no traffic. On the day I rode it was clear but rather cold. I used all the clothing I had brought.

By the time I got to the return road to Sun River, I was anticipating an easy, relaxing gradual downhill run of about 18 miles into Sun River. Instead, the Mountain Gnome was mad at me for trying to peek around him. He threw in about six or seven miles of climbing. By the end of those miles, my poorly conditioned legs were crying mercy. I made it through, however.

Yes, this old and poorly conditioned beast still has it in him. I made it around the mountain.

As I write this article, I just got the message that a client of mine, who just settled his personal injury claim and was able to finally retire and relax, had a heart attack while on vacation in Alaska and is near death. This was not a surprise as he is a former smoker with a known bad heart. But it teaches you to value what you have when you have it. And to make sure you protect it.

Cycling for me represents health and life. When I ride I feel good. I am stronger, have a better attitude and can better handle stress. And, if I ride long and hard enough, I just might reach the point where I penetrate the illusions and see the mountain gnome. You may call it a hallucination. I call it reality.

News From  
Malaysia

by Gil Sneed

I was thinking of you guys yesterday as I was hammering up the road to Changloon (pronounced 'Chungloon'). I was riding with the riders from Alor Setar and these guys were just having a good time hammering each other. Considering that the temp. was already around 95 (at 9:30 am) I was really not in the mood for all of this so I got behind the ride marshalls scooter (yeah, when we ride we have 2 ride marshalls who shut down intersections so we never have to stop at lights or stop signs.....shouldn't all rides be like this!?) and went past the paceline doin' 55 kph!

We rode from Changloon (which is in the State of Kedah where we live) into the State of Perlis where we rode through beautiful tree lined roads for about 25 miles up to the border with Thailand. We stopped near the border at a place called Gua Kelam (Cave of Darkness). As you can imagine we were absolutely soaked from sweat. We parked the bikes here and then walked on a wooden pathway through this cave that was incredible. Under the walkway was a swift flowing river and there were stalagmites and stalactites as well as bats resting on the ceiling. We walked for about a 1/4 mile and then came out the other side where we went swimming (ah-h-h-h-h) in the same river that flows through the cave. The water temp. was about the same as Lk. Washington in the summer (not too hot, not too cold). I swam first with all my cycling clothes on to get the sweat out (don't worry about riding in wet clothes as things dry fast here as well as any cool water on the clothes feeling quite nice). Riding back from the cave it was freakin' hot (100+) and of course everyone feels like hammerin' so you're getting double fried. I had gotten ahead of some of the guys and as I'm riding along they go



flying past like I'm standing still so.....since Robyn was with us driving a sag vehicle I motioned for her to come forward. I tucked in behind and away we went until I "reeled in the break". Remember how hot I said it was, well, when you're drafting behind a sag vehicle where there is NO BREEZE whatsoever it was like having my own private furnace. The final distance was 135k....not bad). Anyway, it was a great ride and it will help because on August 31 I'm going to K.L. (Kuala Lumpur) to do the Merdeka (Independence....Malaysia's independence day is Aug. 31) Ride with a cycling club there. I probably mentioned this already, but the ride is limited to 100 riders (and I got in) and it's a 3 day ride that goes from K.L. to Mersing on the east coast. The ride stops the first night in Kuala Pilah and the 2nd night in Muadzam Shah. The first day is 110k, the 2nd 120k and the last day 130k. Doesn't sound like much, but when you take the heat into account it's plenty as you want to be done for the day by around 1 pm (unlike yesterdays ride where we finished

---

around 5 pm). I get to shack up with 3 other guys (I don't know any of these people, but then that makes it interesting) for each night. The total fee for all food and lodging and return transportation and entry fee is \$70 US.....prices are VERY reasonable here! Robyn and Alex are not going to go so I'll be sure and take a camera. Funny how I went from not being able to find anybody to ride with to finding LOTS of folks to ride with. Anyway, Gotta run as Robyn, Alex and I are heading for Carrefour (kinda like Fred Meyer) which is about a 1 hour drive south. I need to pick up a sleeping bag for the 3 day ride.

Jumpa Lagi dan selamat tinggal!  
(goodbye and catch ya' later)

---

## Not Until the Fat Lady Sings

by Andy Fuller

It was 2:30am Saturday when we pulled off the street in front of the park. I immediately recognized faces, bikes, and of course couldn't miss Joe with his cool home-made recumbent. As I geared up for the start of the race, I visited with some of the other riders that I only see once a year at Cannonball. A little smack talk took place, but nothing bad. Mostly for humor. Riders were busy making last minute checks on their bikes and equipment. I originally was going to ride my full suspension mountain bike unsupported, figuring that Cannonball would be a perfect training ride for a big mountain bike race I was doing later on, and it was an appealing idea to not take the race so seriously. But, my good friend Paul Binford convinced me that if I rode my Trek-Y-Foil, supported, I might have a chance to win.

Rumor had it that Jan Heine was not racing this year, and Allen, last year's co-winner with Jan, was nowhere in sight. But eventually Jan rolled in on his bike looking thin and intimidating, ready to race. Shortly after Jan, Allen showed up. This year Allen won Race across Oregon, a feat which qualified him for RAAM.

Duane Wright announced that it was just minutes before the start, and gave us a quick briefing about road construction to look out for and the route, etc. There was a ten second countdown, and we were off. I always love shooting through the I90 Bike Tunnel at the start of Cannonball. Halfway down the tunnel we

passed a homeless cyclist who was sleeping in a makeshift home with his bike tucked in close. He paid no attention to our madness. At the end of the tunnel I tried to pass Joe on the inside corner, but he gave me a sharp tongue lashing. I quickly apologized and watched him disappear across the bridge in his red canoe-shaped recumbent. I thought, 'I must not try to catch Joe right now. I'll just have to catch him on the hills.' My body was pumped with adrenaline, so I felt great, and it was too dark to see my heart monitor. Being the techno-weenie that I am, I couldn't stop thinking that a heads-up display inside night vision glasses would be really cool. I just hoped I wasn't building up too much lactic acid in my legs.

We flew down the dark bike path across Mercer Island and when the trail ended at Factoria I was glad there were no pedestrian casualties in our wake. We then met our first hill, and as we climbed silently I realized there were four of us out front. Jan, Allen, Steve and myself. On the next climb to Newport there was some small talk and introductions. We then glided through intersections towards Issaquah. Once on I-90 I was finally able to settled down into a rhythm. I knew I had to avoid pulling too much. Otherwise, I wouldn't be fresh for the Snoqualmie climb. I was surprised to see Allen hanging back. I wasn't sure what he was up to. I found out later he was getting over a cold and wasn't feeling well. We had just crested Highpoint when Allen moved to the front to pull hard down the first descent, but he had trouble with his light rotating down whenever he hit a bump. He slowed down, because he was unable to see well. I lit the way for both of us with my new H.I.D. light that puts out 30 watts for four hours. My handy H.I.D. was so bright, in fact, that Jan complained that his eyes couldn't adjust to the brightness.

We rolled past North Bend and started the next climb. I wasn't quite sure when Allen fell behind, but about 5 miles before Snoqualmie Pass I noticed that he was no longer with us. At this point Jan asked me what my plan was, what finishing time was I shooting for? I just said I was going to finish when the fat lady sings. I think that might have been the first time I ever made Jan laugh. He hung back a bit and asked Steve the same questions. I couldn't hear Steve's response, but had to chuckle a little as I watched Jan start strategizing for victory. He was trying to measure our strength.

Just a mile or so before the Snoqualmie climb, I dropped back, so I could

rest, and Jan tried to whisper something to me. I slowed up to hear what he was trying to say, and noticed Steve looking back, with a concerned expression, wondering intently what Jan and I were discussing. I couldn't really hear what Jan was trying to tell me, but knew he hatching a plot to drop Steve. I wasn't really interested, so I just nodded and continued riding. Even though Steve was riding strong, I knew Jan and I would leave him behind on the next climb, regardless of any strategy.

The moment came for the next climb. I took a shot of Gu and a big gulp from my Camelback, looked down at my heart monitor and pushed it up to 180. Sure enough, Steve fell back with Jan, and soon Jan's strategy became clear. He intended to move in front of Steve, slow down and force Steve to do the same, giving me a big lead. Then he would sprint away from Steve and regain me. Even though I did not agree to this move, I slowed up for Jan. Half way up the climb Jan and I were back together.

The biggest reason I waited for Jan was the fear of being run down, only to have Jan's wicked pen write another article like last year's. I also didn't have enough experience or confidence to try and break away from him. Earlier in the ride Jan had mentioned to Steve that it was unwise to piss him off, then asked me, somewhat ominously, to confirm the truth of his remark. He was obviously referring to last year's Cannonball when Paul and I were on the tandem and we refused to pull him.

Part of my insecurity was due to the fact that I had never ridden a successful ride at this distance and pace without some injury slowing me down. Lately I'd been bothered by a small muscle on my hip. I guess all this left me susceptible to Jan's next move. The implicit 'gentleman's agreement' between us was that we would stick together for the rest of the race. Jan convinced me we would make better time working together and therefore secure a lead on Steve and Allen. Of course, this would mean that I would have to stop with Jan on his unsupported stops for food and water.

Together we crested Snoqualmie and I got a warm welcome from my wife, Janet, and Paul, my support crew. They asked if I needed anything, and I said 'no'. Moments later Jan rolled up and informed me it was my turn to hammer the descent, so he could rest after all the maneuvering against Steve. I didn't mind pulling. I was feeling strong. This is definitely my favorite part of the race. A great tail wind always pushes you past Ellensburg. Of

---

course, I was feeling great. I was leading Cannonball and leading Jan.

This was a first in my book, and I was having a good day. It didn't take long for reality to set in. I could hear my mentor, Paul's voice, "Use the force, Andy". OK – I remembered Paul telling me over and over again to only do my share of the pulling.

At this point in the race I had taken off my light, arm warmers, leg warmers and the rest as the temperature was rising. The skies were already very blue. It was a bright sunny day. I was really enjoying the ride and my nervous butterflies were behind me. Not much was said between Jan and I as we shared pulls, but when his bike would miss-shift I taunted him that he should buy Shimano Durace.

Soon after rolling past Ellensburg we could see Paul on his bike up ahead ready to ride. He planned to ride part of the course to break up the monotony of driving. Unfortunately, when we finally caught up with Paul, Jan was concerned that people might think we were cheating. The idea of cheating didn't even occur to me and I don't think it would have mattered to most of the other riders who know Paul and I very well, and know that we wouldn't cheat. But to accommodate Jan, Paul rode a fair distance behind us.

We then started our ascent up to Rye Grass. It was hot, barren, and not very exciting. It felt good to crest at the top, tuck into an arrow position and to coast a bit with the occasional side winds cooling our faces. Halfway down I rolled behind Jan to let him take some of the pull. I noticed I was able to coast as fast as Jan was pedaling down the hill. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to point this out to him, emphasizing the benefits of my aerodynamic wheels and sleek carbon fiber frame. Jan immediately rejected the notion of my bike's technical superiority and simply noted that I weighed more. "I guess that's what was giving me an advantage on the climb," I told him.

By the time I reached the bridge I was actually relieved that we were no longer descending. Fighting the cross winds and keeping a sharp eye out for obstacles always makes the body tense up. As we climbed up out of the Gorge we could feel the refreshing spray of the waterfall there. I noticed a burn mark on the road from a car fire and my imagination went wild. I could just see a car ignite from the pure heat of the sun beating down on the rock cliffs and pavement. I looked back in the mirror and saw Paul riding very comfortably and indifferently, and I knew he was not impressed with our speed. As always,

towards the top of the climb I looked for the sculpture of horses on the hillside, just the kind of pleasing scenery that serves to take my mind off the climb.

Once we were over the hill and headed for Moses Lake, I knew the rest of the race was going to be a long grueling stretch. Paul was back riding in the support vehicle, and Jan and I were approaching his first unsupported stop just before Moses Lake. Jan rolled up and reminded me that we needed to stop so he could re-fuel at the store. When Jan was in the store replenishing his supplies, I went to talk with my support crew. My wife, Janet, was not pleased. She asked me why I was stopping and reminded me that she and Paul didn't give up their entire day to support me across the state so that I could give the race to Jan. I explained the deal that Jan and I would ride together and make better time. Paul pointed out the fact that I was not riding as fast as I normally did in our recent training rides, and he wondered why I was holding back. I had mixed feelings. I realized I could not explain why I chose to team up with Jan, and quite honestly, was a little scared of the idea of breaking away from him. Could I really stay ahead of him all the way to the finish? I was afraid of injuries too. The thought of riding to the end with Jan was a comfortable temptation.

Then Janet made an interesting argument. If I finished with Jan, he would technically win because on paper he was 'unsupported', and I would have sacrificed my natural advantage as a supported rider by stopping at all his 'unsupported' refueling stops. At this point, I remembered an article that Jan once wrote in which he characterized support vehicles as being 'frivolous'. This ignited my competitive spirit. Soon Jan and I were back on the road together, but I was already plotting when to make my break-away move.

Normally on the Cannonball race you make your moves on the climbs, but those opportunities were long gone. We had less than 100 miles to go. Jan, the human camel, was refueled, and for the past 30 miles we hadn't been pushing very hard. I knew it was going to be difficult. Jan had mentioned he was going to make one more stop about 20 miles before the finish. I decided that I would continue to ride while he stopped for water, which would give me a 5 minute lead. I asked Jan if he would agree to alter our arrangement: if one of us was starting to fall behind, I said, the other could pull away. Jan agreed confidently, knowing that this

would probably not happen.

I started riding very aggressively and pulled as hard as I could. I noticed that Jan's pulls were starting to slow up. I thought he might be saving himself, but it didn't stop me from being very aggressive on my pulls. I noticed Jan started showing signs of fatigue, shaking out his hands and sitting up to stretch out his lower back, so I decided to make a strategic suggestion. I asked Jan if we could pick up the pace because I wanted to make a 13:xx hour finish. Jan kind of laughed and said there was no way we could make it in under 14 hours. Knowing that it would trigger his strong competitive nature, I asked Jan if he would 'dig deep' and pull faster. Jan immediately picked up the pace. Whenever he fell below a certain speed, I would move to the front and pull as hard as I could. I could see signs of fatigue on his face in my mirror, so I didn't let up. I kept reminding him that I'd like to get the fastest time we could.

Fifty miles before the end of the race I made my definitive move. Jan was a little wobbly on his bike, so I decided to let him do one more pull to the base of a large roller, then I'd try to leave him on the climb. I was just hoping Jan wasn't playing possum and waiting for me to humiliate myself. Up the hill, I hammered down on the pedals, but I didn't stand, because I didn't want it to be obvious what I was doing. At the top of the hill I could see my support vehicle. As I went by I told Paul to stay close, in case I got a flat. I could see the excitement on Paul's and Janet's faces. I think they were very surprised that I was making a break. Jan started falling behind. Now I felt confident. I felt strong. I knew I could keep up that pace until the finish.

Once Jan was out of sight the enthusiasm of my support team went through the roof. My wife Janet was no longer a loyal but sleepy spectator. Now, she was a nuclear-powered cheering squad. Paul anxiously monitored Jan's position, hanging way back, at times, to make sure I still had a significant lead. I'm glad I was able to pull away from Jan before he had to stop for water, even though I knew Jan would not be happy about it. I was excited too. What a feeling to be the leader in the Cannonball race. I felt like a kid on Christmas morning.

The last 10 miles of the race I was pushing as hard as I could. I wasn't worried about the heat and was surprised that I was finishing strong with no aches and pains. The last 2 miles I started to wonder where my support vehicle was.

---

---

As I pulled off the freeway and rolled over the overpass, I glanced down to see if I could spot the support vehicle, then pressed on to the finish line. The Starlight parking lot was empty. I rolled in feeling a keen sense of amazement. I had actually won. I had the hotel management sign a paper with my finish time on it – 4:56pm – for a total of 13 hours 56 minutes. Five minutes later Janet and Paul rolled in. Paul had underestimated the distance to the finish. Twenty-two minutes after I came in, Jan showed up. He was not pleased. He felt I'd broken a sacred pact, but I'd rather live with Jan's wrath than Janet's, and I would have endured anyone's wrath in exchange for the sense of accomplishment and satisfaction I felt at that moment.

---



## **RCC Picnic and Annual Croquet Contest**



## Ride & Event Calendar

### September 2001

#### Saturday, September 8 - Camano Climb Redux

Ride the hills of Camano Island this Saturday the 8th of Sept.. 45+ miles with 100 feet of climbing per mile, on average. Bring food and liquids, and we will picnic somewhere on the Island. (There are three stores/minimarts along the route, but their hours are unknown.) Meet 9:45 AM to ride at 10 AM. Meeting location will be on the Island at Terry's Corner, approximately 4 miles beyond Stanwood on Hwy 532. There is a small bank in the 'triangle'.

The 'real' Camano Climb, held the first of May each year, is advertised as a nice RAMROD training ride, having around 4400' of climbing in just 50 miles. Here's an opportunity to do the bulk of the climbing with fewer miles.

Absolutely hideous weather will cancel.

Tom/Nicole @ 206-418-0870

tkillion@gte.net for questions

#### Saturday, September 8 - SIR Fall 200K

Start Time: 6:45 am. Check-in starts at 06:00 a.m.

Start Location: Residence of Mark Thomas, 13543 160th Ave. NE, Redmond, WA 98052

The fall 200K follows many familiar roads and will be almost identical to last years ride. We plan to ride it together ("audax-style") in one or two groups. We will start just north of Redmond (at Mark Thomas' house) following SR-202 into Redmond. Then head south to Issaquah along E. Lake Sammamish Pkwy. We will then head over the hill towards Fall City and into Carnation. From Carnation we will head to Sultan via West Snoqualmie Valley Rd and the Ben Howard Rd. Leaving Sultan, we head to Granite Falls, on some great back roads including those past Lake Roesiger (but this time on the west side). Then Granite Falls to Arlington via Burn Rd. From Arlington we jet to Snohomish via SR-9. Then we switch to the backroads of Broadway, Paradise Lake and Avondale back to Mark's. See <http://www.geocities.com/Pipeline/5293/200K2001b.htm> or Wayne Methner (206) 713-6222 [methner.w@qhc.org](mailto:methner.w@qhc.org) for details.

#### Sunday September 9 - Headwaters Century

The Tacoma Wheelmen's Bicycle Club (TWBC) would like to invite you to ride the Headwaters Century on Sunday, Sept. 9, 2001. Registration will be at the Enumclaw High School (226 Semanski Street) from 7 a.m. to noon. This is next door to the Junior High School -- last



### Getting ready to ride to Sunrise.

year's start location.

This will be TWBC's second year hosting this event. Ride options are 45, 65, and 100 miles. The 5-mile route is mostly flat, with a few rollers, and stays on the Enumclaw plateau on roads with little traffic. The 65-mile has more rollers in addition to the flat portions. The 100-mile route has a 4-mile climb to and descent from Mud Mountain Dam followed by segments of flat and rollers.

Note: We have had to make a course adjustment due to two unanticipated road closures. The 100-mile route will not go up to Mud Mountain Dam but will instead go through Buckley. All of the routes will ride up a 1.6 mile hill after the first reststop. The rest of the 45-mile and 65-mile routes will still be primarily flat with some rollers. There will be the same great food and support that TWBC provides on all of its rides.

We appreciate your previous participation in TWBC's other rides. You will find Headwaters Century provides the same high quality that we offer on the Daffodil Classic and Peninsula Metric Century.

Souvenir glass Headwater Century 2001 mugs will be available to commemorate the ride. The supply is limited so preregister to ensure one is available for you. Participants who registration is postmarked by Aug. 29 will receive the reduced rate of \$15 individual, \$35 family, and \$8 for the glass mug. Prices will be \$18, \$40, and \$10 after the preregistration

time.

To register, you can use the online registration service or download a form from our website.

Our rest stops will be well stocked with food and there will be a slice of fruit pie to enjoy at the end! Course descriptions, registration forms, a map to the start at the high school, and additional information are available on our website at: <http://www.twbc.org/headw.htm>.

Questions? Send an e-mail to [headwaters@twbc.org](mailto:headwaters@twbc.org).

We hope you come enjoy our fall ride!

Ralph Wessels

TWBC, Headwaters Century Director

#### Sunday, September 23 - SIR 100k Populaire

The 100 km Populaire is on Sunday September 23rd and begins at the Issaquah Park & Ride parking lot. Kent Peterson has cooked up a climbfest with almost 5000 feet of climbing in 65 miles. We're expecting to rename it the SIR Un-Populaire. See <http://www.geocities.com/Pipeline/5293/IssAlps.htm> for details.

#### Saturday, September 29 - Port Orchard and Back

Ride the ferry from Fauntleroy ferry to Southworth. Bike along the beach to Port Orchard. Get something to eat. Ride back to Southworth for the ferry back to Fauntleroy. About 30 miles, some hills, no map, occasional regroup. Leave at 9:00am from Fauntleroy Ferry dock (West Seattle) Heavy rain cancels. More Info Greg Sneed 206-784-1265 [gr8tandem@home.com](mailto:gr8tandem@home.com) (Cascade Listed

---

Brisk Ride)

**Saturday, September 29 - Greek Festival Ride**

Greg and Ruth Sneed will be leading the yearly Saint Demetrious Greek Festival Ride on Sept 29th 5 pm from Gasworks. 4 miles each way, The Usual Secret Route. Lights suggested. Inexpensive, Traditional Greek Dancing under the Big Top. Great Food. Questions to Greg Sneed 206-719-8608 or gr8tandem@home.com.

**October 2001**

**Sunday, October 7 - Kitsap Color Classic**

On Sunday, October 7, Cascade Bicycle Club presents the 9th Annual Kitsap Color Classic, the season finale party. Take an autumn ride guaranteed to invigorate all of your senses. Pedal along the gorgeous Kitsap Peninsula and check out our three loops through some of the best riding country in the state! Friendly communities and terrific fall scenery make this a fun, must do event. For more information, write to cbckcc@cascade.org or call the CBC hotline at (206) 522-BIKE or visit the webpage at <http://www.cascade.org/kcc/>

---

**Bicycle Airline Passes**

Because of our membership in USCF we have 2 United Airlines 1-way bicycle passes. They are good through the end of the year. If you would like one or both of them call Charlie Buchalter at 425-743-0483. This is a first come first served offer but we will want a newsletter article telling us where you took your bike in exchange for the passes!

**NORTHWEST TANDEM RALLY**

**MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND - MAY 25, 26 & 27, 2002**

**BOISE, IDAHO**

Boise has been selected to host the northwest tandem rally (NWTR) on the Memorial Day Weekend, 2002. Typically, 300 to 500 tandem teams with as many as 1000 riders attend the rally. Three days of incredible rides in the Boise Valley with a great banquet dinner Sunday night. Great sponsors, great food and great rides. Come see why Boise is such a great place to live. Visit our website at [www.nwtr.org](http://www.nwtr.org).

**THE RIDES**

Rides of 30 miles, 55 miles and 85 miles will be supported on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday's ride can be described as mostly flat with some rollers. The routes take you through downtown Boise in front of the State Capitol Building to Harrison Boulevard and its historic homes and along the base of the Boise Foothills. Once in the country, the 55-mile route makes a big loop through farmland, mint fields and a small commercial iris garden. The 85-mile route will cross over the Middleton Foothills into the Emmett Valley and will take you through apple and cherry orchards along the Emmett Foothills. The one climb on this route will be up the old Freeze-out Hill onto Highway 16 back to Boise.

Sunday's ride can also be described as mostly flat, but will have a few more rollers and climbs for all three routes. The route takes you up Capitol Boulevard along Crescent Rim Drive for a spectacular view of downtown Boise. The route has one short, moderate climb up to the Birds of Prey Interpretive Center, which will be the first rest area. The 30-mile route will take you back to Boise through some of the more quaint residential areas, while the 55- and 85-mile routes will continue to the west through farmland to Kuna. These rides offer a combination of desert, farmland and urban settings.

Monday is a self-supported, self-directed day. Riders can enjoy a mosey along the Boise greenbelt or take a strenuous ride up to our local ski area, Bogus Basin. The greenbelt follows the Boise River to the east to Lucky Peak Reservoir and to the west into Garden City. For those with strong legs, a massive cardiovascular system and good brakes we offer the ride up Bogus Basin Road - 15 miles and 3500 vertical feet of riding with beautiful views of the Boise Valley. For you mountain bike tandem riders our local riders will lead you on some of the single track in the Boise Foothills. See why Mountain Bike Magazine selected Boise as the No.1 mountain biking community in the U.S.

**Ride Listings**

Please send your Ride Information for the RCC Newsletter and/or the RCC Webpage to [lkknapp@home.com](mailto:lkknapp@home.com) or call me at 206-524-9630

**Redmond Cycling Club Membership Subscription Form**  
Individual/ Family\* Membership Dues: \$15 per calendar year

Please complete this form and mail it with  
your dues to:

Redmond Cycling Club - Membership  
P.O.Box 1841  
Bothell, WA 98041-1841

New Membership       Renewal       Information Change; start date: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
First Name      Last Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Membership# (first 3 digits in top right of address label)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address Line 1

\_\_\_\_\_  
Daytime Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address Line2

\_\_\_\_\_  
Evening Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
City      State      Zip Code

\_\_\_\_\_  
Email Address

\* One vote is allowed per membership when voting on RCC issues and one copy of the RCC newsletter is mailed for each membership. Use additional copies of this form if multiple family members are to be listed under this membership.

**Redmond Cycling Club Information**

The Redmond Cycling Club ("Where HILL is not a four-letter word") is a group of cycling enthusiasts from the greater Seattle area. We meet on the first Tuesday of each month at 7:15 p.m. at Mia Roma restaurant, 7614 NE Bothell Way, Kenmore (425-486-6200). Social hour starts at 6:30 p.m. Club phone number is (206) 781-3903.

Our members participate in endurance riding, racing, training and informal social rides. We sponsor the popular Ride Around Mt. Rainier in One Day (RAMROD) and the cross-state ultramarathons CANNONBALL and S2S. For more information, attend one of our monthly meetings, write us at P.O. Box 1841, Bothell, WA 98041-1841, or email us at [info@redmondcyclingclub.org](mailto:info@redmondcyclingclub.org). You can visit us on the Internet at <http://www.redmondcyclingclub.org>.



**Redmond Cycling Club**  
**P.O. Box 1841**  
**Bothell, WA, 98041-1841**