

RCC News



The Newsletter of the Redmond Cycling Club

Volume 3, No. 16

March 2003

Meeting and Events

**General Meeting: Monday,
March 3, 2003**

Note: New location and time!

Coco's Restaurant

Lake Forest Park Center

17535 Ballinger Way NE Lake

Forest Park, WA 98155

206-364-8910

Social meeting: 6:30 PM,

Business meeting: 7:15 PM.

Topics ... to be determined.

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Message from the Prez: Toys for Boys

By: Tom Killion

Santa's sleigh was delayed this year, but it was worth the wait. After buying off the delightful Ms. N with plants, plants, and more plants (Ms. N notes: He THINKS I'm done. Ha!), the stocking is overflowing with goodies.

My two constant readers will remember that the custom Softride travel bike is undergoing reliability testing. Aside from a nasty sidewall cut and blowout on Flaming Booger, all has been fine. I doesn't hurt that my wretched conditioning has not allowed a very taxing ride schedule (that's me, off the back).

Having (probably foolishly, but that's me again) expressed the intention to do a rando series and P-B-P, along with Fleche and the usual suspects, I dug into my kit and discovered that my raiment was sorely lacking. MrDon was not about to give up his MEC Bernoulli jacket, so I effected a slight tilt in the US-Canadian balance of trade and sprung for one and for some industrial-strength monsoon booties. Of course it has barely rained since then, but they look great. Rando? At least I look the part. The jacket even already has grease on it!

But wait! There's more!

Bike lust surfaces again. I spied a new, unbuilt Abici Starship, feather-light soda can tubing with high zoot carbon fork, at Recycled Cycles (all hail!) last fall. Just couldn't bring myself to pay the \$\$, cheap though it was. When I finally decided "What the heck!", the consignee had gotten impatient waiting for me, the willing buyer, to show up, and had taken it back to build a time trial bike. I was really tee'd off because it was my size (Xtra Stumpy) and color.

I lurked on Ebay hoping to find one. No luck. Then I saw the brother frame (same owner even) at the Swap Meet. Too big.

Then Lady Luck shines down on me. A woman racer in Albuquerque is hanging up her cleats and is selling her lightly raced, never crashed, laid down or rained on (that'll change) frame'n'fork for even cheaper. Hot diggity. Stay tuned. I'm stripping the kit off the old C/F bike, spec'ing a Record seatpost, and getting ready literally to

(continues on page 2)

From the Peloton: Lance's New Tour de France Bike(s)

By: Sal Garcia

After Lance pledged to leave no technical or training stone unturned in his quest to join Miguel Indurain's historic five-in-a-row Tour de France win club, rumors about his new equipment began to circulate.

While he rode a wave of local and international cycling awards, pictures in the December 2002 issue of "Sports Illustrated" accompanying Lance's citation as SI's Sportsman of the Year started gearheads and cycling rumor

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From the Prez (cont.)

float up to Paradise. Rando this is NOT.

It slices, it dices, it makes mounds of coleslaw in just minutes!

Hoo boy, does it ever. The Ciclosport HAC4, the Swiss Army knife of HRM/cycle computers, is a tough find. The only source on this side of the Atlantic wants two arms and two legs for the basic model, without the truly necessary software suite and downloading kit, not to mention a second bike kit. (Late flash: Not even available yet. Gotta wait till May now.) I found a shop in Old Blighty. They even swapped for the cool metallic blue model in stylish metric system, with software and two bike setups, for about the same \$\$ as a

national purveyor of fine bike parts will sell you the stripped-down econocar version. Web shopping is wonderful.

Orin has a similar Specialized P-brain and Bill P. has that nifty Polar S710, and they both rave about the things. My turn!

Took this thing on Roller Coaster, where it proved without a doubt that Yer Prez is in hideous shape, but now we have scientific data! This thing does speed, distance, time, altitude, gradient percentage, cadence, heart rate, and power every twenty seconds, and then spits it out to your PC where you can actually see the carnage in living, graphic color. I can save everything to a training diary and meticulously track my physical deterioration—oops! I mean “improve-

ment”—as the season wears on. It DOES, however, PROVE that I DO have a heart, contrary to the assertions of many.

(Did I mention my continuing quest to corner the market in Campagnolo jerseys? It's going quite well, thank you.)

And if you call now you will receive.

I hear that Campy is coming out with a wired electronic shifting system for Record maybe next year. Ooohh!

Do I hear the UPS truck?

IF you can tear yourself away from the Colorado Cyclist catalog, get out and ride!

Lance's Bike (cont.)

mongers scrambling throughout the internet like roaches bailing from a Manhattan high-rise after a visit from the Orkin man.

The SI issue shows previously unseen Dura-Ace shifters which, some say, are Shimano's new 11-speed response in their component arms race with Campy, who are themselves putting the final touches on new fly-by-wire-type “Electronic Record 10-Speed” front and rear shifters.

Unnamed insiders have recently stated that while visiting fellow Texan George Bush at the Crawford, Texas White House this past fall, Armstrong was allowed to sit in on the non-classified debriefing of a senior research scientist, from Baylor University's College of Medicine in Houston, who had just returned from Cuba.

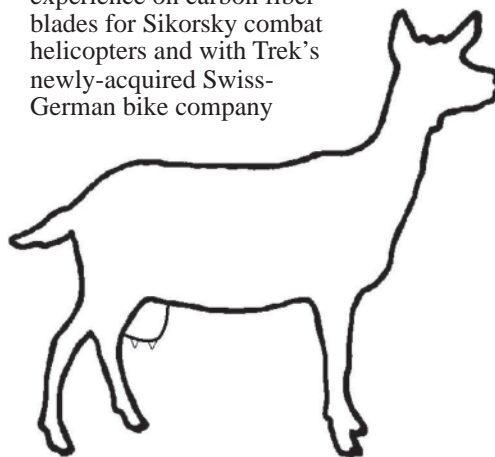
According to the Baylor researcher, Canada, worried by mounting agricultural sales losses to the United States during the last couple of years, has been generously sharing some of its advanced biotechnology with Havana's Center for Genetic Engineering and Biotechnology, a highly respected, world-class medical research facility.

Canadian scientists, while searching for stronger and lighter fibers to stop newer high-velocity bullets in law enforcement and military body armour applications, have implanted single spider silk genes into the unfertilized one-cell eggs of dairy goats the eventual females of which, as lactating nanny goats, produce milk that may still be used normally after protein for super-strong and ultra-lightweight spider silk has been

extracted.

Since Trek's Waterloo, Wisconsin factory is situated in the heart of a national dairy center, the bicycle company is now working closely with the Cubans via the U.S. State Department to transfer the process to milk cows, using local cows and Cuban spiders, allowing the Wisconsin cheesemakers to produce as a by-product this high-tech replacement component for the carbon fiber currently used on Trek bikes.

Lance's inner circle of technical advisors, working both with Trek's engineering design team who have past experience on carbon fiber blades for Sikorsky combat helicopters and with Trek's newly-acquired Swiss-German bike company



(Villiger-Diamant), already feel from early tests that they can deliver, just before the 2003 Tour de France, a complete bike weighing seven and a quarter pounds.

The full monococque frame's working name is currently the “Black Widow T5”. It will include Bontrager wheels from the same material weighing 520 grams per set. According to

supercomputer simulations, these wheels are also expected to exceed by three times the UCI's crash impact strength test which requires that a wheel safely collapse and not simply shatter when hit by a 220-pound sled at six miles per hour.

These *unconfirmed rumors* have sent shock waves through pro peloton training camps, especially among those cyclists who witnessed Lance and the Posties' awesome dominance in the 2002 TdF.

Expecting aggressive legal challenges from all quarters, likely to be led by the UCI's equipment compliance department, Trek and Postal Service team management have hired hot-shot cowboy lawyer Gerry Spence, who became famous during a successful lawsuit against Penthouse Magazine regarding a Miss Wyoming beauty contestant story in which Miss Wyoming's “special” winning talent during after-hours pageant sessions is currently euphemistically referred to—thanks to Bill Clinton—as a “Lawinski”.

Stay tuned!!



Burnaby Velodrome

By: Duane Wright

On your next trip to Vancouver, B.C., consider a visit to the Burnaby Velodrome. This 200-meter indoor bicycle racing track has a wood surface and a 47-degree bank. Seating provides excellent views for the fans. The next race series is May 3-4.

The velodrome, just east of Vancouver, is located on the Barnet Highway, along the RSVP route, overlooking Burrard Inlet.

For more information:

<http://www.burnabyvelodrome.ca/about.html>



Photo by Raegan McLallen

Paul Clement leading Kenny Williams (both from Saturn of Bellevue)

Cabbage Patch 2002: The President's Ride

By: Linda Knapp

The President's Ride has always been a bit of a trial for me. I have become lost, been snowed on, and I've slept in and almost missed it, too. And I have generally arrived at the Cabbage Patch restaurant pretty darn cold. This year was not different in that respect. I arrived at the restaurant with frozen toes, which recalled the blackened toes of Arctic explorers shown on PBS. But in other ways, this year's ride was a decided improvement.

We left the Marymoor velodrome parking lot, with our jaunty president Tom Killion in the lead, promptly at just a few minutes past 9:00 a.m. We stayed together in the brisk weather at a pleasant RCC social pace as we pedalled up the trail. At Woodinville, I noted the first important change in this year's ride: everyone waited at the top of the first climb before turning and heading up the next. Memories of arriving at that point came flooding back to me. I was off the back, in icy rain, with Sinan on the back of the tandem. We looked in vain for any of the other riders before making, as it turned out, a wrong turn. The rest of the ride was spent first in rain and then in snow, as we took the very long way to the Cabbage Patch.

This year there would be none (well, little) of that. Everyone waited at the turns to make sure the whole group stayed together. We had no rain, although the roads were wet enough that fenders were de rigueur. The paceline was slightly ragged, with people popping in and out,

chatting to fellow riders, and then diving back in to make way for the few cars. We had Richard and Nicole in Nicole's car and Ruth in the Sneed-mobile following us to the restaurant, and they cheered us on at a couple of sections. The most notable moment was when some miscreant in our group decided that those followers should share in the fun by being squirted with a thankfully Gatorade-free water bottle. (Sorry, guys, I couldn't resist!)

Once the downhills started, the pace livened up with first one and then another cyclist testing Tom's resolve to stay in front. But the group still remained together, and everyone made sure that no one missed the turn toward Snohomish. The slight downhill into the valley found Bob "Bushbaby" Brudvick out in front with me. We could not resist the downhill leading to a nice flat through the farmlands, and both of us picked up the pace quite a notch this time. The group scattered behind us with Greg trying and failing to catch a wheel, and Peter Beeson managing to catch and hold my mudflap. I was firmly on Bob's wheel, both of us pushing big gears, down in our aero bars. We were holding 30 m.p.h. when our SAG vehicles passed us, Nicole yelling something about water bottles and revenge. I turned and grinned. Unfortunately, that grin caused me to slip just that quarter-inch too far off big Bob's wheel, and the paceline slowed. At the end of the road, the three of us waited for the rest to catch up and razz us for being such hotheads. Yeah, yeah, I know we were. But wasn't it fun? The remainder of the trip passed quickly, as we all remembered that food was ahead.

We arrived at the Cabbage Patch to find Don and Dottie, who rode the

tandem from Woodinville but somehow missed us. Awaiting us were more RCCers who had not ridden this year—Charlie, Jane, John, and Kristie—as well as some others. I am forgetting some as I was focussed on warming my feet and eating at that point. The back room was warm and sunny.

The waitresses made their usual attempt to impose order, at which they failed. Luckily, they did succeed in getting warm drinks and food to all of us. As everyone warmed up, the room got noticeably louder. At some point, cheers went up as Duane and Janet made their entrance, having started late and thus missing the group. Tom attempted to make a speech. Luckily for us, we were all on our feet suiting up at that point, so I'm not really sure what he said.

We all headed out for home. The return trip was not at quite as social a pace. Don and Dottie led out at tandem-on-the-flats speed. Somewhere along the line, we managed to lose Duane and Janet. Sorry, guys! The return hills fractured the group a bit, but we did manage to form up again at Maltby. By this time, our fearless leader (fresh out of a three-week layover) was deciding that leading from the back was a good thing. The rest of us were dealing with full stomachs and typical wintertime lack of fitness in our own ways. My specialty, of course, was laying slug slime on the uphill. Limping along, we managed to regroup at the rearing white horse (some day I should learn the names of those roads), before Bob and I again tried to shatter the speed limit on the downhill into Woodinville. This time we managed

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Cabbage (cont.)

a long 35 m.p.h. stretch to the first stoplight. The barn was now in sight, so to speak, and we took over the entire lane through Woodinville before the final hop onto the trail.

At this point, I know that we were all together—well, except for Duane and Janet—again sorry, guys! The paceline formed with Don and Dottie again leading out as only a well-engined tandem can. I stuck to their mudflap like glue, until they surprised me by pulling out. “What? You want someone *else* to pull?” After my pull, I drifted back down the line, and Bob asked me to make sure Lisa was okay in the back. She was close to knackered and was wisely holding the

tail position. When I got there, she had drifted a little too far back, so I bridged her up. We hung back in those last two spots for the remainder of the ride, as the rest of the paceline did a slow rotation. I noticed it was getting hard to deal with the effect of the turns and bumps at the back of the slightly ragged line. The pace would slow for something, and then by the time you were slowing in the back, the rest of the line was bumping the speed back up. It made hanging in the tailgunner position a little hard, and Lisa and I had to do a bit of jockeying to stay on the line. At some point, I realised that we had somehow lost our leader on the trail, but I figured he would soon be along after us. OK, OK, at that point we were in the “RCCers eat their young”

mode: if you could hang with us, we would help, but if not, you were lunch. The pace was still social, however. We could and were all chatting. We rolled into the parking lot at last, ready and happy to be back. Don and Dottie rode off for home, and the rest of us loaded up the bikes.

Nicole arrived, and we had to explain that we hadn't meant to lose Tom, really; he should show up soon, really; don't hurt us! He did eventually show up. He had been caught by the bonk. (I think it was really a bounce—all those scones and the ill-named Molly's Dolly (?) he had for breakfast bounced up in his stomach and tried to take over the rest of his body.)

UW Husky Racing Team Needs Lodging During Upcoming Collegiate Races: Can We Help?

By: Janet Heineck

The UW Husky racing team's 2003 Northwest Collegiate Cycling Conference race roster has the team on the road for six consecutive weekends in six different cities. The race schedule is Corvallis March 22-23, Eugene March 29-30, Spokane April 5-6, Missoula April

12-13, Pullman April 19-20, and Walla Walla (the NWCCC championships) April 26-27. The collegiate road nationals are May 9-11.

This is a short, intense season with a lot of travel and lodging to fund on the team's shoestring budget.

James Lingwood of the team recently sent out an e-mail on the team's list. In it, he asked whether anyone has family, friends, or other connections in any of these towns who could possibly put the team up on those dates. I read that message and, with his agreement, am repeating it in our newsletter.

Can any of us help put together some homestay lodging for these student racers? It would really help them out and

would earn you their undying gratitude. It could also be a lot of fun getting to know them, perhaps helping with logistics during their weekend, and cheering for them on race day. And who knows? Today's collegiate racers, if we treat them right, could be tomorrow's RAMROD volunteers!

If you know of anyone who could help, please get in touch with Jimmy Lingwood, 206-369-6561, jimmyl@u.washington.edu. For more background, the team's website is <http://students.washington.edu/racinguw/index.htm>.



Staff Photo by Duane Wright

Seattle Mayor Greg Nickels explains position on Green Line to member of public following press conference.

Nickels Announces Support for Green Line

By: Duane Wright

Seattle Mayor Greg Nickels has publicly come out in support of the alternative preferred by cyclist advocates for completion of the “Missing Link” to the Burke-Gilman Trail. Nickels made the announcement on Friday, February 21, 2003, at a press conference in the Ballard Fred Meyer Parking Lot (near the current trail terminus).

The link, which would run from 11th Avenue Northwest to the Ballard Locks, is a compromise between the traffic concerns of some area business and the safety concerns of trail users.

The route must still meet with approval of the Seattle City Council. Opponents (mostly businesses in the vicinity of the route) intend to lobby the council to defeat the proposal. If the council approves, it will still be necessary to secure funding.

For more information, see <http://www.burkegilmantrail.org/> and <http://cityofseattle.net/news/detail.asp?ID=3259&Dept=40>.

Tour de Palm Springs: February 1, 2003

By: Janet Heineck

A UW professor friend told me several years ago that I would be free to stay in their condominium apartment at the Ocotillo Lodge in Palm Springs any time I liked. I decided that this winter I would take him up on his offer of a holiday in the desert sunshine. We settled on the dates of Thursday January 30 through Monday February 3 for my stay. One late evening at work, while wandering among favorite cycling web sites, I was amazed to find "Tour de Palm Springs, 2/1/2003" on the century list at <http://bikecal.com/>. It took me only a moment to decide that a supported century in the desert, on the very Saturday during my stay, was too good to miss. I printed out and mailed in my registration, got in touch with both Sammamish Valley Cycle and Palm Springs Cyclery about shipping and assembling my bike, and was on my way.

My first evening was devoted to getting settled in the apartment and finding out where to buy groceries, but the next morning I walked to Palm Springs Cyclery to collect my bike, reassembled, checked over by their excellent mechanic, and ready to go. I walked it back to my room and spent the rest of the day, until Friday afternoon's packet pickup, exploring on foot the nice resort town, tourist maps in hand, and getting an idea of where things were. I sent some e-mails from a public access internet terminal in the beautiful Palm Springs library.

Packet pickup was at the Palm Springs Pavilion next to the ride start area at Palm Springs High School. The process, even for pre-registered riders like me, was a bit disorganized, but during the long wait in line I had time to talk to people nearby, friendly Californians from everywhere, and to hear firsthand about rides I had only read about, like the Solvang Century on March 8 this year.

The spaghetti dinner was a little skimpy, and so another cyclist and I decided to make a stop at the grocery store afterward for more dinner, breakfast, and on-bike provisions. He was riding the 55-mile route, and we wished each other good luck tomorrow as he dropped me off back at the Ocotillo.

Sadly, the next morning was the morning of the Columbia disaster. I got

myself and my bike ready while listening to the story on CNN and realized that Columbia must have passed nearly over Palm Springs on its tragic eastbound re-entry.

I rode out in early morning sunlight to the high school, about three quarters of a mile away, following other cyclists headed in the same direction. A large crowd of cyclists was there ahead of me, listening to speeches and official encouragement on the occasion of this important fund-raising ride for four local charities. I was impatient to get started and rode out to the street to join others who seemed to feel the same.

Off I went, engulfed in the main group of cyclists overtaking me. The century and 55-mile route riders were sent out first. We followed a flat or rolling route out of town that bent around northeast toward the famous windmill farms and travelled for a time toward the ridge that separated this valley from Joshua Tree. The shoulderless two-lane road was filled with the rest of the 5,000 cyclists managing the gravelly turns and trying not to collide. It was plenty of work getting through the early miles, and

terrain was true desert: shrubby, gravelly steppe and alluvial fan. The whole cirque of the century ride route was dramatically bounded by bare mountains rising out of the flat desert floor. We could have been in the Negev.

A long curve to the southeast took the century riders over a fast, fun, rolling stretch to the fifty-mile stop, through Coachella's date palm plantations, and eventually back to the string of "desert cities" along Highway 111 on the return northwest toward Palm Springs. Just past the fifty-mile stop, I went off bad, broken pavement into sand and took a slow speed but hard fall. I got up, caught my breath, brushed myself off—no damage to self or bike beyond swelling and a spectacular bruise I fortunately wouldn't see until evening—and kept riding, which was a good thing in retrospect.

I talked to a number of great people on the ride. I rode for a while with two young women who had driven from Las Vegas. The most interesting was David from Brooklyn on his brand new Colnago CT1. We talked about New York, California, bicycles, and what brought each of us here. He was funny and great



Author, adjusting to sun and heat.

it was a relief to roll into the first water stop at the seventeen-mile mark. The water had run out by the time I arrived, and the hapless volunteers were the target of much noisy criticism. Thankfully, water was delivered before I left.

The route was relatively flat, the breeze was light, and the temperature was pleasant, not the wind and cold I overheard was the case last year. The

company, and later dropped off to ride with some slower people.

I rode off alone and must have daydreamed past the route marker that should have sent me to the seventy-five mile rest stop in La Quinta. Luckily for me, there was a final rest stop just

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Swap 'til You Drop

By: *The Editorial Staff*

A big thanks to Amy Harman for organizing the club's table at this year's Seattle Bicycle Swap Meet. Expert opinion has it that most of the people who worked the booth came away with the same amount of junk they went in with but it was different junk.

Power to the People

By: *Duane Wright*

Bicycle lights at the low end of the price spectrum generally take standard batteries, be they AAA, AA, C, or D cells. The more expensive lighting systems generally come with their own battery packs, usually some sort of rechargeable cells. In order to use the less expensive lights, while gaining some of the economic benefits of their more costly cousins, one can opt for rechargeable batteries.

In the beginning (at least 25 years ago), rechargeable batteries were composed of nickel and cadmium and were called NiCads. Three traits distinguished them from their carbon-zinc, or alkaline cousins: shorter run time, lower voltage (1.2 V vs. 1.5 V), and higher price (the cheapest NiCads cost more than the most expensive alkalines). In time, the run time of NiCads was increased with "high capacity" NiCads.

NiCads existed long before powerful bicycle lighting systems. Cyclists could feel good about using them because they no longer had to dispose of large quantities of used batteries. There was a certain irony here, however, in that cadmium is a so called "heavy metal" and something we wish to keep out of our ground water systems. Consumers were encouraged to "dispose of properly." We can only hope that they did.

Several years ago, a new variety of rechargeable battery arrived, the nickel metal hydride (NiMH). It sported a longer run time than the NiCads (and



Staff Photo by Duane Wright

AA rechargeable batteries.

even the Hi-Cap NiCads). It also had the same 1.2 volt output.

Why rechargeable batteries have a lower voltage is not known to me. Obviously, one can find 9 volt rechargeables. If there can be 9 volt rechargeables, can there not be 1.5 volt rechargeables? Apparently not. If anyone can explain this mystery, please contact

me and your explanation will appear in next month's newsletter.

Discharge times for batteries are generally indicated in milli-amp hours (mAh). The photo shows several AA batteries arranged chronologically. From left to right: Panasonic NiCad (500 mAh), Radio Shack Hi-Cap NiCad (1000 mAh), GP (Gold Peak) NiMH (1600 mAh), GP (Gold Peak) NiMH (1800 mAh), and Sanyo NiMH (2100 mAh).

Run time can be calculated if we know the wattage of our bulb and the mAh rating and voltage of our battery. Wattage divided by voltage = amperage. Say we have the common HL-500 Cateye headlight with the 2.4 watt bulb. Our voltage, with four rechargeables, is $4 * 1.2 = 4.8$ volts. So, $2.4 / 4.8 = 0.5$ amps. With the Panasonic NiCad, we would have a run time of one hour (available power (in this case, 500 mAh) divided by load (0.5 amp)). With the Sanyo NiMH, we would have a run time of 4.2 hours (2100 / 0.5). Yes, we've come a long way, baby.

But let's get back to that 1.2 volt thing. With incandescent bulbs (halogen, for example), this voltage difference seems not to significantly decrease the output of the light. With the new LED headlights, however, it seems that this difference (1.2 volt is only 80% of 1.5 volt) can be significant. I'm still experimenting, however, and so may continue this exciting discussion some time in the future.

Mazama 2003: June 7-8

By: *Lola Jacobson*

This year's annual Mazama Ride will be Saturday and Sunday, June 7 & 8, 2003. As usual, the ride starts in Marblemount on Saturday morning. We cycle 70 miles on the North Cascades Highway, over Rainy and Washington Passes, into the gorgeous Methow valley, ending our day at the Mazama Country Inn. We stay overnight at the Mazama Country Inn and then head back Sunday morning.

Registration opens March 1 for RCC members, April 1 for nonmembers. A registration form is included in your March RCC newsletter. You can also print a copy of the form from the Website [[insert url here!!!](#)]

If you have any questions, feedback, or ideas for the ride, contact Lola Jacobsen: lolajacobson@hotmail.com, 425-641-7841.

Palm Springs (cont.)

fourteen miles from the end, out in true desert again, because by then I was really flagging. I found a place to sit, drank my last liquid meal, and washed down two more gel packs, along with an aspirin in honor of my fall. I stood up, got my frayed spirits but replenished self back onto my little Erickson, and headed up the road.

Once underway again, I felt better. The pavement improved, and it was great to know that I was getting back to town. I was able to ride along behind a friendly and well-led group for a while, which helped very much. The return to wealthy suburban development with its green lawns, upscale condominiums, golf courses, "water features", and heavy SUV traffic, cycling past wide avenues named for Dinah Shore, Bob Hope, Fred Waring, and Frank Sinatra, was striking. The extent that humans have turned barely habitable desert into another world entirely was impressive. Misgivings

about environmental impact aside, I was pretty glad to be back.

I checked in at the finish and rode back to my apartment, where I got a look at what a mess I was after my fall. The bruise doesn't bear description. But no matter. The huge loop I rode around the desert, rugged, dry Sinai-like mountains around Palm Springs and its daughter desert cities, frightening aridity contrasting with the rich green that irrigation produces, shedding palm trees, brilliant blue sky, sparkling stars in a night sky whose darkness is preserved by an evident prohibition on streetlights, broad avenues with brightly marked bicycle lanes, and assistance provided by the staff of a good bike shop: these are the memories I take away from a century that I just happened to stumble across on the internet one night.

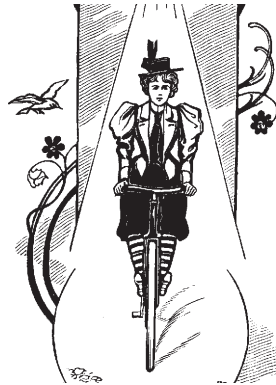
Study Hints That Cycling Can Reduce Chance of Breast Cancer in Post-Menopausal Women

By: Duane Wright

A recent study suggests that women who cycle regularly have a reduced risk of developing breast cancer. The abstract of a study that appeared in The American Journal of Epidemiology (Steindorf et al.; January 15, 2003; 157:121-130) states that "Analyses by type of activity revealed significant

protective effects for women who reported the highest levels of cycling activities." For more information:

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/2743965.stm>



For Sale: Serotta Colorado II bicycle

Columbus steel, s-bend stays, tapered seat and down tubes. Legendary Serotta comfort and handling. 53 cm (c-c) top tube, 51 cm (c-t) seat tube. Dura Ace group with STI, 53-39 chainrings. Mavic Open 4-CD rims handbuilt on Dura Ace 8-speed hubs, butted spokes. Includes bottle cages, Serotta jersey, possible extra stem; no pedals. Recently shop tuned, ready to ride.

Contact: tamara@stephas.com

In Memoriam: Roger Street

By: Duane Wright

It is with a great deal of sorrow that I note the recent surprise loss of friend and B.C. Randonneur member Roger Street. Roger died suddenly of a heart attack, while cycling, on Tuesday morning, February 25, 2003.

Roger was one of the most affable members of the B.C. Randonneurs. One did not have to do many rides in his company before getting to know him. With a pleasant smile, a delightful yet understated quick wit, and a resilient good nature, he was an ideal person to have around during long, challenging rides.

His overwhelming generosity was extremely touching. Many were the times I showed up, sometimes with an entourage, and he and his equally pleasant wife Sharon would put us all up at their house, take us out for dinner (insisting on picking up the tab for the entire group!), and make sure that we were generally comfortable and entertained during our visit to Vancouver.

A veteran of PBP 1995 and PBP 1999, Roger was anticipating another season of randonneuring and had planned to be at the SIR 2003 spring Populaire.

Although I have many Roger Street stories, one of the most amusing memories is STP 1996. Although Roger had never been on a tandem, we thought we might ride one on a one-day STP. The night before the event we got on the bike, gave it a spin around the block (Roger was captaining), and decided to do it.

Several years ago, Roger fulfilled a long time dream by bicycling across Canada.

In addition to his riding, Roger was an active volunteer with the B.C. Randonneurs, helping to host rides and going that extra distance to make sure everyone was o.k. He will be greatly missed.

Rides

Saturday, March 8th

Millersylvania Express

85 miles, hilly.

Bill & Melody Co-Leaders, Capitol Cycling Club.

9:00 a.m. Millersylvania State Park.

Saturday, March 15th

S.I.R. 200km

www.seattlerandonneur.org/

Saturday, March 22th

Zeek's Pizza Social - Greenwood

2002 Ride List Updates, Team Selections, Captains & Navigators Meeting.

4:00pm to 6:00pm.

Saturday, March 29th

Portland Randonneur - 200k

Hosted by Marvin Rambo, Portland Wheelmen - 503-774-3605

Normally about a dozen RCC riders drive down Fri. for this annual event

The Mallory Hotel - 1-503-223-6311 (Sat. Marvin's Dinner in the Grand Dining Rm.)

Best Western at the Meadows - 503-286-9600 (Sat. 5am Morning Breakfast at Sharis across parking lot from The Best Western). Lunch at George's favorite restaurant in Vernonia.

Saturday, April 5th

S.I.R. 300km

www.seattlerandonneur.org/

Saturday, April 12th

Daffodil Classic

www.twbc.org

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
Post Office 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

Day Phone

Address Line 2

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 Monday of each month at 7:15 p.m. at Coco’s Restaurant, Lake Forest Park Center, 17535 Ballinger Way NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155 (206-364-8910). 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. You can visit us on the Internet at <http://www.redmondcyclingclub.org>.



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