

FLCC Newsletter – Sept-Oct 2004

Cascadilla Hill Climb on Sept 25

An old Ithaca tradition, the Cascadilla Hill Climb will be Saturday, September 25, registration at 9am, racing to begin at 10am. A full description of the event is at:

<http://flcycling.org/racing/chcmain/index.shtml>

Buck Hill Cyclocross Race on Oct 16

The ever-popular Buck Hill cyclocross race will be on Saturday, October 16, registration at 9:30am and racing to begin at 11am. Please see the race's web site:

<http://flcycling.org/flcc/racing/buckhill/index.shtml>

Otisco Lake ride

The Sunday Ride departed from the Middle School in Homer with warm weather and more or less clear skies and with dean of the Sunday Ride, Andrejs Ozolins, back in the Sunday saddle. We had four riders new to the club ride: Nico Howson (teaching law at Cornell and one month into cycling), Bruce Cohen (visiting from the Boston area and member of the crackodawn.com cycling club) and Betsy and Steve (members of the Cherry Capital Cycling Club of Traverse City, Michigan and riding a Santana tandem with great vigor). Other riders included Dana Paul, Alex Specker (riding a Lemond, I had it wrong last week), David Wippman, David Sahn, Dan Barbasch, and Bill Wittlin.

This ride consists of a counterclockwise route around Otisco Lake with views reminiscent of Swiss countryside minus the vineyards and most of the cows. Otisco is the easternmost of the 11 Finger Lakes, a veritable pinky at 5.4 miles in length. There's little development and few tourist attractions unless you count the unspoiled lake itself. Cumulative climb on our route was clocked at 1492 feet and elapsed mileage was 42+. The inevitable headwind during the last five miles of open plain was not as formidable as in most years.

As for sociological content we noticed a number of "Bush must go" placards beside rural homes and corn fields. One rural resident sitting in the shade on his lawn told us he was against the Iraq war and voting for Kerry.

Back in Homer, we passed on Clinton Street a house that Doctor Bill had once lived in.

At the risk of offending Dr. Bill, we could tinker with the route to beef up the ride's historic content. Three blocks further down Main St. from the Clinton St. turn, at the NE corner of Main and Albany Sts, is the house where Cornell's first president, Andrew White (1832-1918), was born. I understand he could do the ride from Homer to Cornell in 87minutes when the wind was at his back!!

John Dennis

FLCC implicated in Interstate Bakeries Bankruptcy filing

Interstate Bakeries, makers of Hostess Twinkies and Wonder Bread, have recently filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy. After exhaustive investigation, sources revealed that the main reason for the loss of revenue stemmed from a sudden downturn in sales of Twinkies in mid-April. "It turns out, the entire Twinkies industry was dependent on a single consumer", stated an Interstate Representative. "This customer used our flagship product, Twinkies, as secret training food. Following an unexpected injury, his consumption ceased as he attempted to recover from injury. Consequently, the entire market was saturated with unconsumed Twinkies."

The growing stockpile of the virtually imperishable high-energy parcels led to closure of 2 production facilities. Ongoing investigations revealed that the bulk of Twinkies shipments had been delivered to a business address in Ithaca – The Glenwood Pines.

"All I can say is that the Twinkies customer used our parking lot for transfer of the goods," said the manager of Glenwood Pines. "When the deliveries stopped, we asked him if there were problems, and he said that he had a hip injury and was converting to the Atkins diet." Sources further revealed that one person signing into the FLCC email list commonly used the moniker of "Twinkieboy". However, FLCC representatives declined to reveal the identity of Twinkieboy, or to confirm rumors that this member had suffered any injuries in April that might have affected his training program.

A spokesperson for Interstate Bakeries further acknowledged that an effort to sustain the company's viability through increased consumption of Wonder Bread, had failed. "We were very impressed by the commitment that Glenn Swan, of Freeville, showed our company, by tripling his consumption of PB&J sandwiches on our other household brand – Wonder Bread. However, this did not manage to offset the losses suffered through our decline in Twinkies sales". "I tried," said Swan, "but even with an exceptional training and racing program that allowed me to substantially increase my consumption, along with providing nourishment to our local star, Danny Timmerman, I could not compete with the scale of consumption displayed by Twinkieboy." (Read about the FLCC secret training program in an accompanying article).

Interstate Bakeries have stated that their future rests on the successful return to form of Twinkieboy. "Even if we have to officially sponsor the team he rides for, we'll do it", said a representative.

The FLCC Train-to-win Program produces another nationally competitive rider

Another rider has emerged from the FLCC ranks this season to compete on the National Racing Calendar. In the recent past, Mike Jones, a regular rider with the FLCC Tuesday night rides, and winner of the Pink Slipper, has gone on to ride for Healthnet presented by Maxxis, and is a nationally recognized up-and-comer.

This year, Danny Timmerman, by virtue of the exclusive FLCC program of training and racing, has performed superbly at regional races, consistently matching established professional riders, such as Mark MacCormack, John Lieswyn, and even Jonesy. When asked what had changed, Danny commented that the rigorous training program of Tuesday Night Mt Pleasant finishes allowed him to improve his climbing, while the mine-field known as Midline Rd, gave him the necessary bike-handling skills to compete with the best. “That, and the incessant PB&J sandwiches on Wonder Bread at Glenn’s shop”, he added (See related story).

Nutritionists at the FLCC put Danny on an exclusive program that optimized his potential over the season. When told that he had won a race within 24 hours of his return to Ithaca from Arizona this spring, the FLCC representative replied that Danny had been subjected to the exclusive and secret 12-hour FLCC rapid improvement program. “And look at the results – he goes out and wins!” said the representative.

When asked if Cookies from Chris’ Cookies.com had anything to do with the plan, the representative declined to comment. However, enquiries did reveal that Danny’s performance was substantially improved by the SSS – Swan’s Strength Series of clinics in the fall (look for the up-coming clinic this year), and the Spring Clinics (stay tuned for further information about next season’s training clinics).

This reporter can only say that this little club in the wettest region in the US consistently produces remarkable results. Dan Timmerman’s name was added to the prestigious Pink Slipper this September, evidence of the culmination of a superb season.

Multi-Laser Race

Trevor Connor and I decided that a good tune-up for the Pink Slipper would be to go to an international stage race and slap a few Canadians around... Well, maybe not.

We pulled out of Ithaca at a pretty early hour and headed north to Gananoque, just across the Thousand Islands Bridge in Canada, for a race that has been fun for numerous Ithacans the last few years. It consists of a flat road race, street sprints, a time trial, and a criterium, all in just two days. It also offers a great pasta dinner, food and drink at every stage, and a post-race barbeque. This means that everyone spends a lot of time hanging

around together after the races and gets to know each other a lot better than usually happens during the rest of the season. For many, it's the final race of the season, so they are especially laid back and sociable.

The first stage is a flat road race. It's always windy, which is often harder than hills. Many categories are combined, which can make things pretty hairy at times. My master's race was combined with women. Some of them are very strong, but more than anything I am struck by how aggressive they, and some of the less-experienced riders, are about taking space and riding into very risky places at times when there is absolutely nothing to be gained. You leave a little cushion in front of you, and two people push their way in and fight for the space. I had hoped to take it easy the first few laps (of 6) and save myself for the second half of the race. We were going very fast and it was clear nothing could get away from the field without being mowed down by a ferocious train of men and women. The problem was that back in the pack there were people pushing and shoving and nearly crashing all around me. On the third lap there was a particularly nasty incident in which a woman swerved and put her front wheel into the QR skewer of a guy in front of her. The sound of spokes clanging and the two riders on the verge of falling in front of me scared me. She was screaming at the guy as if it was his fault, and I offered that she might be a little safer if she didn't ride into such dangerous places when there was no reason to be at risk. She turned her attention to me and reamed me out, finishing with "If I want your advice, I'll ask for it, so shut the #%& up!" I resisted the urge to suggest that since I have been racing since before she was born, that I might actually know what I am talking about, and carefully extracted myself from the middle of the pack, moving to the front and then putting the big hammer down, eventually splitting the pack in two and "blowing the bitch off the back". For the rest of the race I was resigned to the fact that there would likely be a pack sprint and I would be riding hard, more to keep things single file and safe, than to have any hope of a good placing. I suggested to one of my Canadian friends that I would do my best to set him up for the sprint with a lead-out to the final turn. We had a little "incident" with our lead police vehicle and some traffic as we came to the final twisty section of the course, and one rider was able to pass the vehicle while the rest of us who valued our lives a little more were slowed. This put me in the position of trying to close a gap of a couple hundred meters in the last mile. I'd like to think that nobody came around me because I was going too fast, but more likely it was the collective thought that they all were getting a free ride to the finish on my wheel. I blew up just before the final turn, leaving my friend in no-man's land for the finish, so we didn't quite catch the leader and Garnet got swarmed just before the line. I was one of the last to finish in the bunch, at 11th, and I know I was beaten by at least one and maybe two women, just like last year. Not to worry though, the race is on time, and the winner won by only 2 seconds and got only a 10 second bonus. I would likely be able to get that back in the Time Trial.

Trevor was in another race, and faced many similar issues. The course wouldn't be easy to break away on, and with a large combined field it would be especially hard to stay away. He was plotting his strategy as things unfolded and tested the waters with probing attacks and by observing the field's reactions to what others tried. Toward the end of the race he engineered a breakaway by letting some "appropriate" guys get a gap and then bridging up to them. They clung to a small lead all the way to the finish, but with one rider in particular fading, they were in the pack's sights on the run-in to the finish. They

got swarmed right at the line, with Trevor being passed by one or two riders. They were not from his category though, so he collected the leader's jersey for the Cat3 men from his bold ride.

The late afternoon took us to the Multi-Laser factory (toner cartridges for printers) and its frontage road where we would do street sprints. These were relatively unimportant for general classification (only the top four finishers would get small time bonuses) but it's a chance to race in front of a lot of spectators. As soon as you lose, you can just head into the factory where there was good lasagna and salads and desserts... I'm not a great sprinter, but I can often get the job done, especially in a format such as this. Heats of 3-5 riders. The first two keep going. The others are out. So you don't have to win to succeed. 2nd is good. It always seemed like someone would pull out of a pedal or miss a shift or make some small mistake, and I would squeak through to the next round. In one 3 rider heat a rider pulled out of his pedal and my friend Greg and I looked at each other as if to say, "that was easy", when I saw out of the corner of my eye, a blue rocket bearing down on us. I got one extra hard pedal stoke in and moved a meter ahead of Greg before the missile passed both of us at the line. We felt like a couple of idiots, but I got to move along to the finals while Greg moved to the food line. In the finals the blue rocket won, and I managed to squeak by the guy who won the road race, for second, gaining me a couple of bonus seconds.

I was still in about 10th place, so I started the TT well before the leader and I wouldn't be his rabbit. My goal was to leave just a smoking strip of melted pavement behind me...I rode hard and made no real mistakes, so it was time to just sit and wait for results to be posted. 11:27 was fast enough to take the leader's jersey to the criterium with a 14 second gap back to 2nd place. Trevor has been pretty much my equal on Thursday nights in Ithaca this season and he demonstrated that by riding exactly the same time to win the cat 3 TT and add a small cushion to his lead.

Last year I came from behind by blowing the crit apart and winning the General Classification. This year nobody was going to let me get away, no matter how hard I rode, and with the leader's jersey on my back I was going to be the target of everybody's attacks. I wasn't prepared for a blast from the past - Eon D'Ornellas, who was a nasty rider back in the early 80's, and who was in my race. Three of his teammates are among my favorite Canadian riders, and are guys I would be happy to see win on any given day. One of them warned me before the race even started that "we are still friends, but during the race we have to be rivals." I expected plenty of attacks, and I was not disappointed. What I wasn't prepared for was Eon inserting himself between me and his teammates so they could attack through corners while he rode me onto the sidewalk, into the cones, or up against the spectator ropes. Many times I had to work very hard to close gaps that were orchestrated in this manner. Once, when he had me against the curb and the spectators, I pushed him ahead of me so I could back out and go around to the middle of the road and chase the break, he screamed never to touch him or he'd kill me. This rather unnerved me, and I debated whether to just knock him off his bike the next time he tried to take me out or whether to just quit and go home. I was not having fun. Every lap I would have to look for him and position myself so that there would be someone between him and me, preferably someone big. Finally the race wound down to where there wasn't likely to be enough time for anyone to get away and get enough time to threaten my lead. I could just stay out of trouble and count down the final few laps. The race was mine. My

friends congratulated me, and apologized for what an ass Eon was during the race. I even shook hands with Eon afterwards and was treated with some respect by his friends and relatives (who are some pretty scary individuals...) Under other circumstances I would have welcomed any of a number of people escaping and earning victory on the final day. But under these circumstances there was no alternative other than fighting to the finish. It was a hard earned victory, and certainly not the laid-back racing that I had hoped for.

While I basked in momentary glory, Trevor took to the course to defend his jersey. He can tell his story in better detail, but it came down to several riders ganging up on him, and near the end after he made a huge effort to reel in an escape, he was attacked by the #2 rider and he was again in the position of dragging the field around while trying to limit his losses to a multi-rider break up the road. When the final arithmetic was done, Trevor had ceded the jersey by 1/10th of a second. That hurts ! When you are the strongest rider and it takes a gang to beat you up, and when the margin is so small that you can think of a hundred places where you could have gotten that fraction of a second, it stinks. But Trevor was good about it, politely checking to be sure the officials didn't make any mistakes, and then accepting the reality with grace. (Accepting the congratulations of many who noted that he was clearly the strongest rider in the race, as well.)

The final barbeque and awards ceremonies were a good social time with many friends we won't see again until next year, and a few we'll see on the XC ski trails in a few months. Then the drive home, and sleep in our own beds! Yes, the season is almost done. Just a couple more special events and we're into the next chapter.

Bring on the Pink Slipper!

Glenn Swan
FLCC Coach