

SPOKE'N'WORD

Cycling - the perfect synthesis of body and machine

VOLUME 6. ISSUE 2

MAY 2001

2001 FCC Board

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Articles or items for the Spoke'n'Word are welcome. FCC members receive their copy in the mail or from the website. We go to press several times per season.

MESSAGE FROM THE FCC PREZ

First up - not to be missed FCC events... May sees the start of the various weekly rides: each Monday at the Patty Center you have a choice between a **Women's Ride** at 6:30 p.m. (women only), or a **Road Bike Training Ride** at 6:00 p.m., and on Tuesdays, the infamous **Doug Rides**, at 7 p.m. at locations listed on the FCC schedule, or with a more detailed description, on the Doug Ride schedule (available at All Weather Sports). Scheduled events are also listed at the FCC website www.fairbankscycleclub.org. It is always a good idea to check the FCC **HOTLINE** for any last minute changes. Perhaps the most important and certainly the most visible is the **BIKE SWAP**, 9:00 a.m. at Beaver Sports Warehouse. The club needs volunteers to help, please: call Gail at 455-6837 if you have a couple of free hours that day. We sell over \$10,000 worth of used bicycles and gear in just a few hours. May 13th is the **Mother's Day Chatanika Breakfast Ride**, 9:00 a.m., Patty Gym. Ride all the way or meet us at

the Valotta at ~9:30, or the Fox Roadhouse at ~10:00 to 10:30... or at Cleary Summit and coast all the way to the Chatanika Gold Camp. Bring your mother, call your mother, think about your mother, but do something she would be proud of, for goodness sake. Last, but not least, is the 6-stage **All Weather Sports Mtn Bike Race**. This off road event is for all ages, but not for the faint of heart. This race makes the Death Ride look like a walk-in-the-park! It has been called the best mtn bike stage race in Alaska. See the included flyer for details.

And now for a more global viewpoint: bicycling in Fairbanks seems to be marginally more popular each year, and I see more bikers (though some may be new DWI convertees). Nationally, however, total ridership is down. A large study conducted in 1990 and again in 2000 shows that over this period adult cyclists

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HOTLINE #
459-8008

Call Tom at 479-3496 to update

14TH ANNUAL FCC BIKE SWAP SATURDAY MAY 5TH

The action starts at 8:00 am at Beaver Sports and it takes a good number of cycle club volunteers to handle the crowds that show up for this rite of spring. We have been so successful because we get people in & out as fast as possible. We need people to advise sellers and buyers on the approximate value of their goods,

people to arrange items in an easy to find manner, people to keep an eye on security, and people to shuffle the paperwork and money. It takes at least 8 volunteers during the peak hours of 9:00 to noon. If you can help that day or part of that day, please call Gail at 455-6837. You might even discover a good deal yourself!

If you already have too much bike gear, enclosed is a form you can fill out at home to sell some of it. It is amazing what trades hands at this sale—from \$1000.00 bikes to \$.50 cent parts, as long as the price is right!

There will also be the **NEW FCC Jerseys** on sale for the incredible price of \$30.00 for club members.

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are 8 million fewer! Cyclists were divided into 4 categories: "enthusiast" (264 miles/month), "moving up" (89 mi/mon), "casual" (39 mi/mon), and "infrequent" (<10 mi/mon). Enthusiast cyclists increased 363 %, from 870,000 to 3.7 million. Moving up cyclists grew 45% to 3.4 million. Casual cyclists dropped 10 % to 6.1 million. And finally, the riders who bailed out big time were the "infrequent cyclists" who dropped 49% from 22 million to 11 million. That means there are more Wal-Mart and Huffys deathtraps hanging in garages than Texas has Dick Cheney- and George W. Bush-owned drill rigs.

New legislation was introduced in Washington D.C. during March which would give bike commuters the same tax incentives as those who use mass transit or car pool to work. With gasoline, the American elixir, at over \$2.00/gallon in Chicago right now, maybe more will park their resource-guzzling SUVs. The bill would make the same \$175/year tax exemption available to cyclists. Just think, I could have pocketed \$3,400 during the last 20 years of commuting. Ol' Dick Cheney would be healthier and richer if he would bike commute, but since he reportedly makes the daily equivalent of \$100,000, where's he going to put all that dough!

And what about those late night Doug rides and other vigorous evening workouts: do they disturb sleep? Conventional wisdom says yes, research says no. The Department of Psychiatry at the University of California at San Diego, tested 16 highly fit male cyclists, who exercised for 3 hours at 65-75% of maximum heart rate (much harder than the typical Doug Rides). Bedtime followed 30 minutes later. This and other studies indicated an improved ability to fall asleep, depth of sleep, and the way they felt in the morning.

Exercise is good for what ails you.

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FCC WANTS YOU!

It's no secret that the 2000 season was a fairly spartan one, as far as club events go. The glue holding the club together was Doug Burnside's Tuesday Night Doug Rides and the Monday night road rides. There were a few scattered events, but most scheduled events didn't happen. At the crux of the matter was a dearth of volunteer effort. We'd like the 2001 season to be more successful, and that'll require some help.

Let's take a look at what the Fairbanks Cycle Club is. It isn't big business, there isn't much money in the bank account, the by-laws fit on a page, and the articles of incorporation are written in English, not legalese. Furthermore, membership doesn't start you down the career track to public office, nor give you



a fancy building downtown to congregate in.

Our meeting place is the great outdoors, and our members like it that way. This club is about cycling, and not much more.

"You can get even more enjoyment out of your association with the Fairbanks Cycle Club by volunteering."

for one's membership fee. There are rides and races, all summer long, and as a member, you are entitled to enter each and every one of them, if you so desire, with no other charges or dues. But why stop

there? You can get even more enjoyment out of your association with the Fairbanks Cycle Club by volunteering to assist with some event, or even put on a race yourself. You'll find that by giving of yourself to a club such as ours, you'll like being a member even more.

Call a club officer today. If you have an event that you want to help out with, that's great. If you'd like to coordinate one of the events that doesn't yet have a coordinator, even better! (see our 2001 event list -- www.fairbankscycleclub.org/Events)

Try a little volunteering on for size. You'll find that it fits into your schedule a lot better than you thought it would and it really makes a difference to the success of the club.



The American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM) and the American Psychological Association (APA) released reports recently that show... duh! (as certain teenagers say) exercise is a cornucopia of benefits. The ACSM shows that weight training deduces anxiety and blood pressure. The APA released their 20 years of studies showing that aerobic or weight training are viable treatment for depression, alcohol dependence and kicking the

smoking habit. So, if you haven't hung up your Huffy, remember: the Memorial Day weekend 6-stage mountain bike race is Friday May 25, 26, 27, 28. Anything worth doing is worth overdoing! Come out and ride some of the most excellent trails in Fairbanks. Each race includes lots of food, drinks, comradery, scenery, and trails well away from the Unimog people. A good time will be had by all, join us!

Rocky Reifenstuhl, el presidente

COLORADO CREEK ADVENTURE

By Doug Burnside

How six intrepid cyclists risked life and sanity on an overnight trip into the White Mountains

Probably the best part of the trip was when we all got naked and climbed into the hot tub... Oh, wait a minute, this is supposed to be a factual account, not my adolescent fantasies. Sigh....

There were six of us on the trip: Rocky Reifenstuhl, Gail Koepf, Sue Stewart, Tom Clark, Doug Stewart, and yours truly, Doug Burnside. I'd heard about the White Mountain trails for years, but had never been there, so when the opportunity arose, I had to give it a try. I'm glad I did.

Trip preparation consisted mostly of trying to figure out a way to get my low-tech overnight gear somehow attached to my bike. Not being an Iditasporter, I don't have a 40-below sleeping bag that folds up into a handkerchief sized package, so I had to deal with my rather unwieldy Coleman bag that was probably good for about 40 above. I had given up in despair until I noticed that my front fork crown had a tapped hole for mounting a reflector, and the light dawned: down to

the basement, find a quarter inch thick piece of aluminum, cut off a two inch by 12" strip, bend it into kind of an upside-down fender shape, bolt it to the fork, and presto, a sleeping bag support. A few pieces of inner tube to tie the bag to the handlebars and I was set. I put my rear rack on the bike to carry the odds and ends -- food, cooking



utensils, extra clothing, etc. -- and if you're so inclined you might give some thought to the difficulties of mounting a rack on a full-suspension bike!

We drove in a three-car convoy out to 32 mile on the Elliott where the hardier (and less sane) riders started out on the long version of the trip. Rocky and Doug Stewart headed out into a vicious headwind that felt a lot colder than the 10 above that



the thermometer showed, on the beginning of a 30 mile trip over trails that might or might not be passable. I was happy to get back in my car and crank up the stereo (Mozart, of course) for the 25 miles remaining to the starting point of the "wimp" ride -- about 14 miles up into the White Mountains to the Colorado Creek cabin.

The Colorado Creek cabin is one of a series of cabins maintained and supplied by the Bureau of Land Management, and is open to public use through the payment of a \$25 use fee and of course a reservation. These cabins are surprisingly snugly built, complete with stove, firewood, table, shelves, lots of pegs for hanging and drying clothes, even pots and pans. People who use the cabins frequently leave their excess supplies for others to use, so chances are you'll find reading materials, matches, lanterns, flashlights, even food. The sleeping capacity of the cabins varies depending on the cabin itself, and just how friendly the occupants are. Our cabin slept six people comfortably, and could

(Continued on page 4)

COLORADO CREEK ADVENTURE

have taken another two people with no problems. There were even mattresses upon which to place the sleeping bags -- all in all, a very comfortable venue.

The trail from the highway out to the cabin was good -- too good, in my opinion. It would not be that big a stretch to say that you could almost have driven a small 4x4 truck over it. Not as challenging as I like, but the scenery was first rate, as was the company. It was a total hammerhead ride -- I was going just as hard as I possibly could. Gail and Sue tried to pretend it wasn't a hard pace by riding side-by-side and chatting amiably, but I noticed that they had to stop frequently to rest, on the pretext that they were waiting for Tom and I to catch up to them. Eventually they got tired of all that resting and we didn't see them again until we reached the cabin -- all part of Tom and my master plan, because when we got there, they had the fire going and the cabin all toasty warm. Tom stayed back with me pretending to take pictures, but really he was just making sure I didn't get eaten by bears because he knew about the surprise I had in the box on my rear rack.

The ride was quite windy, varying from straight-on headwind to brutal crosswind that on a couple of occasions blew me off the trail. Even though the cabin elevation was only 1000 feet higher than our starting point, the total elevation gain (counting all the ups and downs in between) was more than 1900 feet. It was interesting to find out on the return trip the next day that the ride back "down" to the cars involved more than 900 feet of climbing. The last quarter mile was the hard-

est -- after the sign that said "Colorado Creek Cabin .25 Miles" we rode for almost a full mile before arriving, across a wide-open expanse where the trail had to be

marked by big tripods because the wind blew so hard it obscured the trail.

About half an hour after we arrived at the cabin, Rocky and Doug Stew-

art arrived, looking very relieved to be there. Apparently the trip had been more difficult than anticipated, the wind absolutely devastating. They did not have a square inch of skin exposed, with face masks and heavy duty wind gear, and even fully dressed they looked COLD.

The wind never let up. All afternoon, all evening, all night and all the next morning it blew, Rocky and Doug S. estimated about 40 MPH with gusts over 50. For the most part, we tended to stay indoors, given the weather conditions.

The experienced Iditasporters (everybody except for Tom and myself, that is) unpacked their provisions -- super light-weight high-calorie dried foods and high tech eating utensils (Rocky actually had a drilled-out spoon made of titanium!) -- and looked a little askance at me when I unpacked the big plastic box bolted to my luggage rack and came up with cans of Ravioli, Chili, and Beef Stew, and a book. But nobody complained (except Tom who is lactose intolerant) when I brought out the half-gallon of Chocolate Fudge Ice Cream I had hauled up the mountain. Surprise! and a welcome respite from an otherwise spartan selection. The ice

"...and looked a little askance at me when I unpacked ...cans of Ravioli, Chili, and Beef Stew..."

cream didn't last long! Gail carried some Amaretto along, so she and Tom enjoyed Amaretto over snow.

Early to bed, early to rise -- before 7 am the stove was stoked back up, and we were all blearily contemplating the ride back to civilization. Doug S. being a glutton for punishment, decided to ride back out the long way, and Gail and Tom went with him. Rocky, having been there and done that, decided to be more sensible and ride back on the 14-mile trail with Sue and myself. They gave me a 25-minute head start while they packed their bikes and did the final cleanup of the cabin, and then chased after me.

The first two and a half miles were pretty tough -- the wind had drifted the trail over completely and I had to walk most of it. I think that someone who weighed, say, 60-70 pounds less than me might have been able to ride the drifts with tire pressures in the 5--8 psi range, because I found on the downhill stretches that if I could get up to 12 MPH my Snow Cats would stay on top of the drifts with tire pressures at 15--20 psi. With mostly down hill and a quartering tail wind, I was able to successfully stay ahead of my pursuers. In fact, it was no contest -- they were so slow that I made it back to the cars a full two minutes ahead of them. Of course, they pretended that they hadn't been trying to go fast, thinking they could deceive me by not sweating or even breathing hard.

Then, it was drive back to town and the adventure was over.

This is an annual event, and I highly recommend it. It sounds like a daunting adventure suitable only for the hard core, but it isn't that hard a ride. After all, I made it and I didn't even get eaten by bears.

Thanks to Doug for submitting this article. The trip wouldn't have been the same without him!

Mad Dogs, Brain Fogs and Road-Hog Unimogs

Patrick O'Grady from Bicycle Retailer

Daimler Chrysler A.G.'s Freightliner, the biggest U.S. manufacturer of 18-wheelers, plans to hawk a four-wheel-drive leviathan come fall that makes the Ford Excursion look like a Morris Mini-Minor.

As an inhabitant of Colorado, a state renowned for its residents' unshakable faith in the Holy Trinity—Jesus, Reagan and four-wheel drives—I expect to see one of these monstrosities kissing my Toyota's tailgate by Valentine's Day 2002. Based on a German military transport, the 12,500 pound Unimog is 20 feet long—more than a foot longer than the ponderous Excursion—and nearly 10 feet tall. A three-step ladder is required to reach the front seat. I am not making this up, though *The New York Times* may be.

This preposterous juggernaut weighs more than all four of my Toyota trucks carrying all nine of my bicycles. At 7'6" wide, it hogs even more road than the squatty GM Hummer. And with a base price of \$84,000, it is certain to fall into the wrong hands—those plump, manicured mitts attached to absurdly rich white people who already think they own everything, including the roads we like to ride our bicycles on.

No Brain, No Pain. When did ostentatious imbecility become fashionable? Used to be, if you were the sort of mouth-breathing nincompoop who fantasized about driving a Patton tank to the office, you tried to conceal it. Now stupid people flaunt their senselessness, and not just with wheeled battle wagons, either.

A pair of San Francisco lawyers adopt a middle-aged Aryan Brotherhood jailbird and two of his gargantuan mastiffs, which subsequently shred a neighbor like a bag of kibble, then hold a press conference to blame the victim for her own demise.

The white-trash troubadour Eminem wins three Grammys for a rap CD that in happier times would have won the little Nazi jackoff a stint in a psycho ward for observation.

A half-dozen researchers lip-locked onto the twin sugar teats of the National Institutes of Health and the

Centers for Disease Control collaborate on a study for the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that concludes that getting hammered and riding a bicycle "is associated with a substantially increased risk of fatal or serious injury." Eminem could've reached the same conclusion by drinking a quart of Everclear, stealing a Huffy and playing chicken with a Unimog. Maybe his next of kin would donate the rest of the grant to AIDS research, but somehow I doubt it.

"and just because we are Americans is no reason to think we have some God given right to pillage without a substantial cost in the end. I'm so sorry to see the proliferation of gas-guzzling, pollution-belching, 4,000-pound SUV's to transport a very small person with a very large identity crisis."

Rocky Reifentuhl as quoted in the Anchorage Daily News 2/18/2001

GOG, Magog And Unimog. And play chicken with the Unimog we will, like it or not. "Even in Scottsdale, Arizona, moms will want to take it to the grocery store," one Unimog marketing drone told *The Times*, "It's a head-turning vehicle." So is a dragline excavator, but I'd rather not see a Scottsdale mom piloting one to Safeway, chatting breezily on the cell phone while drifting into the bike lane. Still, a man must change with the times. Maybe there's a way for me to capitalize on this notion that bigger and dumber is better. God knows I'm a few hundred thousand short of that first million despite a decade of scribbling stuff only a little less hateful than "The Marshall Mathers LP."

What about founding my own consumer title? Say, *VeloBooze, The Journal of Cycling While Intoxicated*. Snag some CDC grant money, then have some serious fun with costly single malts and pricey bikes. Pound out a few cutting-edge pieces like "Six Jerseys That Don't Show Vomit Stains," "Water Bottles That Won't Make Your Scotch Taste Funny," and "Twelve Bars Where You Can Steal a Better Bike."

I bring some experience to bear, after all. Some years back, when I lived in Denver, I had quaffed a few drams and was driving home when a police officer critical of my motoring style suggested that I park the truck and find another way home. I thanked him for his consideration, locked up, then yanked a bike out of the bed and pedaled off.

Of course, if I'd had a Unimog instead of a Toyota, I could've just run the cop over, fed his remains to my dog and written a Grammy-winning CD about the whole thing. But I've never been smart enough to be stupid.

FAIRBANKS CYCLE CLUB

14th ANNUAL BIKE SWAP - MAY 5, 2001 - BEAVER SPORTS WAREHOUSE

Drop-off: 8-10 AM / Pick-up: 2-3 PM

I, _____(your name), hereby consign the following bicycle related items to the FAIRBANKS CYCLE CLUB (FCC) so that the FCC may attempt to sell such items for me at the prices I have listed below. I understand that the FCC will retain 10% of the selling price of any of the items listed below that have sold.

#	DESCRIPTION OF ITEM	ASKING PRICE
1		\$
2		\$
3		\$
4		\$
5		\$
6		\$
7		\$
8		\$
9		\$
10		\$
11		\$
12		\$

THE FAIRBANKS CYCLE CLUB ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR LOSS, THEFT, OR DAMAGE TO ANY OF THE ITEMS LISTED ABOVE. FURTHERMORE, ANY UNSOLD ITEMS, OR ANY MONIES FROM SOLD ITEMS NOT PICKED UP BY 3:00 ON MAY 5, 2001 AT THE BEAVER SPORTS OUTDOOR CENTER, WILL BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE FAIRBANKS CYCLE CLUB UNLESS PRIOR ARRANGEMENTS OTHERWISE HAVE BEEN MADE.

I HAVE READ THE ABOVE DISCLAIMER AND AGREE TO THE CONDITIONS AND PROVISION THEREIN.

SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____

PICKUP INFORMATION: I, _____ (signature) have picked up all unsold items, and/or have received \$ _____ in payment for sold items from the FCC.

Fairbanks Cycle Club

P.O. Box 83424
Fairbanks, AK 99708

HOTLINE: 459-8008

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synthesis of body and
machine.*

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