

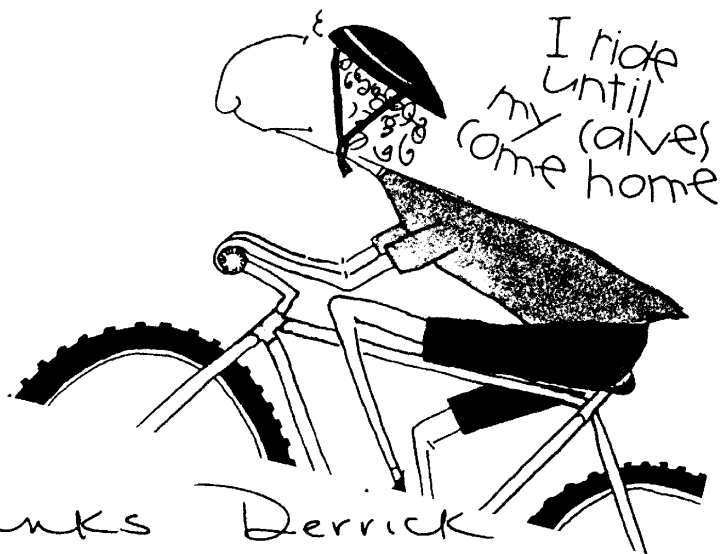


CrankMail

October 2001

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Deep peace of the quiet earth to you, / Deep peace of the shining stars to you, / Deep peace of the shades of night to you, / Moon and stars always giving light to you. — Traditional Gaelic Blessing

RAGBRAI or Register's Annual Great Broken Right Ankle Incident

by Carl H. Antczak

Crack." I sure didn't like the sound of that, especially after just falling back on my right leg, twisted under me when my left cycling shoe cleat slipped on a stair tread and I lost my balance. I was headed downstairs to the basement of a farmhouse in Denison, Iowa to retrieve my luggage and start day three of RAGBRAI XXIX, Iowa's, and the world's, premier cycling experience. With me was my best buddy and cycling cohort Glen Dorn. It had been a mostly fun experience so far, in spite of two days of headwinds, daily doses of rain and miles of the "nonexistent" hills of Iowa. I shot a glance at Glen and, in reply to his quizzical expression, offered "I think I just twisted my ankle. I'll be OK."

We had been lucky to get six out of seven nights of in-home housing along the route and had thoroughly enjoyed our stay the night before with the Nelson family, pet dogs, cat, snake, and assorted livestock. We even got to sample a shot of local bootleg hooch, also used to deworm cattle and ignite stubborn charcoal briquettes. Our basement accommodations, complete with shower and air mattresses, were heaven to our aching bodies.

After a wild ride in a tractor-propelled farm wagon, courtesy of 15-year-old Spencer Nelson, we deposited our luggage at the Quad City Bicycle Club's baggage trucks. Glen and I, sprouting cow horns from our helmets (yes, Team Grazing is alive and well) hopped on our Cannondales and headed up the long, three-mile climb out of Denison. My ankle felt testy but I was in no real pain. Once atop the crawl out of town, expansive vistas opened up and the joy of cycling asserted itself once again.

Twelve miles down (and up) the road found us at the burg of Manilla, where toilet bowl races were in full swing. Some entrepreneur rigged wheels to the bottoms of abandoned toilet bowls and, propelled by toilet plungers, bikers were challenged to slalom down the center of town to a finish line. Team T.P. (We Give A Sheet) was particularly interested in a clean sweep. A quick glance at my right ankle showed some minor swelling but nothing of concern. After filling my water bottles from a hose generously held by a local resident, it was back on the bike for 14 more miles to the town of Irwin.

At that juncture, I decided to wait for Glen. He tended to fall behind while reciting his stock of cow jokes to unsuspecting riders—i.e., "What do you call a cow with no legs?" Ra, ta, ta—"Ground Beef." It wasn't long before I heard the loud clank-clang of his full-sized cow bell heralding his approach (how he cycled across the entire state of Iowa, his brain forced to absorb millions of those clangs, and still maintain his fragile hold on sanity, is a wonder). As I was twisting my right cleat out of my pedal, a pain shot up my leg and the sock at the end of that leg looked like it was holding a tennis ball, a black and blue tennis ball. Ever cautious Glen sought out a medic. The medic's strong suggestion was to get off the bike and into a hospital for an x-ray. After the application of a bandage wrap and ice pack, I spent a few somber moments on a park bench trying to deal with this turn of events. My options were limited. For one, I could cycle the 51 miles to the nearest medical facility in Atlantic. Not a particularly smart move, I thought. I was trying to formulate option two when a voice behind me said "I'll drive you there." I looked up into the weathered face of a man who introduced himself as Gene Munson, local farmer of corn and soy beans. "I really mean it" he said, "I'd be happy to." He pushed aside my feeble protests and said he even had room for my bike in the back of his pickup. A nod from Glen sealed my decision.

It was amazing how lonely the roads became after leaving the packed bike route. Gray clouds and a fine drizzle deepened my gloomy frame of mind. However, a lively conversation with Gene helped to dispel the gloom and before long the buff colored buildings of the Atlantic Medical Center came into view. I was quickly processed through the admission procedure and chagrined to find myself the first RAGBRAI injury of the day. It was amazing how friendly and laid back the personnel were but I'm sure the cow horns and crazy colored cycling jersey had something to do with it. I was put in the mandatory wheelchair and pushed down the hall for a series of X-rays. "It's only a sprain, isn't it?" I asked the tech after the photo-op. "I'm not supposed to say," she replied, "but I'm sorry, really sorry." Not exactly what I wanted to hear. The doc on call soon confirmed a spiral break of the right fibula, with the possibility of surgery for the insertion of pins and a plate. Ouch. That was something I really didn't want to hear. The choices presented to me were to abort the bike ride and fly back to Cleveland for further treatment or return to the hospital the next morning for consultation with an orthopedic specialist due in from Des Moines. If surgery was confirmed, it could be done Thursday morning in Des Moines. Since Glen and I had in-home housing with the Namanny family that night, I decided to return to the hospital the next morning. It was only after Gene saw that I was in good hands that he left me to return to Irwin. When I asked him for his name and address, he initially refused, afraid that I might send him some gas money or something equally as crazy. Iowans — go figure.

It was still early afternoon but I chanced a call to Melissa Namanny, our hostess for the night. Fortunately, she was home and, after hearing my hurried explanation, said she would be at the hospital in a few minutes to get me. It was with a sense of relief that I saw her pickup truck pull to the curb. A hospital orderly swung my bike onto the truck bed but, when Melissa went to open the truck door for me, it was discovered that the keys were locked in the cab. I was beginning to feel like a real pain in the posterior when another kind soul came to the rescue, driving us back to Melissa's home for a second set of keys. I was soon ensconced in an easy chair in Melissa's comfortable rec room, being served a plate of delicious lasagna, salad, and hot bread. This broken ankle deal was beginning to not look so bad.

About four o'clock that afternoon, I hobbled out to the front porch to listen for the sound of a cow bell and search for the appearance of Glen and the end of his ninety-plus mile, sweaty day. It wasn't long before a set of cow horns, with Glen underneath them, crested yet another hill and came into view. With a glass of iced tea in his hand and a soft chair under his butt, Glen decided he would not cycle the next day and accompany me to the hospital instead. The fate of RAGBRAI, at least for us, hung in the balance.

Melissa and her good-natured husband Kerry put themselves, their home, and their resources at our disposal. A great meal in their air conditioned dining room replaced the pick-up fare in town that Glen and I had planned on earlier back in Denison. After polishing off our dessert of lemon sherbet, it was time for another issue to be faced. Whatever the outcome of this ankle incident, I knew I would be off the bike for a while and a set of wheels — car wheels — was in order, especially since my van was baking in a parking lot back in Bettendorf, some few hundred miles to the east.

After a quick look at the RAGBRAI activities going on in the town square of Atlantic, Kerry, Glen, and I headed west for the city of Omaha, Nebraska. The Omaha airport was the nearest place that offered any chance for a car rental. The sun had set by the time we traversed the sixty-four miles to Omaha and crossed the Missouri River for the second time. The first was on Saturday when Glen and I, after the mandatory dipping of our rear wheels and not so



mandatory dipping of our cow horns in the murky Missouri, cycled west across the bridge at Sioux City, just to say we had biked in Nebraska. Once at the airport, my anxiety increased by the minute as agency after agency answered our hopeful inquiry with "Sorry, we have no cars available." Hertz was our last hope and, wonder of wonders, they had a 2000 Taurus on the lot, gassed and ready to go. I whipped out my Visa card but choked when I was informed that the rental charge for one week would be \$540, a good down payment on a decent Cannondale. The cute Hertz girl must have taken pity on my suddenly white face and gimpy leg because she informed me that, if I picked up the red phone at my elbow and dialed the Hertz "800" number, I would most likely get a discount. Discount it was... to the tune of almost \$150. Corporate reasoning; don't ya love it? It was almost midnight when we pulled the Taurus into the Namanny's driveway, tired, anxious, drained, and ready for bed.

Eight-thirty the next morning found Glen and me back in the hospital, waiting for my consultation with the specialist. I was soon called into the examining room by a young and obviously fit doctor. I felt a sympathetic spirit in the young Des Moines orthopedic man, especially after he told me he had ridden in yesterday's leg of RAGBRAI and enjoyed it thoroughly. Ah, nothing like a bike bonding and, even better, the news on the ankle was mostly good. The break was clean, had not shifted and, since I had cycled on it for 26 miles and walked on it for a few additional miles, probably wasn't going anywhere, especially if I was careful. You gotta love those biking Iowa doctors. I was fitted with a black walking cast similar to the boot that Boris Karloff wore in those scary Frankenstein movies. The delivery of aluminum crutches and a crash course in how to use them came next. The mood was perceptibly brighter when Glen and I pulled away from the curb, our bikes disassembled on the back seat of the car and lying on sheets of grease absorbing newspaper (the *Des Moines Register*, what else?). A stop at a local K-Mart for an Iowa road map came next. While Glen was inside, I tentatively tried maneuvering the car around the parking lot, left foot on the brake, right foot and cast on the gas pedal. A few tire squeals and jerky stops later, I had it mastered. Yesss, we were on our way to Perry and day four of RAGBRAI, Glen's K-Mart gift to me of a red, white and blue canvas lawn chair stuffed in the trunk. Whatta pal.

The balance of RAGBRAI was a mix of impressions, seen from two different views, Glen's and mine. Glen was usually on the bike before seven every morning. His days were hilly, hot, and long with three consecutive days of nearly 100 miles. The headwinds continued to blow but, this being Glen's first RAGBRAI, his spirits were high and his cow paraphernalia and unfailing good humor made for fun along the way. He had never encountered the likes of The Donner Party (We Eat The Slow Ones), Team Wedgie (We Ride In A Bunch), Team S.N.I.F.F. (Don't Ask) and he didn't, Team Lock Up Your Daughters, Team Owsyourcrotch? (from Australia), etc., on his sedate Thursday night Cleveland Touring Club rides back in Cleveland. My routine was to leave shortly after Glen and follow the SAG vehicle route to the next overnight town. I've ridden a few dozen of these week-long, out-of-state rides before but never got to see what goes on behind the scenes. It was a revelation. I usually arrived at the next RAGBRAI overnighter in a couple of hours and searched for a parking spot near where the food and vendor stands were to be set up. It was amazing to witness a city park, or main street, morph from a small town thoroughfare or shady oasis into a bustling compound of dozens of food stands (Big Ass Turkey Legs stands out in my mind), bike and souvenir vendors, repair stands, rows of Port-A-Potties and, once the bikers started arriving, a formidable tent city. Small towns with populations of six or seven thousand gentle folk were, in a matter of hours, turned into noisy, colorful, crowded cities of 20,000 or more. RAGBRAI has to be experienced to be believed. Glen usually made his appearance later in the afternoon, my time until then being spent hobbling around the center of activity, sampling the variety of tasty foodstuffs (I'm good at that), scouting out the home we would be spending that night in and reading a book under a shade tree. There

are worse ways to spend a week, believe me. Our host families — the Nelsons, The Namannys, the Millers, the Beckwiths, the Littons, and Methodist minister Todd Schlitter — were invariably kind, generous and accommodating. Rev. Schlitter couldn't have been nicer, even if I did track mud on his white rec room carpet back in Storm Lake. My cast usually brought out the maternal instinct in the ladies of the house and it was not unusual to be offered a pillow to support my leg and an ice pack to lessen the swelling. I lapped it up.

Alas, Saturday, day seven and the last day of RAGBRAI, eventually dawned. It was with a mixed bag of feelings that I pulled into the river town of Muscatine and wound my way down to the Mississippi River. The wheel dipping ramp was festooned with balloons. Welcoming banners, TV satellite feeds, the smell of grilling pork chops, and a live band added to the excitement. It was only nine o'clock in the morning and already the get-on-the-road-before-dawn cyclists were celebrating the completion of their 505-mile trek from the Missouri to the Mississippi. I took advantage of a lull in the proceedings to swing myself down to the water's edge and poke the ends of my crutches into the muddy Mississippi. Sure, I didn't actually cycle the 505 miles on a bicycle, but I was part and parcel of the RAGBRAI experience and felt this token dip was in order. I'm sure my horned helmet, sitting on the back seat of the Taurus, shed a sympathetic tear or two. It wasn't long before Glen and some friends from Bettendorf rolled down the ramp for their ceremonious dip, a double dip for Glen. Well done, guys. Well done, RAGBRAI. Well done, Iowa.

On the long ride home to Cleveland the next morning, I had time to reflect on the varied events of the past week. What stood out uppermost in my mind was not the unfortunate fall and the abrupt end of my cycling on only day three of the ride, not the worry and concern and inconvenience of it all, not even the extra \$500 the accident had cost me so far. What swept all that under my mental rug was the good feeling that welled within me. A feeling generated by the kind acts of people, total strangers to me, who went out of their way to help someone in a difficult situation. From Gene Munson and his 51-mile lift to the hospital, from the Namanny family who took in an injured biker, fed and pampered him and drove him 120 miles to rent a car. From the friendly people of Iowa who talked with me and offered encouragement and from the host families who took Glen and me into their homes every night and made us feel welcome. Yes, and even the ribbing, jokes, and banter of the cyclists who rode in RAGBRAI XXIX and found the sight of a cast-bound cyclist funny.

The past week might have started out with the promise of a fun-filled week away from the responsibilities of the real world but, in truth, finished with an affirmation that the God-given instinct to care for and help another person in need is still to be found in the hearts of good people everywhere and, for me, particularly in Iowa. Blitzed as we are by trash news reporting, MTV morals, senseless killings, road rage, and a seemingly deteriorating and materialistic society, it soothes the soul and generates hope to know that small towns across this country harbor people who still practice the good and decent morals this nation was founded upon and do not feel too unsophisticated or embarrassed to put them to use on a daily basis. Three cheers for American Gothic.

Carl H. Antczak is better known by some in the Greater Cleveland Area as "Batman" and has often been sighted wearing a bat on his helmet. We don't quite know what to think about cow horns replacing our furry winged friends there ... it must be herd instinct. He is a member of the Cleveland Touring Club. This piece was submitted in August.





Cleveland Touring Club

Cleveland Touring Club

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email: clevetourclub@hotmail.com

www.clevetourclub.org

Welcome to New Members

Cynthia Mascia, **Richard Ostendorff** of Chagrin Falls, **Anthony Bozic** of Euclid, **David Whittaker** of Painesville, **Daniel Littman** of Richmond Heights, **Robert Wetklow** of Eastlake, **Michael & Kristin Carrigg** of Highland Heights.

Conneaut Lake Overnight

The Conneaut trip was a big hit! The temperature was in the 80s. Strategically placed arrows put down by **Art Emser**, the trip coordinator, guided all riders toward our destination- the nostalgic Conneaut Lake Park and Historic Hotel.

Forty- Five miles into the ride we were not surprised to find continuously steep hills because it was meticulously mark on our maps. A few speedy riders (**Larry, Sue** and **Art**) found themselves knocking down a few cold ones at the Beach Club waiting for the others to arrive at the destination.

After a refreshing shower, many of us headed for the amusement park! **Pat** and **Donna** were first to brave the Blue Streak Roller Coaster- one of the only all-wooden coasters still running. We all recommend it highly ... just remember wooden coasters live up to their reputation of a bumpy ride. For under ten dollars, we rode everything our stomachs could handle... then off to Steak on the Lake for dinner. Wow did we eat...prime rib, shrimp, crab legs and fantastic desserts!

After a late night stroll on the starlit boardwalk, we headed to our quaint rooms for much needed rest from eating.

Sunday, 8a.m. and off to Mama Bear's, a fantastic roadside diner for breakfast...it can't get any better...then we hit the road. Isn't it funny when you take the same way back, "but where did the hills come from...I don't remember those hills? Check the map..."

A quick side trip into the First Presidents' (**John Hanson**) Museum in Hartsgrove proved quite interesting. His namesake, who owns the largest beverage store around, wrote a book and is happy to **talk** to thirsty cyclist about politics, education. He has copies of his book, newspaper clippings and posters all over his store telling of his fame. He is one of those real characters you meet on bike trips like this. His storefront is set up like Mt. Rushmore with the painted faces of the presidents; it's to get people in the store and it worked. His main goal is to get people to think; "knowledge is power" he kept saying and when we asked questions he really had no answers but kept quoting the constitution, the Bible etc. As we headed out the door, we could still hear him quoting ... "knowledge is power."

All returned safe and a little wet, with the riders braving three small rain showers on the way home up the rolling hills of Chardon. We had some squishing in our shoes, but what a great time. A special shout out to **Tom**...his first 50-mile ride and to his family who was there to support him all the way!!! Congrats Tom!!

To **Don and Lois**: Thanks for the crackers and moral support to “get up them dang hills.” See you next year ...planning a bigger and better ride.

— **Art Emser & Patti Pritts**

Adventure Race Update

Team 7DeadlyMeats took 1st place (coed 4s) in the Ohio Adventure Race Series (www.hfpracing.com) at Paint Creek State Park. The race consisted of 5 miles of trail running, 15 miles of mountain biking, and 2 miles of 5 miles of trail running, 15 miles of mountain biking, and 2 miles of kayaking with a few special team challenges thrown in for good measure (like crawling through kiddie pools on your stomach and crawling under cargo nets with your mountain bike). The next Ohio Adventure Race will be at Shawnee State Park on September 30.

— **Scott Erdman**.

Tom Black's Mystery Ride

It seems the real mystery would be if anyone besides myself would show up to ride because of the gloomy weather. Despite threatening showers, eight brave souls showed up for this annual event. We were hoping the showers would hold off until the finish of the ride... *they didn't!* With wet cue sheets in hand they forged on looking for clues and making decisions on whether to turn left or right at the stop sign. After finding shelter in an Arabica Coffee House until the rain stopped, they started out again on their journey. Some continued on and some turned back because it was getting late. Those that continued on received a dry cue sheet to help make finding clues a little easier. But it seemed like the weather just wouldn't agree with the riders. After the showers started up again I went ahead and directed them to a shortcut back to the finish. By the time they arrived, the rain had stopped, the sun had come out, and they had all dried out. Most importantly, they were all smiling! Thanks to **Peter Snitzer, Geri Weis, Bruce Horvath, Harriet Pedone, Barb Ciciqi, Matt Bond & Son**, and two others whose names I couldn't make out because my ink was running!!

— **Tom Black**

Classic Bike

It was back in late spring when I spotted the ad on a national email list: “Italian racing bike for sale, \$50.” Nothing special except the ad showed a Cleveland area code and a South Euclid phone number, three miles from my house. On an impulse I called.

Now I don't need an Italian racing bike. In fact, with six bikes in my garage, I don't need any more bikes at all. But the fellow on the other end of the line talked about being a former bike racer in Berlin during the 1930s and how, in his mid-80s he'd developed heart problems and couldn't ride anymore. “Used to take it out almost every day until my operation” he'd said, in his still heavily Europeanized accent.

My eyes lit up. A bike racer from over half a century ago with a fine Italian racing bike. A vintage handmade frame from a custom shop! Campy equipment from when Tullio was still racing!

I'd heard about finds like these. People would email about some fantastic vintage bike they'd found in someone's dusty garage and bought for a song. Now it was my chance. I arranged to meet him that afternoon.

Cycling over to his house, I could hardly contain my excitement. I had already gone to the cash machine and had \$50 at the ready. No dickering over this one.

Who cared what size it was. The fellow was of modest stature, a bit chubby and looked close to his stated age. Had he really been riding this machine until his operation a few weeks ago? He told me more about his racing career, mostly track racing at the Berlin velodrome and later motorcycle racing for BMW. Until political events forced him to relocate to America where he had some relatives. He was Jewish and it saved his life.

Finally he led me to the garage. My eyes and strained for a view, unaccustomed to the dark interior. As they adjusted I spotted the bike's outline in a handmade wooden stand in the rear corner. As I approached I could see the name on the top tube – *Adagio*, and then the decals on the down tube – Sears, Free Spirit.

Sadly I left with my \$50, consoling myself that at least I had enjoyed the conversation and met a unique individual. His fine racing bike, he explained, had to be left behind over 60 years ago back in Berlin. — **Martin Cooperman**

Ride Schedule

Oct. 14 9AM Fall Color Ride Richfield Call **Eric Schultz** (330) 659-3274
Rolling/Hilly. **Alternate** – pick up ride at North Chagrin
21 9:30 Chardon to Burton(30), Middlefield(45) Rolling
28 Wildwood Park New route (25,45) Flat/rolling

Nov-Feb 10AM North Chagrin pickup ride (15-35) if dry and over 35 degrees

All weekend night rides are over for the season. Thank you all for riding with us.

Ohio City Bike Club Names Advisory Board

By Jim Sheehan

The Ohio City Bike Club (OCBC), an earn-a-bike program housed at the Arrupe Center of St. Ignatius High School, celebrated its first six months of helping neighborhood kids learn to repair and safely ride bikes with an open house on Sept. 13. Folks from the neighborhood and the school met to discuss expansion of the project from its current, informal, “bike club” phase to an incorporated, nonprofit, cooperatively-owned, used-bike shop and teaching center. No one from any other bike clubs attended, so the “cycling community” was represented by the messengers, commuters, and other transportation cyclists already involved in the OCBC.

The club introduced a board of advisors that will help it develop a business plan and corporate structure through a strategic planning process. This board includes Scott Cowen, owner of Century Cycles; Tim Donovan, Executive Director of the Ohio Canal Corridor; Bill Grulich, owner of Kupper advertising and public relations consulting; Jim Levin, director of the Cleveland Public Theater, and Dawn Sunday, coordinator of the Student Environmental Congress for the Earth Day Coalition.

To encourage volunteer participation as the OCBC moves into a more structured format, it was decided to add a session on Saturday mornings, from 10 to noon, for the earn-a-bike program and for drop-in, self-service repairs. Like the Thursday evening sessions these will be held year-round, rain or shine, and all adults and kids are welcome. For information call Mike at the Arrupe Center: (216) 961-1260.



ED RUSIN MEMORIAL

Sponsored by the Lorain Wheelmen

An Ohio Bicycle Events Calendar Supporting Ride

November 4, 2001

The twenty-seventh (27th) annual Red Flannel Metric Century (62 mi.) and half metric (31 mi.) will depart from the Oberlin Community Center, Oberlin, OH at 9:00 AM, Eastern Standard Time on Sunday, November 4, 2001.

START-FINISH ... The start-finish and registration is at the Oberlin Community Center, Oberlin, OH. If you are driving via the Ohio Turnpike, exit at Exit 145 (old gate 8) and take Route 57 north to Route 2. Take Route 2 west to the Route 58 exit and take Route 58 south to Oberlin. The Community Center is just off S. Main St. about three blocks from Tappen Square. It's across the street from McDonald's and behind the caboose. From the west, exit the Ohio Turnpike at exit 135 (Baumhardt Road), turn south on Baumhardt Road to Route 511. Turn left (east) and proceed into town. Turn right (south) on Main St. (Route 58).

REGISTRATION ... Advance registration (\$10.00) will be accepted until October 26, 2001. Late registration (after October 26th and the day of the ride) will be \$15.00. Registration fee includes map, a raffle, SAG and snack stops. Please make checks payable to the LORAIN WHEELMEN. Please include a SASE for confirmation if you would like one.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS ... are available at the Oberlin Inn, downtown Oberlin. For reservations, call (440) 775-1111. The Country Hearth Inn and Motel 6, located in Amherst, (approx 8 miles north of Oberlin on SR 58 at SR 2). Call (440) 985-1428 or (440) 988-3266 for reservations.

ROUTE ... The route will be familiar to regular Red Flannel riders. Mill Hollow has been improved with a sweeping (longer) climb on the east side. The route will generally be rolling with the exception of the river valley climbs. The route will be marked at each turn.

SAG WAGON ... Riders with physical injuries or unrepairable mechanical breakdowns will be given first priority for sag wagon service. If necessary, other riders will be picked up as time and circumstances permit. The last sweep will begin about 4 PM. All riders should be off the road by 5 PM.

WEATHER ... during the history of the Red Flannel, riders have seen a variety of weather ranging from a bone chilling blizzard, to temps of 70 degrees plus, to pounding rain. We've had some bad weather in the near past, but the last two years have had great weather, so let's hope for a return engagement in the weather department! We've had all kinds of weather, sooo ... come prepared according to the forecast.

With Support From ...



For more information:

Call: Carl Panek (440) 235-0117
Write: Lorain Wheelmen, PO Box 102, Amherst OH 44001-0102
Email: lorainwheelmen@eriecoast.com
www: http://www.eriecoast.com/~lorainwheelmen/lor_rf.htm



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LEW Club Weekend & Holiday Ride Schedule

- Oct. 7 9:00 Olmsted Falls to Grafton & Wellington - 40/60 miles
Oct. 14 9:30 Eric & Diane Schultz Fall Color Ride in Richfield CTC & LEW club ride - 30/45 miles call (330) 659-3274 for start location
Oct. 21 10:00 Bonnie Park to Medina 45-mile loop
Oct. 28 10:00 Olmsted Falls to Grafton and Oberlin- 30/60 miles

Nov. 4 8/9:00 *Red Flannel Metric* start in Oberlin 32/64 miles by Lorain Wheelmen

Ride Start Locations:

Bonnie Park In Strongsville, in the Mill Stream Run Reservation, west of Albion Road & Valley Parkway.

Olmsted Falls Olmsted Falls County Library, Columbia Rd, just north of tracks, by the covered bridge.

Weekday Rides:

Tuesday Evenings – Short, slower rides starting from Fairview Park Post Office (on West 220th, just south of Lorain Rd.), 6:30 pm, weather permitting. Call Bob Ugan at 216/476-0353. Recommended for beginning and slower riders, plus new club members. It is also a very good way to make our acquaintance (invite someone you know). With sunset coming earlier as the season progresses, headlamps and reflectors are strongly recommended.

Regular Club Wednesday Evenings – Moderate to fast pace 20-30 mile rides starting at 6:30 pm from Kamm's Corner parking lot at Lorain Rd & Rocky River Dr (rt237) in Cleveland (behind Pizza Hut), Call Ed Wheeler at 440/572-1122 or email at wheels@ameritech.net (weather depending).

LEW WEB keeps club informed of late breaking news

To keep informed of late breaking news and location of rides during the year check the LEW club site out at: <http://www.geocities.com/lakeeriewheelers/>. The LEW club email list is at Bikelew@juno.com. If you aren't receiving weekly ride updates and have email, let us know and we'll put you in the address book.

The September, 2001 Club Meeting...

...was cancelled due to lack of attendance. Regular club meetings will continue to be held at the Brook Park Branch of the Cuyahoga County Library, on the first Tuesday of the month. The next meeting will be on October 2nd, 2001. In the event of changes, members will be contacted. Members with web access may check the club website for the latest news; they are also encouraged to express their concerns (or offer ideas) to club officers at club rides, by email, or by phone.

Touring Division News

Marty Cooperman, describing a recent cycling adventure from Berea to the Akron Portage Lakes, honors us this month with a guest column.

Bike Camping Close to Home *(by Marty Cooperman)*

In mid-July, Tom Meara (Lake Erie Wheelers Touring Chairperson) organized a four-person trip to Clinton, Ohio. In reality it was to the Akron Portage Lakes: there is no camping in Clinton. In fact there's not a whole lot of anything in Clinton. Which is what makes it so charming. Bicycle touring is best done where there's not a whole lot of anything.

Russ Marks came along with his pretty, new Cannondale touring bicycle. He's an excellent cyclist and all around athlete whose tales and exploits, all self-told, fill many a long evening around the fire. Leo Fohl's a newcomer, cycling for only 2 years. He got the bug to do bike touring, researched it, and bought some of the best and most intelligently designed gear, including a Bruce Gordon BLT bike made especially for touring, Arkel touring panniers, and a Walrus tent. Mounted on his handlebars was a GPS. He also carried enough bananas to launch the GNP (not to be confused with the GPS) of Honduras into the realm of developed nations. Tom was his normal, calm, mature, common-sensical self, the kind of person who carries a Palm-Pilot with a map program loaded inside; the kind of person who inspires confidence in a trip leader, even while mangling the trip directions once a minor detour threw us off the route. In fact the combination of Tom's Palm-Pilot and Leo's GPS pretty much had us scratching our heads, until walking inside a convenience store we spied a local map, and got things straightened out.

Don't get me wrong: technology is wonderful. It provides much of the amusement on a ride like this. Tom also rides a new Cannondale. Lastly was me, Marty Cooperman, on my 20-year-old Univega Shlep. It made funny noises from the crankset for most of the trip, only to be drowned out by my bad shifting which made even more funny noises, until the chain fell off the outside, at which time it went mercifully silent. It did this quite often. If you've got enough speed, you can shift back and remount the chain. Unless you've got a little metal thingy to keep the chain from slapping on the chainstay. In which case the chain gets stuck under the thingy, and you have to nudge it with your foot. If you've got enough speed. And if you can keep your foot out of the spokes.

We had fine weather for both days: warm and dry. Tom, Leo and I met at Doug Barr's place of business in Berea (thanks Doug), and cycled into the Metroparks to meet Russ. A few minutes later, we met Russ cycling in the other direction. We waved enthusiastically. Russ waved enthusiastically. We passed him and slowed, waiting for him to turn around and catch up. After a while, we reversed direction. And cycled all the way back to where we had met. Puzzled, we found Russ on the grass waiting for us to show up. It seems that he expected Tom to have his Bob trailer and not seeing it, assumed we were not part of his group and sat down to

wait our arrival! It would be easy to make this mistake. After all, there are literally thousands of cyclists in groups of three, with full, loaded touring gear, passing by in exactly the spot we were supposed to rendezvous, at exactly the time we were supposed to meet, looking identical to Tom, Leo and I.

Russ related having just passed Bob Parry and Ed James, also with loaded touring gear, out on a practice run for their upcoming trip to Europe. Their bulging panniers gave testimony to the seriousness of their intent, until Russ noticed a telltale wisp of cotton batting protruding from one of the bags.

A few miles south, we turned at an intersection where a gleaming metal coin met my eye. Stopping to pick it up I saw many other coins, and with only minor risk to my life as traffic swerved and honked, I managed to retrieve over \$3.00 in change in as many minutes. Obviously no pedestrians had passed this way for some time. Or else they were smart enough not to jeopardize their safety for a handful of change.

In late afternoon, nearing exhaustion, and only 20 miles beyond our anticipated trip distance thanks to the Palm Pilot, we arrived at Turkeyfoot Lake. There are no shower facilities here, but the imported beach sufficed. We changed and took a dip, washing off the salt and sweat. A short cycle later we arrived at Nimisila Reservoir and set up camp. Camping here is primitive, with only a pump for water and pit toilets, but the silver lining is: no RVs. No electricity means mostly tents and people used to camping in peace and quiet without generators, air conditioning, radios or TVs.

Dinner was soup, a special concoction of Lipton's' noodle packets and 8 cans of vegetables, hot chocolate and mandarin oranges. Oh, these were served separately, not together. For seasoned cycle tourists there were a few items conspicuously absent in some unnamed persons' kit. Namely, spoons, forks, cups and bowls. Just how these unnamed persons expected to eat is beyond me, but the ever-organized Tom Meara brought utensils and bowls for everyone. It was much appreciated. Everyone agreed it was one of the finest dinners they had ever had. Especially after some 85 miles of hilly riding. In fact, I suspect it was only because of some 85 miles of hilly riding. After dinner we listened as first Russ, then Tom, then Russ, then I, then Russ, then Russ, then Russ recounted past cycling adventures. Leo was mercifully quiet at this point. There is an advantage to having only 2 years of cycling under your belt.

Morning began as all camping mornings do with disbelief that the birds would start chattering at this early hour! But we were all dressed and ready to go, except for Russ who kept us waiting for half an hour while he desperately tried to gather and pack his gear. Eventually, we were on the road to Doylestown, and a welcome breakfast at the Village Kitchen.

Further along, we met a local fellow on a fine Lotus bike several sizes too large for him, who had purchased it (used) for the princely sum of \$5. He sported no helmet, pump or patch kit, but was brim full of enthusiasm. He was riding some serious hills, and was no lightweight, but his spirits were high. Queried about the lack of helmet, he said he rode a motorcycle without one also and, if he had to go, hoped to die on one of his steeds. As for the lack of repair kit, he said he'd been cycling several thousand miles over as many years and had yet to get a flat. Given the emptiness of the countryside I suspect one day he will enjoy a very long walk home.

Finally, we ran into the ABC group ride that passed along our return route, and also the LEW riders. Tom Nezovich and Jake Elliot turned and rode home with us.

Jake went ahead, eager to be home on time, but Tom accompanied us all the way back to the start and beyond, delivering Russ and I into the waiting arms of Cleveland's first Honey Hut Ice Cream Shop for a welcome treat, after which we all dispersed for home, a shower, and a very long nap.

Many thanks, and much appreciation to Mr. Cooperman for his contribution. And now we continue with our regularly scheduled LEW article.

One scheduled touring ride remains in the season, open to all riders still possessed of (or by) a spirit of adventure. The ride captain will determine whether an individual is capable and equipped for completing the ride. Tours are unsupported except where listed. The riding is more or less continual for the distances listed.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Route</u>	<u>Ride Captain</u>
Oct 26 - 28	Youghiogheny Trail, Ohio. 130 flat miles, camping	Doug Barr

If you are interested in participating, Ride Captains must be contacted prior to the ride:

Bob Parry	(440) 779-8392	bob.parry@juno.com
Tom Meara	(440) 777-2563	tom_meara@hp.com
Tom Nezovich	(216) 749-0029	knezovich@msn.com
Tama Ripley	(440) 331-0281	RIPLEYT@ccf.org
Doug Barr	(440) 734-1715	doug barr@nshore.org

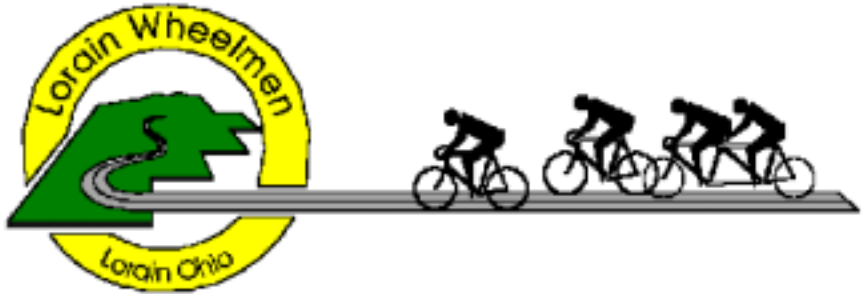
Prospective riders are expected to be physically fit, properly attired & equipped, with bicycles suitable for the routes in question (and adequately maintained). Anyone interested can contact Tom at 440/777-2563, or email him at tom_meara@hp.com.

Tom Meara would like to extend his thanks and gratitude to all participants in this year's touring activities, as well as towards all who volunteered their efforts on behalf of the Touring Division.

Upcoming elections for club officers

At the October club meeting (see above), we will be nominating candidates for club officers, with elections to be held in November. Prominent members not in attendance may find themselves unexpectedly nominated by sympathetic acquaintances. Members in attendance also face the same risk.





October 2001 Calendar 'n Stuff

Date	Starting Point	Destination	miles, etc.
07	Oberlin Inn	Spenser	40-50 creative miles
08	Amherst/Powers School	U-Show-We go	25 or so for Columbus Day
11	Nordson Depot	Prolog (5:30) Meeting (7:30)	20 miles, light permitting
14	Amherst Powers School	Grafton	About 45 flat miles
21	Vermilion HS	Norwalk	45 flat to rolling miles
28	Oberlin Inn	Milan	The Club Red Flannel

Our Vermilion starting point is at the high school opposite the football field. From route 2, to north to Sailor Way and turn right. Go past the Middle School and the tennis courts. Park next to the HS across from the football field.

Weeknights have been lightly attended this summer. Ralph and I ride on Tuesday when he gets out of school, maybe **5 or 5:30**. Thursday he and I have been riding up to Amherst to meet Dave and Ron at the IGA. Let's make that **5:30** for now, but if you want to be sure, give Dave a call. The light is failing us this time of the year and we like to hang on as long as possible. We'll probably have to back off to **5:00** before the month is over! If anybody wants us to rearrange the times or places to accommodate his work schedule, please holler.

Ralph and I ride every Saturday A.M., at 8 or 9, as the weather dictates. MaryJo makes that session when she's in town. We do 20 or 30 miles, and meet at Prospect School in Oberlin. Call or email (440-775-1501/chohn@oberlin.net) me if you want to nail the time down for a specific day.
Day

<http://www.eriecoast.com/~lorainwheelmen/>

THE BIKE WITCH TEE SHIRT PROJECT



*Tee shirt imprint copyright © 2000
by James Guilford*

In October of 1994, three student framebuilders disappeared in the woods near Bentleyville, Ohio while testing mountain bike designs. A year later their bicycles were found.*

Time to cash in!

Yes! Please send me this amazing shirt. I understand that it is 50/50 blend, black with imprint (see photo above) of the most horrible Bike Witch. Shirts are long-sleeved, and available in adult size XL only. I have enclosed a check or money order for \$21.00 payable to "The Clockwork Press" for each shirt desired (Ohio sales tax and shipping are included). Here's my name and mailing address:

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

**This part is all made up, just like that other story about a witch and students disappearing in the woods. The part about the shirt offer is for real. Bike Witch image is copyright © 2000 by James Guilford. Send orders to: Bike Witch; The Clockwork Press; PO Box 33249; Cleveland, OH 44133-0249. Act now, quantities are very limited; offer ends with shirt supply. Read the legend of the Bike Witch on CrankMail.com.*

Westlake Points Races Near Season's End

	'A' RACE			total	total
				points	paces
1st	Frueh	Tom	Cuyahoga Valley Velo	118	21
2nd	Chernosky	Dave	Team Columbus	114	22
3rd	Sroka	Rudy	Lake Effect Racing	106	21
4th	Hopkins	Tris	Cuyahoga Valley Velo	89	23
5th	Martin	Paul	GoMart	59	7
6th	Lu	Don	Cuyahoga Valley Velo	49	16
7th	Riccardi	Chris	Guinness / ACA	47	23
8th	Batke	Brian	Cuyahoga Valley Velo	45	18
9th	Brink	Dick	Guinness / ACA	44	18
10th	House	Mike	GoMart	27	6
11th	Mathys	Bill	Cuyahoga Valley Velo	25	16
12th	Stern	Brian	Guinness / ACA	24	22
13th	Doyle	James	Dale's Bike Shop	23	10
14th	Baldesare	Jim	GoMart	19	6
15th	Reese	Craig	Team Akron	12	10
16th	Busa	Mike	unattached	10	13
17th	Johnson	Mike	Lake Effect Racing	9	13
	Clune	Vince	Dayton Cycling Club	9	9
19th	Cockley	David	unattached	8	10
	Martin	Robert		8	4
21st	Fernandez	Robert	Team Akron	7	17
	Gallagher	Bill	PDQ Cleveland	7	14
23rd	Gryzbowski	Jeff	Team Akron	5	12
24th	Lee	Ryan	unattached	4	13
	Mewett	Geri		4	3
26th	Ingraham	Ted	Summit Freewheelers	3	11
	Henterly	William	Team Columbus	3	8
28th	Wilford	Derek	Lake Effect Racing	2	19
	Heibel	Steve	Lake Effect Racing	2	12
	Kadar	Stefan	Team Akron	2	8
31st	Strouhal	Alex	Team Burn	1	9
	Kenny	Brian	Gary Fisher Mid-Atlantic	1	2
33rd	Bellavance	Gene	unattached	0	18
	Diffenbacher	Brian	Lake Erie Wheelers	0	18

	'B' RACE			total	total
				points	paces
1st	Marcossen	Al	PDQ Cleveland	57	12
2nd	Hiller	Ken	PDQ Cleveland	54	9
3rd	Schneider	Brian	LEW	44	14
4th	Kovach	Dave	PDQ Cleveland	39	11
5th	Miranda	Pat		37	12
6th	Rochette	James	Unattached	36	5
7th	Claus	Mike	unattached	35	8

8th	Jackobs	Mark		34	6
	Ingraham	Ted	Summit Freewheelers	34	4
10th	Estlack	Gordon	PDQ Cleveland	28	14
11th	Smith	Mike	Summit Freewheelers	26	14
12th	Collander	Eric	Unattached	23	13
	Beeson	Brad	unattached	23	4
14th	Stefancin Jr.	Robert		19	11
15th	Lanson	John	Orville	18	3
16th	Furgala	Brian	Unattached	14	14
17th	Hurling	Ed	Summit Freewheelers	12	11
	Kadar	Stefan	Unattached	12	1
19th	Previs	Stephen	Unattached	11	4
20th	Sullinger	Glenn		10	5
	Funk	Matt		10	1
22nd	Madison	Mike		9	10
23rd	Kimmich	Kevin	Unattached	8	2
24th	Vega	Mike	Unattached	6	11
	Ingraham	Tricia		6	8
	Staneluis	Chris		6	4
	??? 7/17	CWRU		6	1
28th	Rees	Bill	LEW	5	18
29th	Tietsen	Kurt	Color Me Safe	5	3
30th	Marx	Russell		4	12
31st	Papajcik	Doreen	PDQ Cleveland	3	8
32nd	Pletcher	Nate		2	3
	??? 7/3	Red Jersey		2	1
34th	Catalano	Angelo		1	8
	Sherry	Tom		1	5
36th	Lewis	Julie	Lake Effect Racing	0	18
	Wilkinson	Joe	PDQ Cleveland	0	14

Thanks to organizer Chris Riccardi, we are pleased to be able to publish the 2001 season results from the Westlake Points Races. This summary lists all those competitors who have earned points in the races through the first half of September. Races were held every Tuesday evening through the end of September. Next month we will publish the final results for the 2001 season. Full results may also be found online at: <http://lek.net/~tris/cvv/westlake.html>.



Medina County Bicycling Club

P.O.Box 844 • Medina ,OH 44258 • L.A.W. Affiliated

Contact the following for information:

President:	Tom Dease	330-725-1058	tjmd@aol.com
Vice President:	Lou Vetter	330-725-0441	bikevetter@aol.com
Treasurer:	Glen Hinegardner	330-725-8430	biker10260@aol
Ride Coord.:	Dave Schultz	330-725-0293	dsbike97@aol
Secretary:	David Miller	330-725-7928	mlrmedina@aol.com
Mtb Coord.	Linda Miranda	330-483-4512	lmiranda@mircosolutions.com

Weeknight Ride Schedule

Tuesday, Friday night Spinning class at 6:30- call or check web

Weekend Ride Schedule

Saturday- Check the Web-or call

Sunday: Courthouse Parking Lot - Jefferson at E.Liberty St. meet on the Square.

8:00 a.m. **Touring Group** at (10 - 15 MPH)

9:00 a.m. **Racing Group** at (18 + MPH)

Or check your Email or *our new Web* site:

<http://www.medinabikeclub.org> and go to the message board

BICYCLE HELMETS REQUIRED ON ALL OFFICIAL CLUB RIDES

Anyone interested in riding with this group or being a ride leader, please contact Ian Halliwell at 330-725-3074 or Email at IHalliwell@nobleknights.com

If anyone is interested in riding any of these events please contact Tom 725 - 1058

10/13 23rd FALL N LEAF. Mansfield 62/35

10/27 25th (FFF) FRIENDSVILLE FREEBIE FIFTY. Medina 50/25,

Beware of Count Dracula

THE PREZ SAYS

A very warm welcome to our newest members, Ron and Carol Isgro and Pat Ionta

ICE CREAM RIDE REPORT

For those of you that missed it, *too bad for you*. The weather started out perfect and got a little warm but the tailwind for the return leg worked out nicely. Our attendance was up 60%. We got more riders for our 25 mile route than ever before. And as best as I can tell everyone had a great time.(except for Shawn who broke 3 carbon spokes in his brand new wheels.(“ @#\$\$^&&*\$#@!! ”)

The feedback we received was almost all positive. Excellent routes, great tee-shirts, good rest stops, wonderful Ice Cream, lots of cookies, and a fantastic cookout. And the comments like, "You guys really got it right" and "We really loved this ride," lead us to believe it was all worthwhile.

But the real reason I am writing this is to thank all those who helped to make this such a great success. To Tom Byerly for the great graphics design and the tee-shirts his business donated. Thanks! To Carl Bidingner for helping with the routes and providing the Maps and Signs. Thanks! To Glen & Carol Hinegardner for organizing the registration and handling all the funds, *and remaining married*. Thanks! To Bruce & Nancy Hoff for the most professional catering job ever. They were incredible. The burgers were always hot and done to perfection, the pasta salad came in individual containers to stay fresh, and everyone was served in very short order, without any lines to wait in. And they had pop to drink instead of orange punch. Thanks! To Linda Miranda for all her help in getting things organized despite the fact that she was also organizing a huge Mountain bike race! Thanks! To Shawn Conway for the muffins and Danish for breakfast, and all the delicious fresh baked hot chocolate chip cookies (he brought an oven with him). Thanks! To all the people who worked the rest stops. Lou Vetter and Tom Waterson at the Creston stop. Bill Schweinsburg at Hartzlers, and Debra & Brandon Ewsichuk at West Salem. Thanks! To all the folks that help to mark the routes, Glen & Carol, Lee Ewsichuk, Dave Ling, Lou Vetter, Sara Kibler, and Paula Kasmin. Thanks! To all the SAG drivers. Thanks! To all who helped to setup and register riders Ian Halliwell, Doug Fitz, Charlie Horn, Kelly Heidman, and Dave Schultz. I hope I didn't miss anyone. Thanks! I consider it an honor and privilege to work with all of you.

F.Y.I.

The attempt to move the Tuesday night starting point to an alternate location was less than successful, mostly because of too short a notice, ("my fault, sorry"). In the future we will be moving the starting point on a monthly basis. It should be easier to remember that way.

The Richfield SWEET CORN RIDE as usual was well attended. Ian, Bill, Dave Miller and family, were there with several other members. The route changes seemed to make the 50 mile course even more challenging than last years, or maybe I'm just a year older. Anyway for some reason there is always a very diverse crowd on this ride, which keeps it fun and interesting. That girl with the Kool-Aid stand in the middle of that long, steep hill got my business. She was a shrewd negotiator and I was forced to fill my water bottle at market rate.

ROAST YOUR BUNS was a freebie this year. The weather was as the name promised, HOT. Nice rural routes, but you can't put those arrows out too soon or the county road crews get confused and follow them around putting down tar and gravel. Glen and Carol Hinegardner were there with several members of their MS150 team getting ready for the Pedal To The Point. About 22 miles into the ride Shawn broke another spoke. Yep, I think that if there was a sag on this ride Shawn might have chucked the bike into the bushes and waited for a ride home. Instead he turned back while the rest of us finished the route.

The EMERALD NECKLACE RIDE. We couldn't believe it was really raining. It wasn't supposed to. "The weather was suppose to be perfect", was the general consensus as most of us waited under the pavilion for the showers to stop. They did, and Dave Ling, Shawn Conway (on a new Aerospoke rear rim), and I managed to get in 75 miles. Tom and Kim Bryerly did the 25 mile route. And while we did get wet from the road, the day turned out rather cool and pleasant for riding (much better than 95 degrees). The food was excellent; the support people were wonderful, very friendly and helpful, and the tee shirts are awesome. Even better there were prizes along the side of the road, I found a golf putter, which I

needed so I stuffed it under the rack bag and road back with it sticking out the back. Since this made it slightly difficult for people to draft off me, the ladies at the lunch stop decided I needed to have a red flag. None was available so they used DUCT tape. There are pictures to prove it. FORE!

We will be ordering more jerseys soon, please let me know if you are interested in special sizes, sleeveless styles, or women's styles rather than the standard issue.



A Letter From Vetter...

Hancock Horizontal Hundred: *This ride is often a cyclist's first century ride due its flatness. They have bragging rights because the*

only hill is the man made ramp to cross over the top of the Interstate Highway. I made it to the start too late to ride with club members so I rode by myself determined to do a century (100 miles). The route was well marked, even better marked than my best efforts. Who has time to mark all the wrong turn roads with "turn-around you're lost" arrows? Who has seen these arrows, given that to see them you must first make a wrong turn at an intersection that has the proper markings in the first place? Speaking about the weakest link... I was having a good ride and found some stranger to ride with. I caught up to him and tried to pass but he just drafted me then thanked me as he rode off into the wind leaving me with my tongue hanging down to my handlebars. *The wind was brutal* coming out of the southwest. The ride started out facing the wind but the good part was having it at our backs on the way back to the start. At the lunch stop I met up with Tom Dease and the club and admitted that I was done in and would only ride the 65-mile course. After I finished eating lunch I rode back to the start with Ian Haliwell. I tried to draft off him but only ended up blocking his tail wind, kind of like a sailboat race. The ride was great the weather was great except for that wind.

Ride to Apple Creek (Pancakes): The evening email promised a Sunday ride from Public Square Medina at 8:00 am with an alternative start in Seville for people wishing to ride a shorter route. So on that bright sunny Sunday I rode to the square and at 7:57 am per the old courthouse clock no one was in the parking lot. I rode around the square and at 8:03 per that same clock saw no other riders. So thinking I read my email wrong I decided to start out right away. Maybe the club was starting later and I could have a head start. I rode south down Ryan Road to Seville and then south on Prospect St. I turned left on Smucker Rd. and then south again on Apple Creek Rd. I made it to the restaurant and found that ten riders were there ahead of me. Oops, maybe I was late to the start after-all and didn't even know it. The riders welcomed me to eat at their table and the conversation centered on food and bicycles. The breakfast was excellent as always and the pancakes are still huge. Two of them were plenty. I guess that as I break less equipment my stories are leaning toward food. The ride back was fun and the group rode over to Kidron to see the Amish Flea Market and Lehman's Hardware Store. There was plenty to see and finally we had to call it quits and head back to Medina. I finished my ride at 75 miles by riding around the block just one time. There is just no way I am stopping at my house with 74.3 miles!

Oh, after I cooled off and showered I got on the Internet and saw an email from the bike club. It said that there was no interest in leaving from the square in Medina so the start is moved to Seville. Duh!

MEDINA COUNTY BICYCLING CLUB

PO BOX 844 • MEDINA, OH 44258-0844

Membership Dues \$15.00, Individual or Family, which entitles you to:

A subscription to *CrankMail*, Northern Ohio's bicycling newsletter; \$10.00 off a quality, highly visible, very stylish Medina Club jersey; and if that wasn't enough, you also get to participate in all of our club activities. Checks Payable to: *Medina County Bicycling Club*

Member's Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Email _____

In consideration for membership in the Medina County Bike Club, I have paid the club for this and further represent that I have no impediments to keep me from riding my bicycle in the activities sponsored by the club. I will inspect my bicycle before any such activities to assure that it is good and safe for the activity. I will prepare myself physically to participate in the activities. I will observe all traffic laws and wear a helmet at all times when participating with the club. I understand that the Medina County Bicycling Club and its officers and members and other sponsors are not responsible for, and are not insurers of my personal safety during club activities. I thus release them and save them harmless from any liability arising from my having sustained any property damage or personal injury by reason of their negligence in participating in or sponsoring or planning or arranging any activities.

_____ Renewal: Y N
Signature of Member (or parent or guardian if member is under 18 years of age)

Date: _____

PREFERENCE FOR RIDE DAYS:

M T W TH F S S CIRCLE SET PREFERRED, NOTE TIME: _____

TYPE OF RIDING: ROAD MTN HYBRID

ADDITIONAL CONTACT INFORMATION/MEMBERSHIP CLUB CARD

EMERGENCY CONTACT: _____

PHONE: _____

PRIMARY CARE DOCTOR: _____

PHONE: _____

INSURANCE CARRIER: _____

PHONE: _____

ALLERGIES/PRESCRIPTIONS: _____

To Save Some Green

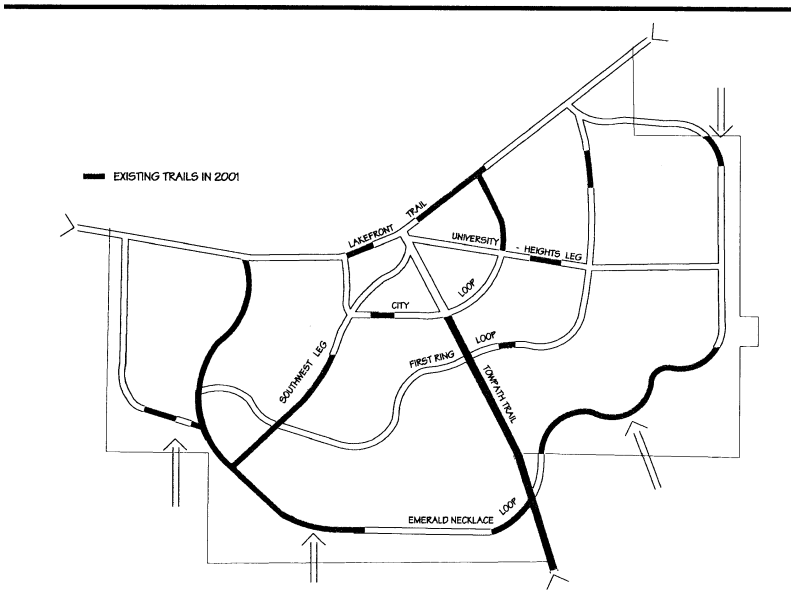
by Tom Jenkins

The Cuyahoga County Planning Commission is developing a “Greenprint”, a plan which will impact all types of bicyclists - commuters, serious recreational riders, and the occasional cyclist who just wishes to pedal a mile over and back to the local park. The plan is primarily aimed at preserving what little green space remains in Cuyahoga County and connecting those spaces together and to the places where people live and work. Naturally, those connecting links can, and should, involve the bicycle.

The plan, in its present draft form, envisions a network of multi-use trails which would expand the 115 miles of existing trails in the county to nearly 450 miles. The network would consist of the following existing and proposed routes:

- The Emerald Necklace Loop, of which about 60% already exists, connecting the Metroparks from Rocky River to North Chagrin Reservation and from there north to the lakefront.
- A “First Ring” loop running from Euclid Creek Reservation in the east through Cleveland Heights, along Mill Creek, West Creek and to end up in Rocky River Reservation at Abrams Creek.

Trail Concept



GREENSPACE PLAN
Cuyahoga County Planning Commission

- A “City Loop” - or inner ring - involving the existing bike paths in Rockefeller Park and along Big Creek.
- The Towpath Trail running through Cuyahoga Valley National Park and following the route of the old canal to the flats and eventually connecting to the lakefront.
- A trail along the entire length of the lakefront in the county, connecting to similar trails in Lorain and Lake Counties.
- A radial “spoke” running from downtown through University Circle and into the heights area.
- A radial route from downtown going southwest and connecting to the existing Big Creek trail.

In addition to these specific routes for multi-use trails, the draft plan calls for:

- Obtaining funds for a complete countywide bicycle plan.
- Communities requiring bicycle racks, lockers and showers at public facilities and private shopping areas.
- Working with cycling organizations and the RTA administration to promote the “Rack and Roll” program and other ride-sharing programs.
- Working with the NOACA Bicycle Advisory subcommittee to complete the criteria for TEA 21 Enhancement money to ensure the funds are used for transportation and recreation.
- A transportation model from the Ohio Department of Transportation that reflects non-motorized road share scenarios when determining enhancement design and funding.

The plan is the product of the Planning Commission staff, which has been collecting information in community meetings throughout the county and from a working group that has been meeting from time to time over the last eighteen months. As a member of that working group, I would be happy to provide more details and to get comments on the plan from area cyclists. Sometimes I can be reached at (440) 442 1475 and I always get email sent to tlj@po.cwru.edu.

AMERICAN HARVEST



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13387 Smith Rd. Middleburg Hts. Ohio 44130
Phone: 1-440-888-7727
Mon-Sat 9-9 Sun 10-5
Proprietor: Beverly Alawan

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Race of the Year

Every now and then, there comes a race that brings forth one outstanding performance after another, and so stands out as the season's highlight. Such was the case at the Erie Racing Association Time Trial Championship on September 8. Pluperfect conditions – especially warm early morning temperatures and a newly resurfaced course – saw both the men's and women's course records broken, and allowed numerous riders to set personal records, including **Kevin Lutzke**, who averaged 27.7 mph for the 12.5 mile distance with minimal aero equipment, and **Jeremy Bosl's** 32:15 effort (23.3 mph). Other highlights included Jim Behrens' age group win, and fine performances by Brad Beeson and Gordon Estlack. Through September 9, 39 team members had taken part in 114 events (all took place in Ohio unless noted):

Road (CR – circuit race; CT – criterium; RR – road race; SR – stage race; TT – time trial)

Warren Family Services Kinzua Classic RR, Kinzua Beach PA, August 12 – Gallagher, Lutzke (2nd, Elite Men 35-44).

Tuesday Night Training Series, Westlake:

August 21 – Estlack, Kovach (2nd, "B" race), Marcossion

August 28 – Estlack, Hiller (2nd, "B" race), Miller

September 4 – Marcossion (1st, "B" race)

Presque Isle Cycling Club Welch's Harvest Classic CR, Erie PA, August 18 – Gallagher (1st, Men 45+; 14th of 43 overall), Marcossion.

Orrville Cycling Club Milk Race CR, Orrville, August 19 – Cunningham Jr., Garrett (2nd, Men 35+), Griffith, Lutzke, Plas.

Lake Effect Racing Lake Road TT, Bay Village, August 25 – Beeson, Behrens, Cunningham Jr., Estlack, Gallagher (3rd, Cat. 3/4 Men; 6th overall), Lutzke (1st, Cat. 3/4; 3rd overall), Madison.

Club Glenwood Mill Creek CT, Youngstown, August 26 – Cunningham Jr., Estlack, Lutzke (3rd, Cat. 4/5).

South Mountain Velo Nutcracker RR, Arendtsville PA, August 26 – Greer (1st, Cat. 1-3 Women).

Team Columbus TACO Ohio TT Championship, Delaware, September 1 – Estlack (4th, Men 40-44), Lutzke (3rd, Cat. 3/4), Miller.

Tour de Tamarack CR, Meadville PA, September 2 – Bosl (1st, Citizen Men 19 & under; 38th of 74 overall).

Presque Isle Cycling Club Erie Racing Association TT Championship, Erie PA, September 8 – Beeson (5th Men 35-39), Behrens (1st, Men 50-54), Bosl (1st, Men 10-14), Estlack (5th, Men 40-44), Lutzke (1st, Men 35-44; 5th overall).
Strongland Chamber of Commerce Tour de Strongland RR, Lower Burrell PA, September 9 – Marcossan (1st, "B" Men 50+).

Multisport

HFP Racing Pymatuning Triathlon, Andover, August 26 – Miller (3rd, Men 50-54).
Akron YMCA Mogadore Sprint Triathlon, Akron, September 9 – Miller (2nd, Men 50-54).

Off-Road (XC - cross-country)

Mid-Ohio Mountain Bike Championship Series Mohican Wilderness XC, Glenmont:
August 5 – Bennett (3rd, Sport Men 36+), Zielske (6th, Sport Men 18-35)
September 2 – Bennett (4th, Sport Men 36+), Gardner (5th, Sport Men 36+), Zielske (7th, Sport Men 18-35)
Mickey's Mountain Bike Challenge #5, Hopedale, August 19 – Zielske (6th Sport Men 19-34).
Alpine Valley XC, Chesterland, August 19 – Griffith (1st, Sport Men 35+).
Sun Valley Sports Ohio Vulture's Knob XC Series, Wooster, August 25 – Bennett, Gardner, Ziccardi (1st, Sport Men 18-30).
Sun Valley Sports Ohio XC Series #5, Dennison, August 26 – Zielske (4th, Sport Men 31-40).

NEWS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

- **Welcome** to new member **Brad Beeson**, of Bay Village.
- **Special thanks** to **Dave Garrett** for donating his race winnings from the Orrville Milk Race back to the club.
- **Apologies** to Roger Miller for neglecting last month to highlight his outstanding performance at the Delaware Triathlon on August 4. Roger didn't just win his age group (like he so often does), he very nearly won the whole thing by coming in second overall among 74 competitors! It must be the triathlon singlet made specially by **Pyro Apparel!**
- At this time in each of the past few seasons, I have made an appeal in this space for blood donations, noting that the body adapts to regular exercise by increasing blood volume, so now that the riding season is over and your level of activity has decreased, why not donate what you no longer need? Recent events have provided an even more compelling reason to give, and donations are still needed at this time. Call the Red Cross at 1-800-GIVE-LIFE for more information.
- The **Pan-American Solidarity Program** supplies donated cycling equipment to Latin American cyclists unable to obtain proper equipment in their home countries. Used, out-of-date, or slightly damaged items can be sent to



**American
Red Cross**
www.redcross.org

Pan-American Solidarity Program
Mike Fraysse, Director
573 High Rd.
Glen Spey, NY 12737
(800) 994-3335

Yo, Wheelers...



I am happy to report that last month we had a very successful WRW brunch hosted by **Art and Jackie Kaplansky** and catered by our own “chef” **David Bortz** who, once again, made his famous matzoh meal quiche. All who attended were pleased with the event. We hope next year the weather will be more favorable and more members will show as it is always a special affair.

When you read this the first signs of fall will be upon us signaling the conclusion of another (our 29th) bicycle riding season. Watch your mail for an announcement of our annual dinner, again to be held at one of Cleveland’s finer dining establishments.

Ellen Rothchild is back on her bicycle after having fallen on hot asphalt because the workmen were not paying attention. All should take care around new asphalt as it is both hot and soft – a dangerous combination.

Don’t forget that on Oct. 13, rides will start at 9:00 a.m. Hopefully it will be a little lighter and a little warmer.

Members who have cell phones are urged to bring them along on rides. In the event of an emergency, someone will hopefully be able to summon assistance.

Way the Wind be at Your Back

— Ed Reichel

WESTERN RESERVE WHEELERS



COMMITTEE:

Ellie Einhorn	Howard Mayers	
Bernard Greenberg	Harold Pasternak	
Mitch Kursh	Edward Reichel	241-6930
Alvin Magid	Allen Wapnick	781-4300

1422 Euclid Avenue #1104 • Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Ride Schedule

NOTE: All Saturday rides commence at JCC with same start time as following day.

DATE	TIME	START	DESTINATION	MILES
October				
7	8:30	JCC	Willoughby	30
14	9:00		Lakeshore Metropark to: Madison/Geneva/ Harpersford Bridge	40
21	9:00	JCC	Cider Ride Patterson Farms	30
28	9:00	JCC	Solon via Bedford	31
November				
4	9:00	JCC	Pick-Up Ride	??
11	9:00	JCC	Pick-Up Ride	??
18	9:00	JCC	Pick-Up Ride	??
22	9:00	JCC	Thanksgiving Day Pick-Up Ride	??
25	9:00	JCC	Pick-Up Ride	??

NOTICE: Any nonmember guest who has not signed a release will not be considered, for insurance purposes, as a part of the club, nor will they be entitled to any protection afforded by the club insurance policy. In addition, all minors must be accompanied by an adult and must have a release signed by parent or guardian.



COMMITTEE

Ellie Einhorn - 216-464-0495
Bernard Greenberg - 216-751-4673
Louis Klein - 216-752-4123
Bernard Kotton - 216-292-3998
Mitch Kursh - 330-405-6155
Alvin Magid - 440-498-2228
Howard Mayers - 216-765-8832
Harold Pasternak - 216-921-6306
Edward Reichek - 216-371-5618
Allen Wapnick - 216-291-3960

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2001 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(please print legibly)

Name: _____

Address: _____

Home Phone: (____) _____ - _____ Work Phone: (____) _____ - _____

E-Mail Address: _____ Fax Phone: _____

List All Adult participants:
(18 and over)

List All Minor Participants:
(Under 18)

2001 Dues (Individual/Family) \$ 20.00

WRW Patch (es) No. _____ @ \$1.00 _____

WRW Water Bottle(s) No. _____ @ \$2.00 _____

TOTAL PAID \$ _____

ALL ADULT RIDING FAMILY MEMBERS MUST SIGN AND DATE THE RELEASE AND WAIVER OF LIABILITY, ASSUMPTION OF RISK AND INDEMNITY AGREEMENT ON THE REVERSE SIDE.

Please return to: Allen M. Wapnick
Western Reserve Wheelers
1422 Euclid Avenue Suite 1104
Cleveland, OH 44115-2001

**LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMAN d/b/a LEAGUE OF AMERICAN BICYCLISTS ("LAB")
RELEASE AND WAIVER OF LIABILITY, ASSUMPTION OF RISK, AND INDEMNITY AND PARENTAL CONSENT AGREEMENT
("AGREEMENT")**

IN CONSIDERATION of being permitted to participate in any way in _____ (Name of LAB Club) ("Club") sponsored Bicycling Activities ("Activity") I, for myself, my personal representatives, assigns, heirs, and next of kin:

1. ACKNOWLEDGE, agree, and represent that I understand the nature of Bicycling Activities and that I am qualified, in good health, and in proper physical condition to participate in such Activity. I further acknowledge that the Activity will be conducted over public roads and facilities open to the public during the Activity and upon which the hazards of travelling are to be expected. I further agree and warrant that if, at any time, I believe conditions to be unsafe, I will immediately discontinue further participation in the Activity.

2. FULLY UNDERSTAND that (a) BICYCLING ACTIVITIES INVOLVE RISKS AND DANGERS OF SERIOUS BODILY INJURY, INCLUDING PERMANENT DISABILITY, PARALYSIS AND DEATH ("RISKS"); (b) these Risks and dangers may be caused by my own actions, or inactions, the actions or inactions of others participating in the Activity, the condition in which the Activity takes place, or THE NEGLIGENCE OF THE "RELEASEES" NAMED BELOW; (c) there may be OTHER RISKS AND SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LOSSES either not known to me or not readily foreseeable at this time; and I FULLY ACCEPT AND ASSUME ALL SUCH RISKS AND ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR LOSSES, COSTS, AND DAMAGES I incur as a result of my participation or that of the minor in the Activity.

3. HEREBY RELEASE, DISCHARGE, AND COVENANT NOT TO SUE the Club, the LAB, their respective administrators, directors, agents, officers, members, volunteers, and employees, other participants, any sponsors, advertisers, and, if applicable, owners and lessors of premises on which the Activity takes place, (each considered one of the "RELEASEES" herein) FROM ALL LIABILITY, CLAIMS, DEMANDS, LOSSES, OR DAMAGES ON MY ACCOUNT CAUSED OR ALLEGED TO BE CAUSED IN WHOLE OR IN PART BY THE NEGLIGENCE OF THE "RELEASEES" OR OTHERWISE, INCLUDING NEGLIGENT RESCUE OPERATIONS; AND I FURTHER AGREE that if, despite this RELEASE AND WAIVER OF LIABILITY, ASSUMPTION OF RISK, AND INDEMNITY AGREEMENT I, or anyone on my behalf, makes a claim against any of the Releases, I WILL INDEMNIFY, SAVE, AND HOLD HARMLESS EACH OF THE RELEASEES from any litigation expenses, attorney fees, loss, liability, damage, or cost which any may incur as the result of such claim.

I HAVE READ THIS AGREEMENT, FULLY UNDERSTAND ITS TERMS, UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP SUBSTANTIAL RIGHTS BY SIGNING IT, AND HAVE SIGNED IT FREELY AND WITHOUT ANY INDUCEMENT OR ASSURANCE OF ANY NATURE AND INTEND IT TO BE A COMPLETE AND UNCONDITIONAL RELEASE OF ALL LIABILITY TO THE GREATEST EXTENT ALLOWED BY LAW AND AGREE THAT IF ANY PORTION OF THIS AGREEMENT IS HELD TO BE INVALID THE BALANCE, NOTWITHSTANDING, SHALL CONTINUE IN FULL FORCE AND EFFECT.

PRINTED NAME OF PARTICIPANT: _____

ADDRESS: _____
(Street) (City) (State) (ZIP)

PHONE: _____

PARTICIPANT'S SIGNATURE (only if age 18 or over): _____ I HAVE READ THIS RELEASE

DATE: _____

MINOR RELEASE

AND I, THE MINOR'S PARENT AND/OR LEGAL GUARDIAN, UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF BICYCLING ACTIVITIES AND THE MINOR'S EXPERIENCE AND CAPABILITIES AND BELIEVE THE MINOR TO BE QUALIFIED, IN GOOD HEALTH, AND IN PROPER PHYSICAL CONDITION TO PARTICIPATE IN SUCH ACTIVITY. I HEREBY RELEASE, DISCHARGE, COVENANT NOT TO SUE, AND AGREE TO INDEMNIFY AND SAVE AND HOLD HARMLESS EACH OF THE RELEASEES FROM ALL LIABILITY, CLAIMS, DEMANDS, LOSSES, OR DAMAGES ON THE MINOR'S ACCOUNT CAUSED OR ALLEGED TO BE CAUSED IN WHOLE OR IN PART BY THE NEGLIGENCE OF THE "RELEASEES" OR OTHERWISE, INCLUDING NEGLIGENT RESCUE OPERATIONS AND FURTHER AGREE THAT IF, DESPITE THIS RELEASE, I, THE MINOR, OR ANYONE ON THE MINOR'S BEHALF MAKES A CLAIM AGAINST ANY OF THE RELEASEES NAMED ABOVE, I WILL INDEMNIFY, SAVE, AND HOLD HARMLESS EACH OF THE RELEASEES FROM ANY LITIGATION EXPENSES, ATTORNEY FEES, LOSS LIABILITY, DAMAGE, OR COST ANY MAY INCUR AS THE RESULT OF ANY SUCH CLAIM.

PRINTED NAME OF PARENT/GUARDIAN: _____

ADDRESS: _____
(Street) (City) (State) (ZIP)

PHONE: _____

PARENT/GUARDIAN SIGNATURE (only if participant is under the age of 18): _____ I HAVE READ THIS RELEASE

DATE: _____



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GT AVALANCHE mountain bike: 18-inch, good condition, RockShox Judy XC, XT V-brakes, Shimano 535 pedals, new cleats, brand-new tires, chainring, saddle, cables. Built for racing but also great for recreational riding. \$790. Also: Sun Sub-IV wheelset (\$150) and brand-new TIME ATAC carbon pedals and cleats (\$90) sell separately or negotiate w/bike. Call Steve: (216) 421-8379.

MISC. FOR SALE: TIME Sprint shoes, size: 4 EC, \$5.00; tandem KidBack crank adapter kit with Stronglight BB, 125 mm cranks, \$50; Tandem Ride24-position crank arm shortener for kids, \$30; Trek 720 Matrix Titan T 27in. touring wheels; Malliard 700 sealed Helicomatic Hubs, 14 X 28 5-speed LN Panaracer 27 X 1 1/4 inch Kevlar Radials DH tires \$50. Call John: (440) 871-5211.

CANNONDALE R600/CAD3 frame. 51 cm, Shimano 105 components, SPD pedals and Mavic rims. Fewer than 100 miles on bike. \$975.00. Call: (330) 273-2413.

expire October

CERVELO FRAME Stiff as all get-out! 52cm with new Profile fork, seatpost, headset. Used and fits 700C wheels (not included). \$350. Call: (330) 468-3783. Email: pzburda@att.net

THULE HITCH RACK #938 Rak-N-Loc Classic with gas shock to tilt rack. Holds four bikes. New condition. Used twice to take bikes to shop for service. Original cost: \$400. Sell \$250 firm. Call: (330) 562-1226.

expire Nov./Dec.



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