



June 1994

HB-4864, Repeal of Mandatory Sidepath Law

by Bill Duemling

Good news...though possibly too late in the year to insure passage. --HB4864 was voted out affirmatively out of committee Tuesday, May 31st., but not without an hour or so of comment -- some way off the question at hand (like the two abreast provisions of the Michigan Motor Vehicle Code). Several members of the transportation committee clearly showed a lack of understanding of bicycle issues at all.

The Republicans apparently were still having problems with it, and did not vote.

The co-chair of the committee from Grosse Isle, Mr. Porreca insisted on the inserting a local option amendment. Representative McNutt already had the legislative service prepare one, but Dick Allen said it was "not adequate", and poorly stated, so on the spot, Dick drafted a new one. He was sorry that the word "sidepath" ended up in the bill (it might call more attention to the local option--which existed even without the amendment), but it was unavoidable. At least the bill will now go to the House floor.

It will now go to the floor of the house where they will be in session ONLY on Wednesdays until the July 4th holiday. They may then be in recess for as much as a month... So our hope is to get it taken up, and sent to the Senate ASAP. Dick Allen (of DALMAC fame) and Jennifer (Representative McNutt's staff aid) will compose a letter and select other letters for a packet to be handed to each representative on the floor--so they will hopefully understand the bill and it will be handled quickly.

Dick Allen (also an ex-legislator) feels the house is in a hurry up and pass everything they can mode. If they pass it quickly when it is brought up, Dick feels it will clear the house.

(see HB4864...)

NEXT MEETING:

**July 11, 1994 7:00pm. at the
Mt. Clemens recreation
Center 300 Groesbeck
(at Lafayette)**

President:

Elizabeth Nieman 752-2770

Ride Director:

Diane Baker 247-5694

Secretary:

Laurie Brickner 939-4670

Treasurer

Pennie Morauski 773-2213

Editor:

Lorie Kamm 777-8726

Co-Editor:

John Kamm 777-8726

Asst. Editor:

Vicki Malloch 979-4076

Hotline:

792-4670

Repeal

Ride Schedule

Call the hotline (810) 792-4670 for updates.

Please ride safely. Wear warm reflective apparel and use lights whenever necessary.

Recurring rides for June

Tuesdays 9:00am. Meet George, Doug, or Greg at Schultz Funeral Home (8 1/2/Gratiot). 14-16, 30mi.

Tuesdays 6:00pm. After May 10, 6:30pm. Meet Warren Berthelsen at Pavlat's Clinton Twp. for a ride to Metro Beach. Pace 14-16, 25mi. (Warren is looking for someone to help lead this ride. Please call him if you can help.)

Wednesdays 6:00pm. Meet Rick Moorman at 17 Mile/Garfield behind the doctors office for a ride out to Stoney Creek. Pace 16-18mph, 25-30mi.

Wednesdays 6:30pm. Meet Glen and Marilyn at the NE corner of Long Lake and Livernois for dual paced subdivision rides. 8-12 pace, 15-20mi., or 13-14 pace 20-25mi.

Thursdays 5:00pm. Meet Gary Haelewyn at KMart Headquarters back parking lot (Big Beaver & Coolidge). 18-20 pace, 20+mi. (After May 19 pace will increase to 16-18).

Thursdays 6:00pm. Meet Merchant at Pavlat's Two Wheel Authority in Royal Oak for a ride to Cranbrook and back, with an ice cream stop along the way. Pace 14-16 25mi.

Thursdays 6:30pm. Meet George Zloitro at Pavlat's Two Wheel Authority in Royal Oak for a beautiful ride to Cranbrook and back. 16-18 pace, 25-30mi.

Thursdays 6:15pm. Meet Rich Dyer at the New Baltimore Water Tower for a 30-35 mile ride. Pace 20+.

Thursdays 6:30pm. Meet Bill Duemling at Pavlat's Clinton Twp. (15 & Moravian). Pace 14-15mph, 20-25mi.

Fridays 6:30pm. Meet John & Lorie Kamm at Marter and Jefferson for a ride through Grosse Pointe. 16-18 pace, 21mi.

Saturdays 8:00am. Meet Doug, Oscar, or Bill the Stoney Creek Boat Launch for a breakfast ride to Armada. 16-18 pace 45mi.

Scheduled rides for June

Sunday, June 12, 7:30am. Meet Dave & Sharon at Stoney Creek Boat Launch for a breakfast ride to Richmond and back. 16-18 pace 55mi.

Sunday, June 12, 8:30am. Meet Gary Haelywn at Stoney Creek West Branch Trails for a mountain bike ride.

(Please note: the above 2 rides will end about 12:30pm to join up with the picnic crowd.)

Sunday, June 18, 7:00am. Meet Dave at the New Baltimore Water Tower or at 8:00am. meet him at the Algonac Ferry Crossing for a ride from Algonac to Mitchels Bay 15-16 pace, 45mi.

Sunday, June 26, 8:30am. Meet Duane & E.A. at Romeo High School (32 & Van Dyke) for a mystery ride.

(...HB4864 cont)

IF they begin to "debate", then he thinks after 20 minutes or so, it probably will not be voted affirmatively. It must be quick, and clean to get through. I'm assuming that MCNutt would have to call for a vote if it gets bogged down in posturing. Being defeated will not kill it (must be voted down twice to do that). If it passes the house right away with little debate, it has a good chance of making it through the Senate and then on to the Governor's desk.

It's time to write more letters. Give your representative a simple, short letter stating something to the effect of "I support this and I hope you do too." Long letters will be intercepted by staff, and are less likely to be read by your legislator. Your message has a better chance to be read if the letter is brief and to the point.

For more information, contact Bill Duemling or Warren Berthelson.

ATTENTION MS150 TOUR LEADERS

CPR class has been changed it will now be held on Monday June 13, 7:00pm. At the Mt. Clemens Public Library. Located on Cass; west of Gratiot; across from the Mt. Clemens High School. All who signed up to ride as Tour Leaders must attend the CPR Class! If you have any questions please call Steve Morauski at (810) 773-2213.

Total Club Mileage 19,247

Club Mileage Leaders:

Men

1. Doug MacDermaid	935
2. George Zloitro	920
3. Greg Schultz	741
4. Rick Jones	725
5. Bill Duemling	636

Women

1. Laurie Brickner	896
2. Julia Schultz	664
3. Pennie Morauski	431
4. Darlene Duskey	407
5. Sharon Wiseman	405

Wanted: Maps

Maps are needed for day and overnight rides. Please bring a map of your favorite ride to the next meeting.

Ride Director Award

Congratulations to Julia & Greg Schultz for their outstanding job completing 200 miles in 24 hours. Congratulations are also due for their exemplary tandem team skills.

Available at the club meetings:

Clinton River Rider accessories

Water Bottles	\$2.00
Helmet Covers	\$3.50
Mugs	\$3.50
Bicycle Hat	\$3.00

Happy Birthday to:

Matt Barton 7-9, Susan Bennett 7-9,
Kathy George 7-9, Jeff Bozeman 7-10,
Steve Angst Jr. 7-11, Paul Angst 7-
11, Gary Szostak 7-11, Doug Smith 7-
17, Mark VanSlembrouck 7-17, Emmett
Mulligan 7-19, Robin Barton 7-20,
Mark Beaujean 7-20, Paul Smith 7-20,
Wes Nichols 7-23, 6, Donna Pearson 7-
30 George Zloistro 7-26, Donna
P e a r s o n 7 - 3 0

Welcome to the following new members:

John Tarantino and Marilyn Opp

BWR Steering Committee Meeting

July 18, 1994, 7:00pm

E.A. Nieman's home

11902 Fountainview Blvd., Romeo

Home phone: 810 752-6482

Work phone: 810 752-2770

Springbrook Mobile Home Park - 33 Mile and Van Dyke
(North on Van Dyke, west side of road, Please park at
Club House).

All Club Members are welcome and
encouraged to come and help us make
the 1994 BWR the best yet!

ADS,ADS,ADS

FOR SALE: Graber spare tire
mount bike rack; holds two
bikes, like new. Fits on any
exterior spare tire; such as a
Geo Tracker or Jeep. \$20.00.
Call John (810) 777-8726.

FOR SALE: Santana Tandem,
Sovereign Road Bike, 23.5x22.5,
Excellent condition. \$2,100.00
Call Steve (313) 665-8920

Pacific Coast Ride Meeting:

Monday June 27 7:00pm

Dan & Bev Feucht's house

528-0557

1994 BWR Steering Committee

Chair	Home	Work
Ron Smith	651-7346	556-3293
Co-Chair (open)		
Finance		
Bill Duemling	752-6310	468-2947
Elizabeth Nieman		752-2770
Day of Ride		
Diane Baker	247-5694	756-3131
Ride Merchandise and Publicity		
Doug MacDermaid	774-0295	
Applications and Registrations		
Bill Duemling	752-6310	468-2947
Route and Sag		
Bill Cleland	775-5125	497-5355
Ed Rogers	755-2347	574-6653
Rest stops		
Laurie Brickner	939-4670	643-5421
Gary Haelwyn	286-5094	643-5408

Editor's Note:

Deadline for The Rambler is the
Wednesday after the meeting.
Please bring items to the next
meeting or call the editors.

Acceptable formats: Hardcopy
Preferred formats: Wordperfect
5.1 or ASCII format, any disk
size

TANDEM SHIRTS ARE HERE

Dear Clinton River Riders,

Tandem shirts are here. If you weren't
at the June meeting, please contact me
for pick up. There has been interest in
a re-order, if you would like a tandem
T-shirt or sweatshirt please let us
know. The minimum order for the silk
screener is 12 shirts. The participation
has been great. Thank you for making
it a wonderful experience for us.

Sincerely,

Deborah Capoferi
& Steve Angst

Dear Dr. Bike:

I am writing to you because I know deep in your heart that you are the all knowing, all wise "Bike Guru" and because I really need an answer.

Dr. Bike, there's trouble! That's right, there's trouble. Trouble! Trouble right here, right here in the Clinton River Riders. There's trouble right here! It begins with a "T" and ends with an "M". That's right, there's trouble. Trouble that spells T A N D E M. Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble.

For some time now, I have repeatedly heard unsubstantiated rumors that there exists in our club a sinful situation that involves a certain tandem bike that is languishing alone, unused, unloved, gathering dust and turning to rust in the dark recesses of a CRR member's home.

Oh dear, Dr. Bike, tell me this isn't so! This dastardly sin is eating away at my biker's soul. I can't sleep at night knowing that out there in the dark is one very lonely, dusty, rusty tandem. Please tell me this is not so, so that I can sleep peacefully again, not lying awake all night dreaming of stoking behind my wife of these many years (she gives me directions for all other things so I assume she would demand, without question to be tandem captain, especially since she is stronger than I am).

If these dastardly rumors are true, tell me how I can get my hands and body on this lonely orphan so my loving partner and I can sail on to glory through the

winding roads of bicycle land, together, once again.

Please help me, Dr. Bike, put my heart and soul at rest and tell me the truth.

Yours in tandem lust

Sleepless in the CRR

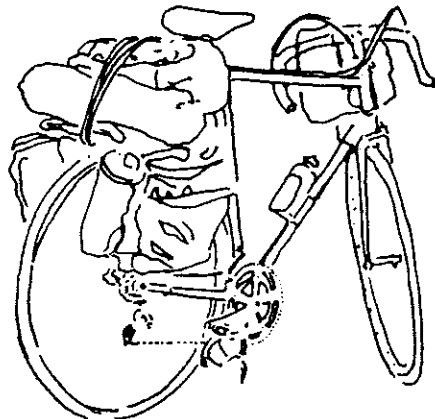
Dear Sleepless,
Yours is a most unusual case, as you so correctly put it, I am "all knowing", however in your case I have referred you to my "twin" brother Dr. Tandem Bike.
Sincerely, Dr. Bike.

Dear Sleepless,
In my expert opinion you are displaying the classic symptoms of "tandem envy". Tandem envy manifests itself in many ways, you may have a tandem and secretly desire another shall we say "sleeker model" or in your case you want merely what you have never had. The wife/stoker thing is to complex to try and answer here, however, I will ask you one question... Is your skid lid on too tight?

As to how to go about getting the tandem you have mentioned, ask the owner if you and your spouse can take it for a little spin and see where that takes you.

Cordially,

Dr. Tandem Bike



I MAY NEED TWO PAIRS OF SHOES, BUT MY GUARDIAN ANGEL WEARS THE YELLOW JERSEY

by
Gary Haelewyn

"What kind of a person would leave their families on MOTHERS DAY!!! For a BIKE RIDE?????"

Once you get past that initial confrontation, and I realize it can be a very stressful experience, the rest of your weekend will be all down hill, figuratively speaking of course. But that's what 7,000 other cyclists from all over the country did to get to Columbus Ohio this past Mothers Day weekend. And they've been getting by that little confrontation for the last 33 years.

There are all sorts of tricks one can use to smooth the way for a comfortable weekend. For instance, just before I leave for Columbus on Friday noon, I dump Mothers Day cards in the mail to my mother, my wife, my wife's mother, my sisters, anyone remotely related to me that even looks pregnant. How could they be upset? Besides, what better way to let them enjoy the fruits of their "labor", than to get out of their way for the whole weekend. Can't argue that one, eh?

And so it was this past Mothers Day. Teddy, Oscar, Ron and myself loaded the bikes, kissed Dorothy goodbye and headed South down I-75 for Columbus Ohio, the start of the 210 mile, 2-day, Tour of the Scioto River Valley. Oscar and Ron, who were staying at the Red Roof south of Columbus dropped Teddy and me off at the Marriot where Bob Latsko had reserved us a room.

After picking up our registration materials Teddy and I headed for dinner at the Spaghetti Warehouse where we found the Crowley brothers, Bill and Bob. We

did some carbo loading and afterward Bob, following Bills directions took us on a scenic trek through the suburbs of Columbus in search of Nashbar's 24 hour bicycle store. Amazingly we found it, where, Bob looking for a cheap frame pump to replace the one he forgot, walked out with a pair of tires for a mere \$75 but no pump.

Dropping us off a few blocks from our hotel, Teddy and I walked back to our rooms and turned on the weather channel to see what TOSRV 94 would give us tomorrow. "Showers and thunderstorms all day Saturday, colder but sun on Sunday with winds out of the north 10-20 MPH". Just then Bob Latsko entered the room, having been out to dinner with his brother, Steve and Pennie, and, Eileen who was to be our volunteer sag driver for the weekend. Bob shook his head as he watched the weather report, "boy I don't know" he murmured.

We got up around 6:00 AM to grey, cloudy skies. Teddy and I quickly dressed, while Bob kept looking out the window shaking his head. I know what he was thinking. Two years ago we got rained on, and by the time we got to Chillicothe poor Bob was almost in hypothermia, his lips were blue and he was shaking violently. Now here he stood in our warm hotel room, shaking moderately as he looked out the window. Then he turned around and said the dreaded words, "I'm not riding". Nobody mentioned the "wimp" word although I know it was on all of our minds. "Come on Bob, its going to pass right over us", I chided him. "Nope, my mind is made up, I don't want to ride in the rain", spoke Bob. Just then the phone rang. It was Oscar, down at the Red Roof Inn, 7 miles south of Columbus. "It's pouring here", exclaimed Oscar to Bob who unfortunately was closest to the phone when it rang. That cinched it. Bob was not riding TOSRV 94. He would help Eileen drive the sag vehicle.

So Teddy and I hopped on our bikes and headed for the start a few blocks away. Bob and Eileen loaded our luggage in Bob's car, drove over to the Holiday Inn to pick up Steve and Pennie's, and George and Rich's luggage, then drove

down to the Red Roof to swap vehicles with Oscars van. Before they left though I whispered to Bob to stop in Chillicothe and wait for us. (Just in case it started snowing). Our first 30 miles were dark, grey, cloudy,... but dry. We even got to where Oscar and Ron had stayed and the streets were just a little damp. We hit the rolling hills and started the chant, "on your left", "on your left". We got to the Circleville turn off but decided to keep going straight. Just then a few drops hit my face but stopped. Must have been a bird. I told Teddy to keep an eye out for some hidden shrubbery. A few miles down the road Teddy spotted a port-a-john near a school. As we got closer we noticed it was more than just A port-a-john. I had my pick of about 20 of them. But what were they doing by this school we wondered. Then we saw a sign for a bake sale around the back. We rode over and found a huge array of baked goodies the local school house was selling to raise money for the local area kids classes. Ate a few cookies, filled our water bottles and headed back to the ride. Unfortunately, as we started back the few drops reappeared on my face and every other exposed area. It would continue to rain for the next 70 miles. A few miles down the road a pace line was fast approaching. As it swept past us I heard my name called out in a familiar voice. It was Oscar and Ron hanging on as they flew past us. Just then I heard another familiar sound. PSSS, PSSS, PSSS. I looked down and watched as spray shot out from a hole in my front tire. Sadly we watched as Oscar and Ron disappeared out of sight. Teddy stayed with me as we examined the problem. This was no ordinary flat. There were enough holes in this tire to warrant getting out the fold-up I'd been carrying around for the past 3 years. I don't like flats. But the main reason is because it always takes me so long to pump the fool thing up. But this was my first flat since I purchased the Mt Zefal mini pump. It worked surprisingly great. (So much for my technical advice).

We got to Chillicothe and, following the smell of the paper mill headed for

lunch. I was doing alright up to this point. Granted I was soaked through, but at least I was warm. Until, we stopped for lunch. Then I got c-c-c-cold. I couldn't stop shivering. We found Bob and Eileen and Donna under the band tent. Donna had already downed 6 cups of hot chocolate. I was freezing as I stood eating my sandwich, chips and cookies. The hot chocolate was turning colder faster than I could drink it. The thought of quitting and taking a warm van ride down to Portsmouth kept crossing my mind. Then, just as I was about to speak those "dreaded" words, Eileen said, "I've got a dry jersey and a rain suit you can use in the van if you want". I looked at her and, trying to hide my excitement said, "well, I suppose I could maybe try them on". We walked over to where the van was parked. Someone was already in the van. I asked Eileen if she locked the doors, "yes, I think I did" she responded. Well than who was that sitting in our van we wondered as we cautiously approached the intruders.

Well, well, well, look who we have here. Who else would have a set of keys to this van. There was Oscar and Ron sitting in their underwear, trying to dry off as they exchanged their wet lycra for drier clothes packed away in their suitcases. Looks like we weren't the only ones happy to have a support vehicle on this tropical TOSRV. Eileen gave me a yellow jersey she picked up at the Apple Cider Century. It was the most comfortable, warm, jersey I ever put on. Next a pair of yellow rain pants. I could feel the warmth crawl up my legs as I pulled up the pants. Finally I put on the rain jacket and got out of the van and into the rain. Even though my feet were soaking wet and I stood in a trough of flowing water, I felt GREAT. We hopped on our bikes, and headed for White Lake our next stop. Nothing could stop me now, I had a guardian angel looking over me. Her name is Eileen.

There remained a light rain as we rode the hills between lunch and Waverly. Also got the promised lightening and thunder in these hills. This was probably good because it slowed me down.

Unfortunately it didn't slow Teddy down and soon he too disappeared from my sight. (Trigger must get spooked by thunder). At White Lake, I spotted Phil Tiritilli, the guy that got me into this sport. He had 30 miles under his belt and what looked like about 30 pounds, yet the old master was still ahead of me. Finally I crossed the bridge at Portsmouth, found Steve and Pennie, Teddy, and Ron Smith. We stood on the street with the hundreds of other cheering cyclists in the rain eating barbecue potato chips and drinking Kool-aid. Is this fun or what. Then Doug and Laurie walked up to us. They had just driven down from Detroit as Doug had to work. We waited in the rain for George and Rich to cross the bridge. Around 5:00PM we were altogether, crammed with our bikes in Oscars van and Doug's truck, heading for Wheelsburg and our dry motel rooms. On the way there the dark skies unleashed its final fury as it poured so hard we could hardly see the road. We all thought about the poor riders still out on the road.

I watched the road dirt flow down the drain as the water beat against my back. Nothing like a hot shower after 105 miles of road and rain. Nothing like dry clothes after being soaking wet all day. Nothing like dry feet after slushing around all day in soggy shoes. But wait a minute. Where am I going to put those dry feet. I only brought one pair of shoes on this trip, and their lying on the floor in a puddle of water. "Here, try these on" said Bob. Some kind of elastic slipper that stretched around my foot, sort of, if I crunched up my toes. (More technical advice: Next year bring two pairs of shoes.) We walked next door to the restaurant for video interviews on Doug's new camcorder, salad bar complete with sliced bananas in a red sauce that I fooled Steve into thinking were shrimp in cocktail sauce, pepper soup, and assorted other dishes which I quickly sampled. A couple hours later I rolled back to the motel and after some cozy snuggling with Pennie when Steve wasn't

around, agreed to take her clothes with me. Steve got jealous, so I took his clothes too. With a few instructions from

Doug, I loaded everyone's clothes and for the first time in years, pushed the button and the dryer started turning. Twenty minutes later I was folding clothes. Hey, I think I got set up for that banana shrimp trick. But it was worth it.

The buzz went off at 5:30 but I was awake most of the night anyway listening to trains, and stomach rumblings. We dressed quickly and peeked out the door. Cloudy again, cool, but dry. By 6:30 we were headed back to Portsmouth to meet Doug, Laurie, and Teddy. Was it the bridge or the Kripsy Kreme? Couldn't remember, and besides with Eileen driving and Bob giving directions we would never have found the Krispy Kreme unless we first drove to the bridge anyway. The only real bad part came when Bob told Eileen to turn right onto a one-way street and all those cars headlights were coming at us. Fortunately they drive slow in Portsmouth and keep their eyes open. Finding the Krispy Kreme we also found Doug, Laurie and Teddy. Ate a couple donuts, and headed for the bridge out of Portsmouth and Columbus 100 miles to the North.

It remained cloudy but dry all the way to White lake at which point the sun peeked through the clouds for a brief minute and everyone at the rest stop let out a big cheer. It would be permanent event by the time we got to Chillicothe, although it remained cold. The 10-20 MPH head wind out of the North helped keep the temps down. Rich, George and I stopped at a small cafe in Chillicothe for some delicious cappuccino at a newly opened coffee shop. We sipped and watched the cyclists pass by our windowed seat. Soon we were off again, picking up a pace line here and there as we continued our trek north. We got to the traditional last rest stop but something was different. The long white fence holding up hundreds of bicycles was gone. But so were the hundreds of bicycles. They moved the rest stop. We got back on our bikes and rode on. A few miles down the road we saw a huge tent with hundreds of cyclists milling around an open field. The closer we got the more familiar the place

looked. Yep, it was the stop Teddy and I made the day before that was the new rest stop for today. Only this time I didn't get my choice of 20 porta-johns. I got a choice of 20 lines to get into. At Spring Lake road I left the ride and headed for the Red Roof Inn to meet Oscar Ron and Teddy for the ride home. Sweet Pennie would pick up my certificate in Columbus, probably in return for a load of wash. But I had another favorite on this ride in Southern Ohio on Mothers Day weekend. She was an angel with the yellow jersey.



by John Schubert, Technical Editor of *Bikecentennial's BikeReport* magazine

Getting in Shape

"Oh, I'll just get in shape during the first few days of the tour. It'll hurt some, but I'll just take it easy and ride slowly."

That, friends, is the song of fools.

I know one person who wound up touring Europe on a mo-ped, with a permanently injured knee, because that plan didn't work for him. Another, who tried to apply that plan to a hiking/camping trip, had to hobble his way out of the deep woods to the nearest knee surgeon.

Countless others have suffered lesser indignities. But the common factor is this: if you aren't in shape, a long tour will hurt, particularly after the first day, and your risk of injury is much higher. Neither nagging pain nor the risk of injury helps you enjoy yourself. You may tell yourself you'll "just ride slowly" while you're getting in shape, but if you have a sore butt, sore legs, and depleted blood glucose, you won't feel like riding at all.

With these cheerful words to motivate us, let's go on some nice fun bike rides close to home, in the months prior to the tour. That way, we'll get in shape, and our tour will be delightful. Never sore or grouchy, never feeling exhausted, we'll feel pleasantly flushed, rather than droopingly exhausted, at the end of each day's ride. We'll have plenty of energy left over to frolic in the hot springs, take award-winning photographs, make new friends, and otherwise enjoy ourselves.

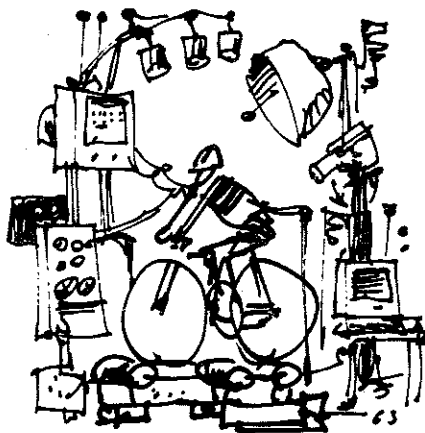
You may need a physical: Some of you need to make your first trip to the doctor for a physical exam. Over 30? Any history of cardiovascular disease or other health difficulties? Been sedentary for the last 10 years or longer? Spend the best sixty bucks of your life, get that physical and head off any big-time problems.

You probably don't need to demand expensive tests. One knowledgeable bicycle-riding family doctor of my acquaintance is horrified by all the healthy patients who come in, expecting a full-zoot electrocardiogram and stress test. That level of testing is expensive, it's usually not necessary, and it's bankrupting the nation. Some of you may need it. Most don't.

Now let's get on that bike and go riding.

Try out your panniers: Most articles like this one suggest you do all your training rides with fully laden panniers, equipped as you will be for touring. Ha! I have yet to meet anyone who has actually done that.

Here's more realistic advice: Toward the end of your training period, load up your bike for two or three rides, to make sure your equipment is secure and working properly, and to get used



to changes in the bike's handling. The rest of the time, I'll preserve my credibility by telling you to do what you're going to do anyway: don't bring the extra ballast.

Long-term exertion is different from most exercise: Training for touring has some important differences from training for bike racing, training for running a 10K, or most of the other "endurance" types of aerobic activities you and your friends encounter. A cyclist in the midst of a touring ride isn't exerting as hard as a racer in his club's weekly race, or a 10K runner. So his heart rate is lower and his muscles aren't working as hard. But he rides maybe six hours a day, whereas the bike race is over in 40 minutes. The extra five-plus hours of exertion places special demands on muscles, connective tissue like tendons, and, your digestive system.

Short bike rides, no matter how fast and strenuous, don't prepare your body for the demands of a long day in the saddle. So the first rule of training is this: make some of your training rides as long as possible. Don't ride hard and

beat yourself—you're touring, not racing—but stay in the saddle for several hours to train your muscles and digestive system to handle greater calorie "throughput."

Short, intense rides may only consume a few hundred calories. But a day in the saddle consumes thousands. When a rider who hasn't trained for endurance puts in a long hard day, he depletes his main energy sources—the glucose found in the blood and muscles, and the body's storeroom of glucose tied together into long glycogen molecules (which is in the liver). It takes a few days to rebuild the supplies of glucose and glycogen. So if our weekend warrior tries to ride again the next day, he'll find the energy just isn't there.

Your body's ability to store glucose and glycogen is fixed, and can't be increased. So what to do? Train the muscles to use another fuel, that's what.

Your muscles can burn fat too—but with limitations. Fat is a "low octane" fuel, compared with glucose. Fat gives less energy, and it's harder to burn.

Without training, your body isn't very good at burning fat. At high levels of exertion, like when you stand on the pedals to power up a hill, they need more energy than they can get from fat, and they'll always use up glucose. And "fat burns in the flame of glucose," so some glucose consumption (hence, some glucose availability) is necessary to consume fat.

Despite all these limitations, fat is the touring cyclist's friend. The ability to burn it is what keeps you comfortable over the long haul.

How do you teach your body to burn fat? Simple. You force it to. For most people, the glucose supply lasts for about two hours. So a three-hour ride—which can be at a languid, slow pace—will teach you to burn some fat.

Thus, your training schedule should, over the months prior to your tour, work up to rides of at least three hours. And I recommend you work up to five hours for optimum training in fat burning.

Do not try to ride fast during a three-to-five-hour ride. If you try to ride fast, you'll just burn up your glucose and bonk after two hours. Then, you have three painful hours between you and home. That would be almost as painful as going touring without training.

With all this talk about three- and

five-hour rides, you may ask how quickly you should ramp up from your brief neighborhood constitutionals to such long rides. The answer: as gradually as the calendar permits. If it's two months until your tour begins, spend the first month on rides of 1 1/2 to two hours. In the second month, expand into the fat-burning regime.

Why? Gradual training is easier on you psychologically, and it allows you to gradually toughen up your body so it doesn't get injured from the stresses of riding.

During most of your training, use rest days liberally. Your body is damaged by exercise: it's during the rest that follows the exercise that you get stronger. Start out with three rides per week, then expand to four or five.

Train for injury prevention. Toughen up your body with a gradual increase in the stress to which you expose it. Stress-bearing items such as the Achilles tendons respond to moderate exercise by getting stronger. They respond to excess exercise by aching and getting injured.

A big part of injury prevention is correct biomechanics. Because a bicycle constrains your position through the fixed placement of the seat, handlebars and pedals, your position must be good for optimum comfort and injury prevention.

Get a knowledgeable person to look at your position on the bike, to ensure that your position is right. In particular make sure your foot/pedal position is right for you. (Remember, most people's feet should not point straight ahead. Rather, they should be pointed the way your bones and joints want them to. Generally, that's about 10 degrees to one side or the other.)

Stretch for injury prevention. Get a qualified trainer to show you the appropriate stretches for quad, calf and hamstring muscles. And do them all, seven days per week. This is critically important. Cycling strengthens your quad muscles while largely ignoring the hamstrings, and the resulting muscle imbalance can provoke injury. A gentle-but-consistent stretching program will avoid injury.

Use the weekends to your benefit: Like most of us, you probably have a life outside of bike riding. That life probably consumes most, or all, of your daylight hours on weekdays. So schedule your long rides on weekends.

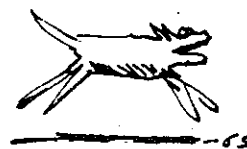
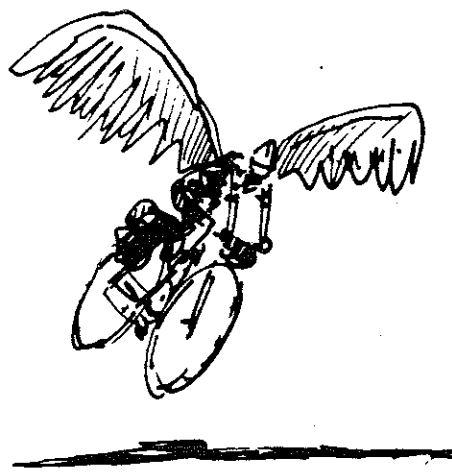
As your training advances and you do two long, beautiful rides on Saturday and Sunday, you'll show up for your other life on Monday morning a little tired, a little giddy, and with an insatiable appetite for carbohydrates.

Let the source of your fun be your little secret.

Use the weekdays to your benefit: It's nearly impossible to be much of an athlete just training Saturdays and Sundays. You gotta pound the pedals on weekdays. If time is limited, make these your hard-charging 45-minute

Tongue hanging to the ground? Not gentle enough. Feeling pleasantly flushed and have enough breath to talk (except maybe on the steep climbs)? Just right.

Speedometers serve many good purposes, but they have a way of taking your eyes off the scenery. They can



rides (after the 10-minute warmup, of course).

If there's no decent time or place to ride, get an indoor exercise device to attach to your bike (together with a good stereo to combat boredom and an old towel to protect the top tube and handlebar stem from dripping sweat). Indoor exercise can benefit your heart, lungs, and connective tissue just as much as outdoor exercise. Make it your goal to withstand the boredom of indoor riding for 40 minutes.

Warning—heart rate monitors and electronic speedometers can destroy your bucolic experience: Some exercise guides wax enthusiastic about the digital accuracy of heart rate monitors and electronic speedometers. This one doesn't.

Unless your physician and/or athletic trainer say you need a heart rate monitor for health reasons, there isn't much reason to use one when you're training for touring. (If you're training to race, when you need to pound every last bit of performance out of your body, that may be a different story.) Why? A tourist just isn't riding that hard. S/he gets the benefits of gentle exercise, not verge-of-exhaustion exercise. And you don't need a heart rate monitor to tell you about gentle exercise. Falling asleep? Too gentle.

make you focus on the digital readout instead of the bucolic environment. I used to use one, and found I enjoyed riding less when I used it because I was a compulsive slave to the digits. It sucked me away from the gestalt of pleasant, low-key riding.

On the tour itself, you may decide you need a speedometer. Its highly accurate odometer function can help you navigate on unfamiliar roads, matching the road distances exactly to what maps tell you.

See our separate article, *Riding Technique for Bicycle Tourists*, for information on riding skill and technique—applicable whether you're on tour or still in training. ■

BikeReport Technical Editor John Schubert gets out of shape with appalling regularity. That makes him an expert in getting back into shape, and he shares many more tips on training in his book *Cycling for Fitness* (Ballantine Books, 1987).



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