



### **DVBC Postpones Rides**

*Marian Venturini*

I am sad to say that at this point we have to cancel all group rides until further notice. This is due to the [new recommendations by USA Cycling](#)

Cycling is still considered a safe activity; it is the social distancing that is perceived to be the problem. If you feel as though this isn't a problem for you, feel free to reach out to other members/friends and enjoy some private riding in small groups, but please do so carefully and responsibly. I sent you the CDC link, and [here's another one that is specific to cycling:](#)

We (your Board) will continue to keep abreast of the situation and as soon as things change for the better, we will repopulate the calendar with rides.

Stay safe.

Marian Venturini  
President, DVBC

### **Our First Century: Colorado 2009**

*Wayne & Charlaine Dunlap*



Charlaine and I were on three consecutive Timberline bike/hike tours in Colorado. On Sept 23, 2009 during the Rocky Mountain High Tour (the third one), we did our first century ever (Woohoo!!) on our old

steel 31 lb. Redcay touring bikes, which we had shipped cross country. Less than two weeks before the trip, Charlaine started experiencing hip and back pain



associated with SI joint dysfunction; chiropractors confirmed the diagnosis, worked with her for two sessions, gave her some exercises to do to help, and said it was up to her whether she wanted to do the trip or not. She/we decided to go for it and rely on van support if necessary. She struggled through hip pain off and on during the trip but managed without the van. This ride was 97 miles from Salida to South Fork Colorado, so we decided to do the extra 3 miles to make it a century. The first 3 miles was a gradual climb, followed by a steep 7 miles up to Poncha Pass (9010'); then there was a short, fast downhill, followed by about 10 miles of gradual downhill, and the rest was mostly flat with a moderate headwind. It was a really nice ride with mountains on both sides shrouded in clouds. Looking back in our rearview mirrors, we could see rain falling over Poncha Pass that we had just crossed ... glad we missed that! We did get a few brief periods of light rain but nothing serious in all those miles. Charlaine said that she was able to complete the 100 miles due to my persistence and determination and my allowing her to draft me.

This after doing 64 miles the day before with a steep climb of 9 miles up to Monarch Pass (11,312') as well as 2-1/2 weeks of biking

and hiking on the first two Timberline Colorado tours. It was a thrill to have completed our very first century after all those years ... I, after all, was 63 years of age and had been riding for many years (both of us).



## **My First Century: Virginia 2019**

*Kathleen Malone*

It happened at Bike Virginia in June 2019. That crisp sunny day I fully intended to do a 50 -60-'ish' mile route, but when I got to the first big rest stop, I proposed the idea to my fellow riders 'anyone want to do the century?' My rational self said, 'this is ridiculous,' especially given

the late morning start I had. The irrational self was justifying, 'but I feel great today!'

I had recalled at the gathering the evening before, the 'party tent,' where Nancy Moyer and I would later be celebrating with blue grass music, dancing and beer, Nancy and I were standing with a group of 'century riders,' who were studying the map for the next day's rides. Nancy contemplated out loud, 'if there were ever a century ride to do here, that would be the one,' noting the 'not so ridiculous' elevation. But her rational self stepped in early. 'I don't think I will be doing that.' That's when the spark was lighted in me. So, the next day when I surprisingly had a response to my spontaneous question, 'anyone want to do a century,' the spark was re-ignited. It was Andy. Andy

Marzano, (God bless him.) he volunteered to join me. So, we split from our group and headed on our journey to my first century. Weather was perfect, scenery was spectacular, being in the blue ridge mountains, and there was a plethora of rest stops, including one with baked potatoes and toppings, another with beans



and rice.

Within 100 yards after this first deciding rest stop, we passed a guy with a flat. Well 'I' passed the guy with the flat! Not Andy! I turned around to see Andy helping the guy. I'm thinking- 'we gotta make time!' But luckily the flat was fixed quickly. Next were the hills, stacked one upon another. It was a lot of hills. After all it was bike Virginia. But Andy was a great cheerleader.

We hit every rest stop, ate plenty of food, made it back by dark, but that's not saying much- sundown late June is 8:45 pm! So, we returned to find out we were late for dinner- reservations with Andy/Christine, Doug/Nancy (Bower) and Steve/ Nancy (Moyer). Everyone forgave me (except my husband who is often the victim of my many irrational 'whims.') we celebrated with lots of 'hydration,' (i.e. libation). And the next day was just like any other...

## **My First Century: New York 2011**

*Sabine Cranmer*

Sat: arrive NY. Hotel conveniently located 4 blocks from registration venue. Go to Roseland, where I find an Assos winter kit at 1/2 off and a tip to shop at Paragon for best bike clothing selection. Bike clothing selection so-so but I advise a woman about what to wear on the Manhattan to Montauk ride in June. Make a mental note to seriously consider going on that ride myself. Overhear a disgruntled man saying he'd like to spend part of the day outside and not just shopping. Offer to introduce him to my husband on the theory that misery loves company, thereby winning friendship of the wife, who I will run into again at the second aid station on the ride. On Sat. night, go to dinner with visitors from Germany and friends from Old

Greenwich. Still eating healthful, carefully thought-out meals at this point. Couples with riding members retire early. Germans depart for meatpacking district to party until dawn or whenever things shut down.



Sun: wakeup call at 4:30 catapults us out of bed and into layers for ride to bridge. We pick up Oli at 158th St. and proceed to the start. Charlie starts further back, Oli and I move up. Attempts to contact the training group are unsuccessful. Jim from Sat. night texts that he showed up despite feeling under the weather, but I don't get the msg until the 2nd aid station. From that point he rides with us for a while.

We're underway, and I'm thinking, "It's definitely a possibility that I'll qualify for that ride in Belgium. I wonder if I can go if I do. Wouldn't it be amazing if as a result of entering my first century I end up competing in Europe?!"

I imagine I'm doing a pretty good job on the second timed climb, which is not that easy, despite breathing so loudly that the guy next to me exclaims "Madonna!" in time with one of my exhalations. He qualifies this with "everyone is passing me".

After several rest stops, we get to the top of Bear Mtn., where we take another rest stop (see photo). This being the top, we feel like we've finished. Never mind that there are 50 hilly miles to go.

By the time we get to mile 70, they're breaking down the aid station. A policeman comes to announce that a rider is down and we should be careful on an upcoming descent, and that the roads will be reopening to traffic shortly. The wind has picked up and for the first time that day we become aware of increasing cloud cover. Jim decides he can't wait for us any longer and leaves. The worst is yet to come.

The riders are now so spread out that we are essentially on our own. When we get to an unsigned turn, we go the wrong way and end up off course. It takes us several miles to discover our mistake. I call the sag wagon to pick us up and take us to the place where we missed our turn. They say they'll be there in 1/2 hour. 2 more lost riders show up. Their GPS says we can get back by taking the road to our right. Oli waits for the van and I decide to ride with the others.

We're riding along and the road starts to climb. It climbs and climbs. After a while we see something yellow seemingly going straight up. One of us exclaims, "is that a double yellow line?" It is. 2 of us go up the wall, one turns right to avoid it. After going over the wall we eventually find our way to the road that will get us back on course. We decide to make a beeline for the GW Bridge instead, a liberating decision. We spend the rest of the ride chatting amiably, going fast in the flats with a tailwind, so happy that the end is in sight.

I ride back to Manhattan on my own, leaving the ride behind. I see people who are doing things that are not biking related. In fact, people are doing every imaginable thing except riding in Gran Fondo. I see a group of 5 riders and recognize them as the people we encountered on that same road on our way to the bridge that morning. They are not riding in Gran Fondo anymore either. As I pass them, I say "we all did it". Smiling, one says "yes we did." He sounds deeply satisfied. My final stats were 116 miles, 9,000 ft of elevation gain, 11.5 hours, ranked 7/12 in women's 50-54 age group on timed climbs.

Charlie, who'd finished earlier, is waiting for me at the hotel. We go to dinner in the Village and to see Herzog's new 3-D movie, *Cave of Forgotten Dreams*. At the box office, for the first time ever, we are asked whether the senior discount applies to either of us. I find that ironic. I just completed my first century! I sleep through most of the movie. The music, what I hear of it, is fantastic!

## **My First Century: Connecticut 2016**

*Taylor Sproul*

I did my first century in 2016, when I was living in Milford, Connecticut on the Long Island Sound. A friend of mine was volunteering at a 'Lobsterfest' all the way up in Canton (near the Massachusetts border). Lobsterfests are a New England tradition. Usually organized by a civic association as a fundraiser, they put together a big party in a local park. There is live music and carnival activities, and of course big delicious New England lobsters to eat.

Canton is 54 miles north of Milford. It's near the Farmington Canal trail, which is an 84-mile greenway from New Haven CT to

Northampton MA along a disused canal towpath. It's fairly flat, gaining some elevation as it goes inland.

My wife was going to drive to the Lobsterfest, and I was planning on riding. That way, I would be able to bail out if I was struggling. I also met with a friend, Keith, who was interested in joining me for part of it.

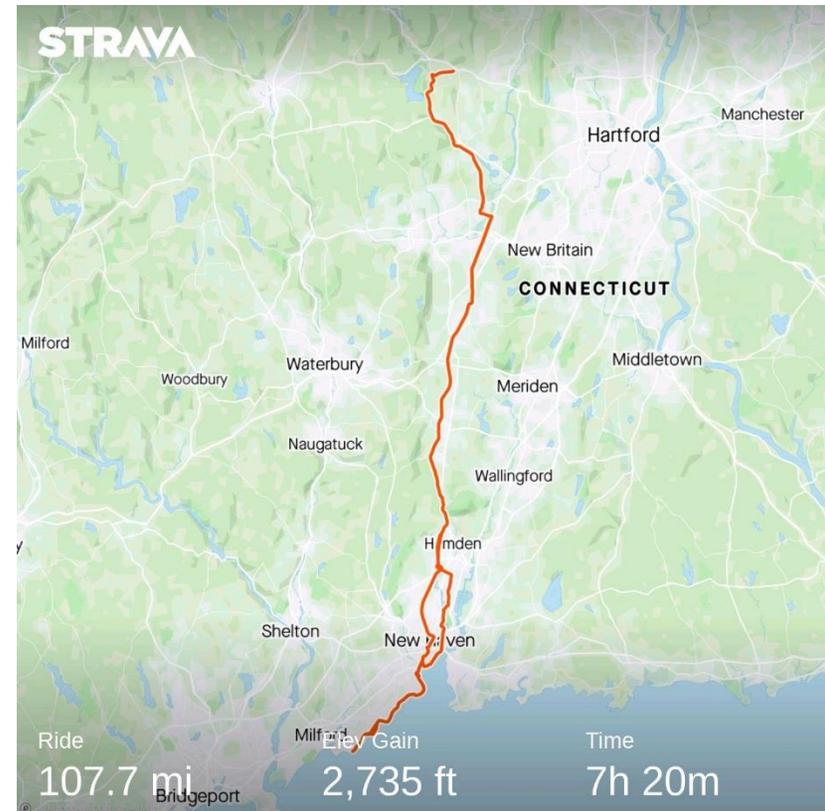
I started at 9:30 AM, taking my usual route along the coast from Milford to New Haven (mile 9). I skirted around New Haven on the scenic bike, and stopped at a bagel place just outside of New Haven (mile 18). I had a bagel and a coffee while I waited for Keith to meet up, and then we hit the road around 11:15AM. It was fairly quiet until Mile 36, as we passed a few Saturday morning joggers on the trail. There's a 9-mile gap where the trail was gone (like many long trails, the Farmington Canal Trail relies on each township to build a section of trail, and this particular town had not caught up). We had to ride along Route 10, which was tolerable but a far cry from our peaceful and calm path. At mile 45, the trail picks back up again, but splits into two. The offshoot is called the Farmington River trail, and follows the river northwest while the main Farmington Canal Trail follows the canal north. We took the Farmington River Trail, which goes directly to the Canton park and to Lobsterfest (mile 54). I bid farewell to Keith, who is doing his own ride (a century from his apartment at mile 18 up to the Massachusetts border and back)

At Lobsterfest, I was able to stretch my legs, get some food, use a bathroom with running water, change my socks, recharge my bike computer (an old CatEye with no mapping functionality). After a fairly leisurely break of more than an hour and a half, I hopped back on the bike. By now it's midafternoon, and the trail is somewhat more crowded. I'm still feeling good when I get back to the roads (mile 64), but the next couple of miles on Route 10 were disheartening, as

traffic has picked up and I'm alone now. However, the renewed focus on the roads and hills has kept me from feeling tired, as I near my previous-best mileage (75, a few weeks prior). I'm fading a little as I hop back on the canal trail at Mile 74. As my odometer clicks into the 80s, fatigue starts to set in. I'd never experienced hand/wrist discomfort on the bike before, but now it began. At Mile 91, I'm back to where I had met up with Keith. It's now 6:40 PM, and it's still light out but I know I have all of New Haven between me and home.

I eschew the scenic (and somewhat hilly) route along the outskirts of the city, and stay on the canal trail which I know goes all the way into downtown. I see why people had told me to take the scenic way – there's broken glass on the trail and it runs through some not so fantastic neighborhoods. Plus, as it goes across the narrow city blocks, there is a stop and a crosswalk every minute or two.

I get into downtown and ride some of the familiar streets, as light is fading. As I descend the bridge out of the city, my odometer clicks over 100 miles, but I don't really notice. I turn my lights on, and ride the last 8 miles home in dusk, arriving around 8pm. I plug my CatEye into the computer to sync the GPX recording (which ends up taking 2 hours) and then just collapse onto the couch, my first century complete.



## Cartoon & Crossword

### "Thor," The Cash Register

by Bob LaDrew

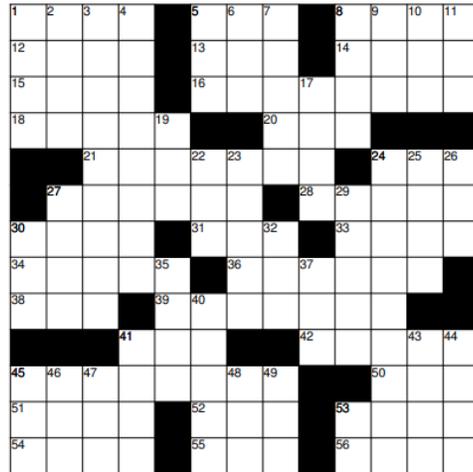
By some counts, Davis Phinney won 328 road races in his career. Regardless of the tally, no American rider ever approached his productivity.

**ACROSS**

- 1. Houston baseball, familiarly
- 5. Insult, in rap
- 8. One-time Phinney coach Borysewicz
- 12. Hen house
- 13. Gold, in Baja
- 14. Folktales, e.g.
- 15. I smell \_\_\_\_
- 16. Phinney teammate and Giro winner Andy \_\_\_\_
- 18. Technology not available when Phinney broke in
- 20. "I'm No Angel" star West
- 21. Davis Phinney's birthplace
- 24. CBS series with spinoffs
- 27. Whacky weather source
- 28. The Phinneys' time-trialing son
- 30. A colonnade
- 31. Spinning room
- 33. Conclave's choice
- 34. Cry from the defeated
- 36. \_\_\_\_ de corps
- 38. Cowboy QB Prescott
- 39. Mrs. Phinney, and namesakes
- 41. RV refuge
- 42. Up and about
- 45. What Phinney did on way to most of his 328 wins
- 50. Prefix for Greta Thunberg
- 51. Messes around (with)
- 52. Major bike racing motivation
- 53. -rug or code
- 54. Fateful 44 BC day
- 55. Some NFL linemen: abbr.
- 56. Cold War foe

**DOWN**

- 1. Souvenir on Veteran rider's leg



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- 2. x 3, a war movie
- 3. Club bikeride obstacle
- 4. Like car dealer extras
- 5. Play-\_\_\_\_: kids' clay
- 6. Glass on radio
- 7. Site of 1916 battle
- 8. Ultimatum-ending word
- 9. Half a colon
- 10. Dad on "Black-ish"
- 11. Nagasaki currency
- 17. Hair line
- 19. Le contraire de 'non'
- 22. Fuel in pressurized containers: abbr.
- 23. Oldest member
- 24. Symbols of monastic life
- 25. Usual mo. of UCI World Championships
- 26. Wrath
- 27. Mountain whose Greek name means "I burn"
- 29. WWI Belgian battleground
- 30. Soapy kitchen bubble
- 32. Rival of AOL or Yahoo!
- 35. Subj. for an MBA.
- 37. Ms. Zadora (1980s starlet)
- 40. Western movie, facetiously
- 41. Give a good smack to?
- 43. Commits a hockey penalty
- 44. Final sprint crowd sound
- 45. Shifter D. Finney would have liked
- 46. Marine mammal group
- 47. Reuben loaf
- 48. Alligator creation
- 49. Writer John -- Passos
- 53. Adelaide's country, on the internet

### BONKERS

by Bob & Judy LaDrew



B & J LADREW © 2020

## **Thoughts from the Editor**

*Taylor Sproul*

Thanks for reading the newsletter!

If you would like to contribute an article or photo to the newsletter, or if you have any other feedback, please contact Taylor via e-mail at [dvbc.editor@clubmember.org](mailto:dvbc.editor@clubmember.org). Have you gone on a fantastic ride recently, or travelled somewhere awesome for a ride? If so, please consider submitting a [Ride Report](#) or a [DVBC Around the World](#) story to the editor.