

Spring Races Expand!

11 Events Just Around the Corner

For 1997 five Greater Cincinnati racing clubs have teamed up to create Cincinnati's largest ever Spring Training Series. Although many of the details remain to be worked out, as many as eleven events, off-road as well as on, are planned from February through April. In addition to QCW, the sponsoring clubs include the BioWheels Racing Team (Bio), Cincinnati Velo Club (CVC), Going Mobile Racing Team (GM), and the Northern Kentucky Flyers (Team Suburban, SUB).

The festivities are expected to start on February 2nd and 9th, with off-road events hosted by BioWheels. Although these dates are perhaps a bit earlier than many of you might prefer, the course includes sections of river bottoms. These are expected to get quite muddy in the spring thaw, so the promoter prefers an earlier date to ensure that the course is frozen, and therefore rideable. The road events begin in March. On March 2nd, 9th, and 23rd QCW will host road races. These are planned for the Morrow area, using the same or similar courses

as the last couple of years. Also in March, on the 16th, Going Mobile will host a road race planned for the Batavia area.

April starts with a criterium on the 6th. Hosted by CVC, this race will use the popular Cincinnati Financial Corporation course in Fairfield. On the 13th the second Ryle Circuit Race, in Union, KY., will be hosted by the Northern Kentucky Flyers. On the 20th CVC will host the second Riley Road Race. Last held in '95, this challenging course was missed by a lot of riders due to a last minute course change. Rounding out April Going Mobile will host their second Mariemont Criterium on the 27th. This urban course was widely praised as one of the best crit courses in the area.

One race, a Criterium Omnium to be hosted by Going Mobile, has not yet been finalized. Current plans call for a one day series of three short races in each category. The combined results from a miss-and-out, points race, and scratch race will be combined for a daily

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New Program To Crown Rider of the Year

All local races included in new points system

A new program for 1997 seeks to determine the Rider of the Year for the Greater Cincinnati area. Sponsored by all of the clubs sponsoring road teams in the area, including Cincinnati Velo Club, Going Mobile Racing Team, Northern Kentucky Flyers, and the Oakley Racing Team, as well as Queen City Wheels, this new program will crown male and female champions in each USCF category. Thus, there will be a category 2 Rider of the Year, a cat 3 Rider of the Year, etc. In addition, there will be Masters Riders of the Year for men and women. (Note: A change in USCF has eliminated the citizens category. Citizens can now

be issued one day licenses at any USCF race, and are considered cat 5 for men, cat 4 for women.) This new program will include results from all local road events promoted by one of the sponsoring clubs, as well as district championship races. Entry is automatic for all riders listing one of these clubs on their USCF license.

The new program is similar to that used for worldwide rankings of professional riders.

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Time to renew your membership and order '97 team clothing see page 5

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QCW Board meetings are open to all members. Meetings are generally held on the second or third Monday of the month, but the schedule is seasonal. Call the PELO line (677-7356) to confirm meeting dates and locations.

Prologue

1997 is going to be packed full of cycling events. Five area racing clubs have teamed up and will hold as many as 11 road and off-road spring training events starting as early as January. A Cincinnati "Rider of the Year" program will be initiated in '97. This award will be earned by performing in selected events held throughout the year, including the Spring Training Series, Ault Park, Time Trials, Hill Climbs, and any additional local events held.

QCW is working with a local sports marketer to raise the needed money to hold Cyclebration '97. If the money can be raised the event will feature a huge one day event offering races for all categories.

QCW will be responsible for three of the spring events. If you are interested in helping to plan and hold our races call me at home at 321-7423 or work at 984-5544.

Anyone who is interested in helping out with the 1997 jerseys should call me to attend a meeting. Currently, we are seeking nominations for 1997 officers and board members. If you are interested in a position on the club board please call me.

-Jim Flaherty

QCW News gets new editor

Effective with the next issue, the new editor of the *QCW News* will be Kevin Berger. Kevin brings a number of years of racing experience, as well as a professional background in desktop publishing, to his new position. You have probably seen him either racing or as a frequent volunteer at QCW events. Kevin can be reached at 674 Totten Way, Cincinnati, OH 45226, 321-1508 or at kberber@aol.com.

From the Editor

I love to ride.

Some of my earliest memories center around bikes: I remember training wheels, as well as the first day that they came off. I remember sprinting before I turned six, and taking the sidewalk turn at the end of the no outlet street as fast as possible, occasionally bailing out onto the grass because my nerves faltered before reaching that house with the rock garden instead of a lawn. I remember flying over homemade jumps made from old doors, and riding into the woods behind my street. I remember "running the bases" in Fairview Park, and skidding my rear wheel across the plate as I "slid" into home. I remember riding the seven or so miles to Mt. Airy Forest to ride the trails when I was about eight or nine, even though I wasn't allowed to ride anywhere near so far from home. Early on I wasn't real inclined to add gizmos to my bike, because I realized that the extra weight slowed me down. Even so, I remember making my mom switch to spring clip clothespins, so I could put baseball cards in my spokes. (Dodger cards, of course, because we didn't really want 'em, and the harder you rode, the harder they got whapped!)

I don't remember my first two wheeler very well, other than it was white. But boy, do I remember the green Stingray that replaced it! It had a great sparkle finish banana seat, and I really liked sliding back on it to really feel the power in my legs. I remember my first ten speed, a gold Chiorda. I loved that exotic name, and I really learned a lot about mechanics from that bike. I always thought a true racing machine must be temperamental, just like ABC described race cars. It wasn't until much later that I learned that it was the sign of a cheap bike, but it didn't really matter, since I loved fiddling with it. It turned out to be a valuable experience, since it helped me get my

(Continued on page 5)

QCW News

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Submissions of articles of interest are always welcome. Send submissions to: QCW News, 674 Totten Way, Cincinnati, OH 45226

QCW

The Queen City Wheels, Inc., is a member club of USA Cycling.

Its goals are to:

PROMOTE sanctioned bicycle racing throughout the Greater Cincinnati area
ADVOCATE cycling awareness with local governments
PROVIDE members with coaching and camaraderie

Club Information: 677-PELO

QCW Home Page:

<http://www.iac.net/~curta/qcw/qcw.html>

Each race is assigned a value. Bigger races will be assigned higher values. In series events there will be points for both stage and GC results. The winner of the event gets maximum points, with lesser points awarded to the other places. All riders listed in the official results as posted by the race officials, up to 25th place, are awarded points. Formulae to account for points earned in mixed category races (e.g. 2's mixed with 3's) as well as riders who upgrade their category are being determined. A running total will be maintained, with the highest total at the end of the year being crowned Rider of the Year! Systems to make up-to-the-minute standings available are also being determined.

Any and all races promoted by a sponsoring club will be included in the points system. As of press time, this includes spring training races (GC as well as stages), Ault Park (also GC as well as stages), Cyclebration, Mainstrasse, the Fall Hill Climbs, as well as additional events anticipated in Fairfield and Mariemont. All district championship races in a rider's home district are also included. Finally, QCW time trials are included three times: best times for the first half of the year, second half, and for the whole year as one.

While some of the details are still being worked out, this new program will undoubtedly add spice to local racing in 1997! Since events are spread out from March to October, steady performance through the entire year will be rewarded. With the mix of road, criterium, and time trial events, true champions will be crowned.

Calendar

Races (OH, KY, IN, WV)

OFF-ROAD

- Jan 5 OH Mansfield, OH HFP 614/784-1916 or 784-9043
- Feb 2 Bic Cleves, OH Mat Alexander 861-2453
- Feb 2 OH Mansfield, OH HFP 614/784-1916 or 784-9043
- Feb 9 Bic Cleves, OH Mat Alexander 861-2453
- Mar 2 OH Mansfield, OH HFP 614/784-1916 or 784-9043
- Apr 5-6 N I, Carrollton, KY 502/484-2998
- Jun 8 Fat gie, Carrollton, KY 502/484-2998

ROAD

- Mar 2 Morri RR, Morrow, OH QCW 677-PELO
- Mar 9 Morrov RR, Morrow, OH QCW 677-PELO
- Mar 16 MainevilleRR, Batavia, OH John Chinkes 665-9313
- Mar 23 Morrow RR, Morrow, OH QCW 677-PELO
- Apr 6 CFC Crit, Cincinnati Glenn Wolf 721-6628
- Apr 13 Ryle Circuit Race, Union, KY
- Apr 20 Riley RR, Riley, OH Glenn Wolf 721-6628
- Apr 27 Mariemont Crit, Cincinnati John Chinkes 665-9313

Rides

Rides listed include not only those led by QCW members, but also the rides of other racing clubs in the area. Some rides are faster than others, and some assume that you know the route. Please call the ride leader listed for more details. Additional rides and updates are regularly posted on the PELO line. If you are leading a ride that is not currently listed here, please call the PELO line (677-7356) and leave a message with the details. Thanks!

- Sundays 10:00 Hyde Park Square
- Saturday and Sunday 8:30 Mountain bike ride, Kings Island McDonalds, Dan Roketenetz 684-6000
- Tuesday 6:30 Riverfront Stadium training group
- Wednesday 7:00 Riverfront Stadium women's training group, Beth Jordan 872-0002
- Thursday 6:30 Loveland at the bike trail parking lot, lights, required, Doug Pendery or Tom Cross 791-9292 daytime

first job, working in a bike shop. Those were the days: Campy was king, Japanese meant SunTour, and cheap parts meant Simplex. Everything else was crap! Even though some adults were starting to criticize my passion for bikes, the shop confirmed it for me. Everybody working there was intelligent, literate, and treated me as the same. The radio station of choice was WGUC, and "All Things Considered" was the first news program that ever really held my attention.

Unfortunately, I had to leave the bike shop: to go touring in Europe for half of the summer. After riding in the Alps and the Black Forest with full touring gear, no hill was scary any more. The downside of this trip was that as the mechanic for a large group of mostly out-of-shape, unprepared, and even unwilling teens, I learned all about how much some people can whine and pass the buck for their own shortcomings. But I remember certain days: an hour uphill in the Black Forest, to reach a ridgetop with a brand new road less than a week old, no traffic, slightly downhill, and 51 kilometers in under an hour; four hours in a drenching rain, and being perverse enough to enjoy the hell out of it; being less than one mile from the only tornado in that part of Germany in recorded history (over 1500 years!). When I got home I was in great shape. Of course I started to race. QCW's criterium at Riverfront Stadium remains the best course I've ever raced (it wasn't just the plaza, and, sadly, configuration changes make it impossible to use that course again).

I ride on the road and off. I race, and I tour, and sometimes I just wander around. If there were a track closer I'd certainly have a season pass. It's all riding to me.

Some people would have you believe that certain forms of riding are more legitimate than others. Roadies carp at mountain bikers, and mountain bikers give as good as they get. Touring riders moan about racers missing the scenery, and they couldn't possibly enjoy riding as much as me, cause they don't see anything other than their heart monitor. Racers have all sorts of names for tourists, but I don't need to use that type of language here. Commuters feel that theirs is the "purest" form of riding, and everyone else is just a play-baby.

I don't care what, or where, how, or why you ride. It's all cycling. No one form is any more legitimate than any other. I ride because I love to ride. If that means it's on the road, or off the road, or fast or slow, I do it because I enjoy it. Why limit myself to any one form, when I can have it all? That's like restricting myself to only "American" food, as an example, and ignoring the wondrous variety of other choices available to me. Don't let anyone else limit your variety in cycling. I haven't found any form I don't like (even unicycles!), and I've talked to very few people who dislike any one form, at least as long as they've really tried it. Do what you want to do with your recreation time, and if I can help you, feel free to give me a call!

This is my last issue as the editor of the QCW News. I started this newsletter partly because QCW needed it, partly because I had things I wanted to say, and partly because it let practice my skills in desktop publishing. I greatly appreciate the support given to me by everyone in QCW, and I ask you to offer that same support to your Kevin as he takes over.

HAMMER AT GARLAND

This past Labor Day weekend three of us from QCW, me, Ivan Forsythe and Ralph Elliott, headed up north to Garland, Michigan for the annual Hammer at Garland mountain bike race. Ivan had raced on the course the year before and had been raving about the quality of the course and the race. I am happy to report that we were not disappointed.

On the way to Garland we had to pass through Rose City, Michigan, the home of Bad Frog Beer. For those of you who don't know about Bad Frog, "the amphibian with an attitude," "he just don't care," "do it froggy style," the beer is banned in Ohio because the Ohio Liquor Authority has deemed the label on the bottle to be obscene. The frog, you see, is pictured on the bottle with its middle digit extended skyward. Never mind that the brew has won several major awards and is a truly good beer, we in Ohio are continually having our morals protected by some bureaucrat who knows what's best for the rest of us. All I can say is that it's a good thing that none of these Ohio Liquor Authority folks ride with the Quad Squad when we are out slopping around in the mud, getting down and dirty, hammering the trails and each other, then they would learn what obscene really means! But, I digress. Suffice to say that we loaded up on Bad Frog Beer and Bad Frog memorabilia and headed up to Garland.

We arrived in Garland late Saturday afternoon, the day before the race. The race course is located on the grounds of the Garland Lodge which comprises about 3500 acres, with three golf courses. The lodge buildings are a collection of the spectacular log structures I have ever seen. The grounds are beautifully planted and a sight to behold. The lodge was surrounded by dozens of obviously expensive and very attractive homes. BMW's and Jag's abounded and the air was thick with cigar smoke. What a great place for a mountain bike race! After several minutes of gawking at the surroundings we got it into our gear and headed out to practice on the race course, a five mile loop located along the edge of the lodge property. The trail consisted of about four miles of mostly fire road, two short, but very steep hills, and about a mile of moderately technical single track. I soon realized that this was going to be a very fast course for a good rider. In fact, the course was just about ideal for cross over roadies, like Jim Flaherty or Chip Ellison. Too bad they weren't there.

After a couple of practice laps, we decided to check into our motel, get some dinner and rest up for the big day. The motel was owned by the Garland Lodge and was made of logs. The room was furnished with all log furniture. Just about everything but the toilet and the TV had a log motif. It was soon obvious to me that it was not only our motel and the lodge were made of logs, but virtually everything in the area. I was starting to feel like a lumberjack. Too bad, I thought, that I didn't get here a few days early. Maybe I could have hewn a mountain bike out of a tree!

After we got settled, Ivan suggested that we go down the road and eat dinner at the Log Inn. Geez, why not? Where else would you eat in this area? So, off we went. After we got seated we learned that it was pretty much a meat and potatoes kind of place. "Do you have any pasta," I asked the waitress. "I think there might be some on the salad bar, but that would be it," she replied. So I checked it out. Great! Colored pasta twists

bathed in a mayo-based sauce. The menu featured their "World famous Log Burger." Now, I'm thinking, I'm kind of a worldly guy, I've been around, and I've never heard of the "world famous" Log Burger. Do you suppose folks in Bulgaria have ever heard of the "world famous" Log Burger? I don't think so! You gotta kill somebody to be famous. Take Jack-in-the-Box, for example. That's what you would call a world famous burger. At any rate, along with the other guys, I chose a steak with a baked spud (you better believe with butter and sour cream). Talk about a pre-race carbo load.

The next morning, race day, I awoke with the feeling that the previous evening's meal had just finished a mountain bike race in my lower tract. Already, I had mentally renamed this race from the "Hammer at Garland" to the "Hammer at Gaviscon". So, of course, to further prepare, we trekked up to the lodge for a big lumberjack breakfast. We can do this, we all thought, since our race didn't go off until 12:30.

A couple of hours later, we drove to the race parking area. Every car was greeted by a uniformed Garland employee handing out directions to the course staging area. Those who didn't want to walk were transported on golf carts to and from the start/finish. This was really a class act. There were about three hundred riders in all categories. Notwithstanding our advanced years we were to race in the 45 and up, sport category, four laps, twenty miles. No special treatment here. Ralph decided not to race. He instead opted to look after Abby, my dog, who had accompanied us to Garland. Abby is a pretty cool dog, a Black Lab with a terrific personality. Turns out that ol' Ralphie had the least stressful event of the day. While Ivan and I were out there sweating A-1 Steak Sauce, Ralph was passing Abby off as his. "Rok, I have two words to describe Abby," said Ralph after the race, "Chick magnet!"

Well, the race didn't go exactly as planned. Those guys in the just over 45 age group are pretty strong riders. Ivan and I didn't finish near the top, but we finished. It was probably the hardest twenty miles either one of us has ever done on bikes in a long time. In fact, we were passed by every female rider that started ten minutes behind us. But, that's okay! We now view that as one of the highlights of the event. Are we going to do this race again? You bet. Next year though, we plan on being in much better shape. Maybe we'll even bring our own pasta with us.

-Dan Roketenetz

Annual Banquet

The Queen City Wheels annual meeting and banquet will take place on Saturday evening, February 1st, at 6:30 PM, at the All Saints Church, in Pleasant Ridge. The banquet will feature a guest speaker, although arrangements were not yet final at press time. The meeting will include a review of the past year's activities, as well as election of new officers (see President's column, page 2). Following the meeting QCW's annual awards will be presented. The festivities take place amid our annual lasagna pig-out, with beer and soda provided. The banquet is free to all members (and family) whose dues are current. However, in order to plan the food we ask you to make reservations by leaving your name, phone, and number of attendees on the Pelo line (677-PELO) no later than January 26th. All Saints Church is located at Grand Vista Ave. and Parkman Place. From Montgomery Rd., just north of the Pleasant Ridge Branch of the public library, turn north on Grand Vista. There is plenty of street parking available.

Coaches' Corner

Small Victories -Beth Jordan

There was a Samaritan in the express checkout lane at Wal-Mart yesterday. I was running late for a ride and hadn't eaten lunch, so I was juggling a jar of Gatorade, my helmet, gloves, and a couple of granola bars as I clacked and slithered on my Diadoras through a hundred miles of icy linoleum, howling toddlers, bored-looking sales clerks, and noise. The din inside Wal-Mart is unreal, like a third world bazaar.

"What kind of a bike do you have?" asked the Samaritan as he saved my Gatorade from rolling under the magazine racks. (Thank heaven for plastic, I thought.) He was fortyish and graying, with the look of someone who spends a lot of time outdoors. "My kids got into biking this year."

"A road bike. Thanks." I smiled warmly at him as I looped the strap of my helmet over my arm and extracted money from a jersey pocket.

"They have mountain bikes, and I've been thinking about getting one. How do you find the motivation to ride in this stuff?" Reasonable question, that. It had been raining fitfully all day, and a cold wind was settling leaves on the streets, to be slicked by passing showers. It occurred to me that the narrow, twisting descent through the woods on my route would be more challenging than usual. I thought about his question. Why do I ride in this stuff?

"I don't know. I like the feeling I'm doing something for myself." I paid the cashier, who resembled a character from "The Godfather" spray. Maybe even Divine. She work a big pink muu-big blue hair, magenta lipstick, and her eyebrows were waxed antenna-thin. I couldn't see her feet, but I knew she was wearing those socks that look like doll socks, the lacy kind. "Thankya baby. Fifty-eight cents is yer change. Luv yer r"" drawled the cashier. I bared my teeth at her. "Have a nice ride," called the Samaritan. I grinned at him as I stomped to the exit.

I unlocked the Cadex and negotiated my way out of the parking lot, dodging minivans, pedestrians, and an immense line of shopping carts being wrangled by an undersized teenager. A Grand Am honked peevisly as I shouldered my way into the left turn lane. Ignoring him, I set off towards the park where we meet for our tri-weekly 6 PM rides.

Why "do" I ride?" I thought. I commute by bike to work, so do I need the extra miles? Particularly when contemplating the common drawbacks of deranged drivers, drastic weather, my neighbor's hostile Rottweiler.

There are moments when I wonder if I'm the only fool foolish enough to be doing what I do. I had a bad moment not long ago in a soggy time trial, when all I could think about was that I could be home warm in bed rather than murdering myself at 7 AM for a twelve dollar gift certificate and the respect of my peers. Just as I was really starting to lose it, I glimpsed a rider ahead of me. A guy. He was laboring up a climb, and dropping back fast. I shifted down, spun easily past him, found my second wind, and felt invincible for the rest of the ride. I finished the TT with a personal best time, certainly better than quitting. A small victory. One more step up the ladder.

There are times when the steps seem far off, or insurmountable. Climbing has typically been one of my problems, and once

or twice a week I drag myself down to the base of Olive Branch hill to try yet again. It has a couple of "walls" on it, the steepest right before you reach the crest. Olive Branch defeated me more times than I care to think about last summer. Each time I met the second wall, I could find neither the strength nor the determination to turn the cranks, lost my forward progress, and retreated.

On Saturday, I rode down to Olive Branch to try once again. I woke up not really wanting to go out on that cold, gray morning, but I tempted myself with the promise of a hot cappuccino in the Waynesville cafe'. I found a nice tempo on the rolling farmland that leads down to the ravine, and as I warmed up, I felt better, noticing things like here-and-there maples in the woods that had already turned red against the background of green birches and oaks.

I reached the tricky descent into the ravine and chided myself for my lack of skill. "Someday I'll learn how to do this descent with confidence," I thought, riding my brakes through off-camber curves. I reached the bottom upright, but annoyed with myself, and headed south toward Olive Branch.

Halfway there, I heard a shout behind me. Looking back, I recognized Doug and Linda, two members of the local club team and their custom racing tandem. They caught up easily, and I accelerated my lazy spin to keep up. A sleek fellow on a titanium Serotta introduced himself as Steve. I vaguely recalled seeing him at the summer time trials (probably as he flew past me from several minutes back).

"Going up Olive Branch?" asked Linda. (Great, I thought - just what I need is witnesses to my nonexistent climbing skill.)

I leveled with them. "I've been trying it all summer. Thought I'd give it another shot today."

Doug nodded. "Yeah, it's steep, and takes some determination. Though if we can climb it on the tandem, I think you should be able to manage with a single."

"Thanks." We turned left and hit the first section, which starts out fairly gently. Compared to the rest, that is.

"See you at the top" called the pair, already in their granny. I was surprised by how quickly they dropped back out of sight. Steve glanced over and said "That's a good cadence. Try to hold it." I concentrated on keeping the bike steady underneath me, and, more importantly, going forward. We hit the first switchback and gained a little momentum as the grade relaxed a bit. I sat and rested, taking my cue from the more experienced rider beside me. I watched his gears and kept my cadence as close to his as possible.

"Gets a little steeper, but we're almost there," he said. Both of us stood and started the grind up the second wall. I felt my cadence slowing as my bike wobbled clumsily. I clenched my teeth, determined to hold my line and keep up.

"Don't fight. You're pushing down too much." Steve was still somewhere to my left. I could only concentrate on the narrow tunnel of wooded road ahead of me. I sucked air, gasping, and surged forward. Up past another switch, and still more climb ahead. I sat again briefly, then vaulted out of the saddle for the final pitch. I refused to let myself look up, concentrating as hard as I could on just making a few more feet of road pass under my wheel. I got lightheaded, and spots swam in my vision, growing bigger. Just as I started to weave in

(Continued on next page)

defeat, the road magically flattened. I wavered, nearly tumbled into the ditch, then made myself sit up and upshift.

I made it! Somehow the thought leaked around the anoxia-clouded edges of my consciousness. I really made it!

"You know, you should have taken it easy if you're as weak a climber as you say. You went at that thing like a Cat. 2" Steve patted my back. "Learn to relax." He grinned at me, and I grinned back. I couldn't stop smiling, in fact. Another small victory.

Doug and Linda caught up to us shortly, winded but smiling. I rode the ten miles with them into Waynesville, surprising myself with the ability to keep up with experienced racers. I felt boundless and light, as if I could ride forever.

Why do I ride?

Because I've met great friends cycling. Because nothing is as remarkable as that incandescent glow of pride you get from your own accomplishments. Because it feels like flying.

Because I can.

Worst Hill In Town

The results from the "Worst Hill in Town" ballot have not been collected. For a number of reasons, most QCW members didn't receive the newsletter until after the deadline for voting on the ballot was submitted, so there are no results to report. Remember the nominated climbs, and get out and try them! We'll revisit this issue next year.

winner.

All of the road events, including overall results, will be included in the new Greater Cincinnati Rider of the Year competition (see details elsewhere in this issue). All of the races are designed as training events. Entry fees will be set by each club, but will be calculated to be as low as possible without causing a club to run any event at a financial loss. Fees between \$8 and \$12 per year are expected.

QCW needs your help to promote our three events. In addition, if you can help out any of the other clubs on their dates, any assistance is greatly appreciated. We have plenty of tasks that will still allow you to race on the same day you help your club. If you can help out, please contact Jim Flaherty at 321-7423 (evenings) or 984-5544 (days).

QCW News Advertising

The QCW News accepts advertising from anyone with an interest in bicycle racing. Rates for 1997 are:

Size	Single Issue	Annual (6 issues)
1/2 page	\$30	\$150
1/4 page	\$18	\$90
1/8 page	\$10	\$50

Ads can be accepted in camera-ready form, or, for advertisers purchasing a minimum of two issues, free assistance in design and layout of your ad will be provided. Contact the editor for details.

Classifieds

Ad space is free for all QCW members. All ads must be resubmitted in writing each month. Ads are run on a first come basis, as space allows. Submit ads to QCW Newsletter, 674 Totten Way, Cincinnati, OH 45226.

The Queen City Wheels Newsletter is a publication of the Queen City Wheels, Inc. QCW is both a United States Cycling Federation (USCF) member club (#0153) and a National Off-Road Bicycle Association (NORBA) member club, promoting sanctioned bicycle racing in the Greater Cincinnati area since 1972. The Club sponsors a number of events throughout the year, and fields a racing team for racing events throughout the country. Membership is open to anyone with an interest in bicycle racing. For further information contact the Queen City Wheels, 185 Albright Dr., Loveland, OH 45140, or call 677-PELO.

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Queen City Wheels
185 Alb
Loveland

