



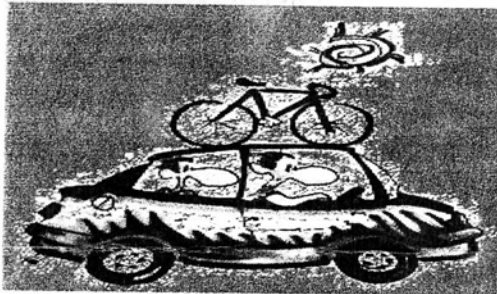
Queen City Wheels

January 1, 1998-1999

Volume 2, Number 1

Elite Nationals Update

The first Steering Committee for the 1999 Elite Nationals will be held on **January 19, 7:00 P.M. in the Loveland Safety Center, 126 S. Lebanon (same as last year).** Betsy Neyer will be introducing this year's race producer, talking about the courses, the differences this year with the addition of the Juniors Nationals, and generally beginning to get organized. All willing workers are welcome and needed. It only takes a couple hours a month and our cycling community will be greatly rewarded by your efforts. Let's try and make these national races a great success and maybe with the Juniors coming this year it will help to generate a greater interest in the youth in our area. Hope to see a lot of club members participate!!!!

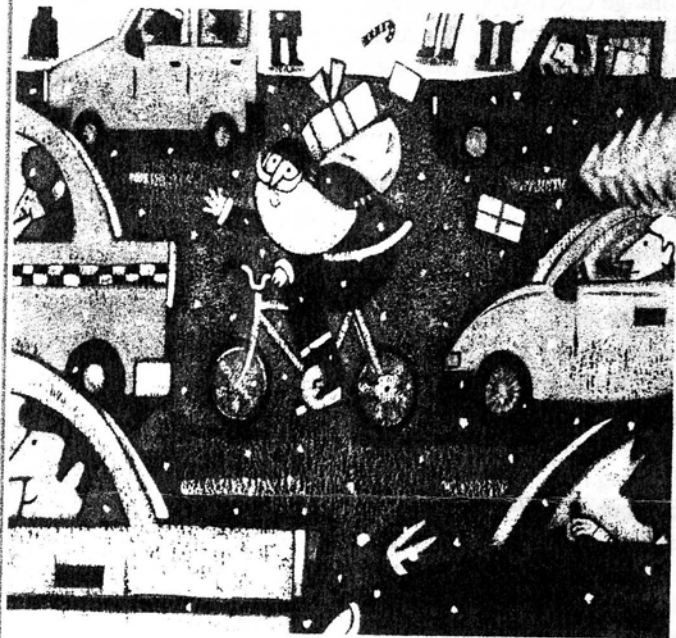


A correction from the last newsletter:

I had the US Juniors Track Championships coming to Indianapolis the week before the Nationals when it will actually be the week after the nationals are held in Cincinnati. The Junior Track Championships will be held at the Major Taylor Velodrome in Indianapolis on June 30 to July 3. As the event gets closer I will try to provide more information such as directions and track event descriptions.

From The Editor

I hope everyone had a *Happy Holiday* and has a fun, safe *New Year*. It was nice to get the first newsletter under my belt. I have been getting a lot of support from many club members. A special thanks to Chip Ellison for his thorough reporting of the Psychocross Series. You can almost feel



the grim and pain. I hope you enjoy the candid letter from Scott Denny and the mountain bike article from Dan Roketenetz as much as I did. I also received some great suggestions from Peter Wimberg. Please keep the articles and suggestions coming. See you on the road !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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CX Corner

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series 1998

By Chip Ellison

The series started in Clifton with the Burnet Woods race followed by races at Jacobs Park (Lexington), Cleves Mountain Bike Park, Cowan Lake, and Harbin Park. Racing picks up again January 3rd. Check out links to the race page at www.qcw.org.

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series Race #1 Burnet Woods, Clifton, Ohio

Chilly morning, but at least it is sunny. Over 50 racers showed themselves for this first event of the series. Great news for the "B" racers: Matt has found a sponsor (VooDoo Cycles) to give up a brand new cx frame for the series winner! The course is fast and challenging. I found the toughest part to be making the silly hop from road to sidewalk on my brand new screaming orange CANNONDALE cyclocross bike. Nothing like zooming down a paved road, making a sharp right turn onto a sidewalk w/ a 4-inch curb stuck in the middle of it. YIKES! I won't even tell you about my crash... too embarrassing.

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series Race #2

Jacobs Park, Lexington, Kentucky

Dave Blackburn finds a great course and another warm day adds to another 50 riders battling it out

for an hour of anaerobic hell. Less pavement on this course but some smooth grass, zooming downhill and nice up grades. For the second week in a row Phil Noble puts it to everyone w/ another win.

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series Race #3 Cleves, Ohio

Cleves? Cyclocross? Imagine that. I know to most QCW members, mention Cleves and you think about 10.2 miles of all out time trial but there is a nice 2-3 miles of mountain bike trails laid out in the river bottoms. OK, I'll admit I did use my mountain bike on this course and I was glad I did. The 3-mile loop did include a mile of pavement but the off-road section did favor the mountain bike (suspension). More warm weather (for November), a lot of fast riders (was that Kirk Albers - 4th USCF National RR '98 - I saw?), and a great contingent of ra-

bid fans (w/ non-rabid dogs) made for another fun day of racing. Perfect kind of off-season training for a new PR for the "usual" Cleves course.

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series Race #4 Cowan Lake State Park, Clarksville, Ohio.

December 6, 1998: 65 degrees - is it really December 6th? Yes it is and what a day for a cyclocross. Riders competed on a 1.4 +/- mile loop that included a gravel climb, a lake-side run-up, grassy fields, a bit of pavement and a sandy beech. Mostly good reviews on the course but it may have favored the wider tires of a mountain bike vs. 700x30 cross tires. 48 riders competed with "A" rider Phil Noble continuing his string of series victories. The park provided a ranger to help with traffic control and he may have summed it up best: "I have worked several triathlons" he said "including Houston Woods but, I have never seen the kind of expressions (of pain) that I have seen on

the racers faces today." Needless to say cyclocross continues to be the hardest hour of racing.

I would like to thank all our sponsors including: Wright Brothers, Bio-Wheels, Ohio Department of Natural Resources: Cowan Lake State Park, Wilmington College, Tim Car, QCW, and Austin Images (check out race photos at www.qcw.org).

Thanks to all the volunteers who made this event possible.

Bio-Wheels Psychocross Series Race #5

Harbin Park, Fairfield, Ohio

This is my favorite course and is what got me hooked on cx racing last year. New course this time around and a little rain the night before made for a very challenging event. Not my best day of racing (I think it was the second bottle of wine at dinner the night before - thanks

Dick)- my first DNF. Although a number of riders kept Phil Noble in check for the first half of the race he eventually pulled away for another win.

Cyclocross is a great off-season activity. It's 30-60 minutes (your choice) of anaerobic threshold hell. Start with a mountain bike race, take away 50% of the technical stuff, add some fast pavement, mandatory dismounts, re-mounts and running sections, cut it in half and speed it up by 125%, oh, don't forget the skinny tires - and off you go.

If you haven't gotten a chance to check out a race there are still several left in the series. Entry fee is just \$15.00 and you don't need a special bike - put some knobbies on your road bike (a la Scott Denny) or just take the bar ends off your mountain bike and you are ready to go!



Don't forget to renew your club dues. Attached in the news letter is an application. We will also provide applications at the Club Banquet. This will be the last newsletter you will receive if you don't renew.

Scott Denny Uncensored!!!!!!!!!!!!

Have you ever wondered why most races are flat? I'll tell you why. It's so that everybody can suck wheel and then sprint past the strong fit guys at the finish. It lets riders whom are less fit to race along and still have a chance to win (which is fine most of the time). But what about the riders who are fit but dont have a finishing sprint? They race and race and race and their results never show their true ability. Since a large percentage of races are flat, dont you think its time to give the hammerheads a few chances of showing what they got? I do! What better way then to get rid of the totally flat coarces and add some hills for a change. You wont be able to fake your way up a 14%



1km climb thats for sure!

I hear all kinds of excuses about why hilly races suck. Here's some of them: its toooo early for that, thats a stupid coarse, its bad for your knees, I'm too heavy, its toooo hard. Quit Whining about it. Whose fault is it your overweight anyhow?? Ever hear In-durain complain he's 50 lbs heavier than Pantani?? Either race it or stay at home. Don't whine about it and ruin it for the riders who want it. The fit guys have to do your races all year so once in a while don't you think they should get a chance???? Usually the same people who complain about the hills are the ones doing 500lb squats, and cyclocross races at 190 Heart rate for about an hour, and sunday rides so fast that your eyeballs are popping out making you look like Marty Feldman. The wind chill is about -20 below in the middle of december and january because your averaging 25+mpg. That doesnt make any sense to me? Does it to you? I think people complain about hills because they are at a Disadvantage. BIG DEAL! Lots of people are at a disadvantage every race and they

CLUB BANQUET

The club will be holding a banquet again and we will be going back to All Saints Episcopal Church in Pleasant Ridge, at the corner of Parkman Place and Grand Vista. The banquet will be held on Saturday, January 23. The banquet is free to all club members and anyone wishing to join the club are also welcome. Membership applications will be available. Curt Austin will have 1998 photographs of local events, including the Nationals. He will also be giving a slide show. This would be a great time to order some photographs of yourself. What better time than on a cold Saturday night to enjoy some good food ,beer and great company to talk about the coming year.

Jim Flaherty	President
Chip Elison	Vice President
Dave Carr	Treasurer
Charley Gehling	Secretary

Directions:

From Montgomery Rd. approximately 1/4 mile northeast of Ridge Rd. turn north (left if coming from Ridge Rd., right if coming from Kenwood) on Parkman Place. The church is on the left one block from Montgomery Rd. There is plenty of street parking available.

At-Large Directors:

Charlie Wright
Dan Roketenetz
Jim Obert
Kurt Etter
Scott Lyle
Roy Roberts
Jeff Vaught

Web Page Editor & Club
Photographer:
Curt Austin

Newsletter Editor:
Toby Costello

Web Site:
<http://www.qcw.org>

Scott Denny Uncensored!!!!!!!!!!!!

keep racing. Ever see that one legged guy at races? He never complains. He actually dropped me at one race on a climb! More power to him! Whats the difference between him and you? Maybe you might get dropped and have to chase (OH MY GOD!) heaven forbid you have to work your way up to a front group cause you were dropped on a hill! Or because the strong and fit guys will get away from you (OH LORDY!). We just cant have anyone off the front can we? I remember this race with a big climb over and over and it was real tough. I also remember Fast Freddie Diggins in and pushing himself for most of the race solo and a bit behind the group. He didnt complain...he didnt bitch! Why can't everyone just be like Fast Freddie and just race for the pure effort soe time and dont worry about yourself not winning. Ever hear a top pro say "That coarse is too hard to many hills" . I havent. They usually have to tackle 10 times what we have here on a hilly day!!...and thats after 150km. How can we ever find the real strong riders if we never give them a chance to shine on a difficult coarse? All we are getting is Cippolini types around here. We need to have a few hilly long races a year to make a selection of the really gifted riders and longer (2-4hr ones). If we just had this one out of every 15 races that would be a miracle..dont you think??

Your's Truly with Peace and Love

Scott Denny (a.k.a. Andy Rooney wanna be)

Have Bike, Will Travel

By Dan Roketenetz

One of the things that I like about my job is that I get to travel. Not to exotic or faraway lands, but to places usually within driving distance of Cincinnati. When I go by car a bike is generally packed also. In the warmer seasons I take my road bike. But, when the weather turns cooler it is always my mountain bike.

As I write this article, I'm sitting in a great old hotel in Abingdon, Virginia, in the Southwest corner of the state. I promised this article to Toby weeks ago, but to be perfectly honest, I don't like to write about just anything for the sake of filler. I have to be inspired. Today, I was and now I can return home. I have been on the road almost constantly since I made the commitment to write this column. Not because I wanted to be gone for so long, but it was my way of avoiding having to deal with the wrath of the editor!

Beginning in Abingdon is a multi-use trail supported by "Rails-to-Trails" and IMBA as well as other public and private entities. The trail, known as the "Virginia Creeper", was formerly a Native American footpath, later used by early explorers, including Daniel Boone, then as a railroad right-of-way from 1905 until 1977. The trail's name is from the early steam locomotives that crept up the steep grades along its 35 mile route between Abingdon and the North Carolina border. I rode out about nine miles before the rain started, so I turned around and headed back to the trail head. Of the portion I did see, I was struck by the scenic beauty of the terrain, especially the bluffs above the Holston River and the rock formations along the route. Although hardly a technical ride, the cinder pathway provided ample resistance to give a good workout. The most notable feature of the trail is the many wooden railroad trestles over the ravines. Several are fairly long and some are actually banked in the turns which give a Velodrome feeling to the ride. But none of this stuff, although pleasant, scenic, beautiful, etc., was particularly inspiring. It was not until the ride home that the moment of inspiration occurred.

I was about three miles from the parking lot, just starting over a trestle about 50 feet above a ravine. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a fairly large white animal that I first thought was a dog. "Just great", I thought. I'll be chased back to the car by this beast. On closer look, I realized that it was not a dog but rather a white deer, an albino. I stopped the bike in the middle of the trestle and silently watched this awesome creature. It was mesmerizing to see such an unusual and rare animal; its pink nose, red eyes and white coat without the slightest hint of color. I watched for about fifteen minutes, observing the white deer feed off foliage, wading in the creek and occasionally stopping to take a look at me. For the entire time that I watched not a single other human being crossed the trestle. I began to think that this was an exclusive event only for my pleasure. It was not until I rode off the trestle that I saw a jogger heading in that direction. Excitedly, I told him about my sighting and off he went to see for himself. I guess I'll never know if he saw the white deer as I did. If he didn't, he was probably thinking that I was a whacko. If he did, I'll never know the reaction that he may have had.



As I rode back to the car, I thought about the significance of this event for me. To see this beautiful and unusual creature alive, doing its thing, rather than as a head on a trophy wall or a carcass over the fender of a beat up Buick was inspirational. The thoughts of this animal conjured recollections of the "White Deer" label attached to things that I had seen or heard in my lifetime, such as the several "White Deer Inn"s or pubs or the Native American legends about this animal. The inns and pubs are self evident. Pleasant name equals pleasant place. But, I was curious about the Native American legend of the white deer. So, I did some extensive research on the internet. Took about three minutes to find what I was after.

It seems that a brave, young, Chickasaw warrior named Blue Jay fell in love with the chief's daughter. The chief did

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Have Bike, Will Travel

By Dan Roketenetz

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not like the young man, so he invented a price for the bride that he was sure that Blue Jay could not pay. "Bring me the hide of the White Deer," said the chief. The Chickasaws believed that animals that were all white were magical. "The price for my daughter is one white deer." Then the chief laughed knowing that an all white deer, an albino, was very rare and would be very hard to find.

Blue Jay went to his beloved, return with your bride price in one moon, you." Taking his best bow and his hunt.

Three weeks went by, and Blue scratched by briars. Then, one night deer that seemed to drift through the close to where Blue Jay hid, he shot his into the deer's heart. But instead of sink to run. And instead of running away, the red eyes glowing, his horns sharp and

A month passed and Blue Jay Bright Moon. As the months dragged by, return.

Bright Moon never took any other young man as a husband, for she had a secret. When the moon was shining as brightly as her name, Bright Moon would often see the white deer in the smoke of the campfire, running, with an arrow in its heart. She lived hoping the deer would finally fall, and Blue Jay would return. To this day the white deer is sacred to the Chickasaw People, and the white deerskin is still the favorite material for the wedding dress.

I found a second white deer legend. It dealt with the town of White Deer, Texas. The name White Deer came from a nearby creek, called that by an Indian legend of white deer feeding there. White Deer was established in 1908. White Deer Land was sold as acreage for small farms and ranches. White Deer became a supply town for settlers. The oil boom came to White Deer in the 1920's. Polish immigrants landed near Galveston in 1854, and were lured to the Texas Panhandle by the promise of farmland. Many of these people settled in White Deer, the result being that White Deer became known as "The Polish Capital of the Texas Panhandle." Go figure! No matter who you are, there are those special events in life that make it all worthwhile. I have often found that cycling, especially mountain biking, enhances one's chances of capturing those times. I'm not putting down road riding. I do plenty of it and enjoy it. But on the road, I find that I don't see much except the person's rear end in front of me (and, with my riding ability, the times are rare that I don't experience that view). Too intense, too focused, too busy hammering to keep up with the pack. But mountain biking is like the St. John's Wort of cycling. It allows you the opportunity to enjoy the sport in its purest form, to view and enjoy nature, to work up a sweat on a freezing cold day all the while reveling in a ride on freshly fallen snow.

So, the next time that you get in that car to go out of town, take your bike with you. Go find some woods. Have your own meeting with a legend.

-- Dan Roketenetz



whose name was Bright Moon. "I will and we will be married. This I promise sharpest arrows Blue Jay began to

Jay was often hungry, lonely, and ing a full moon, Blue Jay saw a white moonlight. When the deer was very sharpest arrow. The arrow sank deep ing to his knees to die, the deer began deer began to run toward Blue Jay, his menacing.

did not return as he had promised the tribe decided that he would never

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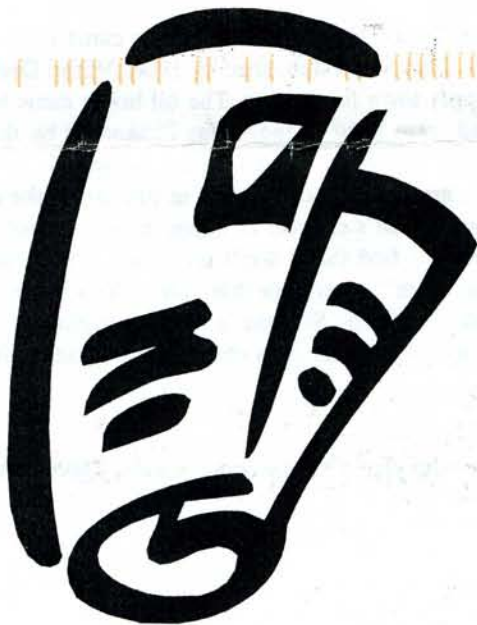
January 1, 1999

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